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A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXVII.

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NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

I.

AN UNKNOWN.

THE fancy took me to go to Noto.

It seemed a strange fancy to my friends. Yet I make no apology for it; for it was a case of love at first sight.

Scanning, one evening, in Tōkyō, the map of Japan, in a vague, itinerary way, with the look one first gives to the crowd of faces in a ballroom, my eye was caught by the pose of a province that stood out in graphic mystery from the western coast. It made a striking figure there, with its deep-bosomed bays and its bold headlands. Its name, it appeared, was Noto; and the name too pleased me. I liked its vowel color; I liked its consonant form, the liquid *n* and the decisive *t*. Whimsically, if you please, it suggested both womanliness and will. The more I looked the more I longed, until the desire carried me not simply off my feet, but on to them.

Nobody seemed to know much about my inamorata. Indeed, those I asked asked me, in their own want of information, why I went, and what there was to see: of which questions, the second itself did for answer to the first. Why not in fact have set my heart on going to Noto just because it was not known! Not that it is well to believe all the unseen to be much worth the seeing, but that I had an itching sole to tread what others had not already effacingly betrodden.

Privately, I was delighted with the general lack of knowledge on the subject. It served admirably to put me in conceit with my choice; although I will own I was rather at a loss to account for it, and I can only explain it now by the fact that the place was so out of the way, and not very unlike others, after all. Being thus candid, I ought perhaps to go a step farther and renounce the name. But, on the two great principles that the pursuit is itself the prize and that the means justifies the end, I prefer to keep it. For there was much of interest to me by the way; and I cling to the name out of a kind of loyalty to my own fancy. I like to think that Xenophon felt as much in his Anabasis, though but one book out of eight deals with the going up, the other seven being occupied with the getting safely away again. It is not told that Xenophon regretted his adventure. Certainly I am not sorry I was wedded to my idea.

To most of my acquaintance Noto was scarcely so much as a name, and its local habitation was purely cartographic. I found but one man who had been there, and he had dropped down upon it, by way of harbor, from a boat. Some sympathetic souls, however, went so far toward it as to ask where it was.

To the westward of Tōkyō, so far west that the setting sun no longer seems to lose itself among the mountains, but plunges for good and all straight into the shining Nirvana of the sea, a strangely

shaped promontory makes out from the land. It is the province of Noto, standing alone in peninsular isolation.

It was partly in this position that the fascination lay. Withdrawn from its fellows, with its back to the land, it faced the glory of the western sky, as if in virginal vision gazing out upon the deep. Doubly withdrawn is it, for that the coast from which it stands apart is itself almost unvisited by Europeans, — an out-of-the-world state in marked contrast to the shore bordering the Pacific, which is now a curbstone on the great waterway round the earth, and incidentally makes a happy parenthesis of promenade for the hasty globe-trotter. The form, too, of the peninsula came in for a share in its attraction. Its coast line was so coquettishly irregular. If it turned its back on the land, it stretched its hands out to the sea, only to withdraw them again the next moment, — a double invitation. Indeed, there is no happier linking of land to water. The navigator in such parts becomes himself a delightfully amphibious creature, at home in both elements. Should he tire of the one, he can always take to the other. Besides, such features in a coast suggest a certain clean-cut character of profile, — a promise, in Japan at least, rarely unkept.

To reach this topographically charming province, the main island had to be crossed at its widest, and, owing to lofty mountain chains, much tacking to be done to boot. Atmospherically the distance is even greater than afoot. Indeed, the change in climate is like a change in zone; for the trend of the main island at this point, being nearly east and west, gives to the one coast a southerly exposure, and to the other a northerly one, while the highest wall of peaks in Japan, the Hida-Shinshiu range, shuts off most meteorological communication. Long after Tōkyō is basking in spring, the west coast still lies buried in deep drifts of snow.

It was my misfortune to go to this out-of-the-way spot alone. I was duly sensible of my commiserable state at times. Indeed, in those strange flashes of dual consciousness when a man sees his own condition as if it were another's, I pitied myself right heartily; for I hold that travel is like life in this, at least, that a congenial companion divides the troubles and doubles the joys. To please one's self is so much harder than to be pleased by another; and when it comes to doubt and difficulty, there are drawbacks to being one's own guide, philosopher, and friend. The treatment is too homœopathic by half.

An excuse for a companion existed in the person of my Japanese *boy*, or cook. He had been *boy* to me years before; and on this return of his former master to the land of the enlightened, he had come back to his allegiance, promoting himself to the post of cook. During the journey he acted in both capacities indifferently, — in one sense, not in the other. In addition to being capable he was willing and of great endurance. Besides, he was passionately fond of travel.

He knew no more about Noto than I, and at times, on the road, he could not make out what the country folk said, for the difference in dialect; which lack of special qualification much increased his charm as a fellow-traveler. He neither spoke nor understood English, of course, and surprised me, after surprising himself, on the last day but one of our trip, by coming out with the words "all right." His surname, appropriately enough, meant mountain-rice-field, and his last name — which we should call his first name — was Yejiro, or lucky-younger-son. Besides cooking excellently well, he made paper plum blossoms beautifully, and once constructed a string telephone out of his own head. I mention these samples of accomplishment to show that he was no mere dabbler in pots and pans.

In addition to his various culinary contrivances we took a large and motley stock of canned food, some of his own home-made bread, and a bottle of whiskey. We laid in but a small supply of beer; not that I purposed to forego that agreeable beverage, but because, in this Europeanized age, it can be got in all the larger towns. Indeed, the beer brewed in Yokohama to-day ranks with the best in the world. It is in great demand in Tōkyō, while its imported, or professedly imported, rivals have freely percolated into the interior, so popular with the upper and upper middle classes have malt liquors become. Nowadays, when a Japanese thinks to go in for Capuan dissipation regardless of expense, he treats himself to a bottle of beer.

These larder-like details are not meant to imply that I made a god of my palate, but that otherwise my digestion would have played the devil with me. In Japan, to attempt to live off the country in the country is a piece of amateur acting the average European bitterly regrets after the play, if not during its performance. We are not inwardly contrived to thrive solely on rice and pickles.

It is best, too, for a journey into the interior, to take with you your own bedding; sheets, that is, and blankets. The bed itself Yejiro easily improvised out of innumerable *fūtons*, as the quilts used at night by the Japanese are called. A single one is enough for a native, but Yejiro, with praiseworthy zeal, made a practice of asking for half a dozen, which he piled one upon the other in the middle of the room. Each had a perceptible thickness and a rounded loglike edge; and when the time came for turning in on top of the lot, I was always reminded of the latter end of a Grecian hero, the structure looked so like a funeral pyre. When to the above indispensables were added clothes, camera, dry plates, books, and sundries, it made a collection of household gods quite appalling to consider on the march. I had no idea I owned half so much in the world from which it would pain me to be parted. As my property lay spread out for packing, I stared at it aghast.

To transport all these belongings, native ingenuity suggested a thing called a *yanagi-gori;* several of them, in fact. Now the construction of a *kori* is elementally ingenious. It consists simply of two wicker baskets, of the same shape, but of slightly different size, fitting into each other upside down. The two are then tied together with cord. The beauty of the idea lies in its extension; for in proportion as the two covers are pulled out or pushed home will the pair hold from a maximum capacity of both to a minimum capacity of one. It is possible even to start with more than a maximum, if the contents be such as are not given to falling out by the way. The contrivance is simply invaluable when it comes to transporting food; for then, as you eat your way down, the obliging covers shrink to meet the vacuum. If more than one *kori* be necessary, an easy step in devices leads to a series of graded sizes. Then all your baskets eventually collapse into one.

The last but most important article of all was my passport, which carefully described my proposed route, and which Yejiro at once took charge of and carried about with him for immediate service; for a wise paternal government insisted upon knowing my intentions before permitting me to visit the object of my choice.

II.

OFF AND ON.

It was on the day but one before the festival of the fifth moon that we set out, or, in English, the third of May; and those emblems of good luck, the festival fishes, were already swimming in the air above the house eaves, as we scurried

through the streets in jinrikisha toward the Uyeno railway station. We had been a little behindhand in starting, but by extra exertions on the part of the runners we succeeded in reaching the station just in time to be shut out by the gatekeeper. Time having been the one thing worthless in old Japan, it was truly sarcastic of fate that we should reach our first goal too late. As if to point chagrin, the train still stood in waiting. Remonstrances with the wicket man about the imported five-minute regulation, or whatever it was, proved of no avail. Not one jot or tittle of the rule would he yield, which perhaps was natural, inasmuch as, however we might have managed alone, our companions the baskets never could have boarded the train without official help. The intrinsic merits of the baggage failed, alas, to affect its mobility. Then the train slowly drew out.

To be stopped on the road is the common lot of travelers; but to be stopped before one has fairly started is nothing less than to be mocked at. It is best, however, to take such gibes in good part. Viewing the situation in this light, the ludicrousness of the disconnection struck me so forcibly as very nearly to console me for my loss, which was not trifling, since the next train did not leave for above three hours; too late to push on beyond Takasaki that night, a thing I had most firmly purposed to do. Here I was, the miserable victim of a punctuality my own people had foisted on a land only too happy without it! There was poetic justice in the situation, after all. Besides, the course of one's true love should not run too smooth. Judicious difficulty whets desire.

There was nothing to turn to on the spot, and I was ashamed to go home. Then I opportunely remembered something.

I have always thought we limited our pharmacopœia. We prescribe pills enough for the body, while we leave the mind to look after itself. Why should not the spirit also have its draughts and mixtures, properly labeled and dispensed! For example, angling appears to be a strong mental opiate. I have seen otherwise normal people stupefied beyond expression when at the butt of a rod and line. Happening to recall this effect, I instantly prescribed for my perturbed state of mind a good dose of fishing, to be taken as suited the day. So I betook me down a by-street, where the aerial carp promised the thickest, and, selecting a house well placed for a view, asked permission to mount upon the roof. It chanced to be a cast-off clothing shop, along whose front some fine, if aged, garments were hung to catch the public eye. The camera and I were inducted up the ascent by the owner, while my boots, of course, waited doglike in the porch below.

The city made a spectacle from above. On all sides superb paper carp floated to the breeze, tugging at the strings that held them to the poles quite after the manner of the real fish. One felt as though, by accident, he had stepped into some mammoth globe of goldfish. The whole sky was alive with them. Eighty square miles of finny folk inside the city, and an untold company without. The counterfeit presentments were from five to ten feet long, and painted to mimic life. The breeze entered at the mouth and passed out somewhat less freely at the tail, thus keeping them well bellied and constantly in motion. The way they rose and dove and turned and wriggled was worthy of free will. Indeed, they had every look of spontaneity, and lacked only the thing itself to turn the sky into an ocean, and Tōkyō into a sea bottom with a rockery of roof. Each fish commemorates the birth of a boy during the year. It would thus be possible to take a census of the increase of the male population yearly, at the trifling cost of scaling a

housetop, — a set of statistics not without an eventual value.

While we were strolling back, Yejiro and I, we came, in the way, upon another species of fish. The bait, which was well designed to captivate, bade for the moment to exceed even the angler's anticipations. It was a sort of un-Christmas tree with fishing-pole branches, from which dangled articulated figures, bodied like men, but with heads of foxes, tortoises, and other less likely beasts, — bewitching objects in impossible evolution to a bald-pated urchin who stood gazing at it with all his soul. The peddler sat with his eyes riveted on the boy, visions of a possible catch chasing themselves through his brain. I watched him, while the crowd behind stared at me. We made quite a tail of curiosity. The opiate was having its effect; I began to feel soporifically calm. Then I went up to the restaurant in the park and had lunch as quietly as possible, in fear of friendly discovery.

Sufficiently punctual passengers being now permitted to board the next train, I ensconced myself in a kind of parlor compartment, which, fortunately, I continued to have all to myself, and was soon being rolled westward across the great Musashi plain, ruminating. My chief quarrel with railway rules is, I am inclined to think, that they preach to the public what they fail to practice themselves. After having denied me a paltry five minutes' grace at the station, the officials proceeded to lose half an hour on the road in a most exasperating manner. Of course the delay was quite exceptional. Such a thing had never happened before, and would not happen again — till the next time. But the phenomenal character of the occurrence failed to console me, as it should no doubt have done. My delay, too, was exceptional — on this line. Nor was I properly mollified by repeated offers of hard-boiled eggs, cakes, and oranges, which certain enterprising peddlers hawked up and down the platforms, when we stopped, to a rhythmic chant of their own invention.

The only consolation lay in the memory of what travel over the Musashi plain used to be before trains hurried one, or otherwise, into the heart of the land. In those days the journey was done in jinrikisha, and a question of days, not hours, it was in the doing. Two days' worth of baby carriage, of which the tediousness lay neither in the vehicles nor in the way, but in the amount of both. Or, if one put comparative speed above comparative comfort, he rose before the lark, to be tortured through a summer's day in a *basha*, or horse vehicle, suitable only for disembodied spirits. My joints ached again at the thought. Clearly, to grumble now was to sin against proportion.

Besides, the weather was perfect: argosies of fleecy cloud sailing slowly across a deep blue sky; a broad plain in all its spring freshness of color, picked out here and there with fruit trees smothered in blossom, and bearing on its bosom the passing shadows of the clouds above; in the distance the gradually growing forms of the mountains, each at first starting into life only as a faint wash of color, barely to be parted from the sky itself, pricking up from out the horizon of field. Then, slowly, timed to our advance, the tint gathered substance, grew into contrasts that, deepening minute by minute, resolved into detail, until at last the whole stood revealed in all its majesty, foothill, shoulder, peak, one grand chromatic rise from green to blue.

One after the other the points came out thus along the southern sky: first the summits behind Ome; then Bukōsan, like some sentinel, half-way up the plain's long side; and then range beyond range stretching toward the west. Behind Bukōsan peeped Cloud's Rest, the very same outline in fainter tint, so like the double reflection from a pane of glass

that I had to shift to an open window to make sure it was no illusion. Then the Nikko group began to show on the right, and the Haruna mass took form in front; and as they rose higher and the sunbeams slanted more, gilding the motes in the heavy afternoon air, they rimmed the plain in front into one great bowl of fairy *eau de vie de Dantzic*. Slowly above them the sun dipped to his setting, straight ahead, burnishing our path as we pursued in two long lines of flashing rail into the west-northwest. Lower he sank, luring us on, and lower yet, and then suddenly disappeared beyond the barrier of peaks.

The train drew up, panting. It was Takasaki, now steeped in saffron afterglow. The guards passed along, calling out the name and unfastening the doors. Everybody got out, and shuffled off on their clogs. The baskets, Yejiro, and I followed, after a little, through the gloaming.

It was not far to the inn. It was just far enough, at that hour, to put us in heart for a housing. Indeed, twilight is the time of times to arrive anywhere. Any spot, be it ever so homely, seems homelike then. The dusk has snatched from you the silent companionship of nature, to leave you poignantly alone. It is the hour when a man draws closer to the one he loves, and the hour when most he shrinks from himself, though he want another near. It is then the rays of the house lights wander abroad and appear to beckon the houseless in; and that must be, in truth, a sorry hostelry to seem such to him.

Even Takasaki bore a look of welcome alike to the foreign and the native stranger, which was certainly wonderful for Takasaki. The place used not to fancy foreigners, and its inns bandied the European traveler about like a bale of undesirable merchandise with the duties still due. But now what a change! The innkeeper not only received us, but led the way at once to the best room, — a room in the second story of the fireproof storehouse at the back, which he hoped would be comfortable. Comfortable! The room actually proffered us a table and chairs. No one who has not, after a long day's tramp, sought in vain to rest his weary body propped up against a side beam in a Japanese inn can enter into the feeling a chair inspires, even long afterward, by recollection.

I cannot say I loved Takasaki in former days. Was it my reception or was it sentiment that made me see it all now through a mist of glamour? Unsuspected by us, that atmosphere of time tints everything. Few things but look lovelier seen down the vista of the years. Indeed, sentiment is a kind of religion; or is it religion that is a kind of sentiment? Both are so subtly busy canonizing the past, and crowning with aureoles very every-day things as well as very ordinary people. Not men alone take on a sanctity when they are no more.

III.

THE USUI PASS.

The first object to catch my eye, when the *shōji* were pushed apart, the next morning, was a string of the ubiquitous paper fish, dangling limp in the motionless May air from a pole in a neighboring yard; highly suggestive of having just been caught for breakfast. The sight would have been painfully prophetic but for the food we had brought with us; for, of all meals, a Japanese breakfast is the most cold, the most watery, and the most generally fishy in the world. As it was, breakfast consisted of pathetic copies of consecrated originals. It might have been excellent but for the canned milk.

No doubt there are persons who are fond of canned milk; but, for my part, I loathe it. The effect of the sweetish

glue upon my inner man is singularly nauseating. I have even been driven to drink my matutinal coffee in all its after-dinner strength rather than adulterate it with the mixture. You have, it is true, the choice of using the stuff as a dubious paste, or of mixing it with water into a non-committal wash; and, whichever plan you adopt, you wish you had adopted the other. Why it need be so unpalatably cloying is not clear to my mind. They tell me the sugar is needed to preserve the milk. I never could make out that it preserved anything but the sugar. Simply to see the stuff ooze out of the hole in the can is deterrent. It is enough to make one think seriously at times of adding a good milch cow to his already ample trip encumberment, at the certain cost of delaying the march, and the not improbable chance of being taken for an escaped lunatic. Indeed, to the Japanese mind, to be seen solemnly preceding a caravan of cattle for purposes of diet would certainly suggest insanity. For cows in Japan are never milked. Dairy products, consequently, are not to be had on the road, and the man who fancies milk, butter, or cheese must take them with him.

It used to be the same in Tōkyō, but in these latter days a dairy has been started at Hakone, which supplies fresh butter to such Tōkyōites as like it. One of my friends, who had been many years from home, was much taken with the new privilege, and called my attention to it with some pride. The result was a colorless lardy substance that looked like poor oleomargarine (not like good oleomargarine, for that looks like butter), but which was held in high esteem, nevertheless. My friend, indeed, seriously maintained to me once that such was the usual color of fresh butter, and insisted that the yellow hue common elsewhere must be the result of dyes. He was so positive on the point that he almost persuaded me, until I had left him and reason returned. It took me some time to recover from the pathos of the thing: a man so long deprived of that simple luxury that he had quite forgotten how it looked, and a set of cows utterly incapable, from desuetude, of producing it properly.

After I had duly swallowed as much as I could of the doubtful dose supposed to be *café au lait*, the cans were packed up again, and we issued from the inn to walk a stone's throw to the train.

Takasaki stands well toward the upper end of the plain, just below where the main body of it thrusts its arms out into the hills. Up one of these we were soon wending. Every minute the peaks came nearer, frowning at us from their crumbling volcanic crags. At last they closed in completely, standing round about in threatening pinnacles, and barring the way in front. At this, the train, contrary to the usual practice of trains in such seemingly impassable places, timidly drew up.

In truth, the railway comes to an end at the foot of the Usui tōge (*tōge* meaning "pass"), after having wandered up, with more zeal than discretion, into a holeless pocket. Such untimely end was far from the original intention; for the line was meant for a through line along the Nakasendō from Tōkyō to Kiōto, and great things were expected of it. But the engineering difficulties at this point, and still more at the Wada tōge, a little farther on, proving too great, the project was abandoned, and the through line built along the Tokaidō instead. The idea, however, had got too much headway to be stayed. So it simply jumped the Usui tōge, rolled down the Shinano valley, climbed another divide, and came out, at last, on the Sea of Japan.

The hiatus caused by the Usui pass is got over by a horse railroad! Somehow, the mere idea seemed comic. A horse railroad in the heart of Japan over a pass a mile high! To have suddenly

come upon the entire Comédie Française giving performances in a tea house at the top could hardly have been more surprising. The humor of the thing was not a whit lessened by its looks.

To begin with, the cars were fairly natural. This was a masterly stroke in caricature, since it furnished the necessary foil to all that followed. They were not, to my eye, of any known species, but, with the exception of being evidently used to hard lines, they looked enough like trams to pass as such. Inside sat, in all seriousness, a wonderful cageful of Japanese. To say that they were not to the horse car born conveys but a feeble notion of their unnaturalness. They were propped, rather than seated, bolt upright, with a decorum which would have done more than credit to a funeral. They did not smile; they did not even stir, except to screw their heads round to stare at me. They were dummies pure and simple, and may pass for the second item in the properties.

The real personnel began with the horses. These were very sorry-looking animals, but tough enough admirably to pull through the performance. Managing them with some difficulty stood the driver on the front platform, arrayed in a bottle-green livery, with a stiff military cap which gave him the combined look of a German officer and of a musician from a street band. His energy was spent in making about three times as much work for himself as was needed. On the tail of the car rode the guard, also notably appareled, whose importance outdid even his uniform. He had the advantage of the driver in the matter of a second-class fish-horn, upon which he tooted vigorously whenever he thought of it; and he was not a forgetful man.

Comédie Française, indeed! Why, here it all was in Japanese farce! From the passivity of the passengers to the pantomime of the driver and guard, it could hardly have been done better; and the actors all kept their countenances, too, in such a surprising manner. A captious critic might have suggested that they looked a thought too much at the audience; but, on the whole, I think that rather added to the effect. At all events, they were excellently good, especially the guard, whose consequential airs could not have been happier if they had been studied for years.

There was no end of red tape about the company. Though the cars were some time in starting, so that I got well ahead of them, they could not admit me on the road, when my baggage *kuruma* turned out to be too slow, because I had not bought a ticket at the office. So I was obliged to continue to tramp afoot, solacing myself with short cuts, by which I gained on them, to my satisfaction, and by which I gained still more on my own baggage, to my disgust, in that I ceased to be near enough to hasten it.

I had to wait for the latter at the parting of the ways; for the tram had a brand-new serpentine track laid out for it, while the old trail at this point struck up to the right, coming out eventually at a shrine that crowned the summit of the pass. Horse railroads not being as new to me as to the Japanese, I piously chose the narrow way leading to the temple, to the lingering regret of the baggage trundlers, who turned sorry eyes down upon the easier secular road at every bend in our own.

A Japanese pass has one feature which is invariable: it is always longer than you think it is going to be. I can, of my own experience, recall but two exceptions to this distressing family likeness, both of which were occasions of company which no doubt forbade proper appreciation of their length, and vitiates them as scientific observations. When toiling up a *tōge* I have been tempted to impute acute ascentomania to the Japanese mind, but sober second thought has attributed this inference to

an overheated imagination. It seems necessary, therefore, to lay the blame on the land, which, like some people, is deceptive from very excess of uprightness. There is so much more soil than can possibly be got in by simple directness of purpose, or even by one, more or less respectable, slope.

It was cold enough at the summit to cool anything, imaginary or otherwise. Even devotion shivered, as, in duty bound, it admired the venerable temple and its yet more venerable tree. The roofs of the chalets stood weighted with rocks to keep them there, and the tree, raised aloft on its stone-girded parapet, stretched bare branches imploringly toward the sky. So much for being a mile or so nearer heaven, while still of the earth and earthy.

Half-way down the descent, Asamayama came out from behind the brow of a hill, sending his whiffs of smoke dreamily into the air; and a little lower still, beyond a projecting spur on the opposite side, the train appeared, waiting in the plain, with its engine puffing a sort of antiphonal response. The station stood at the foot of the tramway, which tumbled to it after the manner of a cascade over what looked to be a much lower pass, thus apparently supporting the theory of "supererogatory climb." The baggage passed on, and Yejiro and I followed leisurely, admiring the view.

Either the old trail failed to connect with the railway terminus, which I suspect, or else we missed the path, for we had to supply a link ourselves. This resulted in a wofully bad cut across a something between a moor and a bog, supposed to be drained by ditches, most of which lay at right angles to our course. We were not much helped, half-way over, by a kindly intentioned porter, who dawned upon us suddenly in the distance, rushing excitedly out from behind the platform, gesticulating in a startling way and shouting that time was up. We made what sorry speed was possible under the circumstances, getting very hot from exertion, and hotter still from anxiety, and then waited impatiently ten good minutes in our seats in the railway carriage for the train to start. I forget whether I tipped that well-meaning but misguided man.

The tram contingent had already arrived, — had in fact finished feeding at the many mushroom tea houses gathered about the station, — and were now busy finding themselves seats. Their bustle was most pleasing to witness, till suddenly I discovered that there were no first-class carriages; that it was my seat, so to speak, for which they were scrambling. The choice, it appeared, began with second-class coaches, doomed therefore to be doubly popular. Second-class accommodation, by no means merely nominal, was evidently the height of luxury to the patrons of the country half of this disjointed line, which starts so seductively from Tōkyō. Greater comfort is strictly confined to the more metropolitan portion.

The second-class coaches had of course the merit of being cheaper, but this was more than offset by the fact that in place of panes of glass their windows had slats of wood with white cotton stretched over them, — an ingenious contrivance for shutting out the view and a good bit of the light, both of which are pleasing, and for letting in the cold, which is not.

"If you go with the crowd, you will be taken care of," as a shrewd financier of my acquaintance used to say about stocks. This occurred to me by way of consolation, as the guard locked us into the carriage, in the approved paternal government style. Fortunately the locking in was more apparent than real, for it consisted solely in the turning of a bar, which it was quite possible to unturn, as all travelers in railway coaches are aware, by dropping the window into its oubliette and stretching the arm well down outside, — a trick of which I did not scruple to avail myself. My fellow-

passengers the Japanese were far too decorous to attempt anything of the kind, which compelled me to do so surreptitiously, like one who committeth a crime.

These fellow-passengers fully made up for the room they took by their value as scientific specimens. I would willingly have chloroformed them all, and presented them on pins to some sartorial museum; for each typified a stage in a certain unique process of evolution, at present the Japanese craze. They were all just so many samples of unnatural development in dress, from the native Japanese to the imitated European. The costume usually began with a pot-hat, and ended in extreme cases with congress boots. But each man exhibited a various phase of it according to his self-emancipation from former etiquette. Sometimes a most disreputable Derby, painfully reminiscent of better bygone days, found itself in company with a refined *kimono* and a spotless cloven sock. Sometimes the metamorphosis embraced the body, and even extended down the legs, but had not yet attacked the feet, in its creeping paralysis of imitation. In another corner, a collarless, cravatless semiflannel shirt had taken the place of the under tunic, to the worse than loss of looks of its wearer. Opposite this type sat the supreme variety which evidently prided itself upon its height of fashion. In him the change had gone so far as to recall the east end rough all over, an illusion dispelled only by the innocence of his face.

Whilst still busy pigeonholing my specimens, I chanced to look through the open window, and suddenly saw pass by, as in the shifting background of some scenic play, the lichen-veiled stone walls and lotus-mantled moats of the old feudal castle of Uyeda. Poor, neglected, despised bit of days gone by! — days that are but yesterdays, æons since as measured here. Already it was disappearing down the long perspective of the past; and yet only twenty years before it had stood in all the pride and glory of the Middle Ages. Then it had been

> A daimyo's castle, wont of old to wield
> Across the checkerboard of paddy field
> A rook-like power from its vantage square
> On pawns of hamlets; now a ruin, there,
> Its triple battlements gaze grimly down
> Upon a new-begotten bustling town,
> Only to see self-mirrored in their moat
> An ivied image where the lotus float.

Some subtle sense of fitness within me was touched as it might have been a nerve; and instantly the motley crew inside the car became not merely comic, but shocking. It seemed unseemly, this shuffling off the stage of the tragic old by the farce-like new. However little one may mourn the dead, something forbids a harlequinade over their graves. The very principle of cosmic continuity has a decency about it. Nature holds with one hand to the past even as she grasps at the future with the other. Some religions consecrate by the laying on of hands; Nature never withdraws her touch.

IV.

ZENKOJI.

We were now come more than halfway from sea to sea, and we were still in the thick of Europeanization. So far we had traveled in the track of the comic. For if Japan seems odd for what it is, it seems odder for what it is no longer.

One of the things which imitation of Western ways is annihilating is distance. Japan, like the rest of the world, is shrinking. This was strikingly brought home that afternoon. A few short hours of shifting panorama, a varying foreground of valley that narrowed or widened like the flow of the stream that had made it, peaks that opened and shut on one another like the changing flies in some spectacular play, and we had com-

passed two days' worth of old-time travel when a man made every foot of ground his own, and were drawing near Zenkoji.

I was glad to be there; hardly as glad to be there so soon. There are lands made to be skimmed, tame samenesses of plain or weary wastes of desert, where even the iron horse gallops too slow. Japan is not one of them. A land which Nature herself has already crumpled into its smallest compass, and then covered with vegetation rich as velvet, is no land to hurry over. One may well linger where each mile builds the scenery afresh. And in this world, whose civilization grows at the expense of the picturesque, it is something to see a culture that knows how least to mar.

Upon this mood of unsatisfied satisfaction my night fell, and shortly after the train rolled into the Zenkoji station, amid a darkness deepened by falling rain. The passengers bundled out. The station looked cheerless enough. But from across the open space in front shone a galaxy of light. A crowd of tea houses posted on the farther side had garlanded themselves all over with lanterns, each trying to outvie its neighbor in apparent hospitality. The display was perceptibly of pecuniary intent; but still it was grateful. To be thought worth catching partakes, after all, of the nature of a compliment. What was not so gratifying was the embarrassment of choice that followed; for each of these gayly beckoning caravansaries proved to be a catch-pilgrim for its inn up town. Being on a hill, Zenkoji is not by way of easy approach by train; and the pilgrims to it are legion. In order, therefore, to anticipate the patronage of unworthy rivals, each inn has felt obliged to be personally represented on the spot.

The one for which mine host of Takasaki had, with his blessing, made me a note turned out so poorly prefaced that I hesitated. The extreme zeal on the part of its proprietor to book me made me still more doubtful. So, sending Yejiro off to scout, I walked to and fro, waiting. I did not dare sit down on the sill of any of the booths, for fear of committing myself.

While he was still away searching vainly for the proper inn, the lights were suddenly all put out. At the same fatal moment the jinrikisha, of which a minute before there had seemed to be plenty, all mysteriously vanished. By one fell stroke there was no longer either end in sight nor visible means of reaching it.

> "In the street of by and by
> Stands the hostelry of never,"

as a rondel of Henley's hath it; but not every one has the chance to see the Spanish proverb so literally fulfilled. There we were — nowhere. I think I never suffered a bitterer change of mood in my life.

At last, after some painful groping in the dark, and repeated resolves to proceed on foot to the town and summon help, I chanced to stumble upon a stray *kuruma*, which had incautiously returned, under cover of the darkness, to the scene of its earlier exploits. I secured it on the spot, and by it was trundled across a bit of the plain and up the long hill crowned by the town, to the pleasing jingle of a chime of rings hung somewhere out of sight beneath the body of the vehicle. When the trundler asked where to drop me, I gave at a venture the name that sounded the best, only to be sure of having guessed awry when he drew up before the inn it designated. The existence of a better was legible on the face of it. We pushed on.

Happily the hostelries were mostly in one quarter, the better to keep an eye on one another; for in the course of the next ten minutes I suppose we visited nearly every inn in the place. The choice was not a whit furthered by the change from the outposts to the originals. At last, however, I got so far in decision as to pull off my boots, — an act

elsewhere as well, I believe, considered an acquiescence in fate, — and suffered myself to be led through the house along the indoor piazza of polished board exceeding slippery, up several breakneck, ladder-like stairways even more polished and frictionless, round some corners dark as a dim *andon* (a feeble tallow candle blinded by a paper box), placed so as not to light the turn, could make them, until finally we emerged on the third story, a height that itself spoke for the superiority of the inn, and I was ushered into what my bewildered fancy instantly pictured a mediæval banqueting hall. It conjured up the idea on what I must own to have been insufficient grounds, namely, a plain deal table and a set of questionably made, though rather gaudily upholstered chairs. But chairs, in a land whose people have from time immemorial found their own feet quite good enough to sit on, were so unexpected a luxury, even after our Takasaki experience, that they may be pardoned for suggesting any flight of fancy.

The same might formerly have been said of the illumination next introduced. Now, however, common kerosene lamps are no longer so much of a sight even in Japan. Indeed, I had the assurance to ask for a shade to go with the one they set on the table in all the glaring nudity of a plain chimney. This there was some difficulty in finding, the search resulting in a green paper visor much too small, that sat on askew just far enough not to hide the light. The Japanese called it a hat, without the least intention of humor.

By the light thus given the room stood revealed, an eyrie, encased on all sides except the one of approach by *shōji* only. Into these had been let a belt of glass eighteen inches wide all the way round the room, at the height at which a person sitting on the mats could see out. It is much the fashion now thus to graft a Western window upon a Far-Eastern wall. The idea is ingenious and economical, and has but two drawbacks, — that you feel excessively indoors if you stand up, and strangely out-of-doors if you sit down.

I pushed the panels apart, and stepped out upon the narrow balcony. Below me lay the street, the lanterns of the passers-by flitting like fireflies through the dark; and from it stole up to me the hum of pleasure life, a perfume of sound, strangely distinct in the still night air.

Accredited pilgrim though one be not, to pass by so famous a shrine as Zenkoji without the tribute of a thought were to be more or less than human, even though one have paid his *devoirs* before. Sought every year by thousands from all parts of Japan, it serves but to make the pilgrimage seem finer that the bourne itself should not be fine. Large and curious architecturally for its roof, the temple is otherwise a very ordinary structure, more than ordinarily besoiled. There is nothing rich about it; not much that is imposing. Yet in spite of poverty and dirt it speaks with a certain grandeur to the heart. True shrine, whose odor of sanctity is as widespread as the breeze that wanders through its open portals, and which comes so near the wants of the world that the very pigeons flutter in to homes among its rafters. The air-beats of their wings heighten the hush they would seem to break, and only enhance the sacred quiet of the nave, — a stillness such that the coppers of the faithful fall with exaggerated ring through the lattice of the almsbox, while the swiftly mumbled prayers of the givers rise in all simplicity straight to heaven.

In and about the courtyard live the sacred doves, and he who will may have their company for the spreading of a feast of crumbs. And the rush of their wings, as they descend to him from the sky, seems like drawing some strange benediction down.

V.

NO.

My quest still carrying me westward along the line of the new railway, I took the train again, and in the compartment of the carriage I found two other travelers. They were a typical Japanese couple in middle life, and in something above middle circumstances. He affected European clothes in part, while she still clung to the costume of her ancestors. Both were smoking, — she her little pipe, and he the fashionable cigarette. Their mutual relations were those of substance to shadow. She followed him inevitably, and he trod on her feelings regardless of them. She had been pretty when he took her to wife, and though worn and withered she was happy still. As for him, he was quite satisfied with her, as he would have been quite satisfied without her.

The roadbed soon left the Shinano plain, across which peered the opposite peaks, still hooded with snow, and wound up through a narrow valley, to emerge at last upon a broad plateau. Three mountains flanked the farther side in file, the last and highest of the three, Myokōsan, an extinct volcano; indeed, hardly more than the ruins of one. Time has so changed its shape, and the snow whitens its head so reverently, it would be possible to pass it by without a suspicion of its wild youth. From the plateau it rose proudly in one long sweep from moor to shoulder, from shoulder to crag, from crag to snow, up into the leaden sky, high into its second mile of air. Subtly the curve carried fancy with it, and I found myself in mind slowly picking my way upward, threading an *arête* here and scaling a slope there with all the feelings of a genuine climb. While I was still ascending in this insubstantial manner, clouds fell upon the summit from the sky, and from the summit tumbled down the ravines into the valley, and met me at Naoyetsu in a drizzling rain.

Naoyetsu is not an enlivening spot to be landed at in a stress of weather; hardly satisfactory, in fact, for the length of time needed to hire jinrikisha. It consisted originally of a string of fishermen's huts along the sea. To these the building of the railway has contributed a parallel row of reception booths, a hundred yards in shore; and to which of the two files to award the palm for cheerlessness it would be hard to know. The huts are good of a kind which is poor, and the booths are poor of a kind which is good. To decide between such rivals is a matter of mood. For my part, I hasted to be gone in a jinrikisha, itself not an over-cheerful conveyance in a pour.

The rain shut out the distance, and the hood and oil-paper apron eclipsed the foreground. The loss was not great, to judge by what specimens of the view I caught at intervals. The landscape was a geometric pattern in paddy fields. These, as yet unplanted, were swimming in water, out of which stuck the stumps of last year's crop. It was a tearful sight. Fortunately the road soon rose superior to it, passed through a cutting, and came out unexpectedly above the sea, — a most homesick sea, veiled in rain-mist, itself a disheartening drab. The cutting which ushered us somewhat proudly upon this inhospitable outlook proved to be the beginning of a pass sixty miles long, between the Hida-Shinshiu Mountains and the Sea of Japan.

I was now to be rewarded for my venture in an unlooked-for way; for I found myself introduced here to a stretch of coast worth going many miles to see.

The provinces of Hida and Etchiu are cut off from the rest of Japan by sets of mountain ranges, impassable throughout almost their whole length. So bent on barring the way are the chains that, not content with doing so in

mid-course, they all but shut it at their ocean end; for they fall in all their entirety plumb into the sea. Following one another for a distance of sixty miles, range after range takes thus its header into the deep. The only level spots are the deltas deposited by the streams between the parallels of peak. But these are far between. Most of the way the road belts the cliffs, now near their base, now cut into the precipice hundreds of feet above the tide. The road is one continuous observation point. Along it our jinrikisha bowled. In spite of the rain, the view had a grandeur that compensated for much discomfort. It was, moreover, amply diversified. Now we rushed out to the tip of some high cape, now we swung round into the curve of the next bay; now we wound slowly upward, now we slipped merrily down. The headlands were endless, and each gave us a seascape differing from the one we folded out of sight behind; and a fringe of foam, curving with the coast, stretched like a ribbon before us to mark the way.

We halted for the night at a fishing village called No: two lines of houses hugging the mountain side, and a single line of boats drawn up, stern on, upon the strand; the day and night domiciles of the amphibious strip of humanity, in domestic tiff, turning their backs to one another, a stone's throw apart. As our *kuruma* men knew the place, while we did not, we let them choose the inn. They pulled up at what caused me a shudder. If this was the best inn, what must the worst be like! I thought. However, I bowed my head to fate in the form of a rafter lintel, and passed in. A dim light, which came in part from a hole in the floor, and in part from an ineffective lamp, revealed a lofty, grotto-like interior. Over the hole hung a sort of witches' caldron, swung by a set of iron bars from the shadowy form of a soot-begrimed rafter. Around the kettle crouched a circle of gnomes.

Our entrance caused a stir, out of which one of the gnomes came forward, bowing to the ground. When he had lifted himself up enough to be seen, he turned out quite human. He instantly bustled to fetch another light, and started to lead the strangers across the usual slippery sill and up the nearly perpendicular stairs. Why I was not perpetually falling down these same stairways, or sliding gracefully or otherwise off the corridors in a heap, will always be a mystery to me. Yet, with the unimportant exception of sitting down occasionally to put on my boots, somewhat harder than I meant, I remember few such mishaps. It was not the surface that was unwilling; for the constant scuffle of stocking feet has given the passageways a polish mahogany might envy.

The man proved anything but inhuman, and very much mine host. How courteous he was, and in what a pleased mind with the world, even its whims of weather, his kind attentions put me! He really did so little, too. Beside numberless bows and profuse politeness, he simply laid a small and very thin quilt upon the mats for me to sit on, and put a feeble brazier by my side. So far as mere comfort went, the first act savored largely of supererogation, as the mats were already exquisitely clean, and the second of insufficiency, since the brazier served only to point the cold it was powerless to remove. But the manner of the doing so charmed the mind that it almost persuaded the grumbling body of content.

As mine host bowed himself out, a maid bowed herself in, with a tray of tea and sugar plums, and a grace that beggared appreciation.

"You are well come," she said, as she sank to her knees and bowed her pretty head till it nearly touched the mats; and the voice was but a thought too human for heaven, so unconsciously was it the better part of a caress.

"Would you deign to take some tea?

Truly you must be very tired;" and, pouring out a cup, she placed it beside me as it might have been some beautiful rite, and then withdrew, leaving me, beside the tea, the perfume of a presence, the sense that something exquisite had come and gone.

I sat there thinking of her in the abstract, and wondering how many maids outside Japan were dowried with like grace and the like voice. With such a one for cupbearer, I could have continued to sip tea, I thought, for the rest of my natural, or, alas, unnatural existence.

There I stayed, squatting on my feet on the mats, admiring the mimic volcano which in the orthodox artistic way the charcoal was arranged to represent, and trying my best to warm myself over the idea. But the idea proved almost as cold comfort as the brazier itself. The higher æsthetic part of me was in paradise, and the bodily half somewhere on the chill confines of outer space. The spot would no doubt have proved wholly heaven to that witty individual who was so anxious to exchange the necessities of life for a certainty of its luxuries. For here, according to our scheme of things, was everything one had no right to expect, and nothing that one had. My European belongings looked very gross littering the mats; and I seemed to myself a boor beside the unconscious breeding of those about me. Yet it was only a poor village inn, and its people were but peasants, after all.

I pondered over this as I dined in solitary state; and when I had mounted my funeral pyre for the night, I remember romancing about it as I fell asleep.

I was still a knight-errant, and the princess was saying all manner of charming things to me in her still more charming manner, when I became aware that it was the voice of the evening before wishing me good-morning. I opened my eyes to see a golden gleam flooding the still-shut *shōji*, and a diamond glitter stealing through the cracks that set the blood dancing in my veins. Then, with a startling clatter, my princess rolled the panels aside.

Windows are but half-way shifts at best. The true good-morning comes afield, and next to that is the thrill that greets the throwing your whole room wide to it. To let it trickle in at a casement is to wash in a dish. The true way is to take the sunshine with the shock of a plunge into the sea, and feel it glow and tingle all over you.

The rain had taken itself off in the night, and the air sparkled with freshness. The tiny garden court lay in cool, rich shadow, flecked here and there with spots of dazzle where a ray reflected found a pathway in, while the roofs above glistened with countless star-points.

Nor was mine host less smiling than the day, though he had not overcharged me for my room. I was nothing to him, yet he made me feel half sorry to go. A small pittance, too, the tea money seemed, for all that had gone with it. We pay in this world with copper for things gold cannot buy. Humanities are so cheap — and so dear.

The whole household gathered in force on its outer sill to wish us good luck as we took the street, and threw *sayonaras* ("if it must be so") after us as we rolled away.

There is a touch of pathos in this parting acquiescence in fate. If it must be so, indeed! I wonder did mine host suspect that I did not all leave, — that a part of me, a sort of ghostly lodger, remained with him who had asked me so little for my stay? Probably in body I shall never stir him again from beside his fire, nor follow as he leads the way through the labyrinth of his house; but in spirit, at times, I still steal back, and I always find the same kind welcome awaiting me in the guest room in the ell, and the same bright smile of morning to gild the tiny garden court. The only things beyond the grasp of change are our own memories of what once was.

Percival Lowell.

A NEW UNIVERSITY COURSE.

WHATEVER may be said as to the limitations of college curricula, no conception of a university is complete which does not include some representation of all the great departments of mental activity, whether this activity is expended upon material or psychical phenomena. Indeed, if its name mean anything, the university is, potentially, to systematize all knowledge, and to group separate intellectual energies into well-considered orders. The special investigator may be pursuing his studies without any thought of the relation which they hold to other studies, and, under the impulse of a common interest, a great many experiments may be making on parallel lines, which await the correlating thought of some generalizing mind. It is the business of the university to take account of such movements, and, by the very classification which it makes, to direct attention to the order into which certain studies fall. If it be the function of such scientists as Fourier, Clausius, Faraday, Helmholtz, Sir William Thomson, Clerk-Maxwell, and Joseph Henry to lay the foundations for such inventors as Watt, Fulton, Morse, William Thomson, Bell, and Edison, it is once more the function of men of science, collectively engaged in formulating the results thus reached and putting them into systematized form, to make them the intellectual property of new students.

The published literature of the past year shows how vigorously researches in mechanics, chemistry, electrics, thermotics, acoustics, and optics are being prosecuted by the aid both of mathematics and of experiment. An examination of the courses of study in our leading universities will show that these subjects hold a prominent place, and are provided for in laboratory work and class-room exercises. On the other hand, the literature of one great department of higher science shows but slow progress, and I see no indication that the universities recognize its importance, and are making preparation for its adequate presentation. No doubt the impetus to scientific study in the subjects mentioned above has been very forcible from the immediate pressure of material interest; science can scarcely help being absorbed in electricity when capital is seeking outlet through electrical appliances; but though the university is bound to follow whither capital beckons, it owes a larger debt to those fields of research which concern vaster problems, but have not the attraction of immediate and visible material gain.

My plea, then, is for a recognition by our highest institutions of learning of the claims of terrestrial physics as a distinct department of research and of instruction. The problems specifically included under this term embrace all those in which we consider the land, the ocean, and the atmosphere, respectively, as units, or as parts of the greater unit which astronomers call "the earth," — problems in which the phenomena depend more or less upon the size, the shape, the diurnal rotation, and annual revolution of our globe, or upon the viscosity, the elasticity, the density, and the mutual attraction of its parts. The phenomena to be studied are often of entrancing beauty, and always of such importance as to justify one in spending time and labor upon their investigation.

Terrestrial physics is the study of the globe upon which we live as distinguished from the study of the matter by which we live; as the matter studied in molecular physics is a part of man, so man is a part of the globe. Man can alter the molecular conditions of food substances until he adapts them to the

conditions of his own physiology, but he cannot alter the greater terrestrial conditions surrounding him. He may experiment with earth, and air, and water, but not with the earth, the ocean, and the atmosphere; these he may only study and understand so as to adapt himself to them. The establishment of observatories, laboratories, schools, and other institutions for the promotion of terrestrial physics will contribute directly to the advancement of civilization by just so far as they contribute to an increased knowledge of the environment of the human race.

The present condition of mathematical, astronomical, chemical, and molecular studies is traceable to the careful nurture of observatories and laboratories, and to the general instruction in these matters; the patrons of these sciences are the sovereigns and universities of the nations of the world. But the number of those who have been free to devote themselves to either experimental or mathematical work in terrestrial physics is comparatively small, and their financial means still smaller relatively to the former class of workers. Could we see a corresponding attention given to the nurture of the latter, and a corresponding encouragment to students to devote themselves to this work, we should certainly see corresponding excellent results. But, not to stop at generalizations, let us glance particularly at some branches of our subject.

I. Vulcanology. The most difficult problems are those relating to the conditions of the interior of the earth, and the reaction of that on the surface. The growth of our knowledge of these questions was ably set forth at the Toronto meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Mr. R. S. Woodward, and his historical sketch affords a fine illustration of the attention given by astronomers to physical problems. But astronomy and pure mathematics will never alone settle these questions; in the nature of things, they never can, and I propose that they be relegated to the conjunction of astronomers with experimental and mathematical physicists and chemists, and that means be provided for the study of terrestrial matter under high pressures and temperatures. It is possible — nay, probable — that the internal heat of the earth is not necessarily so excessive as was formerly supposed, and certainly the internal pressure is vastly greater than is generally realized.

The fluidity of the earth's interior is due to pressure quite as much as to heat. Our globe is of the nature of a plastic and viscous mass, and this has sufficed to enable it to become spheroidal without the need of assuming that it was once a limpid fluid. Give it time enough, and it will slowly take any required shape; release the interior masses from heavy pressure, and they will become as rigid as we see them at the surface. The lava and trap disgorged from beneath the earth's surface may have given a wrong impression as to the general state of the deepest interior regions; for they may come from moderate depths, and their heat and liquidity may be in great part the result of unknown chemical changes that slowly mature at moderate temperatures under enormous crushing pressures. We know little about the effect of such long-continued temperatures and pressures, because they are beyond the reach of our present experimental researches, but I understand that an earnest effort is being made in this line of work by our Geological Survey.

In common with others, I have for years hoped that observations of terrestrial magnetism would give us some idea as to the condition of the depths of the earth; but I shall show that we must give this up, so that we are forced to base our hopes upon experimental work on the chemical and physical behavior of solids under great pressure, and upon mathematical work on the laws of elas-

ticity of a large non-homogeneous mass of viscous matter such as is our so-called globe. The experimental work may be considered as already begun; the foundations of the mathematical work known as the theory of elasticity in viscous solids have been laid by Clebsch and Saint Venant and their numerous followers.

II. Geognosy. From the deeper depths, hidden from touch or sight within the earth, we ascend to the surface, or crust, where a variety of important phenomena and problems present themselves. Have the general locations and features of the continents and the ocean beds always been as now? What is the mechanism of the rise and fall of mountain chains, and the crumpling of strata that once were horizontal? The phenomena we observe belong to geology, but their explanation belongs to geognosy, and is a matter for experimental mechanics and physics.

It has already become evident that the steady action of great pressure upon hard, solid rock will mould it like clay into all the forms that we have observed, if only time enough be given. There is nothing known that is absolutely rigid; warmth, pressure, and time change all things. A ball of glass is highly elastic; its molecules transmit the most rapid vibrations of the spectrum to give us light, while its mass, struck by a hammer, vibrates less rapidly with a clear-sounding note to give us the slower vibrations of sound. But substitute a long-continued pressure for this quick blow, and the glass becomes as permanently deformed as does the plastic clay; it is elastic to quick blows, but plastic to very long continued pressures. The experimental study of the relations of pressure, temperature, and time, or the so-called "flow of solids" at ordinary temperatures, was begun recently, and is now carried on by many. The manufacture of lead pipes and spun pans, of gold medals or of cold-drawn wire, illustrates to every one what we mean by the flow of solids. The temperature and the plastic deformations of our earth's crust demand careful study. The experimental researches in mountain building by H. M. Cadell, and the deep-bore temperatures by Dunker, are the latest contributions to these subjects, and much more of that kind of work remains to be done by special physical laboratories. Even the gas and oil wells and coal beds have their stories to tell in regard to their formation during the slow process of terrestrial crumpling. Why do we not study the problems? Is it for want of money or for lack of opportunity?

The origin of these great crumpling pressures has long been debated, but in my next section I shall maintain that we are not to attribute this crumpling and mountain building in recent geological ages altogether to pressures resulting from contraction, itself the result of the general cooling of the earth's surface. This cooling is undoubtedly a true cause, and has afforded magnificent problems for Fourier and his followers; but it has become a less important cause as compared with another one, the evidences of whose existence are now everywhere apparent.

III. Seismology. Our earth is subject to earthquakes: some of these are local; others start with a shock, and spread as a vibration far and wide. What are these shocks? In general, it seems to me, we must reply that the attractions of the sun and moon produce a system of strains within the earth. On the one hand, these strains cause a part or even the whole of the external crust sometimes to slide a little about its viscous interior; on the other hand, these strains occasionally and systematically combine, so that the crust cracks and separates, or crumples and faults a little, and this operation is repeated accumulatively age after age, until mountain chains and continents are formed. The specific day when such cracks are most likely to occur is that

when the sun and moon are in conjunction and in perigee. At that time we have the greatest tidal strains. This condition endures for a day or two as the moon moves past the sun. During each day, at this period of conjunction, the earth, by its rotation, presents each meridian successively to the sun and moon, and causes all its substance to pass through the region of greatest strain. Now, our globe is not strictly homogeneous as to density nor as to strength, and when its weakest great circle comes into the plane of greatest strain there is a slight give, an earthquake, a fault, a dislocation of strata, a squeezing up of lava. Thus it goes on, age after age. The steady process of crumpling is therefore caused by lateral pressures, that are due not so much to cooling as to the tidal strains in the solid but plastic globe itself.

The dependence of the earthquakes of the Pacific Ocean on the sun and moon is suggested by statistics. The great circle of the Andes, Rocky Mountains, and eastern Asia marks the principal plane of weakness of the earth's crust: this divides the great depressions of the bed of the Pacific Ocean from the elevations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; or, it divides the land from the water hemispheres.

Doubtless in early ages our crust may have yielded more frequently than now to special strains produced at every conjunction or opposition of the sun and moon, but for a long time past the principal yieldings must have been those which occurred when sun and moon were in perigee; and in this way has been brought about that remarkable configuration throughout the world of mountain ranges and coast lines whose great circles are tangent to the Arctic and Antarctic circles. A very similar slower tidal strain in the body of the moon has given her surface a bulge and a series of ridges that are admirably prominent to the eye of the astronomer.

The pressure due to luni-solar tidal strain is a more potent factor and a more systematic agent in producing sliding and crumpling than that due to contraction by cooling. But the motions of the strata are liable to be spasmodic, and the earthquake shocks become earthquake vibrations that run over a large portion of the earth's surface: the study of these vibrations may properly be expected to enable us to trace each to its origin, and thus show to us the depth to which the tidal strain is effective. Below this depth it is evident that a species of rock welding goes on; the rocks, under great pressure and moderate heat, weld into one continuous plastic mass. This strata of welded rock is the extreme limit of the earth's crust.

The new electric welding process offers special advantages for studying the exact temperatures and pressures (and therefore the exact depth of the earth) at which rock welding takes place. The study of earthquakes and vibrations is a fundamental problem for any institution that is devoted to terrestrial physics. I have for many years labored to stimulate the observation and active study of these phenomena, and hope that the United States, like Europe, will foster an interest therein.

IV. Nutation and Rotation. The earth's axis of rotation coincides very closely with its axis of maximum inertia, namely, its shortest polar diameter or "principal axis." So long as these exactly coincide, our latitudes and longitudes will be constant; whatever causes either axis to differ will introduce slight periodic changes in latitudes and longitudes, due to the revolution of the instantaneous axis of rotation about the principal axis of inertia; and if the earth were a perfectly elastic mass, this periodic change would continue indefinitely. But, in so far as the earth is a truly homogeneous viscous mass, it will slowly accommodate its figure to the new conditions; it will stretch a lit-

tle with each rotation about the instantaneous axis of rotation, and will flatten out a little more at the poles, and finally settle down to permanently steady rotation around a new permanent or subpermanent axis of maximum inertia, situated between the two axes of rotation and of maximum inertia, with a new rate of rotation a little slower than before. Thus it happens that, principally, as it seems to me, through the action of the sun and moon, producing occasional geological and orographic changes in the crust of the earth, our latitudes have at present small periodic changes, dying away to a period of constancy or rest, followed by a new set of changes, and again a period of rest, while, on the whole, the day is slowly lengthening and the longitudes are diminishing, all of which would not occur were the earth perfectly elastic or perfectly rigid. This process will continue until our equatorial bulge is as large as the sun's and the moon's attractions combined with the earth's centrifugal force are any way able to maintain. Our globe may not be old enough to have as yet attained its maximum bulge. In former ages, the globe may have been, more emphatically than now, a non-homogeneous viscous mass; and then, as shown by Schiaparelli, much larger periodic changes of latitude may have occurred, due to the sliding of the exterior crust over the interior softer mass.

The astronomers were the first to suspect the existence of these movements of the earth's crust, and their reality is now beginning to be acknowledged; it remains for the physicist and the student of elasticity to show the meaning of the changes that trouble the delicate measurements of astronomy and geodesy, and to deduce the general average coefficient of viscosity of our globe. We may even be able to elucidate the process of disintegration by which, apparently, Saturn's rings were formed.

V. Gravitation. The attraction of the earth as a whole for other objects has long been a favorite subject of observation and study. The time of vibration of the ordinary pendulum gives us the means of measuring the relative force of gravity at different points. Simpler instrumental means are desirable, and the physicist must supply them if he can. In the pendulum, gravity is opposed to the inertia of the mass of the pendulum. In the spring balance, gravity is opposed to the elasticity (or, more precisely, to the inertia of the molecules) of the metallic spring, whose temperature is far above that absolute zero where there can be no elasticity. In the horizontal pendulum and the torsion balance, we have the means of measuring attractions by methods parallel in principle to the two preceding respectively. A fine series of determinations of gravity, such as those made for the Coast Survey by Mr. E. D. Preston during the recent expedition under Professor D. P. Todd, is an important contribution to the general question of the attraction of islands and oceans relatively to the whole earth. But a minute pendulum survey of the territory of the United States, especially of the mountain chains, is now very desirable. Every one will recognize that such determinations of gravity form an important branch of terrestrial physics. Will not some one devise a sufficiently delicate form of spring balance, some adaptation of Michelson's refractometer, to replace the laborious pendulum?

VI. Terrestrial Magnetism. There is no more mysterious yet practically useful force than the so-called terrestrial magnetism. Strange that we should know so little about that which is daily manifest to us. When we handle a bar of magnetic iron, we know that, although we do not understand what magnetism is, at least we can say that it exists within this bar. Now, the earth acts like a great magnet, yet we dare not say it is a magnet; we even hesitate to

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reason upon the general hypothesis that Gauss assumed in his Theoria, which is that it has magnetic matter distributed irregularly throughout it. The fact is, the recent work on "recalcescence" shows that at a temperature of 690° Centigrade iron and steel cease to be magnetic. Now, that temperature must be attained at a depth of 27,500 metres, if the earth's temperature goes on increasing downward at the rate of 25° C. per thousand metres, as found by Dunker at the bore at Sperenberg; or at the depth of 25,500 metres, if the rate of increase is 27° C., as found by him at Schladebach. Therefore all magnetized iron must be within a thin outer crust that is scarcely twelve miles deep. But Gauss showed that the average magnetism at the surface of the globe corresponds to the distribution throughout its whole interior of seven one-pound steel magnets per cubic metre. If this magnetic force is to be all confined to such an outer thin crust, then the average magnetic charge of its mass must be one hundred times greater per cubic metre. But this is preposterous, and we must conclude either that the interior of the earth has not this high temperature, or else that the material of the earth is not truly magnetic; no more so, that is, than is the copper wire which conducts a current around an electro-magnet, and which coil in fact has all the properties of a magnet without being one. The latter alternative we can easily adopt, but we have still to demonstrate the origin of the electric current that circulates around the globe and makes it an electro-magnet.

The observers and students of terrestrial magnetism are numerous, but Nature still holds fast her secret; and in this field of investigation we especially need the best talent in mathematical and experimental physics. I may, however, indicate the fact that, apparently, one feature of the subject has been unriddled, namely, the systematic diurnal, annual, and twenty-six-day perturbations, and also the irregular storms. This is the work of Professor Bigelow, of Washington, who has published a synopsis of his recent studies in a bulletin of the Eclipse expedition to the West Coast of Africa. He finds these perturbations fully explained qualitatively, and we hope quantitatively also, by considering the action of a conducting globe within a less perfectly conducting atmospheric envelope, rotating diurnally and revolving annually in a field of electric force such as must proceed from the sun concurrently with that other influence that gives us light and heat as its effects on our senses.

Thus much for the perturbations, but the main phenomenon, the sub-permanent magnetism, is still unsolved, though I think the most plausible view is that the tidal strains that we have already had to consider produce a steady supply of piezo-electricity, that manifests itself in ground currents, the flow of which is mainly east to west, and converts our earth into an electro-magnet. This conclusion forced itself upon me in 1888 or early in 1889, but now seems to have been long since arrived at by no less an authority than Clerk-Maxwell, whom I most unexpectedly find to have suggested it in the second volume of his Treatise on Electricity.

VII. Oceanography. The relation between the ocean and the land, as well as the special phenomena of the ocean itself, offers a new series of problems to be studied, of which we would especially mention those relating to tides and currents and deep-sea temperatures. The researches of the Challenger expedition, and those of our own Coast Survey and navy, have opened to wondering eyes an unknown world in the depths of the sea.

The average temperature of the ocean bottom is but a little more constant than the average temperature of the surface of the land; therefore, so far as the

conduction of heat is concerned, the interior of the earth gives up no more annually to the sea than it does to the atmosphere, namely, sufficient to melt one fourth inch of ice per annum; therefore, the ocean beds have not been formed by special cooling processes. The theory of contraction by cooling fails to account for the great watery hemisphere of our globe, with its centre at the antipodes of London. This great deformation is undoubtedly the work of those insidious lunar and solar tidal strains above alluded to; and the same mathematical analysis that, in the hands of Darwin, deals with these strains has, in the hands of Rayleigh, dealt with the tides of the great watery oceans. The ocean and the earth beneath it differ only in quality, not in kind: they are both viscous, yielding masses.

From the study of the great tidal waves we may pass to that of the long earthquake waves that cross the Atlantic and the Pacific, and then to that of the great storm waves, and finally to the study of the short swell of the ocean: each of these classes of waves offers an important field of study; probably no more magnificent illustration of the interference of waves can be found than is shown in the phenomenon of the "rollers" and "double rollers" of the islands of Ascension and Saint Helena. The recent Eclipse expedition afforded me an admirable, almost unique opportunity to perceive the nature of this dreaded phenomenon, in that, from a high hill, I found myself looking down upon a wide expanse of ocean covered with intersecting systems of waves. Such problems as these on ocean waves cannot easily be studied in a permanent institution, but the experimental results obtained there should be verified by sending the experimenters to observe at the localities where they are best developed.

VIII. Meteorology. Our atmosphere is a part of our earth. It is included in its mass when the astronomer speaks of the mutual attraction of the earth, the sun, and the moon; it is the most important factor in our geological history; it is also the most important factor in the existence of man, — he may live forty days without food, but not forty minutes without fresh air. The phenomena of the atmosphere generally take place on too large a scale to be called local. A large region of the atmosphere is affected by every storm. The winds carry the seeds of plants and germs of disease from one continent to another. The droughts and floods, the heat and cold, of America depend on what is doing in Asia and the tropics. There can be no proper study of meteorology except as one includes the whole globe in his thoughts.

The past thirty years have seen the establishment in every civilized country of weather bureaus and storm warnings, but each has only a local jurisdiction; and even our National Signal Office, covering as it does the largest region of any, has recognized that our storms and weather are affected by atmospheric conditions far beyond our borders. In 1871 it began to collect ocean data, and since 1875 has compiled a daily weather map of the whole northern hemisphere. There has just come to hand a most extensive work by Buchan,[1] published as one of the scientific results of the voyage of the Challenger, which shows month by month the condition of the atmosphere over the whole northern hemisphere.

But statistical and climatic averages are not dynamic meteorology, and it is in this latter field that the general problems of atmospheric pressure and motion press hard for solution. The past decade has seen important memoirs

[1] Report on the Scientific Results of the Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger during the Years 1873–76. Physics and Chemistry, Vol. II. Part 5: Report on Atmospheric Circulation, by Alexander Buchan. London, 1889. 347 pages, 3 plates, 52 maps.

on fundamental questions from the hands of our most able mathematical physicists: those of Helmholtz and Sir William Thomson on vortex motions and stationary waves; Oberbeck on the general circulation of the air and on cyclonic motions; Hertz on adiabatic motions, and Bezold on non-adiabatic motions; Buchan, Hann, and Rayleigh on diurnal barometric fluctuations; E. Poincaré on lunar tides in the atmosphere.

Hitherto, the professional meteorologist has too frequently been only an observer, a statistician, an empiricist, rather than a mechanician, mathematician, and physicist. He has studied the atmosphere out-of-doors, without having had a preliminary indoor training in the laws of fluid motion, so that much that has been written on dynamic meteorology has proved unsatisfactory. In fact, there are even now very few laboratories in the world where the instruction can be given, and thirty years ago there were none; but the recent advent of our foremost physicists into this field of investigation, and the erection of laboratories for all manner of mechanical work, raise our hopes to the highest pitch.

The problems of meteorology are important enough and difficult enough to excite the ambition of the ablest men. By their help, we shall yet make great progress in the prediction not only of daily weather, but of extensive climatic changes and of droughts and floods, months in advance; eventually we shall be able to state what climates must have obtained in past geological ages.

Here I close this rapid sketch of the various divisions of terrestrial physics. Our German brethren have coined for it the appropriate title "Geo-physik," and have already given us some extensive treatises covering the ground that I have indicated. We have thus a distinct branch of geo-physical study that has too rarely been recognized either in our universities or our observatories. A few general remarks, or a chapter in some treatise on geology or physical geography or meteorology, and the subject is dismissed and forgotten, in the midst of the numerous other studies. We maintain seventy American and two hundred and fifty foreign astronomical observatories, two hundred chemical laboratories, and one hundred laboratories for molecular physics, but as yet there is not one in the United States founded expressly for terrestrial physics.

In this great department of science good results may be attained by a system which shall coördinate the several independent lines of investigation. Our Coast Survey may do something in regard to the figure, the size, and the attraction of the earth; it may even contribute to the elucidation of tides, or currents, or terrestrial magnetism; the Geological Survey may find it within its powers lightly to touch on the questions of internal heat, plasticity, earthquakes, mountain building, and the evolution of continents and oceans; the astronomical or naval observatories may study changes of latitude; the Signal Office may see its way clear to study atmospheric problems larger than American weather. But the cosmic problems that I have enumerated need the coöperation of government officials and university educators, and I hopefully look for some patron of science who shall set able men to work in an institution devoted to geophysics, which may well be a component part of a great university. What American schools of science have already done for astronomy, chemistry, geology, electricity, medicine, engineering, and what other schools are doing for history, law, politics, archæology, and linguistics, still remains to be done for various other departments of learning, notably the whole wide range of terrestrial physics.

But lest the scheme which I have outlined be regarded as too wide for immediate adoption, let me single out one great division which presses for recognition. I contend that our Signal Service

and State Weather Services should have the collegiate recognition and the moral and material support that would result from the establishment of comprehensive schools of meteorology as one branch of the study of our globe. Of all branches of applied science, meteorology, with its weather predictions, is that which at the present moment demands the most serious attention from our universities. The professors needed in connection with courses of study preparatory to meteorology are already to be found in several of our universities and technical schools. At these, therefore, it will require but a slight additional labor or expense to conduct the students through a special course in theoretical and practical meteorology and the applications of climatology.

Not to be too indefinite, I may briefly indicate that descriptive or elementary meteorology is already fairly provided for in accessible text-books, but the courses of study required to fit one successfully to cope with the more difficult problems that beset this science would be somewhat as follows: —

Mathematics: through the theory of probabilities, determinants, and differential equations.

Analytical Mechanics: through the general treatises on fluid motion and the tides, and the special treatises on atmospheric motions by Ferrel, Sprung, Helmholtz, Guldberg, and Mohn.

Hydraulics: synopsis of the work of hydraulic experimenters, and especially the treatise of Boussinesq on the movement of water.

Thermo-Dynamics: through Bezold's treatise on the non-adiabatic processes in the atmosphere.

Molecular Physics: text-book and laboratory course in heat, light, acoustics, mechanics, and electricity.

Graphics: all graphic methods for solving kinematic, static, and kinetic problems, and all methods of cartography and projection.

Observations: parallel with a full course in physical training should be a personal record of daily experience in observations of temperature, moisture, clouds, and other meteorological phenomena; there should be special determinations of some of the fundamental meteorological constants, and a course of study of daily charts; the formulation of predictions and their verification by comparison with actual weather subsequently experienced.

When, in 1868, I announced that the Cincinnati Observatory was prepared to begin the experiment of daily weather predictions for the benefit of the residents of that city, we had only the works of Loomis, Espy, Ferrel, Henry, and Schott to study; and now, at the end of twenty-five years, they are still our American authorities. During this interval, the needs of the country in the matter of weather predictions have been patent to every one, but what have our universities done to stimulate the study of this important subject? I have not failed to present our needs to several universities, and have sketched out courses of instruction for others, hoping to see them introduced; and have also sought to introduce elementary courses into high schools and normal schools. In all these, the main object in view was the wide dissemination of training in philosophic and scientific methods of studying the atmosphere and predicting the weather as distinguished from ordinary empiricisms. I advocated the study of dynamic meteorology as distinguished from statistical climatology. As yet, I have heard but of one effort in this direction, — the class of Professor William M. Davis at Harvard. But the frequent inquiries as to how one can learn of the great progress that is being made in the study of the atmosphere, and the equally numerous inquiries as to whether one who devotes himself to meteorology may hope to find means of support, show that intelligent interest in

the subject is being aroused. How can I reply discouragingly to these latter inquiries, when the Signal Service and State Weather Services need hundreds of intelligent observers and good local weather predictors? Any one who can make local weather predictions better than those that are now published daily is sure of employment by business men or by the government. There is no desideratum more deeply felt than that of correct weather predictions: that which is now done only whets the desire for something better. Both within the Signal Office and outside of it, the hope exists that there may continue to be steady improvement in this, the most important practical application of our knowledge of meteorology; but the scholar will see at once that such progress can be achieved only by enlisting the coöperation of universities that shall train for us many learned and energetic investigators.

Already, with her usual intellectual energy, Germany has taken the initiative. A circular, compiled at my request in 1882 by Professor Frank Waldo, showed Americans at what places in Germany they might study meteorology; but it also showed the Germans the deficiencies of their own universities in this respect, and in immediate response there started up a vigorous activity: it was as though the authorities had ordered their most eminent physicists, Helmholtz, Bezold, Oberbeck, Sprung, Hertz, Köppen, and others, to join together in lifting the new science from her low estate. At the present moment, Germany leads the world in the development of ideas which were first expounded in America by Espy and Ferrel, and one can hardly keep up with her rapidly advancing literature.

So long as our own mathematicians and physicists hold aloof from these severe studies, so long must American youth go away from American universities to learn of the present state and future growth of meteorology. So long as our universities make no provision for teaching the new aspect of this science, and confine their courses of instruction to a few remarks on the elementary climatology of twenty years ago, so long must the study of meteorology in America be expected to deal only with the superficial appearance of things, without going to the root of the matter. Give our young student physicists a chance to study the laws of motion of storms and the art of prediction, and they will soon make of meteorology a science as exact as is in any way compatible with the complexity of the phenomena.

The field is ripe for the harvest; send the skilled laborers into it. The path to that field runs through the physical laboratory and the mathematical studio of the university.

Cleveland Abbe.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XIV.

I FAVOR PERMANENCY IN OFFICE.

As soon as my secretary had gone I went into her room and looked for my friend Vespa. I found him on the floor, quite dead, but not demolished. Picking him up and carrying him to my study, I carefully gummed him to a card. Under his motionless form I wrote, "The good services of this friend I shall ever keep in grateful remembrance." Then I pinned the card to the wall between two bookcases.

During the rest of that day I found

myself in a state of unreasonable exaltation. Several times I put to myself the questions: Why is it that you feel so cheerful and so gay? Why have you the inclination to whistle and to dance in your room? Why do you light a cigar, and let it go out through forgetfulness? Why do you answer your grandmother at random, and feel an inclination to take a long walk by yourself, although you know there are people invited to an afternoon tea?

I was not able to give an adequate answer to these questions, nor did I very much care to. I knew that my high spirits were caused by the discoveries the good Vespa had enabled me to make, and the fact that this reason could not be proved adequate did not trouble me at all; but prudence and a regard for my own interests made it very plain to me that other people should not know I had been exalted, and how. If I desired my nun to continue as my secretary, I must not let any one know that I cared in the least to hear her voice, or to have the front of her bonnet turned towards me.

At dinner, that day, my grandmother remarked to me: —

"Are you still satisfied with the House of Martha's sister? Does she do your work as you wish to have it done?"

I leaned back in my chair, and answered with deliberation: —

"Yes, I think she will do very well, and that after more practice she will do better. As it is, she is industrious and attentive. I place great stress upon that point, for I do not like to repeat my sentences; but she has a quick ear, and catches every word."

"Then," asked my grandmother, "you do not wish to make a change at present?"

"Oh, no," I said; "it would be very annoying to begin again with a new amanuensis. I am getting accustomed to this person, and that is a very important matter with me. So I do not wish to make any change so long as this sister does her work properly."

"I must say," resumed my grandmother, after a little pause, in which she seemed to be considering the subject, "that I was not altogether in favor of that young woman taking the position of your secretary. She can have had but little experience, and I thought that an older and steadier person would answer your purpose much better; but this one was unemployed at the time, and wished very much to do literary work; and as the institution needed the money you would pay, which would probably amount to a considerable sum if your book should be a long one, and as you were in a great hurry, and might engage some one from the city if one of the Martha sisters were not immediately available, Mother Anastasia and I concluded that it would be well to send this young person until one of the older sisters, competent for the work, should be disengaged. I thought you would be very anxious to have this change made as soon as possible, so that you might feel that you had a permanent secretary."

"Oh, no," said I, trying very hard not to appear too much in earnest. "This person is very steady, and there is a certain advantage in her being young, without much experience as a secretary. I wish any one who writes for me to work in my way; and if such a person has been accustomed to work in other people's ways, annoyance and interruption must surely result, and that I wish very much to avoid. A secretary should be a mere writing-machine, and I do not believe an elderly person could be that. She would be sure to have notions how my work should or should not be done, and in some way or other would make those notions evident."

"I don't quite agree with you," said my grandmother, "but of course you know your own business better than I do; and I suppose, after all, it does n't

make much difference whether the sister is young or not. They all dress alike, and all look ugly alike. I don't suppose there would be anything attractive about the Venus de Milo, if she wore a coal-scuttle bonnet and a gray woolen shawl."

"No," I answered, "especially if she kept the opening of her coal-scuttle turned down over her paper, as if she were about to empty coals upon it."

"That 's very proper," said my grandmother, speaking a little more briskly. "All she has to do is to keep her eyes on her work, and I suppose, from what you say, that the flaps of her bonnet do not interfere with her keeping her ears on you. But if at any time you desire to make a change, all you have to do is to let me know, and I can easily arrange the matter."

I promised that I would certainly let her know in case I had such a desire.

That evening Walkirk remarked to me that he thought nothing could be more satisfactory for me than to have on tap, so to speak, an institution like the House of Martha, from which I could draw a secretary whenever I wanted one, and keep her for as long or as short a time as pleased me; and to have this supply in the immediate neighborhood was an extraordinary advantage.

I agreed that the arrangement was a very good one; and I think he was about to ask some questions in regard to my nun, but I began my recital, and cut off any further conversation on the subject.

My monologue was rather disjointed that evening, for my mind was occupied with other things, or, more strictly speaking, another thing. I felt quite sure, however, that Walkirk did not notice my preoccupation, for he gave the same earnest and interested attention to my descriptions which he had always shown, and which made him such an agreeable and valuable listener. Indeed, his manner put me at my ease, because, on account of the wandering of my mind, his general expression indicated that, if I found it necessary to pause in order that I might arrange what I should say next, he was very glad of the opportunity thus given him to reflect upon what I had just said. He was an admirable listener.

XV.

HOW WE WENT BACK TO GENOA.

The next morning I awaited with considerable perturbation of mind the arrival of my nun. I felt assured that, after the occurrences of the previous day, there must certainly be some sort of a change in her. She could not go on exactly as she had gone on before. The nature of this anticipated change concerned me very much, — too much, I assured myself. Would she be more rigid and repellent than she had been before the advent of the wasp? But this would be impossible. On the other hand, would she be more like other people? Would she relax a little, and work like common secretaries? Or, — and I whistled as I thought of it, — having once done so, would she permanently cut loose from the absurdities enjoined upon her by the House of Martha people, and look at me and talk to me in the free, honest, ingenuous, frank, sincere, and thoroughly sensible manner in which she had spoken to me the day before?

After revolving these questions in my mind for some time, another one rudely thrust itself upon me: would she come at all? It was already seven minutes past nine; she had never been so late. Now that I came to think of it, this would be the most natural result of the wasp business. The thought shocked me. I ceased to walk up and down my study, and stopped whistling. I think my face must have flushed; I know my pulse beat faster. My eyes fell upon

the body of him who I believed had been my friend. I felt like crushing his remains with my fist. He had been my enemy! He had shown me what I had to lose, and he had made me lose it.

Even in the midst of my agitation this thought made me smile. How much I was making of this affair of my secretary. What difference, after all — But I did not continue the latter question. It did make a difference, and it was of no use to reason about it. What was I to do about it? That was more to the point.

At this instant, my nun, followed by Sister Sarah, entered the adjoining room. The latter merely bowed to me, went out, and locked the door behind her. I was very glad she did not speak to me, for the sudden revulsion of feeling produced by the appearance of the two would have prevented my answering her coherently. I do not know whether my nun bowed or not. If she did, the motion was very slight. She took her seat and prepared for work. I did not say anything, for I did not know what to say. The proper thing to do, in order to relieve my embarrassment and hers, — that is, if she had any, — was to begin work at once; but for the life of me I could not remember whether my dictation of the day before concerned Sicily or Egypt. I did not like to ask her, for that would seem like a trick to make her speak.

But it would not do to keep her sitting there with an idle pen in her hand. I must say something, so I blurted out some remarks concerning the effect of the climate of the Mediterranean upon travelers from northern countries; and while doing this I tried my best to remember where, on the shores of this confounded sea, I had been the day before.

Philosophizing and generalizing were, however, not in my line: I was accustomed to deal with action and definite observation, and I soon dropped the climate of the Mediterranean, and went to work on some of the scul-harrowing improvements in the Eternal City, alluding with particular warmth to the banishment of the models from the Spanish Stairs. Now the work went on easily, but I was gloomy and depressed. My nun sat at the table, more like a stiff gray-enveloped principle than ever before. I did not feel at liberty even to make a remark about the temperature of the room. I feared that whatever I said might be construed into an attempt to presume upon the accidental intercourse of the day before.

For half an hour or more she went on with the work, but, during a pause in my dictation, she sat up straight in her chair and laid down her pen. Then, without turning her face to me, she began to speak. I stood open-mouthed, and, I need not say, delighted. Whatever her words might be, it rejoiced me to hear them; to know that she voluntarily recognized my existence, and desired to communicate with me.

"I have spoken to Mother Anastasia," she said, her voice directed towards the screen in the open window, "and I told her that it was impossible for me to work without sometimes saying a few words to ask for what I need, or to request you to repeat a word which I did not catch. Since I began to write I have lost no less than twenty-three words. I have left blanks for them, and made memoranda of the pages; but, as I said to her, if this sort of thing went on, you would forget what words you had intended to use, and when you came to read the manuscript you could not supply them, and that therefore I was not doing my work properly, and honestly earning the money which would be paid to the institution. I also told her that you sometimes forgot where you left off the day before, and that I ought to read you a few lines of what I had last written, in order that you might make the proper connection. I think this is very necessary, for to-day you

have left an awful gap. Yesterday we were writing about that old Crusader's bank in Genoa, and now you are at work at Rome, when we have n't even started for that city."

Each use of this word "we" was to me like a strain of music from the heavens.

"Do you think I did right?" she added.

"Right!" I exclaimed. "Most assuredly you did. Nothing could be more helpful, and in fact more necessary, than to let me know just where I left off. What did the sisters say?"

"I spoke only to Mother Anastasia," she replied. "She considered the matter a little while, and then said that she could see there must be times when you would require some information from me in regard to the work, and that there could be no reasonable objection to my giving such information; but she reminded me that the laws of the House of Martha require that the sisters must give their sole attention to the labor upon which they are employed, and must not indulge, when so engaged, in any conversation, even among themselves, that is not absolutely necessary."

"Mother Anastasia is very sensible," said I, "and if I were to see her, I should be happy to express my appreciation of her good advice upon the subject. And, by the way, did she tell you that it was necessary to wear that hot bonnet while you are working?"

"She did not say anything about it," she answered; "it was not needful. We always wear our bonnets outside of the House of Martha."

I was about to make a further remark upon the subject, but restrained myself: it was incumbent on me to be very prudent. There was a pause, and then she spoke again.

"You are not likely to see Mother Anastasia," she said, "but please do not say anything on the subject to Sister Sarah; she is very rigorous, and would not approve of talking under any circumstances. In fact, she does not approve of my coming here at all."

"What earthly reason can she have for that?" I asked.

"She thinks it 's nonsensical for you to have a secretary," she answered, "and that it would be much better for you to do your own work, and make a gift of the money to the institution, and then I could go and learn to be a nurse. I only mention these things to show you that it would be well not to talk to her of Mother Anastasia's good sense."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that I shall not say a word to her."

"And now," said she, "shall we put aside what I have written to-day, and go back to Genoa? The last thing you dictated yesterday was this: 'Into this very building once came the old Crusaders to borrow money for their journeys to the Holy Land.'"

We went to Genoa.

"How admirably," I exclaimed, when she had gone, "with what wonderful tact and skill, she has managed the whole affair! Not one word about the occurrences of yesterday, not an allusion which could embarrass either herself or me. If only she had looked at me! But she had probably received instructions on that point which she did not mention, and it is easy to perceive that she is honest and conscientious."

But after all it was not necessary that I should see her face. I had seen it, and I could never forget it.

Whistling was not enough for me that day; I sang.

"What puts you into such remarkably good spirits?" asked my grandmother. "Have you reached an unusually interesting part of your work?"

"Indeed I have," I answered, and I gave her such a glowing account of the way the Red Cross Knights, the White Cross Knights, and the Black Cross Knights clanked through the streets of

Genoa, before setting sail to battle for the Great Cross, that the cheeks of the old lady flushed and her eyes sparkled with enthusiastic emotion.

"I don't wonder it kindles your soul to write about such things," she said.

XVI.

I RUN UPON A SANDBAR.

Day by day, the interest of my nun in her work appeared to increase. Every morning, so soon as she sat down at her table, she read to me the concluding portion of what had been written the day before; and if a Sunday intervened, she gave me a page or more. Her interest was manifested in various ways. Several times she so far forgot the instructions she must have received as to turn her face towards me, when asking me to repeat something that she did not catch, and on such occasions I could not for some moments remember what I had said, or indeed what I was about to say.

Once she stopped writing, and, turning half round in her chair, looked fairly at me, and said that she thought I had made a mistake in saying that visitors were not allowed to go up the Tower of Pisa without a guide; for she, with two other ladies, had gone to the top without any one accompanying them. But she thought it was very wrong to allow people to do this, and that I should be doing a service to travelers if I were to say something on the subject.

Of course I replied that I would make the correction, and that I would say something about the carelessness to which she referred. Then there ensued a pause, during which she turned her face towards the window, imagining, I have no doubt, that I was busy endeavoring to compose something suitable to say upon the subject; but I was not thinking of anything of the sort. I was allowing my mind to revel in the delight which I had had in looking at her while she spoke. When her pen began to scratch impatiently upon the paper, I plunged into some sort of a homily on the laxity of vigilance in leaning towers. But, even while dictating this, I was wondering what she would look like if, instead of that gray shawl and gown, she were arrayed in one of the charming costumes which often make even ordinary young ladies so attractive.

As our daily work went on, my nun relaxed more frequently her proscribed rigidity, and became more and more like an ordinary person. When she looked at me or spoke, she always did so in such an unpremeditated manner, and with such an obvious good reason, that I could not determine whether her change of manner was due to accumulative forgetfulness, or to a conviction that it was absurd to continue to act a part which was not only unnatural under the circumstances, but which positively interfered with the work in hand. Some of her suggestions were of the greatest service, but I fear that the value of what she said was not as fully appreciated as was the pleasure of seeing and hearing her say it.

Thus joyously passed the hours of work, and in the hours when I was not working I looked forward with glad anticipation to the next forenoon; but after a time I began to be somewhat oppressed by the fear that my work would come to an end before long for want of material. I was already nearing the southern limit of my travels, and my return northward had not been productive of the sort of subject-matter I desired. In my recitals to Walkirk I had gone much more into detail regarding my experiences, and had talked about a great many things which it had been pleasant to talk about, but which I did not consider good enough to put into my book. In dictating to my nun I had carefully sifted the mass to which Walkirk had listened, and had used only such matter

as I thought would interest her and the general reader. My high regard for the intelligence of my secretary and her powers of appreciation had led me to discard too much, and therefore there was danger that my supply of subject-matter would give out before my nun grew to be an elderly woman; and this I did not desire.

I had read and heard enough of the travels of others to be able to continue my descriptions of foreign countries for an indefinite period; but I had determined, from the first, that nothing should go into my book except my own actual experiences, and therefore I could not rely upon other books for the benefit of mine. But, in considering the matter, I concluded that, if my material should be entirely my own, it would answer my purpose to make that material what I pleased; and thus it happened that I determined to weave a story into my narrative. This plan, I assured myself, would be in perfect harmony with the design of my work. The characters could be drawn from the people whom I had met in my travels. The scenes could be those which I had visited, and the plot and tone of the story could be made to aid the reader in understanding the nature of the country and the people of which it was told. More than all, I could make the story as long as I pleased.

This was a capital idea, and I began immediately to work upon it. I managed the story very deftly; at least that was my opinion. My two principal characters made their appearance in Sicily, and at first were so intermingled with scenery and incidents as not to be very prominent; then they came more to the front, and other characters introduced themselves upon occasion. As these personages appeared and reappeared, I hoped that they would gradually surround themselves with an interest which would steadily increase the desire to know more and more about them. Thus, as I went on, I said less and less about Sicily, and more and more about my characters, especially the young man and the young woman, the curious blending of whose lives I was endeavoring to depict.

This went on very smoothly for a few days, and then, about eleven o'clock one morning, my nun suddenly leaned back in her chair and laid down her pen.

"I cannot write any more of this," she said, looking out of the window.

I was so astonished that I could scarcely ask her what she meant.

"This is love-making," she continued, "and with love-making the sisters of the House of Martha can have nothing to do. It is one of our principal rules that we must not think about it, read about it, or talk about it; and of course it would have been forbidden to write about it, if such a contingency had ever been thought of. Therefore I cannot do any more work of that kind."

In vain I expostulated; in vain I told her that this was the most important part of my book; in vain I declaimed about the absurdity of such a regulation; in vain I protested; in vain I reasoned. She shook her head, and said there was no use talking about it; she knew the rules, and should obey them.

I had been standing near the grating, but now I threw myself into a chair, and sat silent, wondering what I should do. Must I give up this most admirable plan of carrying on my work, simply because those foolish sisters had made absurd rules for themselves? Must I wind up my book for want of material? Not for a moment did I think of getting another secretary, or of selecting some other sort of that stuff which literary people call padding, for the purpose of prolonging my pleasant labors. I was becoming interested in the love-story I had begun, and I wanted to go on with it, and I believed also that it would be of great advantage to my book; but,

on the other hand, it was plain that my nun would not write this story, and it was quite as plain to me that I could not insist upon anything which would cause her to leave me.

"Don't you think," she said presently, still looking towards the window, "that we had better do some sort of work for the rest of the morning? It is not right for me to sit here idle. Suppose you try to supply some of the words which were left out of the manuscript, in the first days of my writing for you."

"Very well," said I; and, taking up her memoranda, she began to look for the vacant spaces which she had left in the manuscript pages. I supplied very few words, for to save my life I could not at this moment bring my mind to bear upon such trifles; but it was pretense of work, and better than embarrassing idleness. Before my secretary left me I must think of something to say to her in regard to the work for to-morrow; but what should I say? Should I tell her I would drop the story, or that I would modify it so as to make it feasible for her to write? Something must quickly be decided upon, and while I was tumultuously revolving the matter in my mind twelve o'clock and the sub-mother came. My secretary went away, with nothing but the little bow which she was accustomed to make when leaving the room.

XVII.

REGARDING THE ELUCIDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I was left in my study in a very unpleasant state of mind. I was agitated and apprehensive. Perhaps that young woman would not come any more. I had not told her that I was going to stop writing about love, and there was every reason to suppose she would not return. What an imbecile I had been! I had done nothing, because I could not think of exactly the right thing to do.

I now felt that I must ask the advice of somebody in regard to this embarrassing and important affair. For a moment I thought of my grandmother, but she would be sure to begin by advising me to change my secretary. She seldom urged me to do what I did not want to do, but if I offered her a chance to give me advice on this occasion I knew what would be uppermost in her mind.

So I put on my hat and went to Walkirk, at the inn. I found him at work on a mass of accounts, dating back for years, which I had given him to adjust. With great circumspection I laid before him this new affair.

"You see," said I, "she is a first-class secretary. She has learned to do my work as I like it done, and I do not wish to make a change, and, on the other hand, I do not care to alter the plan of my book."

Walkirk was always very respectful, but he could not restrain a smile at the situation.

"It does seem to me," he said, "a very funny thing to dictate a love-story to one of the sisters of the House of Martha. Of course they are not nuns, they are not even Roman Catholics, but they are just as strict and strait-laced about certain things as if their house were really a convent. So far as I can see, there is but one thing to do, and that is to confine yourself to descriptions of travel; and perhaps it would be well to let your secretary know in some way that you intend to do so; otherwise I think she may throw up the business, and that would be a pity."

It sometimes surprises me to discover what an obstinate person I am. When I want to do a thing, it is very difficult for me to change my mind.

"She must not throw up the business," I said, "and I do not see how I can leave out the story. I have planned it far ahead, and to discard it I should

have to go back and cut and mangle a great deal of good work that I have done."

Walkirk reflected.

"I admit," he replied, "that that would be very discouraging. Perhaps we can think of some plan of getting out of the difficulty."

"I hope you can do that," said I, "for I cannot."

"How would this do?" he asked presently. "Suppose I go and see Mother Anastasia this afternoon, and try and make her look at this matter from a strictly business point of view. I can tell her that the sort of thing you are doing is purely literature, that you can't keep such things out of literature, and that the people who engage in the mechanical work of literature cannot help running against those things at one time or another. I can try to make her understand what an advantageous connection this is, and what a great injury to the House of Martha it would be if it should be broken off. I can tell her that it is not improbable that you may take to writing as a regular business, and that you may give profitable employment to the sisters for years and years. There are a good many other things I might say, and you may be sure I shall do my very best."

"Go," I said, "but be very careful about what you say. Don't make her think that I am too anxious to retain this particular sister, but make her understand that I do not wish to begin all over again with another one. Also, do not insist too strongly on my desire to write a love-story, but put it to her that when I plan out work of course I want to do the work as I have planned it. Try to keep these points in your mind; then you can urge common sense upon her as much as you please."

I sent a note to my grandmother saying that I should not be home to luncheon, and after having taken a bite at the inn I set out for a long walk. It was simply impossible for me to talk about common things until this matter was settled.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when I returned to the inn, and Walkirk had not come back. I went away again, took a turn through the woods, and on approaching the inn I saw him walking down a shady road which led from the House of Martha. I hurried to meet him.

So soon as he was near enough, Walkirk, with a beaming face, called out: —

"All right, sir. I have settled that little matter for you."

"How? What?" I exclaimed. "What have you done?"

We had now reached each other, and stood together by the side of the road.

"Well," said my under-study, "I have seen Mother Anastasia, and I have found her a very sensible woman, — an admirable woman, I assure you. She was a good deal surprised when I told her my errand, for that was the first she had heard of the love-story; in fact, I suppose your secretary had not had time to tell her about it. She commended the sister highly for her refusal to write it, saying that her action was in strict accordance with the spirit of their rules. When she had finished saying all she had to say on that point, I presented your side of the question; and I assure you, sir, that I clapped on it a very bright light, so that if she did not see its strong points the fault must be in her own eyes. As the event proved, there was nothing the matter with her eyes. I shall not try to repeat what I said, but I began by explaining to her the nature of your work, and showed her how impossible it was for you to write about foreign countries without referring to their people, and how you could not speak of the people without mentioning their peculiar manners and customs, and that this story was nothing more nor less than an interweaving of some of the characteris-

tics of the people of Sicily with the descriptions of the country. Thus much I inferred from your remarks about the story.

"I persisted that, although such characteristics had no connection with the life of the sisters of the House of Martha, they were a part of the world which you were describing, and that it could be no more harm for a sister, working for wages and the good of the cause, to assist in that description than it would be for one of them to make lace to be worn at a wedding, a ceremony with which the sisters could have nothing to do, and which in connection with themselves they could not even think about. This point made an impression on Mother Anastasia, and, having thought about it a minute or two, she said there was a certain force in it.

"Then she asked me if this narrative of yours was a strongly accentuated love-story. Here she had me at a disadvantage, for I have not heard it; but I assured her that, knowing the scope and purpose of your work, I did not believe that you would accentuate any portion of it more than was absolutely necessary.

"After some silent consideration, Mother Anastasia said she would go and speak with the sister who had been doing your work. She was gone a good while, — at least it seemed so to me; and when she came back she said that she had been making inquiries of the sister, and had come to the conclusion that there was no good reason why the House of Martha should not continue to assist you in the preparation of your book."

"Did she say she would send the same sister?" I asked quickly.

"No, she did not," answered Walkirk; "but not wishing to put the question too pointedly, I first thanked her, on your behalf, for the kindly consideration she had given the matter. I then remarked — without intimating that you said anything about it — that I hoped nothing would occur to retard the progress of the work, and that the present arrangement might continue without changes of any kind, because I knew that when you were dictating your mind was completely absorbed by your mental labors, and that any alteration in your hours of work, or the necessity of explaining your methods to a new amanuensis, annoyed and impeded you. To this she replied that it was quite natural you should not desire changes, and that everything should go on as before."

"Walkirk," I exclaimed, "you are a trump!" In my exuberant satisfaction I would have clapped him on the back; but as it would not do to be so familiar with an under-study, and besides I did not wish him to understand the extent of my delight at the result of his mission. That sort of thing I liked to keep to myself.

Frank R. Stockton.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

One of the most striking features of our easy-going American character is a ready submission to the domination of our servants. Whether it be Bridget in the kitchen, the railway in our streets, or Congressmen in the Capitol at Washington, we meekly bear the arrogance of the powers of our own creation. In fact, a slight acquaintance with the daily press is sufficient to show that in the matter of public administration the change of relation is an accepted fact,

and we discuss at each succeeding election, not whether we shall employ Democrats or Republicans to serve us, but whether we shall submit to Democratic or to Republican rule. Now that we shall not have that question to settle for two years to come, is it not worth while to consider whether we shall continue to endure without effectual protest every inconvenience which our servants, the carrying corporations and their employees, inflict upon us? These functionaries, who in our advanced civilization perform for the most of us on a large scale the office of coachmen and draymen, sometimes display an indifference to their duty of which even our cooks do not dream. If Bridget were to depart without a word of notice for a three days' outing, she would expect her rights in our kitchen to cease forthwith; but if our public coachmen, the railway companies, refusing to make terms with those in their employ, fail to perform their duties for a like period, we submit as tamely as they could wish. We grumble, to be sure, but the idea of calling these unfaithful stewards to account never enters the public [illegible] in discussing the merits of [illegible] tween its servants and those who hire to do their work, the public appears to forget that it has any rights of its own in the matter. Yet the right of the State to interfere is, in truth, unquestionable, resting on the fact that the carrying corporations have received peculiar privileges, by their own petition, from the public, in consideration of public duties which they engage to perform, and that a strike prevents the satisfactory performance of those duties. At the same time, however, in legislating for its own protection, the State must not abridge the rights of freemen possessed by the employees, nor those granted by law or inherent in justice to their employers. Thus it comes about that the only fair legislation to secure the public its rights will preserve those of both employer and employed, while insisting on the obligations of both.

The experience of the past, with the delay and inconvenience suffered by the public during protracted strikes, amply justifies the State in extending to disagreements between their higher and their lower servants its right to control those corporations which have the privileges of eminent domain or of exclusive occupation of territory. Only one other solution of the problem is possible: endowment of both employers and employed with the light of reason and the light of Christianity. As this will probably require several thousand years to accomplish, we are forced, in the mean time, if we hope for relief, to adopt the alternative offered in compulsory arbitration.

In considering this subject of state arbitration, there are three important divisions to be observed. In the first place, what shall be the nature of the arbitrating power, whom shall it recognize as parties to a controversy, and how shall it compel submission to itself [illegible] disputes, with the evidence upon [illegible] Second, by what principles shall [illegible] ided in making a decision? [illegible] w shall that decision be enforced, [illegible] how far by legal compulsion, [illegible] far by practical constraints alone?

I. (1.) The corporations concerned are nearly all railways, and most of them are engaged in interstate commerce, so that arbitration of disputes which may interfere with the performance of their business comes within the scope of congressional legislation. Yet this circumstance does not impair the power of the several States from which they have received their right of way to control their relations with their employees, just as they now regulate them in respect to rates or other matters through commissions or the courts. Interstate roads might, however, have the right of appeal to the United States courts on the plea

that a decision by the state authorities was unjust, though not on the ground of lack of jurisdiction. The first question is, then, whether this would wisely be made a subject of uniform laws for the whole nation, or whether it should be left to the individual States. One of the advantages of our federal system of government is that, in legislating along new lines, each State has the benefit of the constantly accruing experience of all the rest. Now, this subject of compulsory arbitration is a new and delicate one. A national law would apply to all parts of the country at once, and, if it proved to be unjust, the resulting evil would be widespread. At the same time, amendment would probably be more difficult than in the case of state laws, while for making amendments there would be no example of a more successful system elsewhere to serve as a guide. Again, so long a step toward centralization would arouse more determined opposition than would the passage of similar laws by particular States.

At least, until Congress take action in the matter, each State ought to enact a law applicable to corporations w[illegible] own limits. Such a law might [illegible] a permanent board, or it mig[illegible] nate some judge of one of t[illegible] courts, whose duty it should be [illegible] a case entitled to arbitration was presented to him, to appoint a temporary body of arbitrators, and to preside over their hearings and deliberations. The object of the proposed arbitration, it must be remembered, is not to settle strikes, but to prevent them; and to this end there must be some authority to whom appeals may at any time be made with assurance of a speedy hearing. Still, it seems as if a body of men appointed for each controversy under general rules, so framed as to insure impartiality, might be better than one chosen for permanent service by popular vote, or appointed by an elective officer. Complaints would come up at irregular intervals, and, after a few decisions had established precedents, would probably be infrequent; but they would come from various localities, and might happen to come from widely distant points at the same time. Thus, promptness of action, which is of the highest importance, and an appreciation of the special conditions of each controversy, would be best secured by local boards of temporary appointment. This would be the case, at least, if arbitration were made a national matter. A permanent board might then find itself much of the time with nothing to do, and at other times crowded with business, and hurried from one end of the country to the other to settle some comparatively trivial question. Again, a mistaken decision, even though palpably unjust, if made by a temporary board, would be limited in its effect, and need not destroy confidence in the principle of arbitration for other questions in the future; but a slight apparent bias on the part of a permanent body might create such distrust and unwillingness to appear before it as to make the whole system a failure. With so much, too, [illegible]e character of a perma- [illegible], it would be hard to keep it [illegible] politics. Finally, whatever the [illegible]ure of these boards of arbitration, provision ought to be made for their adequate compensation.

(2.) There would seem to be no need for asking who shall be the recognized parties to a dispute; but this question has, in fact, been the occasion of intense bitterness in many strikes, and in some cases the cause of the strikes themselves. The trouble arises from the membership of the men in associations whose orders they are popularly, and sometimes justly, supposed to obey like slaves, and also from their employment of agents not of their own number to represent them. It has been thus far a favorite and a very plausible excuse of employers for refusing arbitration that their men have asked it not simply as

employees, but by the vote of some labor organization, and that their claims are presented by an outsider, not by one of themselves. They ignore the fact that none but their employees are members of the assembly that passed the vote in question, and they refuse to see the difference between a dictator and a representative. Sometimes, again, they say that they are ready to listen to the demands of their men as individuals, but not in a body. So long, however, as a request comes from the employees themselves there is no good reason why they should not present it through an agent, or why that agent should necessarily be one of their own number; provided only he be in fact their agent and express their real wishes. There is, on the other hand, a most important reason why their claims should be made thus collectively, and through some representative not employed by those to whom he makes his appeal, and hence not subject to discharge for his temerity. Discreditable as it is to certain employers, and incredible though it seems to be to many among the public, workingmen [illegible] to present their own [illegible] of their fellows from [illegible] on some fictitious pretense; and [illegible] ways discharge alone, but the bla[illegible] as well. For this reason, they should be allowed, when they desire it, to state their case by an advocate; and it makes no possible difference as regards the justice of their claims whether he be one of their number, or a lawyer, or even a walking delegate.

Nevertheless, to protect boards of arbitration from continual appeals by irresponsible claimants, and also to give the public reasonable assurance that the men are not mere dupes of officious leaders, there ought to be some definite enactment fixing the conditions under which hearings shall be given. There is a common idea among the more favored classes that laboring men never think of wanting any other terms than those offered them, until they are aroused to discontent by agitators who seek notoriety and support in idleness, regardless of the consequences to their victims. "No doubt the men are in the wrong, and would never have struck at all except for those walking delegates and Knights of Labor," is the offhand way in which many a really benevolent gentleman passes judgment upon all strikes alike, after five minutes' perusal of his morning paper. But just because, once in a while, this judgment happens to be true, it is very important to remove all possible excuse for it in future.

To attain this end, the law should admit the right of railway employees to organize, and should provide that the officers of their organizations be entitled to recognition by the boards of arbitration: on condition, however, first, that these organizations shall be open to none but railway employees, and shall actually contain a majority of the men concerned in each petition presented; and, second, that their officers shall be [illegible]nted by themselves, and shall owe [illegible]e to no outside organization. [illegible] will be observed, does not pre[illegible]e choice of men not actually [illegible] in railway work as officers, or [illegible]loyment of counsel to present [illegible]itions. Each class of employees, too, could be permitted to have its separate organization or to unite with others, as it might choose.

The organizations of railway men being thus legally recognized and open to all in a given company's employ, not only should the arbitration board give a hearing to cases presented by their officers, but it should also properly decline to hear complaints from individuals or small bodies of disgruntled men who were unable to secure for their petition the support of their fellow-workmen. Such would still have the same right as the rest to appeal to their employers, but a state board of arbitration ought never to be regarded as a primary court

open to every complainant. The law should not say in so many words that every complaint must be presented by the approval of this or that order of laborers, but that every general petition must be approved by a majority of those whom it concerns, and every personal grievance, in so far as personal grievances are admitted at all, by a majority of the complainant's fellows, or by their duly appointed representatives. On questions of wages all interested could easily express opinion, but cases of alleged unjust discharge could be more intelligently passed upon by a small body like an executive board. Finally, the law ought to provide that no matter be taken before the state board of arbitration until it has first been presented to the proper officers of the corporation. Employers must in no case be denied the opportunity of dealing directly and justly with their men; and, on the other hand, the men must not be allowed to get the idea that they are responsible first to boards of arbitration, and only secondly to their employers.

(3.) Arbitration boards shou[illegible] the right to demand from both si[illegible] information as they may think [illegible] and failure on either side to [illegible] satisfactorily to any question sh[illegible] rant the presumption that the [illegible], had it been given, would have told against the party refusing it. Beyond this there would be no need in the law of provisions compelling testimony or punishing contempt. Moreover, if a body of employees were to strike without making any appeal for arbitration, they would thereby subject themselves to the same consequences as if they had refused to accept a decision rendered on evidence. Again, the corresponding rule must be that, if the men alone appear before the board, the decision shall be by default against their employers. Finally, the arbitrators should be allowed to decide for themselves what sort of information they need, and should not be obliged to listen to irrelevant arguments on either side.

II. Though the nature of the evidence to be admitted will vary with each case, and though those to whom judgment is committed must be guided largely by their own sense of justice, it is still worth while to consider what general principles ought to be observed, and what, if any, might wisely be incorporated in law.

In the first place, with opportunity for arbitration provided, the so-called sympathetic strike could not be tolerated. In fact, it could occur only in case a body of men were to stop work out of sympathy with strikers in some other State, or were to refuse to handle "non-union" goods of some sort, or cars received from outside roads on which strikes were in progress. The State, however, cannot recognize a right on the part of its servants to obstruct any business which is carried on in conformity with its laws or with those of sister States; neither can it, after doing all in its power to provide means of justice [illegible] employees, allow them to [illegible]nience by taking part [illegible]rels of those beyond its ju[illegible]n. Yet the men might properly [illegible]use to be removed to a distance to take the place of strikers on some other part of a system under the same general control as their own line. Again, the whole body of a company's employees within the same jurisdiction should have the right to support the petition of any of their number; for if this were not allowed it would be possible to cut down wages, first for one small set of men, and then for another, until all had been reduced, without giving a fair chance for a united protest.

The most frequent subjects of dispute which may properly come up for arbitration are wages, hours of service, and, in certain cases, the grounds for promotion and discharge. Regarding wages there are at least three different

theories: (1) that the ability of a company to pay should be taken into account, a theory advocated by employees when a company is prospering, and by employers when the contrary is the case; (2) that the value of a service to the company should be considered, presented by corporations that wish to keep the wages of as many as possible of their men below the standard rate; (3) that wages should be proportioned to the labor and skill required to perform a given service.

As to the first theory, of payment according to ability to pay, the employees have, perhaps, equal rights with the stockholders to benefit by unusual profits. It is the public, however, that has the true claim on them. If, then, the people choose to say that this special profit, instead of being used to reduce rates or improve accommodations, shall be given to the employees as nominal wages over and above the value of their service, the company can have no good ground for complaint; but the employees have no right to expect such benefactions. On the other hand, the limit to which wages may be reduced on the plea of a road's poverty must not be too low to maintain uninterrupted service. Again, in considering the wealth or poverty of a carrying corporation, and its consequent ability to pay good wages, it will generally make a great difference whether calculation be made on the basis of the actual value of its property or on that of the face value of its securities. It is fair to say that, while the public is at liberty to pay, by means of extortionate rates, as high dividends as it may please on watered stock, it ought not to allow the payment of interest on fictitious values to serve as an excuse for pinching the employees.

The second theory is that payment should depend on the value of the service rendered. It seems plausible enough to say that the engineer of a local train ought not to be paid as much as he who runs the through express, because the service of the former is of less value to the company. But if this principle be pressed to its conclusion, its unfairness becomes apparent; for if it be just, then, similarly, the engineer of a through freight, that pays little more than operating expenses, should have less pay than the engineer of a local, that contributes to fixed charges and dividends as well. An engineer would deserve less for bringing a nearly empty train safely through snow and storm than for carrying the same train full of passengers on a fair day. It may be that the engineer of the local deserves less than the driver of the through express; not, however, because his service is less valuable, but because it involves less of responsibility or of skill.

In short, the only true rule is the third: that any service which the employer thinks worth doing at all shall be paid for according to the skill and labor required for performing it, with due allowance for peculiar irksomeness, danger, or responsibility, regardless of its precise value to the company. This rule should be followed as closely as possible, for it is that by which wages in general must always be governed, according to the law of supply and demand. It is desirable that the public, through its arbitration boards, interfere as little as possible with the operation of this law, only insuring itself against the inconvenience sure to result if the state of the labor market be put to the test of a strike.

In the question how many hours railway men shall work the public has a vital concern. The lives of travelers are imperiled if those in any way connected with the running of trains or the repairing of tracks are kept under a severe strain. In this matter, therefore, public safety may often require more restrictions than the men themselves would have a right to ask. For the same reason, the subject might wisely be treated by general laws, though such laws could

not attempt to fix the precise limit of working time for all classes of employees. Not only must the railway business go on at all hours of the day, but the severity of the strain and the responsibility upon those employed vary widely according to the posts they fill. It is, perhaps, not too much for a station master to be on hand at the occasional arrival of trains during eighteen hours of the twenty-four, though it would be a dangerous policy to expect a switchman to be alive to his duty during such a period. Again, a local engineer may be kept on duty ten hours a day, but few managers would be reckless enough to require a man to run a fast express for an equal length of time. A maximum time limit might, however, be set for many classes of employees, such as ten hours of actual service, all to be included within twelve consecutive hours, and to be continued for not more than six successive days. That would, no doubt, be more than could justly or safely be required of many men; but there is no other business in which precise rules on this subject would be so difficult to frame. Accordingly, the enactment of such a general time limit into law ought not to preclude the right of any class of men to a hearing on the matter before the arbitration board.

The hardest question which may require arbitration is that of promotion and discharge. In such a matter every employer wishes to be free to act on his own judgment. The discipline essential to efficient service is endangered if employees are not held strictly accountable to their employers, and nowhere is thorough discipline more indispensable than on railways. Even in the government civil service, though the power of appointment is restricted, it has not been thought wise to interfere with the power of dismissal. Much less has the State advanced so far in socialism as to limit the right of any ordinary employer to discharge his men, with or without reason, at pleasure; and only because the arbitrary exercise of a similar right by corporations sometimes results in their inability to perform their public duties can the State wisely or justly interfere with them. The State, moreover, concedes the right of laboring men to organize, and any railway company that attempts to prevent the exercise of this admitted right ought to be held responsible for the consequences. In fact, it is so clearly for the interest of employers to retain good men in their service that questions of discharge would not be a proper subject of arbitration at all, were not some corporations still avowedly hostile to the organization of their employees. Perhaps, too, it is fair to make some concession to the suspicions of the men, unreasonable though they often are. It is the nature of all mankind, save ourselves, to be unreasonable; our part is to be magnanimous. Every precaution, however, should be taken to prevent indiscriminate appeals to arbitration. This is due, first of all, to the employers, to whom outside supervision must, at best, be annoying; but it is even more important to the men, for nothing could more discredit their cause than the frequent presentation of complaints that could not bear investigation. No boards of arbitration ought ever to overrule the action of railway managers merely on the ground that they themselves might have done differently in the circumstances, and purely personal complaints ought not to be entertained. In all cases of discharge presented, the men must convince the board that the reasons alleged were a mere pretext for action prompted in reality by hostility to organized labor. It would then be wise policy for the employers to treat their men fairly, in order to avoid possible overruling from without, and for the men to accept in good faith the decisions of their employers, unless very sure of a genuine grievance. Moreover, by being careful to place in prominent positions in their orders only

such of their number as are of unquestioned character and efficiency, they can do much to relieve boards of arbitration in the difficult task of deciding what is the real cause of a man's discharge.

It is a signal advantage of arbitration in advance of open warfare that those to whom decision is committed will be free from the prejudices which the incidents attending a strike often excite. At present we are too ready to judge a body of strikers by their worst specimen, and to think the merits of a controversy changed by a single injudicious act of the weaker party. With arbitration to prevent instead of to settle strikes, there will be no riots or acts of violence on the part of hot-headed sympathizers with the men; no employment of Pinkerton "detectives" by the management, to obscure the real issue and render impartial judgment impossible. The boards will not yield to the temptation to punish the corporations for their arrogant demand to be allowed to regulate their own affairs, like private individuals; nor, on the other hand, will employees refuse justice to the public because some of their claims may be extravagant, or their economic theories absurd. III. All has gone on smoothly thus far, on paper at least; an impartial arbitration board has been appointed, and an impartial decision, based on just principles, has been rendered. But what if either party refuse to accept the decision? Shall the law attempt positive compulsion? That is not necessary, and with the employees would be impossible. The law may, however, fix serious consequences for refusal to comply; legal consequences for the company, and practical consequences for its employees. For the corporation is the creature of the State and the holder of special public favors; the men have received no favors from the public, and can be held to no legal duties. Yet they have moral obligations, and it is right that the State, after undertaking to secure them from injustice, insist, in return, on recognition of these obligations, and use such constraint as is not tyrannical to enforce it.

A corporation, then, though it should still have a nominal right to reject the terms of the arbitration board, ought to be held to full accountability for the consequences. It should be required to maintain uninterrupted operation of its lines, while its employees would be at liberty to leave at once in a body. If, under these circumstances, it fail in the least to do its work, its lines should be taken in charge immediately by a receiver, who would offer the men the terms just fixed by the arbitrators, and so continue the operation of the road. This saves the public from inconvenience without involving the forfeiture of a company's charter before the stockholders can be heard; but on such conditions no corporation would be likely to reject the official settlement, unless it had so good a case as to feel sure of ability to fill all vacancies instantly, or unless the terms proposed were really believed to be ruinous. In the former instance, it would be justified by success; the latter, it could prove its sincerity by offering to surrender its property to the State at a fair valuation, — that is, the present cost of building and equipping a similar line added to the original land damages of the line surrendered. It is not, however, at all likely that such a course would ever be taken. Most public carrying companies are either so profitable or so highly capitalized above the actual value of their plant that sale of the property at its true value would not look attractive.

In the next place, what shall be done if the employees refuse the terms offered, or if they strike without first applying for arbitration at all? The more the State insists on the performance of their duties by corporations, the more clear becomes its own duty to secure these companies effectively against loss

through the refusal of their employees to accept terms which the State itself, by its agents, has declared reasonable. But the State cannot compel freemen to work against their will; and to require men, on entering any service, to bind themselves to accept whatever conditions may be fixed by the decision of a body yet to be constituted would be contrary to the very idea of free labor. It is, however, perfectly just to require due notice of an employee before leaving his employer's service, as also of the employer before discharging his men without a special cause, or reducing their wages. The time required should be the same for both parties, and the penalty for an employer for disregarding the rule should be wages for the full period. From the employees it would be impossible to compel service, and often impracticable to collect a fine, especially when a large number struck at once; while the idea of making refusal to work a penal offense is as repugnant as it would prove impossible of execution. There is still, however, a means of constraining the employees, suggested by that device, most villainous under abuse, the black-list. Men in the employ of public carriers should be licensed, and should lose their licenses as the penalty for leaving their posts without either due notice or the public consent. Licenses should cost nothing in the first instance, but the price should be very heavy for their renewal if once forfeited. This price would be in effect the fine imposed as a penalty for quitting work without warning, and the experience of men unjustly black-listed in the past gives reason for believing that the fear of losing their right to public employment, with the difficulty of regaining it, would save a corporation from danger of a sudden strike on a decision of the arbitration board unsatisfactory to its employees.

It is not proposed to interfere with any man's right to work or not to work for a given employer or at a given compensation, since the license is not to be forfeited as a penalty for refusing terms which an arbitration board thinks fair, but only for leaving work without due warning, on dissatisfaction with those terms. The men are sustained by the whole force of the law in their right to strike instantly in case the corporation refuses the terms fixed, while their own right to refuse them is unquestioned so long as they give notice in advance. At the same time, uninterrupted service is secured by the appointment of a receiver if the managers fail to operate their road, while the system of licenses protects the company from tyranny on the part of the men. The State would not say to the corporation: "You must pay this rate of wages, and you must reëmploy these men." But it would say: "We think that these wages are no more than you ought to pay, and that your motive in discharging these men was purely tyrannical. If, then, your men leave you in consequence of treatment to our judgment unfair, we shall not be responsible for any resulting inconvenience. If you fail in the performance of your duties as common carriers to the frequent present, we shall take control of your property and operate it until you are ready to offer the employees what seem to us reasonable terms." Neither would the State, on deciding against the men, say to them: "You must work on the terms your employers offer you." It would say: "We believe your employers' terms are reasonable. You may reject them if you choose, but you must give fair notice before leaving, so that your places may be filled. And if you leave without notice, and thereby embarrass your employers and put us, the public, to inconvenience, we certainly shall not consider you the sort of men to be employed in the public service again." Under such conditions, it is improbable that railway employees would ever strike at the cost of their licenses,

unless they saw prospect of bettering themselves in some other calling. On the contrary, the provision for arbitration and the due recognition of their organizations would inspire in them a confidence in the public good will and a sense of responsibility which would raise the tone of the service, and make possible a better understanding between them and their employers.

Apart from the natural hesitation before any innovation felt by those fortunate members of society who have never personally suffered by a strike, there are two general reasons why those more immediately concerned oppose the idea of state arbitration. In the first place, many corporations will fight, on what they call principle, any such admission of the right of the State to interfere in their affairs; and, in the second place, some of the laboring classes, holding that the only remedy for the tyranny of corporate power is in state ownership, object to any half-way measure. There are some on both sides who believe that there is an irrepressible conflict between labor and capital, and, being of opinion that both might and right are on their side, desire to hasten, rather than to postpone, the crisis. Again, there are some of both parties who, while favorable to the idea of arbitration, have no confidence that just decisions would be rendered by any tribunal likely to be established for that purpose.

The combined effect of these objections is to prove the moderation of the plan. It goes too far for extremists on one side, and not far enough for those on the other. It is idle, however, at this late day, for public carriers to deny the right of the State to control them. They should rather accommodate themselves to the fact of the right, and then so conduct their affairs that there shall be no occasion for its exercise. The experience of the majority of railways in the country shows that, if their employees are treated with fair consideration, arbitration boards will have little to do. On the other hand, there is no good reason why advocates of state ownership should not support a moderate move in that direction. Such a step tends to familiarize the people with the idea of government control; and if at the same time the necessity of carrying it further be obviated or postponed, none but such as put the justification of their pet theory above the welfare of the country should regret the result.

There is, moreover, no ground for lack of confidence in such arbitration boards as might without difficulty be constituted. Their appointment by the judiciary would obviate the danger of partisanship, and a body fairly composed would always have the support of public opinion. On the other hand, the managers of carrying companies are, by virtue of their peculiar position, under constant temptation to seek the favor of their employers, the stockholders, by returning good dividends at the cost of hard terms to the employees. Losses incurred by cutting rates may be made good by cutting wages. As the stockholders are not, and cannot be, acquainted with these matters so as to decide them for themselves, the managers ought to be glad to leave to a public tribunal the decision of the difficult question of their relative duties to those above and to those below them. The public, while perhaps in some instances inclined to favor the weaker party, has a certain interest of its own in keeping operating expenses down, that rates also may be low. This interest would be strong enough to prevent popular support of extortionate demands, while it would not be sufficient to induce approval of niggardliness in dealing with the employees; for there would be a feeling that a corporation willing to pinch its men would not be likely generously to bestow the proceeds of its meanness on the community at large. Thus,

public sentiment, when the evidence is fairly before it, is likely to uphold whichever side is right.

It is a trite saying, but worth ever bearing in mind, that this difficulty, like most labor troubles, arises from a keen sense of rights combined with utter disregard of obligations. In the present instance, however, while the obligations of the men, until the public take some action in their behalf, are to their employers alone, the obligations of the corporations are twofold, — to their men and to the community. Fortunately, too, the latter duty, being legal as well as moral, gives the State the opportunity, while maintaining its own rights, to compel both parties to a dispute to recognize their moral obligations to each other. In view of the experience of the past, the duty of proposing something better rests on those who object to state arbitration. It is a curious spectacle, the general complaint and vituperation on the part of the public while a strike is in progress, and the lapse into the old indifference that follows almost immediately when it is over. Yet it rests with the people alone to decide whether they will suffer in the future as in the past, or will exercise their right of control over their quarrelsome servants.

Charles Worcester Clark.

SNOWBIRDS.

Along the narrow sandy height
I watch them swiftly come and go,
Or round the leafless wood,
Like flurries of wind-driven snow,
Revolving in perpetual flight,
A changing multitude.

Nearer and nearer still they sway,
And, scattering in a circled sweep,
Rush down without a sound;
And now I see them peer and peep,
Across yon level bleak and gray,
Searching the frozen ground, —

Until a little wind upheaves,
And makes a sudden rustling there,
And then they drop their play,
Flash up into the sunless air,
And like a flight of silver leaves
Swirl round and sweep away.

Archibald Lampman.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PARADOXICAL.

FIRST PAPER: HEGEL.

THERE are two comparatively recent thinkers who are so often remembered and misunderstood in our day that I shall here venture upon the dangerous task of discussing afresh, and in as untechnical fashion as possible, their personal temperaments and their significance as philosophers. These thinkers are Hegel and Schopenhauer. No one is more conscious than I am how little can be told about their metaphysical systems in the compass of two papers addressed to the general reader. My excuse, however, for the present undertaking is twofold. First, I think that something may be gained for the comprehension of both of them by the mere act of putting them side by side; for, with all their contrast and their apparently hopeless divergence, they have, as we shall find, certain striking similarities; and these, properly expounded, will throw light back upon that world of passion and of paradoxes from which they both have sprung, and whose problems they so suggestively embody. This world is, namely, the tragic and wondrous world in which our modern nineteenth-century life finds itself. The philosophers have not invented its paradoxes, but have only given expression to them, each in his own way. In the second place, there is the general excuse for every such essay as the present one, that, if it is impossible to describe briefly the technical intricacies of any metaphysical system, it is also true that every great thinker is much more than his system. He is a man with a noteworthy temperament, with a critical attitude towards the passions of real life, — an attitude which his books seek to embody, but which has its human interest apart from his books. His greatest desert often lies in this, that he tells us something of the meaning of his time. As to the Absolute, concerning which he speculates, he may lead us astray. As to human passions, faiths, hopes, ideals, he is sure to be instructive, just because these furnish the true ground and motive of his speculations. Hence there is a sense in which we have a right to treat the most technical of philosophers in an untechnical and literary fashion, in so far, namely, as he is a representative man of his time, who gives voice to its interests, furnishes a self-conscious expression of its beliefs, and sets before us its problems.

One can, however, do nothing to make clear a thinker's meaning without telling something about his historical relations. Hence I shall have to begin with a few words concerning the course of modern thought down to the time of Kant, and then make the transition to Hegel, to whom the rest of this paper will be devoted. A future paper will deal with Schopenhauer.

I.

Modern philosophy, as we nowadays use the term, is a very recent affair, dating back only to the seventeenth century. Since then, however, philosophy has lived through several periods, which for our purpose we may reduce to three.

The first period was one of what we may call naturalism, pure and simple. The philosophers of this time had left off contemplating the heaven of mediæval piety, and were disposed to deify nature. They adored the rigidity of geometrical methods. They loved the

study of the new physical science which had begun with Galileo. Man they conceived, so far as possible, a mechanism. To us, as we read, they seem cold, formal, painfully systematic, in the bad sense of that word. At heart, however, they are not without a deep piety of their own. The nature which they deify has its magnificent dignity. It is no respecter of our sentimentalities, but it does embody a certain awful justice. You would pray to it in vain, but you may interrogate it fearlessly, for it hides no charmed and magical secrets in its breast which an unlucky word may render dangerous to the inquirer. It notices no insult; it blasts no curious questioner for his irreverence. This nature is a wise nature. Her best children are those who labor most patiently to comprehend her laws. The weak she crushes, but the thoughtful she honors. She knows no miracles, but her laws are an inexhaustible treasure-house of resources to the knowing. In fact, knowledge of such laws is the chief end of man's life.

In strong contrast, however, to this trust in the laws of outer nature and in the absolute validity of reason, is the spirit of introspection and of skepticism that slowly developed during the second period of modern thought, — a period which, beginning already before the end of the seventeenth century, culminated in Kant. This period loves above all the study of the wondrous inner world of man's soul. To deify nature is not enough. Man is the most interesting thing in nature, and he is not yet deified; nor can he be until we have won a true knowledge of his wayward heart. He may be a part of nature's mechanism or he may not; still, if he be a mechanism, he is that most paradoxical of things, a knowing mechanism. His knowledge itself, what it is, how it comes about, whence he gets it, how it grows, what it signifies, how it can be defended against skepticism, what it implies, both as to moral truth and as to theoretical truth, — these problems are foremost in the interests of the second period of modern thought. Reflection is now more subjective, an analysis of the mind rather than an examination of the business of physical science. Human reason is still, at first, the trusted instrument, but it soon turns its criticism upon itself. It distinguishes prejudices from axioms, fears dogmatism, scrutinizes the evidences of faith, suspects, or at best has consciously to defend, even the apparently irresistible authority of conscience, and so comes at last, in the person of the greatest of the British eighteenth-century thinkers, David Hume, to a questioning even of its own capacity to know truth, — a doubting attitude which brings philosophy into a sharp and admitted opposition to common sense. At this point, however, a new interest begins in Europe. If the age was already disposed to self-analysis, Rousseau, with his paradoxes and his even pathological love of limitless self-scrutiny, introduced into this man-loving period a sentimental tendency, from which, erelong, came a revival of passion, of poetry, and of enthusiasm, whose influence we shall never outgrow. Not much later came the "storm and stress" period of German literature; and by the time this had run its course, the French Revolution, overthrowing all the mechanical restraints of civilization, demonstrated the central importance of passion in the whole life of humanity.

The philosophy of Kant, developing in the quiet solitudes of his professional studies at Königsberg, in far-eastern Prussia, reflected with a most wonderful ingenuity the essential interests of the time when all this transformation was preparing. In 1781 he published his Critique of Pure Reason, nearly, if not quite, the most important philosophical treatise ever written. The essential doctrine of this book is the thought that man's nature is the real creator of man's

world. It is n't the external world as such that is the deepest truth for us at all; it is the inner structure of the human spirit, which merely expresses itself in the visible nature about us. The interest of Kant's presentation of this paradoxical thought lay not so much in the originality of the conception, for philosophers never invent fundamental beliefs, and this idea of Kant's is as old as deeper spiritual faith itself, but rather in the cool, dispassionate, mercilessly critical ingenuity with which he carries it out. Issued years before the French Revolution, the book seems a sort of deliberate justification of the proud consciousness of man's own absolute rights with which, in that mighty struggle, the human spirit rose against all external restraints, and declared, as we in America had already showed men how to do, that the true world for humanity is the world which the freeman makes, and that the genuinely natural order is one which is not external until reason decrees that it shall exist.

A more detailed account of Kant's philosophy here would of course carry us too far. Fortunately, the most general outlines of his doctrine are in some measure a matter of popular knowledge. He held, as is known, that the human subject finds himself in the presence of a show-world, as one might call it, — a world in space and in time, — which, upon analysis, turns out to be of a most curious and baffling character. For, in the first place, as Kant maintains, it is demonstrable that space and time are what the philosopher calls "forms" of our own "sense perception," and not forms or properties of real things outside of us at all. In view of this analysis, Kant declares that the "things in themselves," whatever they are, which are behind our world of sense, are neither spatial nor temporal in nature, and for that very reason are unknowable. We can know that they exist, but what they are it is absolutely beyond our power to discover. The objects, however, in our show-world itself, the things in space and in time, as they exist *for us*, may indeed be the result of the action of the things in themselves upon our senses, but are for us just *our* objects, made possible by the laws of our own nature.

What these laws of our own nature are will appear a little more clearly if we remember the fact that our world of daily experience is not merely a world of sense, but is also a world of "Understanding;" that is, a world where order reigns, where things happen according to rule, where you can study the connection of cause and effect, where a practically sane conduct of life and a theoretically reasonable study of nature are possible. Yet, as we have seen, for all this its good order, the world of experience is not a world of genuine outer things in themselves, but is our own world of seeming things. How, then, does it get this irresistible good order, this objectively fixed character, that we all attribute to it? Kant's answer is one of the very greatest subtlety and ingenuity. I cannot give it in his words, but must suggest it in my own, since all that is to follow in this paper will have relation to this thought of Kant's.

Each one of us, namely, is, according to Kant, at once a Total Self, a Person, all of whose life of sense goes somehow together to form One Life; and each of us is also, in a curious way, what Kant calls an Empirical Self, — that is, a creature of the moment, a fragmentary being, who flies from one experience to another, and who takes the world as it comes. The fragmentary self of the moment, nevertheless, is constantly trying to think himself with reference to his own total experience. I, for instance, feel just now this total of impressions; I see this paper, this writing upon it, this table, this light, this room. But, also, I do more than merely thus see and feel the moment; for I know who I

am. I have for myself a past, a future, a personality. My present experience is part of my total self. Only as such is it recognizable to me. If I don't know who I, on the whole, am, I don't know anything. But, now, how do I know who I am? Only, says Kant, by bringing my present experience into some orderly relation to my larger self, to my whole experience; and this I can do only by virtue of what Kant calls certain Categories, or Forms of Thought, such as my idea of Cause, whereby I at this moment am linked in the form of time to my own past. I recognize myself as this person only by means of conceiving thoughtfully some causal or other rational relation between this present fleeting moment and all my other experiences. I think my world as one, because I think myself as one. All my experiences make up one experience. "If I be I, as I think I be," then, for that very reason, my show-world must have order in it; must not be flighty, confused, insane. To preserve, therefore, my own sanity (called by Kant the "Unity of Apperception"), to save myself from a mere flight of ideas, I must have the power to give fixity to the world of my experience. And thus it is, as Kant asserts, that the Understanding creates the very laws of nature.

It is needful for us to note the central feature of this doctrine of Kant's. The assurance that nature must have rigid and rational law in it had been, as we have seen, fundamental in the philosophy of the seventeenth century, — fundamental and unquestioned. The age of Hume had come to question this assurance. How can our reason, in demanding that things shall conform to law, be sure that its demands agree with the nature of things? Kant's answer is essentially this: Because the natural world is through and through *our* world, the world of our sense-forms of time and space; and because, also, the laws upon which the very sanity of our self-consciousness depends are laws which assure that this, *our* world, shall have rigid order in it. For, as Kant in substance holds, a sane self-consciousness always appeals from the momentary to the Total Self; and every such appeal sets the moment in orderly relations to the Total Self, brings this fleeting experience into union with the One Experience. The central feature of Kant is, then, this doctrine of the relation of the momentary and the complete self.

Overlong as the foregoing summary may seem to be, it is needed to bring us where we can understand the third period of modern thought, to which Hegel already belongs. For the earlier post-Kantian thinkers the doctrine, "This world is our world, and for us things in themselves are inaccessible," is, on the whole, so fundamental that, for a while, many of them drop the things in themselves altogether out of sight, deny that such things exist, and devote their main study to a consideration of Kant's central problem, the relation of the momentary self to the Universal Self. Prominent amongst the men of this type were first Fichte, and then the principal thinkers of the Romantic School, including Schelling as he was in his first period. Of Kant's Total Self, the true Ego to whom I, the transient self, always appeal, these later speculators soon made an Absolute; that is, a Self whose complete experience embraces not only *my* private life, but all finite life; whose unity puts law not only into my show-world, but also into the world of every intelligence; in short, a Logos, whose rank is once more divine, and whose show-world of seeming things is for us finite beings as true and irresistible a nature as even the seventeenth century had reverenced. Kant, as is known, had found in his subjective doctrine no theoretical proof of God's existence, and, according to him, one postulates an Absolute beyond our experience solely for an ethical reason. But these

Romantic Idealists found in Kant's own doctrine the essential basis of what seemed to them a higher Theism. Who is this Total Self, to which we all appeal, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, but the true and divine Self, the vine whereof we are the branches? So Fichte had already suggested at an early stage, and the development of the thought in numerous and decidedly vague forms is characteristic of the whole Romantic School.

A return, then, to the universal and divinely sovereign outer Truth of the seventeenth century, but with an interpretation of this truth in terms of Kant's thought; an acceptance of Kant's doctrine that the Self is the law-giver of nature, and yet a synthesis of this with the doctrine that there is an Absolute beyond our finite consciousness, — such was the undertaking at the beginning of the third period of modern philosophy.

But now, as must at once be pointed out, neither Hegel nor Schopenhauer is fairly to be described as expressing unmodified this notion of the Absolute: not Hegel, because with him all the stress is laid upon his own fashion of developing his peculiar "Notion" of what the Absolute Self is; not Schopenhauer, because, while he too reached a conception of an Absolute from a Kantian starting-point, he condemned altogether any attempt to call it a Self, or a Logos, or God. Yet both thinkers have a part in the great movement whose end it was to universalize Kant's purely subjective doctrine of knowledge.

II.

With the Idealists of the Romantic School Hegel had indeed many things in common, but he differed from them profoundly in temperament. They reached their Absolute Self by various mystical or otherwise too facile methods, which we cannot here expound. Hegel hated easy roads in philosophy, and abhorred mysticism. He therefore, at first, in his private studies, clung closely to Kant's original mode of dealing with the problems of the new philosophy until he had found his own fashion of reflection. To understand what this fashion was we must turn to the man himself.

Yet, as I now come to speak of Hegel's temperament, I must at once point out that, of all first-class thinkers, he is, personally, one of the least imposing in character and life. Kant was a man whose intellectual might and heroic moral elevation stood in contrast to the weakness of his bodily presence, which, after all, had something of the sublime about it. Spinoza's lonely, almost princely haughtiness of intellect joins with his religious mysticism to give his form grace, and his very isolation nobility. But Hegel is in no wise either graceful or heroic in bearing. His dignity is solely the dignity of his work. Apart from his achievement, and his temperament as making it possible, there is positively nothing of mark in the man. He was a keen-witted Suabian, a born scholar, a successful teacher, self-possessed, decidedly crafty, merciless to his enemies, quarrelsome on occasion, after the rather crude fashion of the German scholar, sedate and methodical in the rest of his official life; a rather sharp disciplinarian when he had to deal with young people or with subordinates, a trifle servile when he had to deal with official or with social superiors. From his biographer, Rosenkranz, we learn of him in many private capacities; he interests us in hardly any of them. He was no patriot, like Fichte; no romantic dreamer, like Novalis; no poetic seer of splendid metaphysical visions, like Schelling. His career is absolutely devoid of romance. We even have one or two of his love-letters. They are awkward and dreary beyond measure. His inner life either had no crises, or concealed them obstinately. In his dealings with his

friends, as, for instance, with Schelling, he was wily and masterful; using men for his advantage so long as he needed them, and turning upon them without scruple when they could no longer serve his ends. His life, in its official character, was indeed blameless. He was a faithful servant of his various successive masters, and unquestionably he reaped his worldly reward. His students flattered him, and therefore he treated them well. But towards opponents he showed scant courtesy. To the end he remains a self-seeking, determined, laborious, critical, unaffectionate man, faithful to his office and to his household, loyal to his employers, cruel to his foes, asking no mercy in controversy and showing none. His style in his published books is not without its deep ingenuity and its marvelous accuracy, but otherwise is notoriously one of the most barbarous, technical, and obscure in the whole history of philosophy. If his lectures are more easy-flowing and genial, they are in the end and as a whole hardly more comprehensible. He does little to attract his reader, and everything to make the road long and painful to the student. All this is not awkwardness; it is deliberate choice. He is proud of his barbarism. And yet — here is the miracle — this unattractive and unheroic person is one of the most noteworthy of all the chosen instruments through which, in our times, the Spirit has spoken. It is not ours to comprehend this wind that bloweth where it listeth. We have only to hear the sound thereof.

Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel was born in August, 1770, at Stuttgart. His family was of a representative Suabian type; his own early surroundings were favorable to an industrious but highly pedantic sort of learning. At the gymnasium in Stuttgart, which he attended from his seventh year, he was an extraordinarily, but, on the whole, a very healthily studious boy. From his fifteenth until well on in his seventeenth year we find him keeping a diary, from which Rosenkranz has published large fragments. It is in strong contrast to the sentimental diaries that the characteristic youth of genius, in those days, might have been expected to keep. In fact, there was no promise of genius, so far, in the young Hegel. His diary runs on much after this fashion: "Tuesday, June 28 [1785]. I observed to-day what different impressions the same thing can make on different people. . . . I was eating cherries with excellent appetite, and having a very good time, . . . when somebody else, older than I, to be sure, looked on with indifference, and said that in youth one thinks that one cannot possibly pass a cherry-woman without having one's mouth water for the cherries (as we Suabians say), whereas in more advanced years one can let a whole spring pass without feeling an equal longing for such things. Whereupon I thought out the following principle, a rather painful one for me, but still a very profound one, namely, that in youth . . . one can't eat as much as one wants, while in age one does n't want to eat as much as one can."

Such was the philosopher Hegel at fifteen years of age. His diary never records a genuine event. Nothing seems to have happened to this young devourer of cherries and learning, except such marvels as that one day at church he learned the date of the Augsburg Confession; or that, during a walk, one of his teachers told him how every good thing has its bad side; and again, during another walk, tried to explain to him why July and August are hotter than June. Of such matters the diary is full; never does one learn of an inner experience of any significance. Aspirations are banished. The boy is pedantic enough, not to say an out-and-out prig; but this, at any rate, appears as the distinctive feature of his temperament: he is thoroughly objective. He wants to know life as it is in itself, not as it is for him;

he desires the true principles of things, not his private and sentimental interpretation of them. Meanwhile, he is at once well instructed in religious faith, and given so far to the then popular and rather shallow rationalism which loved to make very easy work of the mysterious of every kind and grade. He devotes some space to the explanation of ghost stories. He even records, meanwhile, occasional bits of dry Suabian humor, such as later, in a much-improved form, found place in his academic lectures, and were so characteristic of his style, not to say of his system. The boyish form of this interest in the grotesque may be thus exemplified: "January 3, 1787. Total eclipse of the moon: instruments prepared at the gymnasium, where some gathered to see; but the sky was too cloudy. So the rector told us the following: As a boy, he himself had once gone out with other boys, at night, on the pretense of star-gazing. In reality they had only wandered about. The police found them, and were going to take them into custody; but the gymnasium boys said, 'We 're out star-gazing.' 'Nay,' responded the police, 'but you boys ought to go to bed at night, and do your star-gazing in the daytime.'" I note this trifle, because, after all, it means more than one would think. Here and at other places in the young Hegel's record appear glimpses of a certain deep delight in the paradoxical, — a delight which, at times merely dry and humorous, at times keenly intellectual, would mean little in another temperament, but which is, after all, the determining tendency of Hegel's mind.

In fact, if one has eyes to see it, the Hegelian temperament, although not at all the Hegelian depth, is, even as early as this, almost completely indicated. Of the later philosophical genius, as I have said, there is so far no promise; but the general attitude which this genius was to render so significant is already taken by the boy Hegel. The traits present are, for the first, an enormous intellectual acquisitiveness, which finds every sort of learning, but above all every sort of literary and humane learning, extremely interesting. The pedantry which oppresses the German gymnasiast of that day is relieved, meanwhile, by this dry and sarcastic Suabian humor, which notes the oddities and stupidities of human nature with a keen appreciation. The humor involves a love of the grotesque, of the paradoxical, of the eternally self-contradictory in human life. The mature Hegel was to discover the deeper meaning of such paradoxes; for the time being he simply notes them. For the rest, there is one trait already manifest which is also of no small significance in Hegel's life-work. This is a certain observant sensitiveness to all manner of conscious processes in other people, joined with a singularly cool and impersonal aptitude for criticising these processes. Here, indeed, is a feature about Hegel which, later in his mature wisdom, assumed a very prominent place, and which always makes him, even apart from his style, very hard for some people to comprehend. We are used in literature to the man who sympathizes personally with the passions of his fellows, and who thus knows their hearts because of the warmth of his own heart. We know also something of the tragically cynical type of man who, like Swift, not because he is insensitive, but because he is embittered, sees, or chooses to describe in passion, only its follies. We have all about us, moreover, the simply unfeeling, to whom passion is an impenetrable mystery, because they are naturally blind to its depth and value. But Hegel's type is one of the rarest, — the one, namely, whose representative man will, so to speak, tell you, in a few preternaturally accurate though perhaps highly technical words, all that ever you did; who will seem to sound your heart very much as a skillful spe-

cialist in nervous diseases would sound the mysterious and secret depths of a morbid patient's consciousness; but who, all the while, is himself apparently as free from deep personal experiences of an emotional type as the physician is free from his patient's morbid and nervous web-spinning. Hegel has this quasi-professional type of sensitiveness about his whole bearing towards life. Nobody keener or more delicately alive and watchful than he to comprehend, but also nobody more merciless to dissect, the wisest and the tenderest passions of the heart. And yet it is not all mercilessness in his case. When he has analyzed, he does not condemn, after the cynic's fashion. After the dissection comes reconstruction. He singles out what he takes to be the truly humane in passion, he describes the artistic or the religious interests of man, he pictures the more admirable forms of self-consciousness; and now, indeed, his speech may assume at moments a religious, even a mystical tone. He praises, he depicts approvingly, he admires, the absolute worth of these things. You feel that at last you have found his heart also in a glow. But no, this too is an illusion. A word erelong undeceives you as to his personal attitude. He is only engaged in his trade as shrewd professor; he is only telling you the true and objective value of things; he is not making any serious pretenses as to his own piety or wealth of concern. He is still the critic. His admiration was the approval of the on-looker. In his private person he remains what he was before, untouched by the glow of heart of the very seraphs themselves.

In the year 1788 Hegel entered the university of his province at Tübingen. Here he studied until 1793, being somewhat interrupted in his academic work by ill health. His principal study was theology. A certificate given him at the conclusion of his course declared that he was a man of some gifts and industry, but that he had paid no serious attention to philosophy. His reading, however, had been very varied. In addition to theology he had shown a great fondness for the Greek tragedians. His most intimate student friends of note had been the young poet Hölderlin and Schelling himself. Nobody had yet detected any element of greatness in Hegel.

The friendship with Schelling was now continued in the form of a correspondence, which lasted while Hegel, as an obscure family tutor, passed the years from 1793 to 1796 in Switzerland, and then, in a similar capacity, worked in Frankfort-on-the-Main until the end of 1800, when, through Schelling's assistance, he found an opportunity to enter upon an academic career at the University of Jena. During all these years Hegel matured slowly, and printed nothing. The letters to Schelling are throughout written in a flattering and receptive tone. Philosophy becomes more prominent in Hegel's thought and correspondence as time goes on. To Schelling he appeals as to the elect leader of the newest evolution in thought. From the Kantian philosophy, he says, a great new creative movement is to grow, and the central idea of this new movement will be the doctrine of the Absolute and Infinite Self, whose constructive processes shall explain the fundamental laws of the world. This notion Hegel expresses already in 1795, when he is but twenty-five years old and Schelling is but twenty. But as to the development of the new system in his own mind he gives little or no hint until 1800, just before joining Schelling at Jena. Then, as he confesses to his friend, "the Ideal of my youth has had to take a reflective form, and has become a system; and I now am asking how I can return to life and set about influencing men." He had actually, by this time, written an outline of his future doctrine, which was already in all its

essentials fully defined. On his first appearance at Jena, however, he was content to appear as a co-worker, and even as in part an expositor, of Schelling; and probably he purposely exaggerated the agreement between his friend and himself so long as he found Schelling's reputation and assistance a valuable introduction to the learned world, in which the youthful Romanticist was already a great figure, while Hegel himself was so far unknown. In 1801 Hegel began his lectures as Privat-Docent at the University. In 1803 Schelling left the University, and Hegel, now dependent upon himself, erelong made no secret of the fact that he had his own relatively independent philosophy, and that he could find as yet nothing definite and final about his friend's writings. His own first great book, the Phänomenologie des Geistes, finished at about the time of the battle of Jena, and published early in 1807, completed his separation from Schelling, whose Romantic vagueness he unmercifully ridiculed, without naming Schelling himself, in the long preface with which the book opened. In a letter to Schelling accompanying a copy of the Phänomenologie, Hegel indeed explained that his ridicule must be understood as directed against the misuse which the former's followers were making of the Romantic method in philosophy; but the language of the preface was unmistakable. Schelling replied curtly, and the correspondence ended. After the period of confusion which followed the battle of Jena, Hegel, who had been temporarily forced to abandon the scholastic life, found a place as gymnasium director at Nürnberg, where he married in 1811. In 1816 he was called to a professorship of philosophy at Heidelberg. He had already published his Logic. In 1818 he was called to Berlin, and here rapidly rose to the highest academic success. He had a great following, came into especial court favor, reached an almost despotic position in the world of German philosophic thought, and died of cholera, at the very height of his fame, in November, 1831.

If we now undertake in a few words to characterize Hegel's doctrine, we must first of all cut loose almost entirely from that traditional description of his system which has been repeated in the text-books until almost everybody has forgotten what it means, and has therefore come to accept it as true. We must furthermore limit our attention to Hegel's theory of the nature of self-consciousness, laying aside all detailed study of the rest of his elaborate system. And, finally, we must be rude to our thinker, as he was to every one else; we must take what we regard as his "Secret" (to borrow Dr. Stirling's word) out of the peculiar language in which Hegel chose to express it, and out of the systematic tomb where he would have insisted upon burying it. So treated, Hegel's doctrine will appear as an analysis of the fundamental Paradox of our Consciousness.

III.

The world of our daily life, Kant had said, has good order and connection in it not because the absolute order of external things in themselves is known to us, but (as I have reworded Kant) because we are sane; because our understanding, then, has its own coherence, and must see its experience in the light of this coherence. Idealism has already drawn the obvious conclusion from all this. If this be so, if it is our understanding that actually creates the order of nature for us, then the problem, "How shall I comprehend my world?" becomes no more or less than the problem, "How shall I understand myself?" We have already suggested into what romantic extravagances the effort to know exhaustively the inner life had by this time led. Some profound but still vague relation

was felt to exist between my own self and an Infinite Self. To this vague relation, which Fichte conceived in purely ethical terms, and which the Romanticists tried to grasp in numerous arbitrary and fantastic ways, philosophy was accustomed to appeal. My Real Self is deeper than my conscious self, and this real self is boundless, far spreading, romantic, divine. Only poets and other geniuses can dream of it justly. But nobody can tell squarely and simply, *mit dürren Worten*, just what he means by it. Now Hegel, as a maliciously cool-headed and sternly unromantic Suabian, did indeed himself believe in the Infinite Self, but he regarded all this vagueness of the Romanticists with contempt, and even with a certain rude mirth. He appreciated all its enthusiasm in his own external way, of course; he could even talk after that dreamy fashion himself, and once, not to the credit of his wisdom, perhaps not quite to the credit of his honesty, he did so, in an early essay, published, as we must note, while he was still Schelling's academic nursling at Jena. But he despised vagueness, and when the time came he said so. Yet still for him the great question of philosophy lay just where the Romanticists had found it; yes, just where Kant himself had left it. My conscious and present self is n't the whole of me. I am constantly appealing to my own past, to my own future self, and to my deeper self, also, as it now is. Whatever I affirm, or doubt, or deny, I am always searching my own mind for proof, for support, for guidance. Such searching constitutes in one sense all my active mental life. All philosophy, then, turns, as Kant had shown, upon understanding who and what I am, and who my deeper self is. Hegel recognizes this; but he will not dream about it. He undertakes an analysis, therefore, which we must here reword in our own fashion, and for the most part with our own illustrations.

Examine yourself at any instant. "I," you say, "know just now this that is now present to me, — this feeling, this sound, this thought. Of past and future, of remote things, of other people, I can conjecture this or that, but just now and here I know whatever *is* here and now for me." Yes, indeed; but *what* is here and now for me? See, *even as I try to tell, the here and now have flown.* I know this note of music that sounds, this wave that breaks on the beach. No, not so; even as I try to tell what I now know, the note has sounded and ceased, the wave is broken and another wave curves onward to its fall. I cannot say, "I know." I must always say, "I just knew." But what was it I just knew? Is it already past and gone? Then how can I now be knowing it at all? One sees this endless paradox of consciousness, this eternal flight of myself from myself. After all, do I really ever know any one abiding or even momentarily finished and clearly present thing? No, indeed. I am eternally changing my mind. All that I know, then, is not any present moment, but the moment that is just past, and the change from that moment to this. My momentary self has knowledge in so far as it knows, recognizes, accepts, another self, the self of the moment just past. And again, my momentary self is known to the self of the next succeeding moment, and so on in eternal and fatal flight. All this is an old paradox. The poets make a great deal of it. You can illustrate endlessly its various forms and shadings. That I don't know my present mind, but can only review my past mind, is the reason, for instance, why I never precisely know that I am happy at the very instant when I am happy. After a merry evening, I can think it all over and say, "Yes, I *have been* happy. It all *was* good." Only then, mark you, the happiness is over. But still, you may say, I know that the memory of my past happiness is itself a happy thing.

No, not even this do I now directly know. If I reflect on my memory of past joy, I see, once more but in a second reflective memory, that my previous memory of joy was itself joyous. But, as you see, I get each new joy as my own in knowledge only when it has fled in being. It is my memory that but a moment since or a while since I was joyful that constitutes my knowledge of my joy. This is a somewhat sad paradox. I *feel* my best joys just when I *know* them least, namely, in my least reflective moments. To know that I enjoy is to reflect, and to reflect is to remember a joy past. But surely, then, one may say, when I suffer I can know that I am miserable. Yes, but once more only reflectively. Each pang is past when I come to know that it was just now mine. "That is over," I say; "what next?" And it is this horror of the "What next?" this looking for my sorrow elsewhere than in the present, namely, in the dreaded and on-coming fatal future, that constitutes the deepest pang of loneliness, of defeat, of shame, or of bereavement. My illustrations are still my own, not Hegel's.

The result of all this possibly too elaborate web-spinning of ours is not far to seek. We wanted to know who any one of us at any moment is, and the answer to the question is, Each one of us is what some other moment of his life reflectively finds him to be. It is a mysterious and puzzling fact, but it is true. No one of us knows what he now is; he can only know what he *was*. Each one of us, however, is *now* only what hereafter he *shall* find himself to be. This is the deepest paradox of the inner life. We get self-possession, self-apprehension, self-knowledge, only through endlessly fleeing from ourselves, and then turning back to look at what we were. But this paradox relates not merely to moments. It relates to all life. Youth does not know its own deep mind. Mature life or old age reflectively discovers a part of what youth meant, and sorrows now that the meaning is known only when the game is ended. All feeling, all character, all thought, all life, exists for us only in so far as it can be reflected upon, viewed from without, seen at a distance, acknowledged by another than itself, reworded in terms of fresh experience. Stand still where you are, stand alone, isolate your life, and forthwith you are nothing. Enter into relations, exist for the reflective thought of yourself or of other people, criticise yourself and be criticised, observe yourself and be observed, exist and at the same time look upon yourself and be looked upon from without, and then indeed you are somebody, — a Self with a consistency and a vitality, a Being with a genuine life.

In short, then, take me moment by moment, or take me in the whole of my life, and this comes out as the paradox of my existence, namely, I know myself only in so far as I am known or may be known by another than my present or momentary self. Leave me alone to the self-consciousness of this moment, and I shrivel up into a mere atom, an unknowable feeling, a nothing. My existence is in a sort of conscious publicity of my inner life.

Let me draw at once an analogy between this fact of the inner life and the well-known fact of social life to which I just made reference. This analogy evidently struck Hegel with a great deal of force, as he often refers to it. We are all aware, if we have ever tried it, how empty and ghostly is a life lived for a long while in absolute solitude. Free me from my fellows, let me alone to work out the salvation of my own glorious Self, and surely (so I may fancy) I shall now for the first time show who I am. No, not so; on the contrary, I merely show in such a case who I am not. I am no longer friend, brother, companion, co-worker, servant, citizen, father, son; I exist for nobody; and ere-

long, perhaps to my surprise, generally to my horror, I discover that I *am* nobody. The one thing means the other. In the dungeon of my isolated self-consciousness I rot away, unheeded and terror-stricken. Idiocy is before me, and my true self is far behind, in those bright and bitter days when I worked and suffered with my fellows. My freedom from others is my doom, the most insufferable form of bondage. Could I speak to a living soul! If any one knew of me, looked at me, thought of me,—yes, hated me, even,—how blessed would be the deliverance! Now, note the analogy here between the inner life in each of us and the social life that each of us leads. Within myself the rule holds that I live consciously only in so far as I am known and reflected upon by my subsequent life. Beyond what is called my private self, however, a similar rule holds. I exist in a vital and humane sense only in relation to my friends, my social business, my family, my fellow-workers, my world of other selves. This is the rule of mental life. We are accustomed to speak of consciousness as if it were wholly an inner affair, which each one has at each moment solely in and by himself. But, after all, what consciousness do we then refer to? What is love but the consciousness that somebody is there who either loves me (and then I rejoice) or does not (and then I am gloomy or jealous)? What is self-respect but a conscious appeal to others to respect my right or my worth? And if you talk of one's secret heart, what is it but just that inner brooding in one's own conscious life which so much the more illustrates, as we say, the very impossibility of knowing myself except by looking back on my past self? See, then, it makes no difference how you look at me; you find the same thing. *All Consciousness is an appeal to other Consciousness.* That is the essence of it. The inner life is, as Hegel would love to express it, *ebensosehr* an outer life. Spirituality is just intercourse, communion of spirits. This is the essential publicity of consciousness, whereby all the secrets of our hearts are known.

Here, then, Hegel has come upon the track of a process in consciousness whereby my private Self and that deeper Self of the Romanticists may be somewhat more definitely connected. Let us state this process a little abstractly. A conscious being is to think, or to feel, or to do something. Very well, then, he must surely think or do this, one would say, in some one moment. So be it; but as a conscious being he is also to know that he thinks or does this. To this end, however, he must exist in more than one moment. He must first act, and then live to know that he has acted. The self that acts is one; the self that knows of the act is another. Thus, there are at least two moments, already two selves. We see at once how the same process could be indefinitely repeated. In order to know myself at all, I must thus live out an indefinitely numerous series of acts and moments. I must become many selves, and live in their union and coherence. But still more. Suppose that what our self-conscious being has to do is to prove a proposition in geometry. As he proves, he appeals to somebody, his other self, so to speak, to observe that his proof is sound. Or, again, suppose that what he does is to love, to hate, to beseech, to pity, to appeal for pity, to feel proud, to despise, to exhort, to feel charitable, to long for sympathy, to converse; to do, in short, any of the social acts that make up, when taken all together, the whole of our innermost self-consciousness. All these acts, we see, involve at least the appeal to many selves, to society, to other spirits. We have no life alone. There is no merely inner Self. There is the world of Selves. We live in our coherence with other people, in our relationships. To sum it all up: From first to last, the law of conscious existence is

this paradoxical but real Self-differentiation, whereby I, the so-called inner Self, am through and through one of many Selves, so that my inner Self is already an outer, a revealed, an expressed Self. The only Mind is the world of many related minds. It is of the essence of consciousness to find its inner reality by losing itself in outer but spiritual relationships. Who am I, then, at this moment? I am just this knot of relationships to other moments and to other people. Do I converse busily and with absorption? If so, I am but just now this centre of the total consciousness of all those who are absorbed in this conversation. And so always it is of the essence of Spirit to differentiate itself into many spirits, and to live in their relationships, to be one solely by virtue of their coherence.

The foregoing illustrations of Hegel's paradox, some of which in these latter paragraphs have been his own, have not begun to suggest how manifold are, according to him, its manifestations. So paradoxical and so true does it seem to him, however, that he looks for further analogies of the same process in other regions of our conscious life. What we have found is, that if I am to be I, "as I think I be," I must be more than merely I. I become myself by forsaking my isolation and by entering into community. My self-possession is always and everywhere self-surrender to my relationships. But now is not this paradox of the spirit applicable still further in life? Does n't a similar law hold of all that we do in yet a deeper sense? If you want to win any end, not merely the end of knowing yourself, but say the end of becoming holy, is n't it true that, curiously enough, you in vain strive to become holy if you merely strive for holiness? Just pure holiness, what would it be? To have never a worldly thought; to be peaceful, calm, untroubled, absolutely pure in spirit, without one blot or blemish, — that would indeed be noble, would it? But consider, if one were thus quite unworldly just because one had never an unworldly thought, what would that be but simple impassivity, innocence, pure emptiness? An innocent little cherub, that, just born into a pure light, had never even heard that there was a world at all, — he would, in this sense, be unworldly. But is such holiness the triumphant holiness of those that really excel in strength? Of course, if I had never even heard of the world, I should not be a lover of the world. But that would be because of my ignorance. And all sorts of things can be alike ignorant, — cherubs, young tigers, infant Napoleons, or Judases. Yes, the very demons of the pit might have begun by being ignorant of the universe. If so, they would have been so far holy. But, after all, is such holiness worth much, as holiness? It is indeed worth a good deal as innocence, just to be looked at. A young tiger or a baby Napoleon fast asleep, or a new-created demon that had not yet grown beyond the cherub stage, — we should all like to look at such pretty creatures. But such holiness is no ideal for us moral agents. Here we are with the world in our hands, beset already with temptation and all the pangs of our finitude. For us holiness means, not the abolition of worldliness, not innocence, not turning away from the world, but the victory that overcometh the world, the struggle, the courage, the vigor, the endurance, the hot fight with sin, the facing of the demon, the power to have him there in us and to hold him by the throat, the living and ghastly presence of the enemy, and the triumphant wrestling with him, and keeping him forever a panting, furious, immortal thrall and bondman. That is all the holiness we can hope for. Yes, this is the only true holiness. Such triumph alone does the Supreme Spirit know, who is tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. Holiness, you see, exists by virtue of its

opposite. Holiness is a consciousness of sin with a consciousness of the victory over sin. Only the tempted are holy, and they only when they win against temptation.

All this I set down here, not merely because I believe it, although in fact I do, but because Hegel's cool diagnosis of life loves to mark just such symptoms as this. "Die Tugend," says he, in one passage of his Logic, — "die Tugend ist der vollendete Kampf." Holiness, then, is the very height of the struggle with evil. It is a paradox, all this. And it is the same paradox of consciousness over again. You want the consciousness of virtue; you win it, not by innocence, but through its own very opposite, namely, through meeting the enemy, enduring, and overcoming. Consciousness here, once more as before, differentiates itself into various, into contrasted forms, and lives in their relationships, their conflicts, their contradictions, and in the triumph over these. As the warrior rejoices in the foeman worthy of his steel, and rejoices in him just because he wants to overcome and to slay him; as courage exists by the triumph over terror, and as there is no courage in a world where there is nothing terrible; as strength consists in the mastery of obstacles; as even love is proved only through suffering, grows deep only when sorrow is with it, becomes often the tenderer because it is wounded by misunderstanding: so, in short, everywhere in conscious life. Consciousness is a union, an organization, of conflicting aims, purposes, thoughts, stirrings. And just this, according to Hegel, is the very perfection of consciousness. There is nothing simple in it, nothing *unmittelbar*, nothing there till you win it, nothing consciously known or possessed till you prove it by conflict with its opposite, till you develop its inner contradictions and triumph over them. This is the fatal law of life. This is the pulse of the spiritual world.

For see, once more: our illustrations have run from highest to lowest in life. Everywhere, from the most trivial games, where the players are always risking loss in order to enjoy triumph, from the lowest crudities of savage existence, where the warriors prove their heroism by lacerating their own flesh, up to the highest conflicts and triumphs of the Spirit, the law holds good. Spirituality lives by self-differentiation into mutually opposing forces, and by victory in and over these oppositions. This law it is that Hegel singles out and makes the basis of his system. This is that Logic of Passion which he so skillfully diagnoses, and so untiringly and even mercilessly applies to all life. He gives his law various very technical names. He calls it the law of the universal *Negativität* of self-conscious life; and Negativität means simply this principle of self-differentiation, by which, in order to possess any form of life, virtue, or courage, or wisdom, or self-consciousness, you play, as it were, the game of consciousness, set over against yourself your opponent, — the wicked impulse that your goodness holds by the throat, the cowardice that your courage conquers, the problem that your wisdom solves, — and then live by winning your game against this opponent. Having found this law, Hegel undertakes, by a sort of exhaustive induction, to apply it to the explanation of every conscious relation, and to construct, in terms of this principle of the self-differentiation of Spirit, the whole mass of our rational relations to one another, to the world, and to God. His principle is, in another form, this: that the deeper Self which the Romanticists sought is to be found and defined only by spiritual struggle, toil, conflict; by setting over against our private selves the world of our tasks, of our relationships; and by developing, defining, and mastering these tasks and relationships until we shall find, through the very stress and vastness and necessity and

spirituality of the conflict, that we are in God's own infinite world of spiritual warfare and of absolute, restless Self-consciousness. The more of a Self I am, the more contradictions there are in my nature, and the completer my conquest over these contradictions. The Absolute Self with which I am seeking to raise my soul, and which erelong I find to be a genuine Self, — yes, the only Self, — exists by the very might of its control over all these contradictions, whose infinite variety furnishes the very heart and content of its life.

Hegel, as we see, makes his Absolute, the Lord, most decidedly a man of war. Consciousness is paradoxical, restless, struggling. Weak souls get weary of the fight, and give up trying to get wisdom, skill, virtue, because all these are won only in presence of the enemy. But the Absolute Self is simply the absolutely strong spirit who bears the contradictions of life, and wins the eternal victory.

Yet one may say, if this is Hegel's principle, it amounts simply to showing us how conflict and active mastery continually enlarge our finite selves. Does it enable us to prove that anywhere in the world there is this Absolute Self which embraces and wins *all* the conflicts? Hegel tells us how the individual Self is related to the deeper Self, how the inner life finds itself through its own realization in the contradictions of the outer life; but does he anywhere show that God exists?

To show this is precisely his object. I am not here judging how well he succeeds. The deepest presupposition, he thinks, of all this paradoxical conscious life of ours is the existence of the Absolute Self, which exists, to be sure, not apart from the world, but in this whole organized human warfare of ours. Only Hegel is not at all content to state this presupposition mystically. He desires to use his secret, his formula for the very essence of consciousness, his fundamental law of rationality, to unlock problem after problem, until he reaches the idea of the Absolute Self. Of the systematic fashion in which he attacked this task in his Logic, in his Encyclopædia, and in his various courses of lectures I can give no notion. To my mind, however, he did his work best of all in his deepest and most difficult book, the Phenomenology of Spirit. Here he seeks to show how, in case you start just with yourself alone, and ask who you are and what you know, you are led on, step by step, through a process of active self-enlargement that cannot stop short of the recognition of the Absolute Spirit himself as the very heart and soul of your own life. This process consists everywhere in a repetition of the fundamental paradox of consciousness: In order to realize what I am, I must, as I find, become more than I am or than I know myself to be. I must enlarge myself, conceive myself as in external relationships, go beyond my private self, presuppose the social life, enter into conflict, and, winning the conflict, come nearer to realizing my unity with my deeper Self. But the real understanding of this process comes only, according to Hegel, when you observe that, in trying thus to enlarge yourself for the very purpose of self-comprehension, you repeat ideally the evolution of human civilization in your own person. This process of self-enlargement is the process which is writ large in the history of mankind.

The Phenomenology is thus a sort of freely told philosophy of history. It begins with the Spirit on a crude and sensual stage; it follows his paradoxes, his social enlargement, his perplexities, his rebellions, his skepticism, all his wanderings, until he learns, through toils and anguish and courage, such as represent the whole travail of humanity, that he is, after all, in his very essence, the Absolute and Divine Spirit himself, who is present already on the savage

stage in the very brutalities of master and slave; who comes to a higher life in the family; who seeks freedom again and again in romantic sentimentality or in stoical independence; who learns, however, always afresh, that in such freedom there is no truth; who returns, therefore, willingly to the bondage of good citizenship and of social morality; and who, finally, in the religious consciousness, comes to an appreciation of the lesson that he has learned through this whole self-enlarging process of civilization, — the lesson, namely, that all consciousness is a manifestation of the one law of spiritual life, and so, in the end, of the one eternal Spirit. The Absolute of Hegel's Phenomenology is no Absolute on parade, so to speak, — no God who hides himself behind clouds and darkness, nor yet a Supreme Being who keeps himself carefully clean and untroubled in the recesses of an inaccessible infinity. No, Hegel's Absolute is, I repeat, a man of war. The dust and the blood of ages of humanity's spiritual life are upon him; he comes before us pierced and wounded, but triumphant, — the God who has conquered contradictions, and who is simply the total spiritual consciousness that expresses, embraces, unifies, and enjoys the whole wealth of our human loyalty, endurance, and passion.

And herewith I must, for the present, close. It will, perhaps, be already plain to the reader that there is a great deal in this Hegelian analysis of self-consciousness that seems to me of permanent and obvious value. As to the finality of the philosophical doctrine as a whole, that is another matter, not here to be treated. Still, I may, perhaps, do well, in closing, to suggest this one thought: People usually call Hegel a cold-hearted system-maker, who reduced all our emotions to purely abstract logical terms, and conceived his Absolute solely as an incarnation of dead thought. I, on the contrary, call him one who knew marvelously well, with all his coldness, the secret of human passion, and who, therefore, described, as few others have done, the paradoxes, the problems, and the glories of the spiritual life. His great philosophical and systematic error lay, not in introducing logic into passion, but in conceiving the logic of passion as the only logic; so that you in vain endeavor to get satisfaction from Hegel's treatment of outer nature, of science, of mathematics, or of any coldly theoretical topic. About all these things he is immensely suggestive, but never final. His system, as system, has crumbled. His vital comprehension of our life will remain forever.

Josiah Royce.

IN DARKNESS.

Dumb Silence and her sightless sister Sleep
Glide, mistlike, through the deepening Vale of Night;
Waking, where'er their shadowy garments sweep,
Dream-voices and an echoing dream of light.

John B. Tabb.

FELICIA.

XIII.

The next six weeks, outwardly brilliant, were a prolonged trial of skill, in which Kennett, instead of merely preserving his rank as *facile princeps*, as in Hallet's troupe, found it necessary to hold his own among singers more nearly his equals. He threw himself heart and mind into the effort to do his capacity full justice, and in this protracted crisis his professional interests absorbed him more than ever to the exclusion of his personal interests.

Perhaps no man fully interprets that subtle and obscure scripture, a woman's nature, least of all the nature of a woman like Felicia, supersensitive, proud, intolerant; in a certain complicated sense insistently conscientious; susceptible to definite yet delicate influences which might not affect a differently organized individuality. Kennett did not realize all she felt, and he dared not allow himself to dwell upon the possibility that she was suffering. It was a positive and practical necessity that he should eschew any cause of agitation and disquiet; that he should live in a simple, normal, prosaic, emotional atmosphere. There had been a reconciliation between them, — tears, regrets, self-reproaches, — and each had promised to remember no more the other's hasty words. Kennett had made this promise in all good faith, and had dismissed the episode but for the recurrent suspicion, which he sought to ignore, that it still remained with her.

She had no deep absorption to lighten gradually the intensity of her contending feelings. Her pride, her wounded self-esteem, her love, made the thought intolerable to her, yet she brooded for hours on that crucial interview. That he should have looked at her with those cruel eyes, — that he should have spoken those sneering words! She would remind herself that she had promised to forget it, but she would recur to it with a sort of willfulness despite the pain; a certain obduracy was aroused in her; it was strange to her that her heart should be at once so sore and so hard.

Is there not a trifle of ambiguity in our exposition of moral values? Those sweeping phrases, generosity, selfishness, for example, — in certain jugglery of forces, do they not become sometimes interchangeable? The soul that can invest itself in what one may call a state of slippered ease; that can acquiesce, concede, constrain its own approval, shut out the turmoil of endeavor, the exactions of a definite ideal, the embittering processes of contention with the antagonistic forces of other ideals, is in a certain sense a fortunate soul. And generous? We usually say so. But this suggestion is submitted: to forego is an easy process.

Felicia's standards, artificial, perhaps, — perhaps unworthy, — were imperative. It would have been comforting to compromise; with her, compromise was impossible. In what she deemed due to herself, always a potent force with her, she was still more exacting when her feelings were deeply involved. The life, too, brought its peculiar elements of trial. There was much in this abnormal, showy, brilliant midsummer "season" against which, loyal to her estimate of the becoming, she revolted. Last winter's seclusion was now impossible. Then the contact with the public had been slight enough, confined principally to the hotel dining-rooms and railway trains; now, in these sojourns at the crowded resorts, life was all out-of-doors, — on piazzas, at the spring, on the beach. Felicia, accustomed from her earliest childhood to be regarded by strangers

with respectful admiration, was stung by the eyes which rested upon her with curiosity, admixed with perhaps a little wonder that, being what she evidently was, she should be placed as she was. Infinitely more bitter it was to her whenever it chanced that Kennett's striking appearance attracted the attention of certain notable men, as they lounged about, watching the kaleidoscopic pageantry on the esplanade. She would see their glances follow him, and would divine, as they turned to some well-informed *habitué*, that they asked who he was. They were for the most part portly, red-faced fathers of families, — judges, like her own father, bank presidents, railroad magnates. These, last winter, had been merely a portion of the great, unindividualized public; now they were separate personalities, easily differentiated. Sometimes it almost seemed to her that she had been endowed with a sixth sense denied to happier people, — a sense of intuitive mental vision, by which she knew, as well as divined, the process through which the curiosity of these gentlemen was transmuted, as their inquiry was answered, into a surprised comprehension, too slighting in its quality to be even contempt. It was intolerable that this valuable element of society should esteem her husband "a singing fellow," as if he were of another order of beings. It does not come easily to a woman of her sort to say, concerning the man she loves, "nevertheless," to make allowances, to overlook, to palliate. She would fain have exulted in him. She realized poignantly how proud she could be of him, had he attained a measure of success in what her father and brother called the sane walks of life equal to that which he had achieved in this vocation of his. She said to herself, fierily, piteously, helplessly, that it was his right, his due, that he should have a place among estimable and successful men of position, — and ah, how many of these there were in the world! — a place as an equal, even a superior; for who can say how far force may carry when exerted in the right direction! She craved this for him; and yet she too held almost religiously her father's and her brother's views as to the sane walks of life. Her heart ached for him that he should be deprived of the solid values of existence; she was almost enraged against him that he could not understand his deprivation.

So grievous was this chagrin that it even dwarfed what she felt when she met the amused contempt in the faces of the women who knew her own story; for not unfrequently they encountered women who knew it. It seemed a very perverse fate that this should happen now, yet the previous summer, when she would have been glad to meet any of her old schoolmates or acquaintances, she saw only strangers.

In the first episode of this kind a deeper sentiment was involved than amused contempt. The incident occurred at one of the notable seaside hotels. Kennett and Felicia had just finished their late breakfast, and were walking down the long piazza. A trio of ladies, presumably last night's arrivals, was advancing toward them. Suddenly Felicia quickened her steps, with an exclamation; her lips were parted in such a smile of pleasure as they had not known for many a day. The trio faltered; indeed, the eldest, a large, well-preserved, well-dressed woman of fifty, almost came to a standstill; then she swept onward, detaching an eyeglass from its catch and adjusting it composedly.

"How do you do?" she said, bowing and smiling graciously. "Glad to see you here." And she would fain have proceeded.

It was an awkward moment, — doubly awkward because of spectators; a number of persons, sitting and standing about, were looking on with the intense interest of the desperately idle. Felicia had been so evidently pleased, her accelera-

tion of pace and her exclamation were so noticeable, that to pass now without pausing would be very marked. With an *aplomb* hardly to be expected in so young a woman, she halted unflinchingly in front of the elder lady, and extended her hand. Mrs. Morris's condescension, it must be admitted, was distanced in the spirited half minute's dash that ensued.

"So pleased to see you," said Felicia, with composed ceremoniousness of manner. "Let me introduce my husband. You will have the pleasure of hearing him sing. Shall be glad to send you tickets. Your daughters are quite well?" She smiled and beamed on the hesitating young ladies. Her tone was that of a woman advanced beyond them in some way, — much older and long ago married.

She held the fort; she was the centre and mainspring of the situation. She had never looked more beautiful. She was in brilliant health; the long hours she had spent in the open air, this summer, had suffused her delicate skin with a rich glow which was very becoming to her. About her slim, elegant figure floated the folds of one of her effective costumes, at once simple and elaborate, gray of tint with elusive suggestions of faint green. Her pose, as Kennett might have said, was good, — very good; her head was erect, but not held haughtily; her attitude had a certain alertness, as of a bird about to fly; her eyes were very bright, and dark, and smiling; her teeth gleamed through her parted red lips; she was airily self-possessed.

"I hope you will be here for some time," she said, with suavity. "*Good*-morning. Au revoir."

She swept away, with Kennett beside her. The Morris girls glanced over their shoulders at her tall, impressive, well-dressed blond husband. They thought Felicia's fate romantic, and said to each other that she was more beautiful than ever.

"Why did you snub the old lady?" demanded Kennett, selecting chairs where they could look out upon the drive as well as at the palpitating blue sea.

"Did n't you understand? She attempted to snub *me*. She does n't consider me as important as she once did."

"Oh," he returned, enlightened, "was that it!"

"And Mabel Morris and I were like sisters once!" cried Felicia, with a sharp pain in her voice. "I used to go to their home as familiarly as they themselves. Papa could never pet them enough, because they were fond of me. When he was in New York, it was one continual round of opera, and theatre, and driving, and presents, and lovely times for us three. Mrs. Morris was fond of me, too; and now she does not want Mabel to speak to me. I am an awful example and a dangerous acquaintance."

He thought she was on the verge of tears, but she pulled herself together by a violent effort, and gave a bitter little laugh instead. He saw how keenly she was hurt.

"I would n't care for her," he said, soothingly.

"I don't care for her; I care for myself," said Felicia, dryly.

Mrs. Morris's fears as to a renewal of the old intimacy were groundless. Somehow, whenever she or her daughters chanced to be thrown into Felicia's vicinity, something particularly interesting was on hand. "That great three-masted vessel an English ship with a cargo of jute? Jute! How interesting!" Or, "Only see, Hugh, how those sailboats are tossing on this choppy sea; they seem to be courtesying to each other." Or she had just been told that the strange commotion in the water was occasioned by the passing of porpoises, and she was absorbed in watching for a glimpse above the waves of the ungainly creatures, only aroused to a consciousness of the existence of her friends when Kennett gravely bowed as he raised

his hat. Then she would look up suddenly and also bow, and smile the society smile, which means many things or nothing at all. At first Mrs. Morris was relieved to discover that that bland "Au revoir" had been merely a figure of speech, but later she was angered.

"Felicia Hamilton poses as if she were still Felicia Hamilton!" the astute lady declared, in irritation.

"She seems very happy," said the elder daughter pensively, looking at the couple as they strolled down the beach. He was opening her parasol; he had her light wrap over his arm; he bent his head as he talked to her.

"And he is very handsome," added Mabel.

Mrs. Morris glanced sharply from one to the other.

Later in the day, Mabel remarked, apropos of nothing, that the basso, Mr. Dalton, was also very handsome; and it was within an hour that Mrs. Morris was smitten with a dreadful pain in her eyes, which she said must be due to the intense glare of the sun on the water. She felt sure that she had better take the first train for New York and consult an oculist, and thence proceed to some place where shade was possible, — the Adirondacks, perhaps. Trunks were hastily packed, and before sunset the party was off, — a handkerchief binding the eyes of the suffering lady.

Felicia did not again make the mistake of manifesting pleasure upon meeting old acquaintances. A bow, a smile, sometimes a few words when the advances came from the other side, constituted her social experience during the summer. Her sensitive pride, thoroughly on the alert, defended her against a second peril of discomfiture.

One of these chance meetings was an encounter with the Graftons. It occurred in the dining-room of the hotel at which the Hamilton party had sojourned, while at the seaside the previous summer. She and Kennett were entering; the Graftons were going out. Little Mrs. Grafton peered at Felicia with startled, beadlike eyes, her pointed head inquiringly askew, her diminutive nostrils quivering. Then she glanced affrightedly up and down the long floor, as if in search of a hole to run into; then she said, "How do you do?" in a very high, thin voice, much as she might have said, "Squeak, squeak," and walked on with the air of scuttling. Nellie stared with her hard, round black eyes, — Felicia thought Madame Sevier was not doing much for Nellie. Alfred bowed frigidly. "How he must gloat over my ill-regulated mind!" meditated Felicia, bitterly.

Meeting him here brought back last summer very vividly to her recollection. By an odd coincidence, the room assigned to her was the one she had then occupied. She softened a little the first evening of her arrival, her eyes on the chair by the window where she used to sit and look out, as well as she could for her tears, at the shining track of molten silver light, as the moon sailed over the sea. "How unhappy I was!" she thought, commiserating that other self, and losing in the recollection of the old grief some of the poignancy of the new. She had half resolved to tell Kennett, when he should come back from the concert, the history of that little chair, — how she used to sit there, night after night, with her head on the window sill, and weep her heart away because he had not answered her note. Perhaps he would be interested; perhaps the constraint of feeling that had infused itself into their relations would disappear, and life would become more endurable.

He returned in a bad humor, however; something had gone wrong with the accompaniment, and he commented bitterly, — a rare thing with him, for control of his temper was a part of his professional system. "When a damned idiot," he said fiercely between his set

teeth, "who pretends to know nothing *but* music, can't see a *rallentando* when it is marked plainer than print, what *is* he fit for!"

Once Felicia might have suggested "treason, stratagems, and spoils;" but pleasantries did not come to her readily nowadays, and she only looked at him in silence as he kicked the historic chair, that happened to stand in his way, and instituted a tense and vivacious search for his slippers, and demanded of her if she thought it was beneficial to a neuralgic headache to sit before an open window. Obviously it was no occasion for sentiment, and before he recovered his equanimity the impulse had passed.

He was not altogether satisfied with his work during the summer engagement. To be sure, he had been praised, he had made reputation; he was persuaded that he would receive such offers as he desired for another season. But he realized that not once had he done himself full justice; not once had he sung as he could sing, — as he sang that afternoon to the empty woods, and the coming storm, and the tender heart of his wife. It was a very subtle difference, but very strong, — the difference between excellence and exaltation. From time to time, as the weeks wore on, he canvassed within himself the policy of saying something of this to Felicia. Such a course — a direct appeal to her generosity — might have been wise policy. But a man of pride is likely to find a certain difficulty in submitting to his wife, who somewhat ungraciously protests against his calling, a plea for her smiles as a factor of his success in that calling. Caution, too, withheld him. There was no predicting how she might, with her strong feeling upon the subject, receive the suggestion. It might be applying fire to the fuse. With his professional existence dependent in a great measure on serenity, it would not do for him to risk explosions.

Little had been said between them, of late, as to his professional work, but that little had served to deepen his realization of her objections. To him her attitude was even more illogical than heretofore. There was some talk, about the beginning of the regular season in September, of substituting, during the coming winter, for Prince Roderic, which, although still drawing well, was now a trifle familiar to a change-loving public, a new work, — one of those that belong to what might be called the romantic-grotesque school, which, through music more or less meritorious and costumes always effective, sometimes gorgeous, has reopened fairyland to people who have forgotten the fairyland of youth.

When Felicia heard this suggestion she openly rebelled, little though it availed her, as she knew. Since she had come to understand something of her husband's professional life, and had realized the gap between his estimate of his capacity and his opportunity, between his exacting and elevated musical and dramatic sense and the slightness of the compositions to which he must devote himself, she had experienced an extreme irritation for his sake. Intensely as she deprecated his career, she resented as intensely that he did not at least have the place in it which he coveted. His acceptance of whatever task was set before him, as a step upward, as means to an end; his respect for his own work, in however distasteful a guise; his careful and conscientious rendition of rôles unworthy of him, almost dismayed her; she thought his patience tragical. She had constrained herself to say as little of this as she might, and he did not divine that even so questionable a sympathy as this sort of partisanship was involved in her disapprobation of his career.

In regard to the proposed addition to his *répertoire*, however, she suddenly abandoned her bitter neutrality. She was deeply agitated when she entreated him to refuse such a rôle. To his amaze-

ment, the objection she urged was that the opera was amusing. He could not appreciate her distinctions when she seriously declared that it was more endurable to sing in such an opera as Prince Roderic, because it was a romantic opera; that the character of Prince Roderic was dignified, and even noble. She insisted that there is an immense difference between wit and fun, — that one is a brilliant, and the other mere paste; that it is admirable to be witty, and odious to be funny; that even in genteel comedy, while the author and the work may have the quality of wit, the delineator upon the stage does not share its dignity; he is only funny, is only comical.

All the world knows more or less of that strange contradiction which almost suggests the idea of a dual set of mental qualifications appertaining to the histrionic artist, by which the mediocre mind suddenly becomes endowed with a foreign intellectuality, the trifler conceives heroism, the jester tragedy, the small soul invests itself in majesty. Thus Kennett, the gravest and most sedate of men, held as an instrument the strings of mirth, and played airily upon them at his will, with the delicate touch of the born comedian, with irresistible drollery, with incomparable humor. Felicia had often meditated on this phase of his talent, so strangely at variance with his nature, and with that massive, heroic histrionism which he arrogated to himself. Had he truly the two developments of the dramatic gift? she wondered; or did he mistake himself, — would his rendition of those exalted rôles, to which he was so sure he could give new and worthy interpretations, prove only clever unconscious imitations?

With her contradictory ambitions for him, — all at war with her sense of fitness, — she, too, would fain have lifted her eyes to the great heights of the profession. And so the lesser gift was unendurable to her, — that a turn of his head, a lift of his eyebrows, should send ripples of laughter over the house, rising into peals when he chose. When she further reflected on the possible make-up in the rôles of the unknown opera which was presently to be put in rehearsal, — it was rumored already a marvel of melody and grotesqueness, — she looked at him piteously through her infrequent tears, declaring that it would be like death to her if she should see him make himself ridiculous. Surely, she insisted, he must feel sufficiently strong in his position to stipulate that he should have only serious and noble characters like Prince Roderic.

He could think of no rational reply, except that he could not in prudence attempt to dictate to the management as to the cast. With his lifelong habit of looking at such matters from the purely professional standpoint, he could only consider these views of hers absurd.

"It does not seem to me a very fine thing to sing the rôles of Assad or Lohengrin, as you hope some time to do. But this! This is advancing backward. Yet you think you are ambitious!"

He winced; his color rose; he bent upon her a sparkling eye.

"Do you mean that as a taunt," he demanded, sharply, "because I get on slowly?"

She made no reply; she had turned aside her face; he could see the tears slipping through her fingers.

Mindful as he always was of the dictates of policy, these might not have restrained him now, so intensely was he irritated. But there was something in her attitude so piteous, expressing a grief which was almost desolation, that he experienced a revulsion of feeling; his anger vanished. He took her cold hand in his; he kissed her averted cheek; he attempted to argue the matter. She only turned her head and looked at him. He saw how far too deep for coaxing or reasons was her cha-

grin, and in sheer futility his words died on his lips.

The recollection of this scene did not offer any inducement to attempt to establish more sympathetic relations as to his professional work. Further considerations added their weight, — not perhaps distinctly acknowledged to himself, but vaguely appreciated. He was beginning to feel that for other reasons the divergence between them was widening. In a matter of importance to them both, the matter of economy, it seemed impossible that they should act in accord. He had, with reluctance and misgivings, broached the subject of his financial condition. At first he was greatly relieved that she received the communication with composure and philosophy, and promised readily that she would spend as little money as possible. It was only by degrees that he learned that economy, like other sciences, is not to be picked up in a day. In order to cut off superfluities it is necessary to recognize them as superfluities. It seemed to him unaccountable that her ideas should be so vague. Expenses which, in his opinion, the merest common sense should have suggested the propriety of curtailing were allowed to continue, while others, which were as plainly necessary, she proposed eliminating. Her lavishness was not so much an expression of self-indulgence as an expression of taste, and this fact added another complication to the puzzle of her attitude. He could not understand why she so often unreasonably and spasmodically indulged her whims, when she was evidently capable of relinquishing them lightly and without regret. The explanation was the simplest and most prosaic possible. To arrange expenditure so judiciously as to reduce self-denial to the minimum is only to be learned through practice. Felicia had had no such practice. To her economy meant deprivation. She could endure, when she happened to remember his injunctions, to give up what she liked; she did not know how to arrange to attain what she most liked.

She had no realization that she was inconsistent and thoughtless; on the contrary, it was evident that she was in good faith disposed to take to herself credit for moderation. She showed him one day, for example, a wrap which she had just bought, and seemed to expect him to be gratified that it cost fifteen dollars less than another which she had preferred. "The one at sixty-five had much more *chic*," she remarked, contemplatively, as she held it up, "but this will have to do."

"That little affair cost fifty dollars!" he exclaimed, aghast. "Surely, Felicia, you don't need so expensive a wrap. Why can't you wear the one you bought last spring until it is cold enough for your cloak?"

"I wore that all the spring, and the trimming on this is much prettier; indeed, it is quite a new idea. I had to get something to wear with my dark silk dresses," she had replied, looking at him with clear, convincing eyes. "A severely plain walking costume is n't always suitable, you know. And fifty dollars is very reasonable for such a dolman as this."

He could not argue the matter. He too was subject to heavy demands from the tyranny of fashion. It was part of his stock in trade to be always exceptionally well dressed and prosperous looking, off as well as on the stage. He could not estimate her needs, but he experienced much irritation when, after a long silence, in which she was evidently thinking deeply, she rose, opened the wardrobe, and placed beside the new wrap the one he had mentioned.

"After all," she said, meditatively, "there is very little difference in style. I wish I had not bought this. It did not occur to me at the time, but I *could* have managed without it."

"You should have considered that

earlier, now that you understand our circumstances," he said.

He thought her carelessness culpable; she thought his look and tone of cold reproof unwarrantably severe.

Such episodes did not tend to reëstablish harmony between them. She felt that he did not appreciate the efforts she made to meet his views, and it might have been well if her chagrin because of this had expressed itself in tears and reproaches. He could not gauge her intention; her constraint of manner impressed him as insensibility; it seemed to him that her acquiescence had been merely a matter of form, and that her course argued an extreme indifference to his wishes. This was the more bitter as he had become far more harassed than she supposed, — what involved man ever tells his wife all his affairs! Kennett had said he was afraid of getting into debt, and he was in debt; not very deeply as yet, it is true, but these things are relative. His resources were slight, and under these circumstances a small debt is a large one. The money he had made in that unexpected prosperous summer "season" was already gone, — how, he could hardly say. He felt that it might be wise policy to go over the whole ground with Felicia, and tell her frankly how he stood; but, with the illogical perversity of the man who is the prey of financial anxiety, he upbraided her severely in his thoughts, because of her indifference to those troubles of his which she did not know, as well as her supposed insensibility to those of which he had told her. He shrank from further talk on the subject, and put it off from day to day. It appeared to him now that he had made a serious mistake in not securing her hearty coöperation in this matter of economy in the early time of their marriage, when, as he believed, his influence was much stronger than now.

It seemed to him that even mentally she had become strangely at variance with her former self. He remembered the interest she had felt in the drama of life as it was enacted before her; its slightest episode gave her food for thought, for comparisons, conjectures, conclusions. No human beings were too insignificant to attract from her a certain contemplative attention, as being results of that great experiment Circumstance, and as carrying within them, however superior, or commonplace, or sordid their environment, the burning fire of regret or aspiration, the sting of disappointment, the bloom of joy or of hope. Now she saw no dramas; she interpreted no more lives. She had lost her unconsciously semi-philosophic attitude. If, by chance, seeking to rouse her interest, he directed her attention to some incident denoting character, which she would in that former time have found suggestive, she gave it a perfunctory notice, soon displaced by her own absorbing personal musings. She appeared antagonistic even to those human sympathies. Once she said to him with bitterness that it would have been appropriate, considering how very tiresome it is to see so many strangers, that a plague of faces should have been sent upon the Egyptians in addition to the plagues of locusts and frogs. He did not fully apprehend the significance of this development of her character. Strange that he, so thoroughly accustomed to the dramatic world, should not have realized so obvious a matter as the difference between the standpoint, the outlook, of spectator and of actor.

In his augmented anxieties he was denied the relief of irritability, which, bitter though it may be, is in some sort a safety valve. It had long been his creed that serenity is of the first importance for a singer. The habit of self-control stood him in good stead in one sense: he did not have to contend against the exhausting effect upon the nerve of outbreaks of temper. But the strenuous restraint involved also a sense of effort,

and he began to suffer from a depression which became more and more paralyzing. Under its influence he saw only the dark side of his affairs, and he vaguely presaged calamity: that his work would become mechanical; that his voice would lose its magnetism, his acting its spontaneity; that his popularity would wane or his health would fail.

He made the best fight he could against his increasing morbidness, but in those days heavy cares beset him, and he grew very taciturn and thoughtful.

That year the autumn came on early, with long cold rains and leaden clouds which the sun did not penetrate for weeks. The continuous dripping, dripping, of the rain seemed to extinguish by degrees all the fire in Felicia's nature. As a last resort for occupation she had addicted herself to fancy-work, and the endless plying of a crochet or an embroidery needle dulled without soothing her. The work was as colorless as that of a treadmill, for she had little interest in the results, which were in truth of doubtful value, — this was another art in which she was not proficient. When she had completed a miraculous tidy or "banner," she would listlessly push it away, reassort her materials, and languidly begin another. Often as not she left these trophies of her skill at the hotel, when they departed, and the admiring chambermaid regarded them as a godsend.

They continued habitués of the first-class hotels. Kennett, however, still casting about for means of cutting down expenses, had fallen into the habit of engaging rooms in the upper stories of those caravansaries which made desirability of location a matter of price. While comfortable, these rooms were not so luxurious as those on the lower floors, and somehow their elevation added to their dismalness. When the dense clouds rested on the cornices of the roofs opposite, and the street lamps were merely a yellow blur in the thick-falling rain, and the wind swept around the corner with a dreary moan, the sense of isolation was complete. Then Felicia, sitting alone, would let her hands and party-colored worsteds fall upon her lap and wonder pitifully at the strange sarcasm of her fate. She would say to herself bitterly that she had no mother, no sister; her father had cast her off; her brother hated — no, scorned her; she had not a friend to whom she could go for comfort or companionship; she was losing her hold on her husband's heart; her place in the world was, in her estimation, uncouthly incongruous. Once she had hoped that God would send her children. Now she told herself that it would be well if this should never fall to her lot. Every blessing proved for her a bane. He had given her beauty, wealth, health, friends, love, — to what end? To have tears as comrades and bitter thoughts as her part in life; to be as distinctly alone in this busy, throbbing, eager world as if she were indeed cast away on a desert island, in the midst of a lonely sea. So her griefs asserted themselves and took possession of her. The gas flared, and the rain trickled down the window panes, and the wind moaned about the room perched up so close against the black cloud; while Kennett, half a dozen squares away, with a light heart or a heavy, it mattered not which, splendid and glittering in crimson and stage jewels, posed before the footlights, and sang of love or revenge, and stabbed himself or his rival, as circumstances required, with propriety, precision, and a stage dagger.

About this time she became conscious of a bitter experience, — she became conscious that from a certain plane of mental and moral development she was reaching downward, willfully and intentionally. The worldly-mindedness which her father had deplored in her nature had so far expressed itself in a definite

appreciation of the insignia of worldly values, environment, high-breeding, luxury, culture. Now it seemed to her that she went further than this. Money was in itself a fine thing; it was a first necessity to be rich and highly placed. Once she would have said it was well to be at ease in regard to money; that appropriate surroundings, beautiful dress, and associates of superior social station were the charming incidents of a fortunate position in life, but to care inordinately for these things was vulgar; they should be a matter of course if one had them, a matter of slight consequence if one had them not; they were accessories. She had arrogated to herself some credit that she could thus regard the matter. Once she had been capable of the resolve to look upon the men and women about her as human beings, apart from their station; now she refused disdainfully to make such effort; she was conscious only of their solecisms, their professional and other slang, their Bohemianism, — even their shabbiness of dress in the dishevelment of railway trains and hasty appearances at hotel tables. Contradictorily, this angered her against herself, and she would upbraid herself as a snob. She would ask herself how it was that she, who was of this stratum of society, should ally herself in thought and feeling with the class who would scornfully reject her could they suspect such presumption; that she, who had no position, should so vividly appreciate the position of fortunate people; that she, who was a wanderer and homeless, should look with wistful eyes at the showy, spacious city mansions, the big, comfortable country villas, of magnates like her father and brother, her social superiors, and picture to herself the life encompassed by those imposing and solid walls.

It was a many-faceted emotional experience she was undergoing with such stolidity of demeanor as she could command. Kennett did not apprehend it in its entirety; he might only realize the phase immediately presented. His deductions, sufficiently bitter and in one sense correct, did not put him fully in possession of her troublous heart and mind. Yet, so far as he could judge, her whole state of feeling was revealed to him one night when, in their progress through the South, they entered the city to which the little town of Blankburg, her former home, was contiguous and tributary. There had been a railway accident, — a freight train in front of them had been wrecked, — and they did not arrive till after midnight. As they drove from the depot to the hotel, her consciousness was impressed with the strong sentiment of place, so indefinable, yet so tyrannous. How was it that even the obscurity of night, which might seem the full expression of nullity, was so distinctly imbued with the flavor of locality! The taste of the soft, bland air as she inhaled it, the drawling intonation of voices on the street, even the sights and sounds common to all railroad termini, were as if inalienably characteristic of this place only among so many similar places, and suggested vividly to her, with inexpressible melancholy and remoteness, another life out of which she seemed to have died. It chanced that they were stopped and detained in the press of vehicles in front of a dwelling which was lighted from garret to cellar, evidently the scene of festivity. During the stoppage the window of their carriage gave a full view of the occupants of another carriage close by. So close were they that every feature of two young girls was distinctly visible in the yellow light from the street lamps. They were dressed in fleecy fabrics, with much airy effect of laces and suggestive bloom of flowers. They had gentle, candid eyes and fair hair; their voices had a soft, suave quality and a distinct drawl, as they spoke to the sleek, dapper young fellows with downy mustaches, very point-device as to dress,

who were lingering with adieux and last words at the carriage door. They all laughed appreciatively at mutual witticisms, and were evidently enjoying with all the capacity of their natures every moment of the occasion. Other ladies and gentlemen in festal attire were descending the steps; adieux, and laughter, and the confusion of coachmen's voices, and conflicting orders, were on the air; evidently the moment of dispersion had arrived, although the music of a band was still audible through the open windows.

Felicia felt acutely that she was looking on with some of the spirit animating the loafers about the sidewalk, standing agape as the fine folks filed down the steps, — a sense of utter exclusion, of admiration, of distance; and were these also admixed with envy and bitterness?

The jam was over; the carriages were moving slowly apart; the eyes of the young girls met hers with a long, friendly look. She could see that they were about her own age, and how old she felt! Somehow, that moment of fellowship with them was sweet to her. She glanced back over her shoulder at them, a half smile on her lips.

"How happy they are!" she said.

"And how frivolous!" added Kennett, as the buoyant laughter of the callow beaux split the air.

They rolled on into the darkness. The sound of music and the murmur of voices died away.

"After all," said Kennett sharply, "the fleshpots of Egypt are precious to you yet!"

She too spoke sharply. "Especially as the supply of manna is rather meagre in my instance," she said.

Tears had rushed to her eyes, but he did not see them. He looked gloomily out of the window at the distant gas jets jeweling the darkness, stretching in two long lines across the bridge, and disappearing on the opposite shore. He could credit her only with the most obvious and primary sentiment implied by her words and manner, — that she realized acutely all she had renounced; especially, it seemed to him, its more trivial and least worthy values. He did not remember that to her these trivial values had extraneous worth as exponents of a status. He had conceived the idea of exile, in a sense. He could give the character of expatriated prince a professional "reading;" but the real thing is a development only fairly to be apprehended by actual trial. It is a unique experience, not to be compassed at second hand. Kennett was breathing his native air; he could not fully interpret banishment.

The troupe had gone South from the Eastern cities by way of Washington, and as the route took them from New Orleans northward they experienced rapid climatic changes. It had been something of a trial to Felicia, the previous season, to spend two weeks in Chilounatti. The estrangement from her brother and his children had then been a great grief to her, bitterly as she had resented his attitude. Now it was far worse. The realization of their close proximity came upon her sore heart with a new, heavy weight. She would stand at her window, when Kennett had gone to the theatre, looking from her great height, and attempt to single out one roof in the sunshine in the sea of roofs, or one yellow spark in the darkness among the great constellation of yellow gleams. She often had a tyrannous impulse to walk in that direction, with a shrinking hope that she might, unseen, see her brother, or his wife, or the children; then she would recoil from the half-formed intention, in terror lest she should be recognized and ignored. She pictured to herself their routine, — dull, perhaps, but constantly widening since the days when she made a part of it; simple and seemly, with its recognized duties, and appropriate pleasures, and the passing zest of its incidents.

Her experience of life was not such as to suggest the sardonic consolation that matters were no worse, and that her lot had even certain prosaic alleviations. In the long segregation, during those years at Sevier Institute, from the atmosphere of domestic existence, the married state had been presented but slightly to her contemplation. She had speculated vaguely upon that foreign land seen through the haze of preliminary romance, and even her observation of domestic life in John Hamilton's household had failed to dispel certain rose-tinted illusions. It was barely possible, however, that Sophie was conscious that the matrimonial yoke could gain a galling quality in the good-natured tyranny of a headstrong husband. In other happy women, a certain deftness in conciliating might have suggested the idea that this suave influence is of value in a life in which masculine temper, not being repressed in deference to a stringent professional system, may become a distinctly assertive element. It did not occur to Felicia to congratulate herself that her husband regarded her *au grand sérieux*, — not as merely a dear soul, and in some sort humorously; or that he controlled his temper; or that his qualities of mind and heart were not, as in cousin Robert's case, merely an adjunct, in fastidious estimation, to personal peculiarities and eccentricities. Unluckily, she too took herself au grand sérieux; and for the rest, she had not thought to compare her husband with other men. Perhaps it would have been better if her standpoint had not been so lofty. Such a comparison is a prosaic process, but it has uses. She realized no palliations; to her the conditions were intolerable. She was very unhappy.

Her case suggests a puzzle. Have we one set of theories in principle, and another set for practice? Is it our expressed creed that the inmost self, which is made of emotions, principles, sentiments, that complex essence which we may call Soul, should in all right thinking and in all right action rise superior to Circumstance; and, in prosaic truth, is Circumstance lord of Soul?

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

A PLEA FOR TRUST.

My friend, do you believe I rate my soul
As better than it is? Then let it be,
Nor rob me of the nobler part of me.
Better a half truth than a lying whole.
I am that part I would myself conceive;
'T is through such errors martyrs face the flame,
Smiling, and keep down cowardice for shame,
Since they in God and in *themselves* believe.

What is the Rose? 'T is not a thorny bush,
But June incarnate bidding hearts rejoice;
This small brown bird is not the woodland thrush,
But all the summer's sweetness in a voice.
The soul's true self is that which closest lies
To the dumb mighty heart whence all things rise.

Lilla Cabot Perry.

AN INHERITED TALENT.

In the year 1694 Madame de Sévigné repaired for the last time to the castle of Grignan, — that stately feudal dwelling in the hills above Montélimart, where her adored Marguérite had for years maintained the state and led the train of a petty queen. The fortunes of the noble house in question were understood at this time to be a good deal impaired, but no one had as yet presumed to forecast their ruin. That house was, indeed, so ancient and august, the family with which the brilliant marquise had complacently allied her darling was so unquestionably great, that there would have seemed to be something impertinent and subversive in the bare notion of its fall. The name of Grignan, by which the family was commonly known, or, as one may say, called "for short," was the least and most casual of its titles to distinction. They possessed the fief of Grignan, and chanced to have fixed their principal residence at the high-perched castle which dominated — and of which the imposing shell still dominates — the quaint little town of the same name. But when the heir and hope of the race, the gallant young Marquis de Grignan, precisely for whose wedding his courtly grandmother had come to the south, espoused the daughter of a rich financier, whose *dot* was relied upon to stop certain leaks in the household expenditures, the name by which he signed the marriage contract was Louis Provence d'Adhémar de Monteil de Grignan. Adhémar denoted a descent from that Count of Orange who is renowned in song for having slain "five Saracen kings" with his own doughty hand; and it was probably through the coalescence of Adhémar with Monteil that the worthy city of Montélimart had acquired its name.

But the longest line must some day become extinct, and this one had arrived at the autumnal equinox of its history. The marriage of the young marquis (not a very happy one, as it proved, though the character of the bride was angelic) seemed to inaugurate a season of devastating calamity. A satisfactory alliance was indeed concluded, in 1696, for his sister Pauline, who became the wife of Louis, Marquis de Simiane. But Madame de Sévigné died in the same year, of smallpox, at Grignan; her grandson died without issue, of the results of a wound received at the siege of Rochstedt, in 1704; and Françoise Marguérite de Sévigné, Comtesse de Grignan, a few months later. She was philosophic and a Jansenist, and had sometimes posed as a devotee, but she candidly told her friends that religion could afford her no consolation whatever for the death of her son. She too fell a victim to smallpox; and, woman of reason that she had ever been, did she, perhaps, remember how easily she had been dissuaded from entering the chamber at Grignan where her mother met death with so serene a courage, and acknowledge the justice of the fate which overtook herself, when far away from home?

The gallant old Comte de Grignan seemed to lose all care for repairing his embarrassed fortunes after it became certain that the illustrious name of Adhémar de Grignan would end with him. He was in his seventy-fifth year when his only son was killed, but he continued for a decade longer to serve his king on the field and in the council chamber, with the zeal which had always distinguished him. It was he who conducted, in 1707, the heroic defense of Toulon against the allied Austrian and Piedmontese armies, assisted by an English fleet in the Mediterranean, and a well-timed rising of the Protestants in the

Cévennes. The siege, a famous one in the annals of war, lasted for several months, and the aged general performed feats of personal valor worthy of a youth with his spurs to win. He died at eighty-five, at an inn in Lambesc, when on his way to attend a session of the local assembly. He had been lieutenant-governor of Provence for forty-five years.

A year later, in 1715, when the Grand Monarque finally departed this life, and the Duc d'Orléans became regent, the husband of Pauline de Simiane, who had been the first gentleman in waiting to the duke, was promoted to the same governorship which his father-in-law had held so long. But he also died, after three years of office, leaving his widow and her half-sister, Madame de Vibraye, the child of the Comte de Grignan's first marriage, to conclude the best terms they could with the clamorous creditors of their father. They made a desperate effort to save from the wreck at least the castle of Grignan, but after an harassing struggle, which lasted a dozen years or more, they were compelled to consent to the sale of the place.

Fortunately, Madame de Sévigné's little Pauline had inherited, and handed on to at least one of her own daughters, all the grandmaternal vivacity of mind and healthful buoyancy of temper. Hers was a spirit which trouble could not break, and money trouble least of all. She never lived at Grignan after her husband's death, but sometimes at the neighboring Château de la Garde, — which had been left her by her uncle, the Marquis de la Garde Adhémar, and was doubtless one of the half dozen whose picturesque ruins now diversify the fine landscape commanded by the terrace of Grignan, — and sometimes at a villa near Marseilles, bearing the pretty name of Belombre. Finally she established herself at Aix, in a commodious house, which is yet standing, with the rooms which she occupied, and the decorations in the way of painting and gilding which she devised and commanded, almost unchanged. She was the sort of woman who, if she had fixed herself in a desert, would straightway have become the centre of an interesting society; and Aix was a grand old city still, owning the prestige and cherishing the traditions of a provincial capital. One of her three daughters went into religion, — one of three daughters always did so in those days; and perhaps, from the point of view then prevalent, it was not too large a proportion of a parent's best to be given outright to God. The others eventually married in their own rank. With the second, Sophie, who became the wife, in 1723, of Alexandre Gaspard de Villeneuve, Baron de Vence, the relations of Madame de Simiane were always peculiarly sympathetic, tender, and gay. The autograph letters of Madame de Vence, which follow, have lately been discovered. They are interesting in themselves for the light they shed on the domestic life of the Old French nobility at the beginning of the last century; but still more so for the remarkable illustration they afford of a specific talent transmitted to the fourth generation. They had been preserved, along with other precious documents, in the archives of the family of Vence until 1844, when the whole collection was put up at public sale. "The letters," to quote the discreet language of their French editor, the Marquis de Saporta, "passed, in the first instance, into the hands of persons who did not comprehend their value;" but subsequently they were rescued and purchased by a zealous autograph collector, M. Gabriel Lucas de Montigny, who permitted their transcription and publication. Apparently they all belong to the years 1730 and 1731, and are dated, with one or two exceptions, from the Château de Vence, where the young matron was living with her husband and children, her mother-in-law, and two uncles of the Baron de Vence, beside other

hangers-on out of the great family connection. The first letter is dated at "Vence, July 21, 1730," and the picture which it presents, of the bright young mother stitching away at her *layette* in the privacy of her own particular turret chamber, is a pleasant one.

"Having first assured you, madame,[1] of my most loving respect and my most respectful love, I shall have the honor of proceeding to inform you that you are much more fortunate than I; for this is the second time that you will have had news of me, whereas I am in the same state as on the day I left, when you were never mentioned.

"It will all be explained, of course. You will go down on your knees and ask a thousand pardons, — which is quite as it should be, — but meanwhile I must sit and twirl my thumbs! Ah, well, madame, they shall be twirled, — that's no great matter. But no, now I think of it, I will not twirl them, because on Saturday Madame de Vence[2] received a letter from M. l'Abbé,[3] informing her that he had had the honor of seeing you since my departure, and that you were much downcast over the loss of your unworthy child. You are very good, dear mamma, to miss her a little, and I ought to be in the depths of despair; and so I am, I assure you. All my hopes are fixed upon the month of November, and so far I see no reason why I should not return to Aix at that time. I dance a jig whenever I think of it, and meanwhile I am killing time by needle-pricks! I have dealt more than two thousand of them since I have been established in my tower, and really I find it a great pleasure; and I no longer wonder that you sometimes keep it up till midnight. 'T is a consolation in affliction, a balm to the perturbed soul; and, in short, there 's nothing like sewing! But, would you believe it, madame, it is only for the last three days that I have been comfortably settled in my own little room. Quantities of visits, dinners at home and abroad, concerts and fêtes to be attended, — these things have held out until now; but I am encouraged to believe that we are done with them for a while. I am in high favor with everybody except the provost of the chapter,[4] who is mortified because I omitted to congratulate him on having gained fifty pounds. But how can one think of everything! My nurse also is greatly disgusted with me for preferring to be confined at Aix. Yesterday, madame, the bishop begged me to assure you of his respects, and to entreat you to keep him in remembrance, as an old friend of yours, who is, in fine, your humble servant. The Abbé Fort is the same as ever; I see him rather more often than I used. My son I found as handsome as an angel, but very ill behaved, all the same. M. de Vence sends you his respects, and I send mine to the chevalier and the baron and M. de la Boulié.[5] I 'd like to know what the latter says about me to my mamma. Is he not sorry that I am here? Adieu, mamma dear! Go into the country, I beseech you; and write, write, *write!*"

A week later she wrote again, as follows: —

July 28, 1730.

How is this, madame? You wish me to preserve my composure, and you write me letters which would melt stones! You tell me that you have no heart in your letter, and behold, your

[1] This formal address was *de rigueur* on the part of a child at that time, like the "honored sir" and "honored madam" of our grandparents. But the manner in which the conventional title is repeated and played with in all the letters seems to show that there was also some cherished joke about it between the mother and daughter.

[2] This was the dowager marquise, a widow since 1707.

[3] Probably Alexandre de Villeneuve-Vence, canon at Aix.

[4] Alexandre Isnard, Bishop of Vence.

[5] Friends of Madame de Simiane at Aix.

heart is the very first thing that I see there![1] Excuse me, madame, but I am not accustomed to hearts on letters, and I thought I should have died of the shock. I will be much more careful of your sensibilities; I will even go so far as to assure you that it would be impossible to be bored at Vence! A few trifling regrets, not worth mentioning; a few floods of tears, and worries over which you would fret yourself into a fever, — nothing more. Otherwise I lead a gay life in my little room, from eight o'clock till noon, and then again from two o'clock until seven. I read, and write, and work, and train my children, who need it very much. For a short time past they have had a Paris governess, who knows her business well enough; but she is a dwarf, and the sight of her frightens me to death. Herewith, dear mamma, since you are so kind as to request it, is a description of the aforesaid children: —

My son is very handsome; tall and well made, with a good carriage and an excellent seat on horseback, but no grace. My eldest daughter[2] is plainer than ever, and, moreover, one of her shoulders is growing out a little; but she is very nice, and says that she is going to be good. The younger girl[3] is not quite as pretty as she was. She is a coarse beauty, like myself, but well formed and clever; in short, she is the image of me. I teach them to work, and I try to make them graceful; and it will be their own fault if they are not so. I am very fond of them; and I beg of you, dear mamma, to accord them a little affection. Not as much, however, as their grandmother's grandmother gave her daughter. I want that sort of thing for myself, and, on the whole, I think I deserve it.

I suppose, madame, that the furniture I am sending from here will reach Aix in about a fortnight. Madame de Vence has been very good about it, and refuses me nothing. Everything is now provided for except my own bed. Pray tell me, dear mamma, if you can kindly lend me one, together with the mattresses. It will be just so much saved for me. I am *grosse*, very much so indeed; why should you doubt it? But I never tell lies, and it is not pleasant. I hear on all hands that you have bought M. d'Albert's house. I should think you would have told me yourself, but there 's no counting upon anything. I would not allude to it even now, if I had not to inform you, madame, that *I* took the ground floor of that house a month ago, and paid for it with my own money. If you need it for this winter, I shall permit you to remain there, for I have a good heart. But you will please hold yourself in readiness to turn out at any time! Also, when I am there, I shall insist on there being two kitchens; for I never could manage with yours. My cooks could not turn round in it. You see that I speak frankly and without ceremony, as one should with those one loves. M. de Vence sends you his most tender and humble respects. I make my deepest courtesy to your assembled company, cut a caper for the benefit of M. Ginieis,[4] and send a kiss to my niece.[5] If you do not have the goodness, madame, either to write me yourself or get some one else to do so, I shall scream like an eagle. Adieu, dear mamma! I am very giddy, but, all the same, I love you with all my heart. I

[1] Apparently there was a heart on the seal.

[2] Pauline: born 1725; married Joseph André Ours de Villeneuve.

[3] Julie married the Président de Saint-Vincens.

[4] An ardent Jansenist: afterward imprisoned for a long time, both at Vincennes and in the Bastille.

[5] Pouponne, daughter of Julie de Simiane, married to a kinsman, Jean Baptiste Castellane, Marquis d'Esparron. This is the gentleman who is credited with having destroyed the originals of Madame de Sévigné's letters to her daughter and son-in-law.

had a good laugh over your "Conclave" and your "Cardinal." Tell me such things as that. They amuse me immensely.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

VENCE, *August* 4, 1730.

Oh, you write me twice a week, do you, madame, while I write you only once! A pretty thing for you to say, but it shall make no difference about my Fridays. We are busy people here, however, and have other things to do beside stitching and paying epistolary compliments. For, resolve as you will, madame, you know that you find me irresistible, and you flatter me, up and down, and round and about, until you can no more. But I, who am very self-conscious, — especially since the weather became so hot! — I take the greatest precaution, and look well to all my letters; and I 'll be hanged if *I love you* occurs a single time. What do you suppose I have been doing all this week, madame? I have been pondering that rag of a stocking-heel which you sent me, and which cost me fifty thousand crowns for carriage. Not that I would reproach you, madame! The expense is a bagatelle. . . .

So then I have counted every stitch on that heel, and I cannot make it otherwise than fifteen stitches on either side, counting the seam-stitch on one. Moreover, all the heels we have ever made are done in the same way, and they are all right. For what would become of the poor seam-stitch, if there were fourteen on either side without it? . . . Your theological friend sends you his respects, and is delighted that you propose knitting some stockings for him. You will have to set them up on three needles, with four stitches on a needle; widening seventy-four stitches on the first half of the leg, and so on in proportion, until you reach the foot, which must be knitted on four needles, with forty-three stitches to a needle. Not that his foot and leg are ill shaped, but he has a fancy for having his stockings made so. Yours will be finished very soon.

We shall be off in about two hours. To-day being Thursday and to-morrow Friday, I wanted to leave my weekly letter here. We shall go first to Tourettes,[1] and perhaps thence to Le Bar,[2] to see those ladies who have such fine manners. I will tell you all about them if we go, which is not certain. The bishop is to accompany us. All the house, my turret included, presents its respects to you, and I mine to whoever may chance to be with you, always provided they are occupying the sofa! Otherwise I say nothing. You are longing for the month of November, you say, madame. How droll! I too, I do assure you, experience something of the nature of a desire, — and will it not be fun? Adieu, then, madame, — adieu, my own dear mamma! On my word, I love you with my whole heart. Ah, what have I said! Well, it must stand, but don't ever tell any one, or I shall die of shame!

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

August 11, 1730.

Well, madame, we set off last Thursday, at six in the evening, intending to pass the night at Tourettes. The Bishop of Vence was with us, and at half past seven we arrived. We played quadrille, had supper, went to bed, and nothing extraordinary happened. The next day, at the same hour, we took horse for Le Bar. I should like nothing better than to describe the roads; but, being your very humble servant, it is not my place to tell disagreeable things. Suffice it to say, madame, that a full hour before

[1] Tourettes-les-Vence, so called from its three towers, was the residence of a branch of the family of Villeneuve-Vence.

[2] Le Bar, the capital of the canton of the Maritime Alps. The imposing feudal castle, with its flanking towers, is still standing.

arriving at the castle one begins to mount stairs, of which there are exactly three hundred and two; for I had the curiosity to count, both going and coming. Well, and so having gotten to the top, I find myself in a courtyard, in presence of Madame la Marquise de Grasse,[1] Madame la Comtesse du Bar, her daughter-in-law, M. le Comte, whom you know, his son, and their niece. We tumble off our horses, prostrate ourselves, and make four reverential courtesies to each person. Then we inquire for Madame la Comtesse du Bar, the mother-in-law, and are informed that she has broken her leg. Deep woe is at once depicted on the countenances both of those who tell and those who hear these doleful tidings. We now enter a hall on a level with the ground; for, madame, the stairs we have been climbing are all in the roadway. This hall has a circumference of two or three hundred feet, and is lugubriously lighted by two candles at the farther end. Between these candles we find Madame du Bar, *belle-mère*, who waves us, with her hands, a most polite and gratifying welcome. I sit down beside her on a chair of the same date as the tapestry, inherited from an ancestor, some five hundred years old, for which she has refused twenty thousand crowns. I deemed myself settled, at least until supper, but not a bit of it! A moment later in came the two dames whom I had left in the courtyard, accompanied by four young ladies, all relatives of the family, each of whom made four more courtesies. You can reckon up, if you will, how many that makes; but, at all events, you will perceive that I did not long remain sitting. These preliminaries accomplished, we had a *maigre* supper, all in fine style, and served with much elegance and ceremony. After this I humbly begged permission to go to bed, and was forthwith conducted to a chamber a trifle larger than the hall, and planted out with roses and jasmine. My heart died within me, but what of that? I fancied this was another hall, which I was merely to pass through, so I plunged into the fireplace, supposing that to be my bedroom. They rallied me a little, as they pulled me out of that dreadful fireplace, whereupon, perceiving my own utter ignorance, I submitted to be guided, and, after a quarter of an hour's walk, found myself in the vicinity of my bed, whereto I climbed by the aid of a chair, and so fell asleep.

The next day it was the same thing over again; and in the evening, at the same hour, I re-descended the stairs, and returned to this place. So much for my journey, madame; but since 't was to the house of friends and relatives of the family, I beg you, in all seriousness, my dear mamma, to repeat not a word of what I have said.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

September 22, 1730.

How sweet it was of my brother Sinéty,[2] dear mamma, to forego the pleasure of your society, and stop over for a whole day in order to give me news of you! This is the sort of favor I never forget, because sometimes I have the misfortune — and I know none greater — of not hearing my mamma so much as mentioned for a week at a time. So madame is giving parties, — which is very proper of madame; and I should like to be with madame when madame does that sort of thing, and also when she does not; for 't is a great pleasure to be with madame. We must be patient until November; but, dear,

[1] Charles Joseph de Grasse had assumed the title of Comte du Bar when he married Marie Véronique, only child and heir of the last count.

[2] This was probably Jean Baptiste Elzéar de Sinéty, born 1703, who served, in his boyhood, as page to the Duchesse de Berry, and was afterward Chevalier de Saint Louis and Commissioner of Marine. He was about the same age as Madame de Vence, who knew him intimately, no doubt, when the Simianes were attached to the household of the Duc d'Orléans.

dear! it is very cruel to think of a whole long month and a half to be gotten through before I spring into the arms of a mother who is good enough to love me with all my faults. Until that day arrives, pray continue to support me, as heretofore, by letters flowing with milk and honey, and by the assurance that you are well; for, madame, you have not said one word upon that subject. . . . For my part, I tell you everything, and you must know a great deal more about my health than I know myself; as, for instance, that I was bled yesterday, and feel the better for it today. I have still that obstinate weakness in my eye; and I have the Chevalier de Vence and M. de Bompar,[1] who will no more leave me than I can leave them. M. de Vence presents you his respects. Madame de Vence is engaged in spinning for my chemises. In a quarter of an hour my children are all to be whipped for having broken a looking-glass which I gave them. The bishop remarked yesterday that if I failed to mention him in every one of my letters to you he should quarrel with me. The Abbé Fort also desires his very, *very* humble compliments. Permit me to present mine to your circle. . . . Adieu, dear mamma. Rest assured that nobody will ever love you as devotedly as I do. I know that I am speaking the truth because I am sensible of loving you to distraction; and they say one can do no more. . . . The Abbé de Vence brings news of my aunt, the nun,[2] and says that she suffers more and more. I am very sorry for her, dear mamma, but equally so for you, who will see her in that state on your return. I am afraid it will be bad for you. Forgive me, dear mamma, if I venture to advise you to wait a little in order to see how it turns.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

October 6, 1730.

Here, madame, is something like a letter, for the last two scraps which they did me the honor to send on your behalf do not count, inasmuch as they contained not a word from your own beautiful white hand. In the letter which I received on Tuesday I found your thoughts, your words, your writing; and, best of all, at the end, those delightful tidings about the feather bed! I am deeply grateful, madame, and I expect to sleep in it next month, unless some quite unforeseen accident should arrive, which would greatly distress me. To Aix I will go, madame, for I am impatient to behold the happiness in store for you, which you are so fondly anticipating. What this is I cannot imagine, beat my brains as I will, but when I know I will tell you. I am surprised that you make no allusion to my neighbor the Duke of Savoy,[3] and all his performances. I fancied he would end by coming to spend the summer at Vence, and I hoped he might. Still, I advised him, as a friend, to wait until next summer; because, if he did all his fine things this year, there would be nothing left for another. Do you not recognize here the good sense for which I have ever been distinguished?

So you are going to Aix, madame, and perhaps you are already there. I should really like to know if you are still lodging in the house of M. du Muy.[4]

[1] A distinguished naval officer.

[2] This was Madame de Sévigné's favorite grandchild, the engaging little Marie Blanche, whom she had much with her both in Paris and at Les Rochers, and whose ruthless consecration the grandmother half resented. She became a sister of the Visitandine convent at Aix, where she died in 1735.

[3] Victor Amadeus II. abdicated September 2, 1730, in favor of his son, Charles Emanuel. The next year he attempted to resume the crown, but was arrested by his son, and died November 10, 1732.

[4] This M. du Muy eventually became the purchaser of Grignan. His town house adjoined the one which Madame de Simiane bought at Aix.

I should be delighted to find you on the same floor as myself; and that for reasons which you might discern without an opera-glass. . . . And I shall see you. What joy! I laugh all by myself when I think of it, I am so pleased. We will knit stockings together, and, in short, amuse ourselves like queens! I await your congratulations, madame, on the new dignity of the Abbé de Vence, and I send you beforehand my very humble thanks. I am much pleased about it, and he is even more so. M. de Vence desires his respects, and so do my old gentlemen; for I have some, as well as you, and I like them much better than I do yours, — especially than M. le Chevalier, who has not done me the honor of writing once.

Adieu, madame! I love you with all my heart, if you will permit me so to express myself, but my chief desire is to say so face to face. I had not previously mentioned it in my letter, and I feel a certain delicacy about doing so, arising from the softness of my heart, which might have caused me to succumb to an affection which might have degenerated into — in short, you know what I mean.[1]

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

VENCE, *October* 12, 1730.

To-day is the 12th of October, and it is already quite cold; excellent omens for me! A few more days and a little more cold, and I shall be with you.

And so you are at Aix, dear mamma, — or at least so far as I can see from here; and I fancy that I behold your fine new mansion. It is very pretty, but I long for a nearer view. Be so kind as to invite a good many people to meet me: I am used to seeing such a portentous number here. Just fancy, madame, that at this present moment we actually have the ladies of Le Bar, who have tumbled out of their castle into ours! They are now in their dressing-room, with the professor; and this is why I have the honor of writing to you. Otherwise, madame, upon my word, I would not desert them for a kingdom. It would be very impolite of me, for when I was at Le Bar they never quitted me for an instant, not even when I was in the state they are in now. But, madame, what would one not do for a lady of your merits! Beside the dames above mentioned we have six gentlemen, and expect more. But I neither know nor care about anything now except what concerns ourselves; I mean your love for me, and my most respectful tenderness for you. I shall never get it out of my head or my heart, the longest day I live, and however I may be situated. I am looking for news of you with the utmost impatience; and meanwhile, madame, I have the honor to be — much more yours than my own.

It is plain that Madame de Vence's passionately cherished hope of going to her mother for her confinement was somehow frustrated, after all; and the next letter is merely a string of the most vivacious expressions of disgust and disappointment: "*Ma colère, ma fureur, mon désespoir,*" etc. This letter is dated November 30, year not named, but plainly the same; and it is only a fragment. It may very likely have been interrupted by the arrival of the expected event. But Madame de Vence had certainly recovered both her health and her spirits on the 9th of February, 1731, when she writes as follows: —

You express a wish for letters, madame, and I admit that you ought to have them; but you might ask for them a little more politely than you did in your note to my husband. You were very rude, madame, and I am excessively offended. But what might not be forgiven you, in view of the delightful speeches

[1] "Vous m'en entendez bien" was the refrain of a song then popular.

which you have lavished on me, since my illness. I have just re-read them all, from beginning to end, and I am more than ever enchanted with them. No, no, madame, it is not lawful to be so witty, and if you go on like this you and I will be as like as two peas! Ah, madame, why have I no more performers for the second act of the Carnival? My own rôle is a charming one; but it will be awkward appearing quite alone, for everybody is going away, and there will be no one even to hear me. But stay; I am not so completely alone, either, for here comes my uncle. Now listen to our dialogue, if you please. And there are two more gentlemen coming. Quite a company, after all.

LA CARÊME.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Père de Vence.
The Marquis de Vence.
M. de Bompar.
The Chevalier de Vence.
Madame de Vence.

Act I.

Scene I. Madame de Vence's Chamber.

Père de V. Good-morning, my dear niece. You have a beautiful color today. You look better than usual. Charmed to see it, I am sure, but it makes me anxious to think of your traveling. And you have the air of a person who is on the move.

Madame de V. Thank you so much, dear uncle! I shall be distressed at leaving you; but go I must, for I can no longer contain my impatience for my mamma.

Père de V. My advice to you would be to wait until your health is quite reëstablished.

Madame de V. Ah, dear uncle, don't talk like that, or we shall quarrel!

Scene II. Bompar, the Chevalier de V., Madame de V.

Bompar. I am very sorry, madame, that I cannot have the honor of being your escort. Were it not that I have been here six months already, and that I am afraid of being arrested at Toulon, I would make the trip with pleasure. I should be charmed to pay my respects to Madame de Simiane.

The Chevalier. Parbleu, Bompar, you are right! That would be the thing to do. I should like it as well as you, only you know that I have to go to Grasse.

Bompar. Oh, yes, of course! One must follow the strongest attraction!

Madame de V. I am forced to interrupt you, gentlemen, or you will be giving me the history of your love affairs. Have done, please, and let us talk about my journey. The only love affair I have is there.

Scene III. All the Actors.

Père de V. Well, my dear niece, and when do you start?

Madame de V. My plan, dear uncle, is this: on Sunday, I shall go to eight o'clock mass; on Monday, I shall write to the Abbé de Vence to order carriages to meet me. I shall entreat him to be as expeditious as possible, and you can reckon for yourself how soon I am likely to get off.

The Chevalier. A truce to reckoning, and come and play piquet, or I shall have to go.

Bompar. You are in a great hurry, *mon cher.* Let madame alone, can't you? I am very much interested.

Madame de V. Oh, I have nothing more to say, gentlemen. Bring out the cards.

. . . . . .

All. We have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

There is one more short note, written from Toulon, in which Madame de Vence congratulates herself on having at last found a place where one spends nothing at all. "For you know how it was at Aix, dear mamma; though

you were so kind as to have us dine and sup regularly with you, the —— de Vence" (apparently the Abbé) "always managed to have something to eat by himself."

And this is the last word, for us, from the lively pen of Madame de Sévigné's great-granddaughter. She lived until 1769.

There is now in the possession of Mademoiselle de Courcière at Aix an admirable portrait by Arnulphi, representing Madame de Simiane in full middle life, with a little girl of five or six at her side. The lady wears the semi-conventual but extremely beautiful widow's dress of the early half of the eighteenth century. A white cap with a fine fluted border is surmounted by a veil of black gauze, which droops upon the shoulders and is tied loosely over the bust. The close-fitting gown of rich black stuff is cut low in front, with a white fluted stomacher. The straight sleeves come to the elbow, and have very full double ruffles of white muslin, falling back from a finely tapering forearm. The carriage of the head is such as beseems an Adhémar de Grignan; the face, although not regularly handsome, is brilliant with intelligence, yet full of dignity, and so strongly individualized that one cannot doubt the excellence of the likeness. But the curly-headed and mischievous-looking little maiden, with a goldfinch perched upon one finger, and a pair of cherries dangling from the other hand, can hardly have been one of Madame de Simiane's daughters, — the disparity of years is too great; she too has her stiff stomacher and her full elbow ruffles, according to the quaint fashion of the time; and I think that M. de Saporta has conclusively shown that this is Madame de Simiane's granddaughter, the little Julie de Vence, whom her mother describes as "a coarse beauty" and "the image of me."

Harriet Waters Preston.

INDIVIDUALISM IN EDUCATION.

All advance in civilization, indeed we may say the very foundation of the social order, rests upon the organization of men into troops or bands which are trained to act together for a common purpose. Only the lowest tribes lack all trace of discipline by which individuals are taught to combine their efforts for a common cause.

It is hardly too much to say that the first step upward from savagery is taken when men begin to subject themselves to the training by which the leader prepares his followers for the serious tasks of war. The forethought required in the chief to plan military manœuvres of even the simplest kind, and the self-sacrifice demanded of those who submit themselves to command until they acquire the habit of the soldier, are alike highly educative, and serve much to develop the better qualities of the early states. As industries develop, they too demand an organization similar to that of armies: the captains must plan and command, and the privates obey their orders. So, step by step, each advance is won through the forethought of leaders and the subordination of their followers.

It is not surprising that, in the course of their experience, societies have come to look upon perfect organization as the condition of all associated work, and that the army, which is always the first to be developed, and the most perfect in its system, of all parts of the governing machinery, should be the type on which

men strive to model all their schemes of orderly combined labor.

Thus it came about that when, long after the other more immediate needs of society were provided for, education became the object of general care, the ideals of systematic arrangement which had been so happy in their effects in other departments of action were made the basis on which the plans of teaching were founded. The teacher was expected to command his scholars as an officer his company; the scholars were looked to for an obedience, an implicit following, such as private soldiers gave to their captains. Discipline became the ideal, and militarism the dominant, motive of all school systems developed in states where, as in all Europe, the army set the standard of dutiful conduct. We of the new continent inherited this theory of schooling from the Old World, as we have all the other essential elements of our social structure; and with it we acquired the conception of routine training by which a master seeks to shape the whole mental conduct of his pupils precisely as the commander brings his raw recruits into the condition of an effective soldiery.

There was doubtless a certain utility in this conception of the schoolmaster's task; the duties of society demand a spirit of subordination in all its members, and with the greater part of them obedience to command is a duty to which they need to be well accustomed. If all persons whatsoever could receive a certain measure of training in the practice of the soldier's art, it would be well, for that art has much to teach which the citizen needs to know; but it does not therefore follow that the military spirit should enter into our system of schooling. A certain amount of subordination is of course necessary in any plan of education, but it should not be based on the motives or assume the form which it must have in a military command. The soldier should obey because absolute, unquestioning obedience is the very foundation of his usefulness. It is indeed well to have him love, or at least respect, his superiors, but these are minor points compared with the supreme duty of doing just what he is ordered to do. The object of the machinery of which the individual soldier forms a part is to apply force with the intent of overcoming the resistance of other men, and to secure its application exactly where and when the superior wills it. To this end the canons of duty and the training of the soldier are well adapted. The ideal, or at least the practical, result of this peculiar education is the production of a man in whom the word of command arouses just as much thought as is necessary to secure its intelligent execution, and no more. When the order has been obeyed, the stimulus of duty is satisfied, and the human machine ceases to be active, but remains in poised expectation until again bidden to move.

The ordinary mental condition induced by a strict and long-continued military discipline is in a way represented by the ingenious catchpenny devices set up in public places, where a working model of a locomotive or a steamboat can be put in motion by dropping a piece of money through a slot in the top of the box on which it rests. The whole contrivance is so nicely adjusted that it never acts without the required stimulus, and never fails to act when the foredetermined impulse is given. I would not have this comparison of the common soldier's work to that of machinery seem in any way derogatory to his character or calling, for I have a sincere and abiding esteem for them both. The need is to exhibit the characteristic result of that part of military education which is peculiar to the occupation and is essentially mechanical. Every one knows, of course, that officers of all grades, and especially those of the higher positions in the service, are

called on to exercise judgment, perception, ingenuity, and other high mental parts in a way rarely demanded in other vocations. It is indeed because of the frequent and great opportunities for the utilization and development of these qualities that able men have willingly lived the soldier's life. But it is clear that such employments are incidental, and that they have no relation to the disciplinary task which alone is the common element in a military education.

In only one regard can the military training be considered a fit model for a school system which purposes to develop the mind and the body of men for the great and varied duties of the citizen, and that is in its admirable fitness for accomplishing the end which is sought to be attained. The aim of the soldier's discipline is to make his action follow immediately and inevitably on the word of command; to breed in him a habit of obedience strong enough to overcome the instinctive behests of his nature. This is accomplished by the long-continued association of command and act, until the very force of habit will make the man obey the familiar order. If anybody will but heed the command of "Forward march" a hundred times a day for a few years, and especially if he do it in the spirit of mere routine, he will come to a state in which, however timid his nature, he will, at the word, be able to charge an enemy's battery with the most valiant. The military man has learned that custom goes far to make nature in all that pertains to action; therefore he repeats the tasks he would have men do with studied reiteration.

There are evident reasons why certain principles of education have been more studiously considered by masters of the art of war than by any other school-teachers. The tests of accomplishment are, in the soldier's path of duty, far more serious than under any other phase of social obligation: the fate of the commonwealth hangs upon them. Moreover, these tests are applied in a very trenchant way, so as to show the average effect of the training upon the men who have been subjected to it. Such a basis of criticism, unfortunately, is wanting in other branches of education. We cannot prove the results of any system of ordinary schooling as we can those accomplished by a military leader. On this account, the military art has attained a measure of perfection in its methods of education which is not yet approached in any other field of educational work. We should not mistake the lesson which the art of war offers us; this lesson is not that the military method is the plan to be adopted in all education, but that success in bringing men to the desired development consists in determining accurately what is the end sought to be attained, and in fitting the measures which are taken exactly to the object in view.

The object of military discipline is to develop the will power of the individual, but at the same time to subjugate this volition to the command of the superior; the aim of the education of civilians is to enfranchise the man, to put him in the fullest possession of his natural powers, to quicken and elevate him in every way, and finally to leave him absolutely self-centred and free. So far as disciplinary control may be used in educating the ordinary citizen, it is but a temporary agent, whereby the person may be brought to the position in which he will be governed by himself alone. Whoever will clearly set these two diverse objects of the military and the civil training against each other will see how futile, and even dangerous, it is to seek their combination in one education. The first of these tasks, that devised for training the soldier, is simple, and rests upon the most primitive qualities of the mind, and reckons on no individual peculiarities. The second, which should be fitted for the cultivation of man for society, is necessarily diverse, and should

take account of the exceedingly varied attributes of men.

The obvious tendency of discipline is to stamp certain traits in men; this indeed is not only the characteristic feature, but is the necessary object, of military training. The effect of this peculiar education is conspicuous in professional soldiers of all grades. All who have known many of the graduates of our military academy will have noticed the remarkable uniformity of quality which that admirable school gives to all its graduates. Drawn as the pupils are from all parts of an exceedingly varied people, chosen in a competitive manner from the able youths of their generation, West Point most likely receives a larger share of intellectual young men than any other college in this country, and its students probably have originally all the variety of ability which is found in the youths of any civilian school. But while the graduates of the ordinary college are characterized by a great diversity in individual quality, those who go forth from the military academy are singularly alike in all the features which education can induce. They are exceedingly well adapted to the important functions which they have been trained to perform. The suitability of their training was well shown during our civil war. Although the greater part of the abler young men of the country sought military service and found a chance to prove their fitness for command, nearly all of those who succeeded in this work were from the small number of graduates from West Point. There certainly were not less than twenty thousand officers drawn from civil life, whose capacities as commanders were well essayed during that war. The total number of graduates from West Point who were engaged in the struggle probably did not much exceed one thousand, yet the eminent successes among men presumably of somewhat equal original capacity were overwhelmingly more numerous among those who were trained for the peculiar function. There could hardly be a better proof of the effect of appropriate education in preparing men for the duties of a calling.

Although many men pass from our own military school and those of other countries into civil life, it is generally remarked that they do not readily accommodate themselves to the ordinary stations of society. When they succeed, it is commonly in a position where it is necessary to conduct the operations of a large body of men in something like a military fashion. They are not usually fit for the tasks which demand the varied attainments and powers of adaptation which characterize the men who constitute the body of our civilized states.

It is evident that the limited success of men of the characteristic military type in our modern societies is not due to any lack of capacity for usual employments, for the fact is that these men are, by their conditions, selected from the abler portion of the population. We must explain their manifest unfitness for the ordinary work of the state as we may account for the somewhat similar disabilities of the priestly class, namely, by the effect of a special education. The priest, like the soldier, is, by his training, set apart for a particular function in society, and through the training which prepares him for his career, and the influence of the career itself, he becomes more or less unfitted for the general work of the world. For many centuries of the Christian era education fell mainly into the hands of the clerical class, for they alone were sufficiently educated for the work of teaching. The evils of this method were in time perceived, and the system of lay education has been established in nearly all countries. The military or disciplinary idea which pervades our modern education is not in any way to be attributed to the direct influence of the army, for the soldier is never a propagandist of his methods; it has

come into existence through the general effect of the military arm on the theories of social organization.

In considering the manner in which the central problems of education should be approached, or the spirit in which the teacher should set about his task, we should at once recognize the fact that the aim is not to train the youth for particular duties, such as those of the soldier, but to bring out of that curious body of latencies, the human mind, the good therein contained. There is but one way in which we can hope to educe these powers in an effective manner, and that is by sympathy, by the spontaneous outgoing of the youth's intelligence towards the spirit which seeks to have contact with it. Some recognition has been given to this truly eductive or outbringing action of sympathy, but its critical importance has not been adequately conceived by teachers. To perceive the value of this emotion we must understand the historic relation of the development of intelligence. This is a difficult matter to state in a brief manner, yet I must essay its presentation.

In the stages of life below man, we find that everywhere the intellect receives its principal development through the care of parents for their offspring, and the dependence of the young upon the elders of their kind. All this primal education rests upon the affection which is common to all beings which possess any distinct share of intelligence. In the human family the element of sympathy is more developed and its action longer continued than among the lower creatures; but it differs only in degree, and not in nature, from its primal forms. The children of men are roused to thought by sympathetic contact with the household: first by apprehending the motives of the mother; then by association with other persons who lovingly approach them. If we compare the intellectual movements of a child when it is with those whom it regards with affection, and when it is in contact with strangers, we see the nature of this difference in action of the infantile mind. In the society of its familiars its intellect is incessantly active; it seeks eagerly their sympathetic help in the interpretation of the world about it, and so proceeds to develop in the natural, instinctive way. But let the stranger appear, and his presence at once breaks the delicate bond which unites the frail and impressionable spirit with the life about it.

It is clear that the way to knowledge which is first trodden is that which is entered through the gateway of affection. Until, indeed, the human being is thoroughly individualized, and has become self-dependent in a measure rarely attained by any save certain very strong natures, this natural stimulus to intellectual labor which exists in the sympathies is required for all intellectual advance. Men must think in sympathy, or they do not think at all; at best, while mentally active, they must have a constant reference of their thoughts to some one to whom they are to be submitted. Most persons who deem themselves independent will, on analysis of their minds, find that they retain much of this instinctive reference of their thoughts to others. The author is ever speaking to the fellow-being beside him; the man of science explores with the sense that there is another profiting from the path he is breaking. Our passage from childhood makes us in a measure independent of the bodily presence of beloved human beings, but they abide with us as spirits, inspiring us to activity by their companionship.

One of the most difficult tasks of the educator is to lead the student from the original dependence on the bodily influence of his instructors to the state where he can be contented with the spiritual presence of his fellow-man. It is here that the offices of the secular and the

religious teacher come in contact with each other; it is the field in which the best conquests of education are yet to be made. A man's life depends upon the company he keeps, and the best of his association in mature years is with the souls he has adopted in his inner life. Fortunate indeed is the youth who has had through his education noble men and women so impressed upon his memory, and so firmly associated with his thought and action, that they dwell ever with him. It is, in truth, the first object of enlarging education to give the youth a chance to win these spiritual helpers to his life. In a way, literature and history accomplish this end by the pictures of human nature which they afford; but these images of unseen people are to the most of us like the memories of a dream, — very unsubstantial things compared with the recollections of the men and women whom we have known.

All these relations between the generation which is arising to its duties and that which is bearing the burden of its elevation are not advanced by discipline: they are in fact hindered by it. The essence of discipline consists in obedience to command, — obedience which is rendered because there is a sense of authority about the commander. This habit of compliance tends to make mental action automatic, while our object is to make it rational; moreover, if there be any intellectual activity connected with action under orders, it is likely to develop the element of resistance, which is the greatest enemy to all educative processes. The youth who begins to set himself against his natural intellectual leaders soon loses the habit of spontaneous sympathy which is the condition of his rapid advance in culture. If the discipline is made effective, it may give the youth certain important compensations for the lack of attachment to his teachers; it may make him patient and resolute, in a way give him soldierly qualities; but the imperfect manner in which discipline is applied in all save the truly military training, commonly results in developing the obdurate habit of mind.

In my considerable experience with young men, I have more often found them suffering from the evils of an incomplete and ineffective discipline than from any other cause. The most hopeless cases with which the college instructor has to deal are those in which the youths have long been subjected to a control of some disciplinary kind; ineffective to reduce them to the state of the well-drilled soldier, who acts from pure habit, yet sufficient to destroy the sympathetic relation which should exist between the teacher and pupil.

It will doubtless be suggested that discipline is necessary to any form of education; and while opposing the ordinary form of such training, we may maintain without paradox this proposition, namely, that discipline of a certain sort is clearly necessary to overcome the indolence which affects most minds, as well as to secure the fixedness of attention which it is naturally difficult for any youth to acquire. The point at which I find myself at variance with the common method of obtaining these results is this: usually the effort is to secure this control through habits created from the will of the teacher impressed upon the youth, while in my opinion they can be profitably won only through the exercise of the will of the pupil. There is a world of difference between the diverse uses of the will power. If it be accomplished by sympathetic stimulus awakened in the student's spirit, the effect is truly educative; if it arises from the mere dominance of the teacher, the effect is to repress development.

There is undoubtedly a decided advantage in a certain amount of discipline of a purely military sort, but it is difficult to find a place for it in our American life. If we could send every youth for a

year or two to an army in campaign, we should in a certain important way enlarge his education, and from the stern, dutiful spirit of war he could learn many lessons. But the imperfect military life such as civilian schools with a military drill afford seems to me to be useful merely as gymnastic training, and perhaps for police uses. Soldierly discipline needs the sanction of military law to give it any moral value. As a gymnastic exercise, the drill of the recruit, as commonly practised, is by no means satisfactory, and the police effects of such amateur soldiery are not of much value.

Perhaps the worst feature of any routine discipline is that it fails to take account of the vast differences which exist between individual pupils, and treats a whole class of students as if they all were cast in one mould. A large part of the evils of society arises from this practice of making a rough classification of men, with the assumption that all who fall within each category are alike. This way of dealing with human beings leads in all our affairs to much injustice: but nowhere is it so prejudicial as in the treatment of youth. The fact is clear that the apparent likeness between men which is conveyed to our senses by the shape of their bodies is very illusory. Within this common envelope of a rigid form we find minds which vary in an almost incredible degree. The biologist perceives in man a singularly invariable species: in form he presents not a tithe of the variations under the diverse conditions of society which are shown in the domesticated animals; but when we consider his emotional and intellectual nature, we observe in man a greater range in characteristics than is discernible in the structures of any order of animals. Thus, the tests of the mathematical examinations in the University of Cambridge show that the variety in this single mental power is enormous. Reckoning the mathematical capacity of the ordinary intelligent man at one in the scale, it is found that the ablest of say a thousand youths is something like one hundred times as great. No similar test can be applied to the other mental capacities; but when we consider the accomplishments of poets, orators, philanthropists, discoverers, and other path-breaking geniuses, it seems likely that about the same range in ability exists in all the powers of the mind. When we come to understand the vast scope of the variations in the dormant moral and intellectual abilities of youths, we perceive the essential folly of our Procrustean methods of culture.

For the task of educating or developing this variety of latent abilities our ordinary methods are as fit as if we gave the same training to eagles and hares, and sought to bring them to the same methods of life. We see that the very first task of the educator is to place himself in close and sympathetic contact with the pupil, and thus to discover what his nature offers to culture; the next task is to adopt measures to develop these offerings. In a word, the business of the true teacher is like that of the gardener who is dealing with hybrids, where the product of each seed is a problem to be studied at every stage of its development, to be fostered by all the resources in the way of soil and climate which can be applied to it through all the resources of art. We know very well what the measure of his success would be if he regarded these rare gifts of nature as the farmer does his crops, giving them no other care than the rude and general nurture which is due to commercial products. Yet this is substantially what is done in the work of routine education. In the society of our state every child embodies features which are in a measure unique; they are all from the common stock. It may indeed be said that there are no normal human beings in the sense that there are normal horses or oaks. Physically, man is a well-marked and only

moderately variable species; intellectually, he is utterly vagarious, each individual being a group in himself. Under this common physical mask of mankind there is a whole world of variations.

It is evident that this view of the basis of education makes the task of the teacher infinitely more difficult than it usually is conceived to be. In the old view, all that was required was a careful gradation of the scholars according to age and attainments, and a painstaking set of masters who should see that the allotted tasks were done faithfully. In a certain number of years the mill would grind out a satisfactory product with as much certainty as the system of army discipline would, by its training, develop trustworthy soldiers. In the new education, the school will have to be a psychological observatory, where men who conceive the nature of human beings acquire and practice the most difficult art of discovering the capacities of each pupil, and of fitting the culture to his needs. To attain this end will require a vast change in our school system, and a great increase in its cost. In the first place it will be necessary to alter the general conception as to the dignity and the value to society of the teacher's art. Even now the function of the primary-school teacher is held in relatively low esteem. He is the worst paid either in salary or honor of all the intellectual servants of society. It is rare indeed that any care is taken to teach primary-school teachers the true nature of their calling; and if they had every aid which instruction could afford, the conditions of their arduous service would make it impossible for them to apply their knowledge in any effective way.

While in the other important professional occupations, particularly that of the ministry, the candidate feels it his duty to ascertain whether he has a natural fitness for the calling, the teacher of young children generally stumbles into the place, or, if he — more commonly she — deliberately chooses it, does so because no better chance of making a living can be at the moment secured. With men the primary-school teacher's place is always regarded as a stepping-stone to higher intellectual pursuits; with women it is adopted usually to meet what is supposed to be a temporary necessity of winning a support. Nothing is more certain than the true place of this function in the social system: it is in its nature the most important, if not the most exalted, position which civilization has created, and the organization of our society will be fatally defective until the position of those who lead up the youth to their duties, especially those who have them in charge in the earliest and most critical state of their development, is adequately recognized.

Through the advance in the arts which is taking place, our most civilized societies are rapidly securing an increase in the reserves of capital from which the means of education are drawn. The amazing development of the altruistic motive ever inclines men to spend more of their means upon the rising generation. Yet it will be long before the ideal of industrial culture can be attained. It will require the diversion of the expenditures which are devoted to war and other barbaric pursuits to the cause of education, before it will be possible to do justice to the offerings of capacity which our children bring to us. Although no general plan of such culture can yet be undertaken, it seems possible already to make a beginning in this better method in the higher schools. Our greatest colleges and universities probably afford the field in which a careful experimental study of the problems afforded by the character of the individual students can best be undertaken. The number of students in these institutions is relatively limited, their corps of teachers is proportionally large. Thus, in Harvard University the proportion of teachers to

pupils is about one to ten, and in our other American institutions of higher learning the ratio, though somewhat less, is approaching this standard. There are, moreover, changes in the methods of instruction now in process which will lead far towards the end in view, if indeed they do not of themselves compel a general resort to an attention to individuality in our more advanced teaching.

The reformation of our academic methods of instruction, which is now under way, has been mainly, if not entirely, due to the influence of modern natural and experimental science on the ancient branches of education. When natural science first came into our seats of learning, instruction in it was framed as nearly as possible on the then current methods of those schools. The teaching was almost entirely didactic and by class work. The inutility of this practice was quickly manifested; very rapidly the didactic system has given place to the experimental, and the success in this teaching has been so great that it has had an important influence on the methods of all academic work. The better teachers now introduce the principles of personal inquiry into such studies as mathematics, language, and history, where of old the whole labor was thrown upon the memory of the pupil. The great advantage of the method of instruction by experiment consists in the close relation which it secures between the teacher and the pupil, and the more sympathetic nature of their contacts. In such work the pupil finds the master more helpful than in class-room work, and the teacher thus secures a far clearer idea of the capacities and needs of the pupil than can otherwise be obtained. In no case can the youth there be treated as an average man; he must be dealt with as an individual, and his tasks gauged by his necessities. Very soon the student finds himself in the position and with the strength of a pioneer; he begins to teach his master even while he is himself dependent upon him. Such are the depths of the phenomenal world that this mutual relation may indefinitely continue, and always afford beautiful opportunities for sympathetic contact between men who are united in the work as master and apprentice.

Although natural science has done much, and doubtless in the future has still much to do, incidentally, in promoting individualism in education, the task cannot be adequately begun until its exceeding gravity is well recognized. We need so far as may be to strip away the rubbish which a rude empiricism has gathered about the schools, and to find room for some research as a guide to our educational labors. Above all, it is important that the commonplace humor with which the subject is ordinarily approached should give place to a sense of its true and imposing dignity. If these gains can be made in our higher schools, where alone we can hope to see them instituted, they will undoubtedly be propagated downward to the primary grades of instruction. With such a system well formed, we should welcome the youth of each generation no longer to a grim scholastic mill, where they are to be treated as mechanically as the recruits of an army, but receive each stranger, as he comes to us from the darkness, with a tender consideration for the good and evil he brings with him, and with an apt adjustment of the resources of education to his individual needs. There are doubtless many ways in which men may make a new heaven and a new earth of their dwelling places, but the simplest of all ways is through a fond, discerning, and individual care of each child.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

KISMET AND THE KING.

The king lay ill in Ispahan,
And ill at rest.
All day, all night, his couriers ran
To fetch rare herbs to cure the man, —
The king, opprest
By Allah's ban in Ispahan.

The poet sat him at his feet
With lute of gold.
"Sing me a song for monarch meet,
To hush me into slumber sweet, —
To hush and hold
Till they return, my couriers fleet."

From Khurasàn the hot wind sped,
The hot simoom.
"His wing of flame," the sick man said,
"The fiery Angel of the Dead,
With brow of gloom.
Allah! not yet, not yet!" he said.

The poet touched a plaintive string.
The days are two,
There are two days, he sang, *O King,*
When useless are the prayers we bring,
The deeds we do,
For lease of life, O mighty King.

First, on the unappointed day,
The day unset,
Sword cannot kill nor tempest slay.
Yea, second, on the appointed day
Of dread Kismet
Not Allah great can guard our way.

The Ethiop waved a sleepy fan
Above the bed.
Even at the gates the couriers ran
With potent herbs to cure the man, —
The great king, dead
Upon his bed in Ispahan.

Florence Wilkinson.

BOULANGISM AND THE REPUBLIC.

Now that the Boulangist adventure is entirely a thing of the past, it is worth while to see how far this strangest of all political episodes seriously endangered the French Republic, and how it may affect its future.

When, in the spring of 1888, the series of by-elections began, in which General Boulanger was destined to score success after success against the regular Republican candidates, it must be said that the French Republic was in a very unenviable position. The Wilson crisis had just brought about the compulsory resignation of M. Grévy. Although no one doubted the personal integrity and honesty of purpose of the old President, his blind attachment to his unworthy son-in-law had caused the stain of corruption to defile the highest office of the state. There was no lack of evil prophets who were ready to liken the Wilson scandals to the famous Teste and Cubières case of June, 1847, so speedily followed by the fall of Louis Philippe, and to the many financial scandals which had cropped out during the last years of the Third Empire. In addition to this, it must be remembered that the elections of 1885 had been far from showing a success for the Republican party. The party had, in truth, retained a working majority in the House, but its opponents had gained fully one hundred seats, and more than doubled their numbers. With such revelations as those which had compelled the resignation of President Grévy, was it not to be feared that the elections of 1889 might prove more disastrous still, and that the newly elected President might have to confront an anti-Republican majority in the lower branch of the national legislature?

Just then a man appeared, surrounded by a halo of popularity, the very genesis of which seemed an unintelligible mystery, who belonged to that profession, the army, which is still unquestionably the most popular before the masses of the French people, and who certainly was not unwilling to play the part of General Bonaparte after his return from Egypt; shaking hands with any one who might have a grievance, and turning to his own account the wave of popular contempt which was steadily rising against the then existing government.

When attempting to-day to judge the whole of the Boulangist adventure, no one should forget that, when he suddenly leaped into popularity, General Boulanger was considered by every one a Republican. His entrance into the cabinet was due entirely to the influence of one of the most active of the Republican leaders, M. Clémenceau. One of Boulanger's first acts had been the punishment of an uncle of the leading monarchical pretender, the Duc d'Aumale, for a breach of discipline, and his speech in the Senate in defense of his action had the true Republican ring. It was such a novelty in the French legislature to hear a general, a war minister, utter such strongly Republican sentiments that this alone might to a great extent explain the general's popularity with the Radical masses of the population of the largest cities in France.

Close students of history cannot deny that this was the most dangerous moment of the crisis. The new President had no prestige; he was not then believed to be what is called a strong man. In their long tenure of office the Republicans had committed many mistakes; some of them undoubtedly unavoidable, but none the less hurtful to the government in the minds of the people. As always happens when the same political element remains a long time in power, the selfish spirit of office-seeking

had fastened upon the ruling party all that was ready to live and thrive by corruption, and the old monarchical skit was again half jocosely, half seriously, uttered: "We do not say that every Republican is a thief, but every thief is a Republican." Conscious of having made mistakes, the Republicans disagreed as to what these mistakes were, and still more on what course was to be pursued in the future in order to regain fully the confidence of the nation. What an opportunity this rise of Boulanger into notoriety seemed to present to them! They had but to turn the eyes of the public away from all the disputed issues of the day, to hide behind the popular hero, to monopolize in favor of the Republic and of the Republican party that love of one man which history had taught was such an important element in the make-up of the political ideas of the French masses. And the general, with his unmeaning but good-natured smile, not only took care to discourage no one, but was sure to discover the weak spot which offered admission to the poison of flattery, and by this means to become the candidate for friendship with the smallest holder of any amount of influence or patronage. What a temptation! This was the critical hour. Was the Republican party really made up of Republicans, or did it consist merely of men who, for one reason or another, considered it impossible to identify themselves with any of the old monarchical parties, and were bent mainly upon retaining for themselves as large a share of power as possible?

We repeat that here was the temptation for the Republican party. How much easier to shout, "Vive Boulanger!" than to say to the country: "We have made mistakes; we shall try to discover what they are, and to correct them. We have allowed corruption to creep into our ranks; we have already taken one bold step against it: we have compelled a President, whose own person every one of us respected, to retire, because his presence at the head of the government made it impossible to hunt down the corruptionists who were in his own family. We mean to continue the fight, and after getting rid of Wilson to get rid of Wilsonism too."

What now was the attitude of the general himself? He took great care not to offend the Republican party as a whole. He spoke against corruption; so did all the Republicans. He spoke against colonial enterprises, against M. Jules Ferry; so did a great many Republicans, and so would a great many more have done if they had not been afraid of being taxed with inconsistency. He was evidently waiting for the Republican party to take him up, to make him its leader, and insure the continuance of its tenure by the help of the popularity of the "*brav' général.*"

What happened? Not a single one of the various and conflicting fractions of the Republican party for a moment consented to swallow the bait. True, the general for a while remained popular among the Radicals, but simply because they approved of his measures while minister of war, because they liked his attitude towards the Orleans princes and towards the Catholic Church. What they did not consent to was to make his black charger the emblem of their flag, and "Vive Boulanger!" their battle-cry.

So soon as it became apparent that this was the price to be paid for General Boulanger's alliance, the general was read out of the Republican party. He was not, it is true, abandoned by all the members of the party; a number of men who had figured either in the Moderate or in the Radical wing of the Left — MM. Le Hérissé, Laguerre, Laur, Laisant, Turquet, Naquet, etc. — remained with him; but they were only individuals, not one of whom, with the possible exception of M. Laguerre, had ever wielded any great influence within the party, and of whom it may be said that any

political organization was better without them than with them.

The Republican party had passed through the "corridor of temptation," and had not succumbed. The general was compelled either to fall back into comparative obscurity, and patiently to wait for an opportunity to display his military talents, if he had any, and thus earn the popularity which up to that time seemed only a freak of Dame Fortune, or else to engage in political intrigues, at the end of which he was sure to come to political suicide, if not to something worse.

How different, how much more dangerous to the existence of Republican institutions, the situation would have been if the Republican party had consented to go hand in hand with the ambitious general! On the surface everything would have favored the Republic. The general's popularity would have been more than an offset for the unpopularity of many a Republican leader whose acts while in power had given no little offense. Election after election would have been carried triumphantly, and every success of the general or his followers would have been considered a Republican success. But when the final victory had been won; when, under command of the Black Horse leader, the Republican forces had routed the remains of the monarchical parties in 1889, what would the condition of things have been? How could a party which had seemed doomed to defeat, and had been carried back into power by the popularity of an ambitious and unscrupulous leader, deny that leader any position of authority within its gift? The platform of the Republican party would have been Boulanger, and nothing else. The general's career would have been a consistent one. By the Republic he had been made a general; by the Republic, head of the department of infantry in the ministry of war; by the Republic, commander-in-chief of the French forces in Tunis; by the Republic, minister of war. Thus, every one of his steps forward and upward being taken under Republican auspices, under Republican auspices, too, he would take the final step, which meant the absorption within his personality of all that had been the Republican party.

Who can for a moment doubt what the sequel would have been? Hardly was it necessary to read the malodorous revelations published recently in Paris newspapers, Coulisses du Boulangisme, Papiers Secrets du Boulangisme, etc., in order to know what the government of the general would have been, what an era, of corruption and incapacity would have been inaugurated. Soon the inevitable revulsion would have come, and then the monarchical opposition would have asserted itself, unstained by any contact with the adventurer; ready to welcome all those (their name would have been Legion) who turned away with disgust from a Republican party recreant to all its principles, from a leader whose name had become synonymous with ruin and dishonor. Where would the Republic have been then?

From such a fate, from such a danger, — the only danger it really ran, — it was saved by the simple honesty, the real republicanism, of the Republican party. Having to choose between the difficulties of their political situation and temporary ease and success through an alliance with a leader whose ambition they felt to be both unscrupulous and impure, they chose the harder path, sure that the way to win success was first to deserve it.

Then began the period in which the danger was much more apparent than real. The bait which had been offered to the Republicans and spurned by them was offered to, and greedily seized by, the monarchical parties. Yet it would appear as if everything made it impossible for them to coalesce with General Boulanger. Every one of the steps by

which he had won his popularity had been taken in open defiance of what they called their principles. He had exiled their princes. He had announced his purpose to send their priests to the barracks; "Les curés sac au dos!" had been one of his mottoes. They called themselves conservatives; he had been anxious to show his love of change simply for change's sake even in the smallest matters, such as announcing as a great reform the permission granted to soldiers to wear their beard, — a permission that still exists, by the way, and is the only thing remaining to tell the world that there was once a French minister of war by the name of General Boulanger. Not only did it seem morally impossible for the Royalists to follow such a leader, but, from the simple standpoint of expediency, nothing really urged them to take such a course. They had no reason to be dissatisfied with things as they were. They had won a comparative victory at the last general election; they had, it is true, not succeeded in repeating their victory of 1885 in 1886, when the time had come round for the elections to the departmental councils, but the rebuff they had suffered was not a very serious one; they had lost no seats, or rather, had won as many as they had lost. Since these elections the Wilson scandals had come up, and, moreover, the warring factions of the Republican party were as far as ever from harmony; the Radicals were always ready to upset any moderate cabinet, the Moderates to upset any radical cabinet; and the country was sure, some day or other, to get tired of this *chassé croisé* of politicians. Why should they unite with a Radical general whose policy they had time and again denounced, and who could not openly come over to them without at once being abandoned by the sole element wherein his strength appeared to reside, the ultra-radical part of the urban population of France?

Still they did it. Why? Herein lies the whole secret, the whole moral lesson, of the Boulangist adventure. The Republicans repudiated the general because they had principles; the Royalists struck an alliance with him because they had none. They saw that they held about two hundred seats in the House; that in many constituencies the Republicans had won by only very narrow margins; it looked as if the general controlled enough votes to carry the balance of power over to them in the doubtful constituencies, so that he and they together might easily win a majority of the House to be elected in 1889, if not earlier: and on this mere arithmetical basis the alliance was concluded. But the policy it involved was not such an easy matter for the Royalists as a Republican Boulangist alliance would have been. General Boulanger's own following was of such a nature that by nothing but the noisiest professions of republicanism could it be held true to the Royalists' new ally. It involved, on the part of the Royalists, a settled purpose of allowing the Boulangist wing of the newly formed army to have it all its own way during the electoral canvass; the Royalists might provide the candidates, but the platform had to be provided by the general's friends, or else there was no hope of having the ultra-radical workingmen of Paris, Amiens, Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, La Rochelle, Périgueux, etc., follow the standard of General Boulanger. Well! They had announced themselves ready to pay the price of the alliance. What that price was we now know from M. Mermeix's revelations in the Figaro: paid by Madame la Duchesse d'Uzès, three million francs; by other members of the Royalist party, two millions and a half; by the Comte de Paris, the Royalist pretender himself, two millions and a half, — a total of eight millions of francs. Persons who were ready to spend such enormous sums in order to carry an election — that is, persons who,

while raising their voices against corruption, were ready to base all their hopes upon corruption — were not going to be stopped in their course by such a flimsy barrier as moral considerations.

But let us see now whether the existence of the Republic was seriously endangered by such a strange combination. That it appeared to be in danger; that many of its friends were badly scared; that its most malignant enemies and its most perfidious critics thought its last hour was near at hand; that the London Times was already preparing the lofty editorial in which it would once more demonstrate to the world that the French were incapable of living twenty years under the same government, — all this is matter of public record. But it may well be doubted whether these hopes and fears had any real foundation in fact.

At first, of course, everything seemed easy to the coalition. The work had to be done in by-elections, the result of which could not alter the parliamentary majority, as the Republicans had a majority of over one hundred and fifty. The Royalists, therefore, were perfectly willing to let the general have it all his own way: he was to be the sole candidate; he had the votes of his own Radical following; through the influence of the clergy and of the Royalist and Bonapartist agents, he had the votes of all the enemies of the Republic, who were assured that the best way to destroy it was to vote for a man who shouted "Vive la République!" louder than anybody else. The Royalists went so far even as to sacrifice a seat which they could consider as rightfully belonging to them. Two seats became vacant in the department of Nord, which the Royalists had carried at the general election of 1885. The general announced himself as a candidate for one of them. But who would be his associate on the ticket? He could not, if he would, allow his name to go before the country side by side with that of a candidate hostile to the Republic. The Royalists gave way; the general found an Alsatian, M. Koechlin Schwartz, who was willing to contribute liberally to the campaign fund, and who naively believed that General Boulanger was going to reconquer for France Alsace and Lorraine, and both were triumphantly elected by the coalition.

But could such things last? Was there any real danger of having a Boulangist House elected in 1889? Could any shrewd observer fail to see that, although the Royalists were perfectly willing to let the general, who had been ousted from the army for acts of insubordination, have himself elected time and again to seats which he could not occupy, every one of the two hundred anti-Republican deputies, when it came to sacrificing his own seat, would find reasons satisfactory to himself for refusing to surrender that seat, not to General Boulanger himself, but to any Boulangist whom the general might be pleased to designate? Even admitting that the coalition had serious chances of winning a majority at the coming general election, — and such chances it certainly seemed to have, — it was clear that at least three fourths of that majority would consist of Royalists and Bonapartists who in no way owed their seats to the general, and who would not consider themselves his tools and creatures.

Nobody knew that better than the general himself, and that undoubtedly is the reason why, as is now a matter of public record, he was so ready to sell himself to any pretender willing to pay his price; why he first offered himself to Prince Jerome Napoleon, who did not think the goods valuable enough for the price put upon them; then to the Comte de Paris, who, having neither his father's lofty patriotism nor his grandfather's shrewdness, paid his money and asked no questions.

Ah! if General Boulanger had been a man of extraordinary genius, perhaps,

without going so far as to pledge himself to work for the reëstablishment of the monarchy, he might have blended such apparently hostile elements as the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and his own ultra-radical followers; perhaps the power, the fire, of his intellect might have molten all these seemly antagonistic metals into some new, dazzling, and solid alloys, — perhaps! But if the general had been a man of extraordinary genius, he would never have thought of conspiring at all; he would have served the Republic faithfully, risen by the strength of his merits and services, and — who knows? — written his name on the most brilliant page of the history of France. If ever honesty was the best policy, it was for General Boulanger; but so soon as he saw that the devotion of the Republicans to their ideas closed to his ambition any but the legitimate channels, open to all alike in a democratic community, his weak nature made him a slave to his spite, and the traitor was born within his bosom.

Two things, however, he had achieved, for which, although not intentionally brought about, the Republicans must in some way feel grateful to him. First, he had united the Republicans. They were united in their purpose of depriving him of whatever help he could derive from the state of the political legislation of the country; and this they effected by substituting the *scrutin d'arrondissement* for the *scrutin de liste*, and by enacting a law against multiple candidacies. They were united in their purpose of using against him, if possible, the penal laws of the country; and this was done by impeaching him before the Senate, and so effectually that he ran away from the country rather than face his judges. Second, he helped the Republican party in its effort to fight against corruption within the party by drawing to himself nearly all the corrupt elements that still clung to it, all those who were Republican for revenue only; and this explains why his following in the House consisted of men originally belonging to various fractions of the Republican majority, and not simply of men of one political faith. Political opinions had nothing to do with their joining themselves to him.

One important question remains to be examined. Would not the existence of the Republic have been imperiled if the general and his monarchical allies had been a little more skillful than they were, and if the coalition had won a majority in the elections of 1889? The answer to that question lies in the character of that majority, three fourths of which would have consisted of followers of the monarchy, and one fourth only of personal followers of the general, owing their election to the most radical part of the electorate. It must be remembered that the Republicans still held the presidency and the Senate. Any move of the majority looking toward the reëstablishment of a monarchy would have been instantly followed by a presidential decree of dissolution of the House, approved by the Senate, — a perfectly constitutional device; and after such a movement there was no possible hope of getting a second time for the coalition candidates the votes of the radical workingmen. Such a course was therefore not to be feared. What was more likely to follow a coalition success at the polls was the constitution of a so-called conservative cabinet, which would have tried to govern the country in a way more acceptable to the Catholic clergy, and thus unwillingly to give the Republic one of the few sanctions that it still lacks, the demonstration that under its sway there is room for conservative as well as for progressive statesmanship. The worst enemies such a cabinet would have had would have been its former allies, who hate nothing so bitterly as clericalism. How long would have been its existence, unless it had formed with the most moderate among

the Republicans an alliance, the first condition of which would have been the giving up of all hopes of a monarchical restoration, and a sincere acceptance of the Republican Constitution?

Once, once only, the general found himself in circumstances that gave a direct attack against the existing government some apparent chances of success. It was on the evening of January 27, 1889, when the news of his triumphant and unexpected success at the polls in Paris itself struck with dismay the weak cabinet that was presided over by M. Floquet. But his attack would have had to be sudden and revolutionary, or rather insurrectionary. Calling to arms his excited and enthusiastic followers, he could have marched on the Élysée and tried what no French general had ever tried. He did not dare to do this. He knew that no one in the army had followed him in his career of insubordination; that against a mob such as he could drag at his heels not one company would refuse to fire; that if the government but tried to defend itself, the hour of his triumph was sure to be quickly followed by the punishment of a rebel soldier. The risk was too great.

Thus, little by little, the end came, leaving the Republic stronger than before, because its defenders had been tried and had not been found wanting. Now the Republican party is more united; it is purer than it has been for nearly ten years. The President is no longer the comparatively unknown man he was at the beginning of the Boulangist adventure: he has represented France with admirable dignity whenever it has been his duty so to do; his name is as much respected as that of any ruler at the present time. The whole fabric of government has proved strong enough to withstand such a crisis as no monarchy that France has known since 1789 has been able to pass through. The Republican leaders are at last realizing the necessity of carrying out a policy; a cabinet is no longer upset as soon as it fails completely to satisfy a small body of its former supporters. The monarchical parties no longer believe in monarchy. The chief pretender showed them the way when he struck an alliance with the man who had sent his own uncle into exile. One after another, the most moderate of monarchical papers come out advising all true conservatives to accept as definitive the Republican form of government; and even in the House signs are not wanting of the final breaking up of the monarchical parties. So strong does the Republic now appear that no one but a man of extraordinary genius would be powerful enough to endanger its existence, while no one would think of assailing it but an egregious fool.

Adolphe Cohn.

THE LESSON OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

ALTHOUGH the recent election in Pennsylvania turned exclusively on local issues, those issues involve considerations of national importance, and the struggle aroused attention so general that a brief review of its causes and consequences may not be without interest beyond the borders of the State.

Among the various agencies of our political demoralization, not the least threatening is the development of that perfection of organization known as "the machine," of which the exponent is the "boss." The boss is a product of natural selection, — a man who by nature and training rises above his fellows in

all the baser arts of management, who unites shrewdness and audacity with executive ability, and whose profoundest conviction is the one so cynically expressed by Senator Ingalls, that the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in politics. The power of the boss is based largely on the prostitution of public patronage, — the ability to reward his followers and punish his rivals by distributing or withholding the spoils of office, with the single object of maintaining his own ascendency over the henchmen who do his dirty work in managing primary elections and controlling nominating conventions. In a community where the machine is highly developed there is small chance for the expression of healthy public sentiment. The avenues to public life are closed to all aspirants who will not pledge obedience to the boss; honorable ambition is stifled; politics becomes a game of thimblerig, and the interest of the people at large is the last thing to be considered. Statesmanship thus is rendered impossible; the statesman disappears and is replaced by the boss, and the conduct of public affairs, which should be the noblest employment of the highest intellects, is degraded to a sordid trade, from which men of honor instinctively shrink. A nation which should contentedly submit to such debasement of its public life is foredoomed.

For a generation Pennsylvania has been a peculiarly boss-ridden community. The machine so skillfully organized by Simon Cameron not only lasted his lifetime, but was so strongly compacted that he was able to bequeath it to his son, the present Senator. Bossism, however, is essentially personal, and is not readily transmissible by inheritance; the perfected adept should pass through the lower grades to acquire the suppleness and knowledge of detail and the ability to choose his lieutenants which are requisite to continued success. Senator Cameron was handicapped by both good and bad qualities; he was too autocratic, and did not know when to yield gracefully to necessity. His course in 1880, when he endeavored to force the nomination of General Grant for a third term, led to an independent movement, which defeated his plans, and ripened into organized revolt at the gubernatorial election of 1882. Though General Garfield had carried the State by a plurality of over 37,000 in 1880, Mr. Cameron's slated ticket in 1882 was defeated by a plurality of more than 40,000; the Independent Republicans polled a vote of 43,743 for a third ticket, and thus elected Mr. Pattison, the Democratic candidate. The lesson was a valuable one, but was soon forgotten. The Independent organization, having accomplished its immediate object, dissolved, and Mr. Cameron's authority seemed to recover from the shock. Yet the weakness of its hold upon the people had been demonstrated, and the way was opened for an able and vigorous leader to supplant him.

Matthew Stanley Quay was one of the most useful of his lieutenants. He was energetic, troubled with few scruples, full of resources, and had been trained in the worst school of political management. In 1874 he had been appointed by Governor Hartranft Secretary of the Commonwealth; he had been reappointed in 1878 by Governor Hoyt, and had resigned the office in 1882, in view of the approaching change of dynasty. Vague rumors ascribed to him various delinquencies, but nothing was publicly and positively known; and as he remained out of office for several years the rumors died away, and he was generally regarded as one whose political career was closed. Suddenly he reappeared in 1885 and claimed a "vindication." The occasion was selected with his customary shrewdness. The only state office to be balloted for in that year was the treasurership. In 1884

Pennsylvania had given Mr. Blaine a majority of 80,000, and the Democrats were still greatly disheartened; there was nothing on which to arouse public sentiment, and a Republican nomination was equivalent to election. With consummate skill Mr. Quay laid his plans and captured the nomination. A feeble effort to start an independent movement against him failed, and he was elected as a matter of course. He was now fully "vindicated" and fairly in the saddle. In 1887 an obedient legislature elected him to the United States Senate, and his colleague, Mr. Cameron, found the reins rapidly slipping from his grasp.

In 1888 Mr. Quay carried to the Chicago Convention a delegation which, with few exceptions, was completely under his control. To a politician of less versatile resources the stubborn opposition which he made to the nomination of Mr. Harrison would have been suicidal, but he only gathered strength from defeat. The chairmanship of the National Committee would put him in position to exact his own terms, and this, it is said, he obtained, characteristically, by absenting himself from the meeting of organization, and sending an alternate who voted for him, thus securing his election by a majority of one over his competitor, Mr. Clarkson. From his management of the canvass there were observers who became apprehensive that he secretly courted defeat, and his strange control over the President has led to the suggestion that a few weeks before the election he visited Indianapolis, and threatened to sacrifice the ticket unless certain pledges were given.

Be this as it may, he has been the evil genius of the administration. By the appointment of his friend Mr. Wanamaker to the postmaster-generalship, and by the unreserved abandonment to him of the federal patronage in Pennsylvania, he became the dictator of the party in the State. Even his silence under the damaging accusations scattered broadcast by the New York World and Evening Post had no apparent influence on either the President or the party. The press in Pennsylvania for the most part seemed muzzled, and to have entered with him into a conspiracy of silence. His power was unshaken, and the obedient convention of last June speculated on the torpidity of the public conscience by inserting as a plank in the party platform an expression of its sense of gratitude for his "matchless services," and a declaration that, "as a citizen, a member of the General Assembly, as Secretary of the Commonwealth under two successive administrations, as State Treasurer by the overwhelming suffrage of his fellow-citizens, and as Senator of the United States, he has won and retains our respect and confidence." Considering that there were unanswered charges against him of bribery as a member of the Assembly, and of unlawful use of public moneys as Secretary of the Commonwealth and State Treasurer, the allusion to his record in these positions showed a peculiar audacity of servility.

If the public conscience be sluggish, it is all the more powerful when aroused. The population of Pennsylvania, with its strong infusion of Quaker and Teuton, is by no means excitable; it is patient, enduring, slow to move from the beaten path, but all the more formidable when fairly convinced that action is necessary. As the scandal deepened of Mr. Quay's silence under charges generally believed to be well founded, and of his unwavering support by the national administration, ominous mutterings were heard. It became tacitly understood that, if he persisted in forcing the nomination of the slate which he had prepared, revolt would follow. Underrating the strength of the opposition, he carried out his programme undeviatingly; and indeed any retreat would have been a confession of weakness, — the one unpardon-

able failing in a boss. The larger portion of the party desired as gubernatorial candidate General Hastings, who had won popular regard by his management of affairs at Johnstown after the disastrous flood of 1889, and who refused to sell out his candidacy for an assistant secretaryship of war of which Mr. Quay apparently had the disposal. Mr. Quay, in fact, was understood to have given a positive pledge of the nomination to State Senator Delamater. Unfortunately, Mr. Delamater, like his chief, was the subject of damaging public accusations from a responsible source, and, like his chief, he adopted the policy of silence. The wires had been laid in advance. Mr. Delamater received the nomination, and was mounted on the platform which proclaimed the undiminished esteem and respect of the party for Mr. Quay. It was a challenge to battle for the vindication of both.

It is not worth while to enter into the vicissitudes of the canvass, which was the most hotly contested that Pennsylvania has seen since that of 1882, bringing out a vote closely approximating that of a presidential campaign. The Democrats wisely put in nomination Ex-Governor Pattison, whose previous administration had won the respect of all parties. Both candidates took the stump and vigorously canvassed the whole State. The efforts of the Republicans to inject national issues into the struggle were unavailing. Even when Mr. Blaine was brought to Philadelphia, on the eve of election, and endeavored to show that the tariff was imperiled, he preached to deaf ears; nor was his protest against a canvass of defamation heeded, for people remembered his own canvass of 1884. Mr. Wanamaker was equally unsuccessful when he personally vouched for the honesty of his traduced friend Mr. Quay.

The returns, in fact, show plainly that the result is not one to be claimed as a party triumph, but that it is the victory of the people over the politicians of the baser sort in both parties, — a victory achieved for the most part by the independent voter. While there is not a county in the State that does not share in the revolt, it is highly significant that in the Democratic wards of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, where voters and bar-room leaders are approachable, the Republican ticket made large gains. From these sources it may be computed that Mr. Delamater received from 15,000 to 20,000 votes. Allowing for these, and taking as a basis Mr. Harrison's plurality of 81,000, it will be seen that Mr. Pattison's plurality of 16,500 represents some 70,000 Republican votes against Quayism. Yet that this was simply a revolt, and not a political revolution; that these Republicans desired merely to purify their party, and not to abandon it, is seen by the maintenance of the party strength unbroken on all points where Quayism was not an issue. Local candidates for municipal office, for the legislature, and for Congress received the full party vote. The four congressional districts which were lost were lost because their candidates were regarded as the special representatives of Mr. Quay. Even Mr. Delamater's associates on the state ticket were elected by respectable majorities, for many Independents contented themselves with striking at the head of the ticket as the conspicuous embodiment of the domination which they desired to destroy. It is perfectly safe to say that on a national issue, with an unexceptionable candidate and a fair canvass, Pennsylvania would to-morrow give her customary Republican majority.

While this result could not have been attained without a healthy popular uprising against a corrupt and corrupting domination, it cannot be claimed to be due wholly to unalloyed unselfishness. In all popular movements there are many factors and many motives, nor can the wisest ascribe accurately to each their effec-

tiveness. In our election there were revenges to be gratified. The distribution of patronage is a two-edged sword; if it confers power, it also awakens discontent. In Mr. Quay's brief reign he could not pay his political debts without creating resentments, and his methods were not such as to soothe the feelings of those who thought themselves deprived of the recognition that was their due. The spoils system is a treacherous source of strength, which betrays its manipulator in his sorest need. Mr. Quay thus found local antagonisms springing up against him in all sections of the State, and lending themselves to swell the healthier flood of popular indignation which overwhelmed him.

Yet, with all due allowance for this, the result is one which may well encourage the believer in our institutions, and refute the assumption of accelerating degradation in our public life. It shows that popular opinion is sound at the core, and that the popular instinct is in favor of honesty in politics; that the fanaticism of partisanship may be overcome when an issue can be fairly presented to the people; that the independent voter is multiplying and learning how to use his power; that the crafty scheming of astute and experienced politicians is but folly, when boldly confronted in a good cause. At the same time, it would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the victory. Though it may have overthrown a boss who a few months ago seemed to be the most powerful leader in the land, overshadowing even the chief magistrate himself, it has not put an end to bossism. That evil springs from roots too deeply planted in our careless political habitudes to be eradicated without long and painful effort. Unremitting watchfulness and labor is the price which we must pay for our Republican institutions, if we wish them to be honestly and wisely administered. Spasmodic and sporadic efforts effect little that is permanent. Popular uprisings are inspiring to witness, like a gorgeous display of fireworks, which dazzle the eye only to leave the darkness more profound. Twenty years ago we watched eagerly such a spectacle, admirably arranged with impressive scenic effect, when the good citizens of New York drove Tweed and his gang to prison or to exile; but in a few years the old horde was succeeded by a new one, and these same good citizens have now, in spite of the Australian ballot, riveted upon themselves the domination of Tammany more firmly than ever. The trained politician smiles at such popular ebullitions, and hails them as an opportunity for filling the vacancies which they may occasion.

There are no panaceas for public disease. Even the abrogation of the spoils system, fruitful as that system is of evil, would at most be a palliative, unless accompanied by a far more jealous and exacting public opinion than at present exists. The only remedy for our ailments, in fact, lies with the individual voter. Until the millennium arrives we cannot expect every citizen to vote as we may think he ought; but at least every one can strive to free himself from the bondage of partisanship, and train himself to regard the exercise of the franchise as a sacred duty, not to be lightly or carelessly performed at the bidding of some self-constituted leader. The lesson of the Pennsylvania election is full of encouragement for such efforts, as it shows that ill-gotten and misused power, however securely intrenched, is at the mercy of a comparatively small portion of the voters, when that portion is ready to sink all partisanship in devotion to the public weal.

In the kaleidoscopic shiftings of American politics prophecy is proverbially dangerous, yet I cannot but think that the Republican party will eventually find itself stronger for its recent reverses. Containing, as I believe it does, the major portion of the intellect and culture of the land, it necessarily also

contains a larger proportion of voters whose allegiance is lightly held, and whose support must be purchased by deserving. The grotesque spectacle afforded by the predominance in such a party of a man like Mr. Quay was in itself sufficient to repel from it enough voters to defeat it in the next presidential canvass. From that danger it is to be hoped that Pennsylvania has delivered it. The rough good sense of the people elsewhere has taught its leaders a severe lesson; and such lessons, if rightly laid to heart, are the salvation of parties. Experience has shown that reforms never come from within; they must be rubbed in from without, and the *unguentum baculinum* is the most effective excipient for the application. I think there is enough unselfishness and common sense in the party to profit by the warning; if so, there is yet time for it to repent of its follies, to set its house in order, and to come before the people in 1892 with a valid claim for support. Besides, it can always fairly reckon on the superior capacity of the Democracy for blundering.

Henry Charles Lea.

A SWISS FARMING VILLAGE.

It is the season of the fall ploughing, the apple gathering, the potato harvest. The sun has smiled upon these occupations, shining all day long on the open upland plateau, which inclines one long side toward the east, catching the slant morning rays from across the Alps, and tilts slightly upward to meet the western sky and the descending rose of sunset, — shining upon the fields and scattered farms, and on the cluster of houses round a little church spire which stands for the village of Zimmerwald. September has passed gently into October, the autumn days succeeding each other, alike and yet distinct, each with its peculiar stamp of loveliness; complete, tranquil days such as that in our Indian summer of which Emerson wrote, "To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough." Yet the length of our October days is measured for us by their entire homogeneousness, and it is rather the varied charm of the hours which gives one a sense, in this Swiss autumn weather, of living from season to season between two twilight pages. The dewy morning, the sunburnt afternoon, the solemn, rich-toned evening, are worlds apart from each other, and speak to different ages of the imagination. The mountains have moods too many to mention. We walk every morning along a little winding path that passes through the garden, where a fountain splashes unobtrusively, and roses bloom in profusion side by side with high-ruffed dahlias, through the orchard, and past a straggling hedge of lilac bushes to the open fields. There, across the ploughed acres, beyond a stretch of vale and rolling country, tufted here and there with forest, rise the Alps, a row of shining ones; the Jungfrau in the centre with her attendant peaks, to the right the broad snow shoulders of the Blümlisalp thrown into dazzling whiteness by the intervening velvet slope of the Niesen. Masses of shadow lie in their hollows, softened by distance, and vivified by the morning freshness to a luminous, pale azure; their snows glisten in the sunlight; and clear-edged, unclouded, yet indescribably blended with faint sky and glittering vapors, they are a vision of light and blue too glorious for steady contemplation, seeming the Prospero creation of a moment,

evoked, yet scarce embodied. The Lake of Thun lies at their feet, a little brush stroke of gray, sometimes concealed under a lake of white mist, and waves of lower Alps roll away on either side to a far horizon. The drawback to snow mountains is their apparent negation of the homely truths which the old earth has been so long toiling to amass. They would contradict all the rest of the landscape in their utter brilliancy if the sun were not so alert, striking fire from dew and ploughshare, and lending a joy to common verdure and brown hillside. The air is fresh without coolness, alive with the ringing of cowbells and the stir of birds. Sparrows flutter noisily in the hedge; starlings fly in flocks, swoop down upon the field, and are suddenly off again, shedding the light from their plumage in silver reflections like a shoal of little fishes lifted wet and shining out of the water. A fortnight ago the field was newly ploughed, a blue steam rising from its umber furrows; to-day the winter wheat stands three inches high, in slender blades, each bearing aloft its little globe of dew; the brown clods are half hidden beneath a diaphanous green.

The landscape is seldom without figures. Young and old of both sexes have their part in the work that is going forward. In the wet grass of the orchard, sturdy flaxen-haired children are picking up the apples fallen overnight. There are apples russet and golden; apples which bloom like red roses on the tree, and others small and pear-shaped, of a dark wine color, which we took for plums, at first sight. A triangular heap of these dark red apples is piled upon the grass, against the barn wall, beside another heap, golden-green in hue, making a pleasant little *nature morte* happily framed in living nature. Smaller piles of apples clasp the rough tree trunks, button pears and purple plums lie on the ground, and tiny white daisies stand primly in the grass, blushing underneath. An old woman is knocking down nuts from a tree with a pole, under which she staggers a little, and well may. The cheerful sound of flails comes from the barn, but will not last long, for the threshing at this season is only for immediate necessity, the bulk of it being left for winter work. The fullest activity of Zimmerwald in these October days is to be found in the potato fields. There whole families, sometimes it would seem half the small commune, are at work together. A couple of men go ahead with the plough, turning up a long furrow, sometimes passing out of sight with every turn in following the roll of the ground. Women of all ages, old men, and small boys stand by the furrow, ready, so soon as the plough has passed, to hoe up the potatoes with their *pioches*, and later to collect them in flat, curved baskets, which are emptied into a cart. The young fellow at the horse's head cracks his whip proudly, with loud reports which seldom fail to awaken a response like a pistol shot from another potato patch. There is a regular rivalry among the youth of the country in this exercise; the vigor of the strokes is noted by the line of workers in the furrow, who comment thereon as the plough passes, and the least successful of the competitors runs a gauntlet of jokes from the girls, and of experienced criticism from the old men who remember that they also were valiant whip-crackers in their youth. At nine o'clock they quit work, and sit in a row on the ground to partake of the repast called from its hour *s'nüni*, consisting of bread, with coffee brought hot from the farmhouse, and wine or schnapps. At eleven they go home to dinner, and at four in the afternoon comes another outdoor repast, *s'vierli*. These are great gossip hours, to judge by the laughter going on, and by the wagging of tongues in the indescribable Bernese dialect, — a language which is crunched hard between the teeth, and

gains but little amelioration from the admixture of French words.

They are a well-to-do race, on the whole, these peasants of the canton of Berne, sturdy and strong of aspect; but they have the reputation of being a little hard and close-fisted, and it must be acknowledged that prosperity has not lent them charm any more than the *merci*, often followed by *vielmal*, has imparted grace to their speech. On Sunday the men walk among their acres like lords of the soil, with a rolling holiday gait, point-device in their attire, their immaculate shirt sleeves of a fullness suggestive of episcopal dignity. The beautiful peasant dress of the women appears in its completeness only on Sunday, — the sleeves a marvel of starching, the velvet bodice caught with silver chains and edelweiss. The people cling to their customs as to their dialect and costume; they cannot be said to be spoiled by contact with the purse of the tourist, as is sometimes the case with the Swiss peasantry, for Zimmerwald is not yet a popular resort; nor are they tainted by city notions, for some of them have never so much as seen Berne, which is within two hours' walk. The local spirit is strongly conservative. The youth in one Bernese commune who would court a girl of another district meets with a rude reception from her fellow-villagers, who consider their claims to her favor not only primary, but absolute. Landed property descends not to the eldest, but to the youngest son, saddled, however, with obligations which constitute an indemnity. Unfortunately, too, even in this region of stately, fertile farms mortgages are not unknown, and usury takes its tithe as elsewhere. Drunkenness is found here to a degree unknown in other cantons, the tax on wine, which is not a Bernese product, having led to the distillation of brandy by the farmers. Recently, however, the government has taken the distillation of spirits into its own hands. There are customs surviving in the canton which, framed in an age of less moral sensitiveness than our own, leave much to be desired in the matter of delicacy. But to judge fairly of such things one would need to have a knowledge of the language, and a closer acquaintance with the country than can be gained by the passing tourist. We can see the Bernese peasant better in the novels of Jeremias Gotthelf than with our own eyes. Even industrial occupations and agricultural methods are not to be gauged by standards brought across the water. Again and again my New England partiality has welcomed some familiar trait in this Swiss farming scene, but beside the resemblance stands a difference of larger proportions, rendering comparison impossible. The tourist from Illinois has counted fifteen hands at work in one potato patch, "and at home," he declares, "seven men could farm hundreds of acres." It is true that Switzerland is supplied with a surplus of laborers for the harvest, which a large emigration has as yet only partially reduced, but it would be a hasty inference to conclude therefrom that the labor is unproductive, or that the habit of flocking to the field is a mere festivity. The Swiss farmer has his own resources to work with, his own traditions to follow, his own ends to meet. He is dealing not only with a mountainous country, but with a soil which even in the most fertile regions would have been exhausted long ago without careful planting and lavish use of fertilizers, a soil of which every inch must be made to yield its utmost. American machines have been introduced in a measure into Switzerland; but the chief working power used by the peasant is still the strong arm of his family; his special pride, the ornament of his front yard, his friend from year to year, is still his *fumier*. The Zimmerwald peasant can point to an imposing fumier, arranged in layers, with the straw co-

quettishly rolled at the sides. It stands proudly by the roadside, testifying, like the trim stacks of firewood along the house wall, to possession, order, and industry. The house itself combines picturesqueness with well being in a high degree. It looks enormous, and deducting the barn, which is under the same roof, and allowing for a six or seven foot projection of the said roof, is still of comfortable proportions.

They are quaint structures, these homes for man and beast, solidly built, sometimes of stucco with wooden beams, oftener of wood, which time and weather enrich to soft shades of tan and sepia, harmonizing with the vast expanse of blackened roof, high-pitched and covered with tiny shingles. The roof is of all ages, like a well-patched sail; the shingles, frayed and shredded till they resemble thatch, being renovated in places, or replaced by red tiles, which in time will spread over the whole domicile. It is a question of time and economy, however, to renew the whole head-gear of so large an establishment, the entire length of some of these peasant houses being not less than one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. The roof is brought forward at one end in a gable, with beams crossed underneath, or with a curious boxlike structure, fitting into the steep gable above and forming a round arch below. The garret is furnished with hay, visible through an open space just under the eaves; the two lower stories show rows of shining windows with tiny round panes, each window sill adorned with geraniums and other flowering plants in pots, and the effect is as cheerful as a page of a Christmas picture book. Here are the living-rooms, clean and well kept within, with massive furniture, often beautifully carved, though the bricabrac hunter has wrought many a ravage, of late years, among the relics of Swiss peasant households.

Between the house and the barn are two thick walls inclosing a passageway, with doors at either end. Our best New England barns are not more generous in size, better built or better equipped, than these great barns in the canton of Berne. The lower floor is divided into stables: some with walls of stones, others finished in wood, for greater warmth in winter. One apartment is for the horses, which are a large and sturdy race; another is for the cows, a row of sleek, beautiful creatures, each furnished with a bell only a degree smaller than that hung in the steeple of a New England village church. Other rooms are used for storage and for various occupations, and there is a workshop, where the wear and tear of tools is made good, and the big wooden hay shovels, pitchforks, and curious little carts are turned out new. A turfed road, slanting upward from the field at the back, leads into the great barn door between the well-stacked hay-lofts, which, as before mentioned, extend over the house, and are aired and lighted from all sides through an open space a foot or two in depth under the eaves. Here, were it still summer, one could feel one's self at home, and court the companionship of the grasshopper in the hay, who is as friendly a personage, to my mind, as the cricket on the hearth.

But the beautiful autumn weather will have us all day out-of-doors. Early in the afternoon the Jungfrau puts on its *croix fédérale*, the shadows of a deep hollow in its breast and of an opposite mountain meeting in a perfect cross, dark upon the brilliant snow. The sun has shifted to the westward of the high plateau, round which he seems to make a special revolution as round a little world, and the shadow lengthens in the yellowing grass. As the afternoon advances, a sort of tan spreads over the landscape. The woods glow with crimson and golden hues which blend in a rich auburn; they are less audacious in color than our New England woods, but more harmonious. Little feathers of

smoke curl upward here and there from the fields where they are burning the potato vines, and a larger smoke plume ascends from an unroofed oven of stone, over which some women are drying hemp, while others are beating it with a rapid, cheerful noise, which comes pleasantly to our ears across the fields. At dusk these women go home looking like corn shocks set in motion, with the hemp hanging in stiff, dun drapery from their broad shoulders. On all sides are pictures which seem to come fresh from the hand of Breton or Millet; for that poetry which is everywhere in the contact of soil and effort enfolds even our prosperous Zimmerwald peasantry, who, little as they know it, are already on canvas painted at Barbizon and in the Pas-de-Calais. In the green of the meadows — a soft, indefinite green which takes on beautiful tones at dusk — a slim girl, with skirts looped about her waist, is mowing, following in the wake of two stalwart men, laying the swaths quickly and evenly before her; then pausing — a sculpturesque figure in the gathering gloom — to whet her scythe. The haymaking was over long ago; these thick, soft swaths are for ensilage, to keep their sweetness all winter in underground furrows. Farther on, between the earth twilight and the sunset sky, a man and woman are hoeing potatoes with their heavy, deep-bladed pioches, dusky silhouettes in motion against the opal light; giving their whole strength and care to a struggle with the difficult dark element below, while bathed unconsciously in the peace and radiance above. There is no Angelus to check their labors, for we are in a Protestant country, and they go on without pause into the deepening of the evening.

Who can tell of the charm of these Swiss autumn evenings! After the sun has gone below the saffron horizon, and the blue has become purple on the slopes of the Jura, the Alps begin to light their fires: the federal cross lies on a field of flame color; peak after peak lights up in the wonderful Alpine glow, which burns for a little while, then slowly fades, till the long snow range is left pale against a sky in which the glow is just beginning. But wait till it has faded from the sky, which is chilled to steel; then the mountains have their turn again. This time they are rose, not flame; standing in cameo relief against the cold, receding blue, they hold their soft rose tint longer than the red, and lose it by more imperceptible degrees, passing through shades of pearl and violet to an austere whiteness, like an armor of stern courage put on against the coming of the darkness. For a week this capricious fire of the snows had shone for us as regularly as the planets. At last came an afternoon when the aspect of things began to change. The sky became slowly overcast; white cloud wings unfolded above the Jura, and remained stationary for hours; clouds thickened in the west, and moved in gray masses overhead. The mountains were still clear, but we looked for no afterglow from behind the curtain which hid from us the sinking of the sun. But all at once the ranges of lower Alps, rising in successive terraces to the southward, caught a light which burned in a crimson spot on each brown summit, like the glow of warm blood in a sunburnt cheek; their highest and most eastern point, the Niesen, flushed darkly against the pale snow of the Blümlisalp. The valley showed that struggle between light and shadow which we see in the passing of a storm, but the mountains stood aloof for a time, white and indifferent. Then the Blümlisalp began to redden; the color mounted slowly up its snowy mouldings and crevasses, till they lay bathed in a soft, vivid carmine, which crept on to the Breithorn, touched the breast of the Jungfrau and the slender needle of the Finsteraarhorn, leaving untouched snows beyond and all about its capricious course. A ring of clouds in the upper sky caught the same

flush, and the effect was indescribably strange and tender, — the rose ring on the gloom above, the garland of white and carmine gemming the dusky horizon.

Another gift of the light to our eyes, on an evening when the mountains were veiled, was the suffusion of the whole country below us in deep rose color; fields, villages, and autumn copses being painted for the hour in the most artistic and delicious of hues. The charm of these autumn evenings is not wholly dependent upon the aspect of the Alps. The atmosphere is heavy with dew, which seems to give it a peculiar substance and richness, blending the violet of the sky with the darkening purple of ploughed fields, the evening green of the grass, and the velvet blackness of the pine woods on the upper slopes. A number of rustic sounds intensify the stillness, — the large cowbells ringing on the hillside, the occasional crack of a whip in a field where the plough is tracing a darker furrow, the voices on the road where the carts are wending homeward, some laden with potatoes, others with milk-buckets. Only the largest vehicles are drawn by horses or cattle; the motive power of the numerous little carts is generally human, but often consists in the German combination of a woman and a dog, or a boy and a dog, who tug different ways in friendly yoke-fellowship. Greetings are always exchanged, the most common being *Grüsse*, or *Grüss Gott*, and *Guten Abend*, with the *a* prolonged beyond the amen of a chant. We respond to these friendly advances with as close an imitation of their sound as we can attain to with foreign organs; and, walking homeward amid a light in which the influence of the yellow moon above the treetops is blended with the western rose, we see the upland fields of Zimmerwald and the little spire-tipped village, after the busy, sun-steeped day, gathered safely and graciously into the large, tender darkness.

Sophia Kirk.

A NOVELIST OF THE JURA.

The review of French novels in The Atlantic last August included two Swiss names, those of M. Cherbuliez and M. Rod, both Genevese, and both of the number of Swiss writers who have made Paris their literary home, and count as French, finding their material in French life, and their readers and reputation on Gallic soil, though doubtless obliged to hear often enough from the critics that their style will never acquire the true Parisian accent. Of Swiss writers other than these we in this country hear little or nothing, any more than we hear of the internal politics of the little republic to which we make our summer pilgrimages. But the life which, in spite of Tessin revolutions, goes on noiselessly to the ear of the outside world under the government of the Confederation does not pass unrecorded. Each Swiss city, Geneva, Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Zürich, is a small literary centre; each canton has its written existence in song or story. The words of the Vaudois poet, Juste Olivier, "Vivons de notre vie," have sunk into the heart of a number of writers who, under the eye of their own public alone, are cherishing and seeking to reproduce the life about them, — dwelling especially upon those local and traditional phases which they feel to be daily giving way before the march of progress and of universal sameness. The Swiss talent, like the American, turns naturally to the short story

form. A catalogue of Swiss books presents a number of variations upon the same title, — Nouvelles Montagnardes, Croquis Montagnards, Récits Vaudois, Nouvelles Jurassiennes. M. Urbain Olivier, the brother of the poet, and M. Alfred Cérésole interpret the *parler Vaudois* and the current Protestantism of that most Protestant canton. German Switzerland lost, last July, in Gottfried Kellar a writer known not only in his own country, but in Germany, where his work has been pronounced by some critics the best German prose since Goethe, naturalization being a less difficult matter in German than in French literature. French Switzerland also has just lost her strongest novelist, who was at the same time her military painter, Auguste Bachelin, who died on the 2d of August, a pupil in art of Couture, and the author of Jean-Louis, a book which has become a local classic, and is one of the most charming and truthful of peasant novels. It is to French literature that French Switzerland, *la Suisse romande*, as it calls itself, using the older family designation in preference to *Française*, looks for its language and its background, as we in America look to English literature; but the English still regard ours with a remnant of that "certain condescension," and France, though it furnishes every year a larger percentage to the statistics of Swiss travel, is not likely for a long time to come to leave its *décadents* and its Maupassant to rusticate among Swiss novels. The mountains and Protestantism are fairly substantial barriers between the two countries. The novels furnished by Swiss writers for the home public would hardly impart any new excitement to the French palate, nor are they calculated to create abroad a revolution in technique. But they are not imitations of the milder French novels; they are genuine and indigenous products, and, depicting as they do at first hand, a society in which decency is taken for granted, they are far pleasanter reading than the occasional shop-window displays of virtue and unreality which are crowned by the French Academy, read by the many, and by the wary let silently alone. We in America may find in the life which they describe many traits which have their analogy in our own, and in the tone and treatment much that is sympathetic and even suggestive to us, while a certain Old World picturesqueness and poetry will remind us that they have their roots in a different soil, and can bring to ours a little perfume of strangeness.

In an article by the late Professor Émile Javelle, apropos of M. Cérésole, occurs a passage which the latter, with a *naïveté* in the interchange of courtesies not altogether foreign to the literary habits of Switzerland, has quoted in the preface to his Scènes Vaudoises, thus making it a declaration of his own literary faith. "True art," writes Professor Javelle, "consists in knowing how to seize vividly a few traits of simple nature, in feeling them profoundly and rendering them with truth, although" — there is a lapse in sequence here — "it is not always suspected how much labor is required to be simple and true. . . . To determine thus the literary and moral physiognomy of a whole people at a given epoch is something as precious from the point of view of art as of science." This is the statement of a truth which, if not novel, is undeniably wholesome, and of the first importance to a writer. The mode in which it is enunciated, the modesty of outlook which contents itself with the ambition of rendering certain features only of nature, and the insistence upon the literary and moral aspects are characteristically Swiss. The separation by the mountain ranges of populations near and akin to each other, which led to the formation of so many dialects, also favored the growth and long continuance of local customs and traditions, giving to each neighbor-

hood a strongly marked individuality. In seeking to fix these local distinctions, to paint truly, if on a small canvas, the life immediately about them, the Swiss writers show the sureness of their literary instinct, and give the best promise of successful and valuable work. The present drawback to a larger success lies in the fact that the writers themselves suffer from the limitations of the life which they depict. If it be primarily essential for an author to know intimately and from within the society which he would reproduce, it is also necessary that he should be able to look at it from without. In Swiss society it is sometimes difficult to get far enough away from the object of study. The two leading intellectual interests of the people are Protestantism and education. The former, a source of pride in Swiss history, and a strong and precious element in the development of the national character, tends to absorb too large a share of the mental horizon, and, as is apt to be simultaneously the case, to become formal, level, and uninspiring. The latter is equally dangerous to literary interests, leading as it does to pedagogical standards and an undue regard for the inculcation of principles and theories. Many Swiss, and particularly Vaudois, stories tend too strongly to edification; they are the overflow of the pulpit and class room couched in that language of familiar intercourse with Providence which is expressively termed by the irreverent *le patois du Canaan*. Society, too, in Switzerland, like Protestantism and education, has its standards, its Mede and Persian rule. In T. Combe's novel Monique we find the little town of Launeuve divided into two strata, the old and the new people. Some of the families belonging to the latter class had been established in the town for two hundred years, but they were still the new people. In town life a young girl is guarded almost as in France, with a little more freedom of social intercourse if she happen to belong to the newer stratum, but with perhaps an additional check in a training of the conscience similar to that of New England. If she be poor she is educated for a teacher, the result being that the proportion of qualified instructors to the square mile is as large as in New England. Young girls from French Switzerland are sent for a year or two to English or German schools, those of the German cantons receive their education in French cantons, and a regular interchange takes place of servants and farm laborers, who pass from one canton to another to learn the language, and are known as *changes*.

In the canton of Neuchâtel, the early development of the watchmaking industry gave rise to a population of what may be called rural townsmen in the place of agriculturists. There are few farms, the men even in the scattered houses being engaged in watchmaking. The closely built villages and small towns are settled almost entirely by watchmakers, who, though largely of peasant origin, form a class apart, having a sedentary occupation and one demanding delicate manipulation, with leisure for instruction, and leading a tranquil, monotonous existence. In these Jurassian towns the winter is long, and the isolation almost as great as in mountain villages. It is this life that T. Combe has depicted in a number of novelettes and short stories[1] which have

[1] *Croquis Montagnards.* Trois Nouvelles. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Georges Bridel. 1882.

Pauvre Marcel. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Georges Bridel. 1883.

Bons Voisins. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. 1886.

Jeune Angleterre. Deux Nouvelles. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie de la Suisse Française. 1887.

Monique. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie de la Suisse Française. 1887.

Le Mari de Jonquille. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie P. Monnerat. 1888.

been coming out during the last ten years, many of them having first appeared in the pages of the Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse, published at Lausanne. It is a pretty open secret that T. Combe is the pseudonym of Mademoiselle Adèle Huguenin, of Locle, in the canton of Neuchâtel, formerly a town of watchmakers, now the seat of those watchmaking factories which are taking the place of the old *établis*. It may be doubted whether the masculine look of the signature T. Combe, which does not, however, definitely announce itself as a masculine one, ever imposed upon the public of these stories as successfully as did that of Charles Egbert Craddock upon the readers and administration of the Atlantic Monthly; yet there is a report that in one instance the name served as a disguise, and that the circumstances recorded in Aglaé are drawn from the store of personal experience. Aglaé, a young and charming person living at Ferney, under the shadow of French propriety and of Genevan Protestantism, having written some stories and poems of a rustic character, conceives the idea of going to Paris to make her literary fortune. She asks of a gentleman in that city, known to her only by correspondence, the address of an inexpensive pension; and he, assuming his correspondent, from the bold, masculine handwriting, to be a man, recommends a shabby, semi-Bohemian house as likely to be suited to the requirements of a literary youth from the country, to whom the saving of pence and seeing the world are presumably of equal importance. Take a Puritan maiden, country bred, of the best New England type, shy, delicate, and sensitive, a little Lady of the Aroostook, who does not, like Lydia, "want to know," but who speaks with perfect correctness a language which it has been part of her training to keep unspotted from the world; put her down alone, in a strange city, in the midst of a noisy little crowd of people, not more eccentric, perhaps, than those of her native village, but of a different phase of eccentricity; watch her shrink quietly but unmistakably back into her shell, and you have Aglaé. Not that there is anything in her surroundings in the least shocking to the reader or dangerous to the modesty of the Ferney violet. The Hungarian lady who smokes cigarettes is a good soul; the old lady who nearly suffocates in a fit of hysterics at every meal would not hurt a flea; the flirtations of the young Greek are of a mild order; the Norwegian who seeks to discover a magnetic property in the soothing influence which the eyes of his prim little neighbor exercise upon his ruffled spirit has himself orbs of unimpeachable candor, though reinforced by a dubious amount of intelligence. The falsehoods of the landlady are venial and well bred, and the fact that Aglaé's door has no handle, and that Miss Pellicott, the American art student who was its former occupant, has carried off the key, is a mere inconvenience, a hook being finally discovered which answers as well. But to Aglaé, with her inexperience, her Swiss uprightness, her classic dreams of Paris and unlooked-for but inevitable homesickness, it is a world upside down.

The literary doors do not open; one by one her hopes are crushed, and at the end of a fortnight she is on the train for Ferney, taking back the rejected manuscript of her novel, Branche de Soule, and the little experience of Parisian life, which she is trying hard through her pain to see in a true and unexaggerated light. From the mere fact that a visit to Paris was made under similar circumstances by the author we should not presume to draw the conclusion, which indeed would be crude and unlit-

Neiges d'Antan. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. Paris: Librairie P. Monnerat. 1889.

Chez Nous. Nouvelles Jurassiennes. Par T. Combe. Lausanne: Henri Mignot. 1890. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

erary, that Aglaé is literally true. Internal evidence points, however, to a basis of keenly felt experience, while the element of fiction in the book would appear to be of the slightest. It is the story of a literary venture, whether or not it be a literary confession. Here is the scene in which facts are brought home to Aglaé by M. Noël Poysson, a young man of literary occupations, who has opened the door of the room where the judges of literature sit, and has made friendly efforts to secure favorable reviews. They have met by chance on a rainy day, and are crossing the Luxembourg gardens.

"'So you have already found time to read me?' said Aglaé, holding her umbrella a little to one side to look at Noël, who in turn bent his head to see under the dripping cupola a face rosier than was its wont.

"'Yes, I read you, — in part at least. I began with Branche de Soule; then I took the sonnets.' . . .

"Noël was vexed that Aglaé should have been in such haste to turn the conversation upon a disagreeable subject. It is never pleasant to have to play the part of Alceste: it is particularly difficult to say to a pretty woman, whom one knows to be very sensitive and timid, and who awaits one's decree as if it were that of destiny: —

'Quel besoin si pressant avez vous de rimer,
Et qui diantre vous pousse à vous faire imprimer?
Si l'on peut pardonner l'essor d'un mauvais livre
Ce n'est qu'aux malheureux qui composent pour vivre.'

"Moreover, his attention was divided between the conversation and his umbrella, which manifested at every instant a disposition to become a tulip.

"'What do you think of Branche de Soule, taking it for what it is, a rustic sketch?' continued Aglaé shyly.

"'I think . . . I think I have read much worse things; but it does not follow that your story is good.' He had intended to soften the wording of this speech, but the wind made a rush for his hat, and he was just in time to seize it by the brim, finishing his sentence as he did so.

"'I have too much esteem for you,' he continued, after a moment spent by both in reducing to order two umbrellas in open revolt, 'to believe you are unable to bear the truth. My opinion is that you are very intelligent, judiciously trained, that you have good sense, — nay, even *esprit*.' (There! another blunder, he said to himself, 'nay, even'! These squalls blow the words out of one's mouth before one has time to think.) 'Not to speak of moral qualities, of your perfect candor, your sympathetic heart.'

"'Sympathetic will do,' said Aglaé, with a touch of irony; 'I absolve you from the rest. Some one told me, the other day, that I had on a most sympathetic hat. I am charmed to have my heart match the hat.'

"'It is a much-abused word, but it does n't follow that it always is out of place. I hold to it. You have fine qualities of mind and heart, but I do not believe that you have what can properly be called a literary talent. You have graceful ideas, but they are vague and you express them vaguely. You have too much taste.'

"'Too much taste?' Aglaé repeated.

"'Yes, for your taste is that of a well-bred young girl brought up at the best boarding-schools, to whom every boldness is shocking. You would no more admit red and green on the same page than in the same costume. Your prose is gray, your verses are too proper; they walk along with docility, play no pranks, and arrived at the last line of the sonnet they make their little courtesy.'

"'And what if I tell you,' said Aglaé, 'that there is nothing in all you say that is new to me? I know that my style is colorless. From my childhood up I have been taught to repress rather than

to express. But I see things, I feel them, and some day I shall succeed in saying them.'

"'No, no,' said Noël, shaking his head, 'the temperament is not there. Let us take an instance. You must have passed yesterday by the Fontaine Saint-Michel: did you notice that the municipal electors, who respect nothing, had covered it with their bulletins?'

"'Yes, I think I remember.'

"'And what color were those bulletins?'

"'I have not the least idea.'

"'They were green. If you knew how to see, your eye would have instinctively noted this detail of color, and a picture would have been printed on your mind of a Fontaine Saint-Michel in patches of gray and green, which at my first allusion you would instantly have had before you.'

"'And yet,' said Aglaé, 'all your novelists are not colorists. I know one whose descriptions are like architectural drawings, all line and tint.'

"'I know whom you mean, but he, though inadequate on the artistic side, is incomparably delicate as a novelist, most penetrating as a psychologist. Another, who does not see the color of the posters any more than you do, is an admirable constructer of plots, in which everything holds together, and every incident, every word, is a nail and a bolt.'

"'Whereas my psychology is not better than my color, and'—

"'Please excuse my frankness,' said Noël."

Whatever hesitation he may have felt about assuming the rôle of Alceste, M. Poysson certainly proves himself equal to the part. It is true, he afterwards makes a practical attempt of the wildest impracticability to launch Aglaé, but nothing comes of it. A point worthy of note in the story is that the *dénoûment* which the novel-reader would instinctively look for is not there. M. Poysson can do no less than follow Aglaé to Ferney, but we have no hint of a literary success to confound the critic or dazzle the lover. The author of Branche de Soule makes her exit as demurely as she made her entrance; and even the story of her failure has not yet got into a volume, but remains between the covers of the review in which it appeared in 1888.

It would require less literary acumen than is displayed by M. Noël Poysson to detect a lack of force and of color in the Croquis Montagnards of T. Combe. The incidents are of the simplest, and they are by no means handled with that mastery which makes the simplest things precious in literature. The washing and schooling of a neglected child, though a praiseworthy action, can hardly be said to rise to the height of climax outside of Sunday-school literature; and though in the feeling awakened by a child in a lonely old man, which forms the theme of the story called Monsieur Vélo, there is material for a far deeper interest, the opportunity is neglected by the author in her adherence to a certain fidelity of outside detail. But M. Poysson's criticism applied to the Croquis Montagnards does not take into account the possible development of this faculty of observation. It is not the quality of impressionism so highly and so justly valued in French literature. It is rather a feminine quickness to perceive the motives and details of every-day life, — a faculty, very slightly indicated at first, of making people move and talk naturally.

We have not the chronological data in reference to T. Combe's writings which would enable us to follow with any certainty the development of her talent. The order in which the stories are reprinted does not always correspond to that in which they were written, or to that of their publication in periodicals. She does not, however, present an instance of careful, definite progress, in which every step is a notch, of

continual advance in technique. Yet it is by no means a case of standing still, but rather of a number of attempts, more or less faulty, more or less excellent, resulting in the discovery of a certain line of work congenial and possible to her powers, and, with practice, a surer attainment within that line. The tone of these stories is from first to last wholly unassuming; their aim clear and free from affectation, — it is to be true, to depict things as they are. The hesitation to admit red and green upon the same page is a drawback to any large handling of truth as well as to the production of any bold literary effects; but by keeping true to her at first timid and restricted perceptions, T. Combe has proved herself to be on the road towards a larger range of verities. If she does not see the posters on the Fontaine Saint-Michel, she has seen and felt many things in the canton of Neuchâtel which are well worth seeing and feeling; and she has gained in her later books a very telling picturesque turn of expression, — a phraseology which brings sayings and characters into a light, delicate relief, and is an effective adjunct to her demure, restrained perception of the ridiculous. She never calls her books novels; the longer ones are novelettes. We would assert here that they are never so good as her short stories, if L'Etincelle, now in course of publication in the Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse, were not raising monthly a charming rustic voice in contradiction of such a statement. But the forte of T. Combe is the short story; and L'Etincelle is a short story which has somehow contrived to overgrow without awkwardness, and without losing its fresh, joyous, short-story character.

For purposes of criticism we can divide these stories of T. Combe's into three groups. The first, the Branche de Soule group, includes a set of tales of peasant life, — Croquis Montagnards, Pauvre Marcel, Bons Voisins. The texture of these stories is slight, as we have already indicated; they have the charm of the country in their faithfully noted rustic scenes, the monotony of the country in their even values and long delays of incident. They are tentative, pleasant rather than profound in tone, thoroughly likable. The gradual awakening of intelligence and conscious power in the peasant musician, Marcel, is very truly felt; and the cheerful, "chipper" old laborer, Papa Félix, in Bons Voisins, is a nice bit of portrait painting. The subjects are almost idyllic, but the treatment is not that of the idyl, which demands more harmony and suggestiveness, and a sense of the relation of the simple and local to the universal, and belongs, perhaps, rather to the masculine order of mind than to the feminine, which sees details positively and in relation to other details.

In the second group of stories, Jeune Angleterre, Monique, Le Mari de Jonquille, all novelettes, there is a closer adhesion to the lines of the novel. The author has not given the go-by to incident so completely as in the village stories, but the incidents are still inadequate, and are introduced hesitatingly, almost apologetically. "I did not see that myself," we read between the lines. The power of construction, the instinct for climax which perceives at once the right moment, and fits the action deftly and exactly into its place, is lacking in these books. There are traits which have a manifestly artificial air, but there is not artifice enough. In Le Mari de Jonquille occurs a scene which would be picturesque and effective if it had been managed as Craddock, for instance, would have managed it. Jonquille, to try the courage of the young smuggler, Manuel, feigns terror of a fierce dog; after Manuel has grappled with the brute, and by sheer physical strength fastened it to its chain, she goes calmly up to it, loosens the chain, and lets the dog free. Any writer with the gift of picturesqueness

would have saved till the last the revelation that Jonquille was not really afraid; but T. Combe naively reassures the reader beforehand, so that he is left looking on at a scene of which he already knows the end.

Le Mari de Jonquille is a Craddock subject, a tale of deeds done by the light of the moon. Across the Jura from Neuchâtel is France, with a market for Swiss productions, which would be a profitable one if it were not for certain ceremonies in the way of getting at it. The Jurassian countryman is a free trader by conviction; pending the conversion of the authorities to his way of thinking he shoulders his cheese, and makes a midnight excursion to dispose of it on the other side, and bring back his ration of tobacco. The watchmakers, too, sometimes find it convenient to send their wares by night express, and a considerable trade is carried on in this way; the smugglers seeking to cross the mountains by routes dangerous enough to be unsuspected by the officers of the law, who exercise a surveillance at the summits of the passes. Jonquille, baptized Barnabée by M. le curé in honor of St. Barnabas, a name "which hung on me like a blessed chaplet on a little imp," rechristened by an artist from her preference for yellow neckerchiefs and her resemblance to a proud, upright wild flower, is the queen and directress of a band of smugglers, whom she rows across a mill pond at midnight, on their way to the mountain. Through all her pride of sovereignty, her delight in physical activity and danger, come doubts and dissatisfactions, a sense of deprivation in not being like other girls. A young watchmaker, chafing under the restrictions of a sedentary life and uncongenial work, joins the smugglers and marries Jonquille. But the new occupation fails to satisfy his longing, which is not for freedom, but for activity, — for a work equal to his energy and physical strength. The cultivation of their bit of ground is child's play to him; he feels himself made for a pioneer, and chafes under the constraint of the marriage tie, which has rendered emigration impossible for him; while Jonquille, unable to conceive of a masculine ambition which is not content with the excitements of smuggling, is unhappy in the consciousness that in her new rôle of housewife she has failed to make her husband's happiness. This conflict between restraint and freedom; this restiveness under the exigencies of a small country which demands of its subjects — artisans and agriculturists alike — a minute, patient, monotonous labor, is all truly Swiss, and might furnish themes for a stronger literature than Le Mari de Jonquille. We have spoken of the subject as a Craddock one, but the resemblance might be traced even farther, as the reader can see from the following passage, taken at random, in which, as in other places, we find landscape and talk sandwiched a little in the Tennessee Mountain fashion: —

"'I will stay with you,' Manuel said, in a firm voice. 'I like that better, on the whole, than leaving my country. I don't see either crime or robbery in the matter. If the government does n't like it, so much the worse for the government. There are some risks to be run, but I would rather have life short and sweet than drag it out for eighty years, to die of disgust at the end.'

"He spoke resolutely, his head thrown back, his eyes shining with a proud energy. But, as he finished, his voice fell all at once. He seemed to himself to have pronounced his own sentence; a sensation like physical pain, a strange presentiment, keen and chill as steel, went through his heart. He was silent, as if listening for the echo of his own words; it was too late to recall them. The ravine was now all in shadows; behind the high rocks crowned with pines the sun sank down with Manuel's last word, and the young man remained mo-

tionless, seized with a solemn, indefinable fear."

There is a more masculine energy in the style and characters of The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, although we have all discovered, since we had the key given us, traits of feminine delicacy in the Craddock mountaineers. T. Combe does not claim to be considered "servigrous." She has no dialect, either, wherewith to fortify the utterances of her outlaws. The Neuchâtel *patois* has passed away almost entirely from the daily speech even of the peasant class. Bachelin, in his Jean-Louis, treating of a day in which it still existed, though even then not universally, gives a scene in the patois, with a French translation; but the rest of his book is in French, with many familiar locutions and local words inclosed in quotation marks, a usual custom with Swiss writers. T. Combe follows the same plan, but her French is a little too choice for rough work such as is required in a novel like Le Mari de Jonquille, while in the village society in which she is most at home it is perfectly in keeping; the French spoken by the *horloger* class having no marked peculiarity save in certain words and phrases, which, for the English reader particularly, are very conveniently ticketed by the little quotation marks.

From a scene like that of Le Mari de Jonquille to the social conditions of Monique would be a Sabbath-day's journey in our country, but in Switzerland the two phases lie in the same nutshell. If Monique does not prove the novel to be the form most congenial to the powers of T. Combe, it points distinctly to a small town life as the field best suited to her range of observation. It has admirable touches of character, things which now and then recall Cranford. The position of a young girl, intelligent, eager, impatient, but conventional withal, amid the restrictions of a staid society, in which every act and movement has been regulated beforehand by the law of custom, is very well indicated; and the demeanor of her pompous suitor, M. Colomb, — we had almost written Collins, from a *souvenir* of Pride and Prejudice, — is entertaining throughout. In Jeune Angleterre, which bears evidence of being an earlier book reprinted late, the author indulges in a smile and a little sarcasm at the ways of the English; taking the æsthetic craze for the theme of one novelette, and for another and more clever one the sovereignty of the advertisement. But though her quick eyes have made some little discoveries in watching the crowd in a London park, we like her best in the Jura, Chez Nous.

A small scene, a small canvas, detailed, careful workmanship, — these are the restrictions favorable to the moulding of her talent, and within these lines she has accomplished admirable results. We must read Neiges d'Antan to know how people used to live in a Jurassian village; we must read Chez Nous and L'Etincelle to know how they live now. T. Combe writes of her native canton with the fondness that Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins have for New England; reproducing the little ways and customs, the types and individualities; dwelling rather upon the typical and usual features than upon extravagant manifestations; quick to perceive the humorous in act or motive, and indicating it by fine, gentle similes of phraseology. One must visit the region, nay, live in it, to know how exactly the people resemble the figures in these stories, but one need not travel thither to see how true the stories are to the life described; that fact is as visible from Concord meeting-house or North Bradshaw as from Locle or the Val de Travers. The characters make a series of clear, strongly modeled life sketches, each vivid and distinct in aspect as in speech. There is the grandfather of ninety-and-nine in L'Etincelle, with head bent forward and hands clutch-

ing the arms of his chair, listening with intent eagerness to the newspaper account of the celebration of the hundredth birthday of an old man in the next commune. "And what next? . . . Was he able to answer in a becoming manner? It does not even say whether he thanked the people. Yes, yes, he must have lost his head. I can see just how he looked, confused and mumbling, poor old François! Ah, old age must be a sad thing when one loses one's faculties!" And Zoé, the delightful heroine of the book, with her hair braided over her ears, and her pretty face; Zoé, who has been brought up with no company save the old, in a loneliness which her cherished novels have only half dispelled, listening at last, with the sense of a new joy, to the bedtime conversation of a girl of her own age, — all about fashions and freckles. "It was finer even than her dear Dumas." There is Abdias, the farm servant in Chez Nous, loquacious and dictatorial, arguing daily with his mistress, Mademoiselle Caroline, about every detail of agronomy, and declaring that "the time which a wise man spends in speech is not lost; it is a seed planted in the earth. The speech of woman is as the smoke which vanishes." There is Jenny, the timid, receiving in trepidation the advances which M. Sully Arnaudin is astonished at himself for being courageous enough to make; and Daline, the slow maid-of-all-work, who, incapable of doing two things at once, conscientiously and regularly puts off thinking till her work is done; and Mademoiselle Violande, — but we will speak of her later.

The life led by these people is a simple and quiet one, recalling our New England farm and village life of yesterday by certain traits, but with less social equality and less intellectual sophistication. The little republic of Switzerland is the seat of a whole ramification of class prejudices, rooted firmly and in ancient soil. We have spoken of the old and new people in Monique; into that upper circle the most brilliant political career, the highest personal distinction, is powerless to effect an entrance. Many less favored inclosures are hardly less inaccessible; between the watchmaker and the tradesman is a gulf fixed. But we find in these stories certain lapses indicating more of a practical ease of intercourse in some directions. Master and servant in country regions are not so far apart. Caroline marries Abdias with no reserves save a stipulation that he shall buy no more black cows, shall allow her to use her favorite butter-print, and employ his utmost efforts to prevent the calves from devouring their bedding. If the reader would see, however, how one peasant may differ from another peasant in degree, and what a source of suffering there may be in the distinction, he should read the tale of Bachelin's Jean-Louis and Louise. If he wish to see how *noblesse oblige*, and how a well-born lady of the olden time in Switzerland was an example and pattern to her sex, let him read of Mademoiselle Violande, the heroine of one of the four stories which form the volume called Neiges d'Antan. The obstacles which interrupt the course of her love are not, it is true, of a mountainous nature; but the evenness of Mademoiselle Violande's existence is such that a small deviation from the level produces a visible and uncomfortable saliency.

"Her name was Mademoiselle Violande Roberdagon. Her father had been *justicier;* her brother was M. le gouverneur of the commune, and wore a sword. She was what they called in those days a *demoiselle de la société;* she knew how to work samplers; she was on visiting terms with the minister's wife and the wife of the lieutenant, and she wore a black silk dress on communion Sundays. Mademoiselle Violande had black eyes, a brilliant complexion, and long dark braids fastened by a

giraffe comb at the top of her head. . . . In society she passed for a handsome girl, but rather imperious." She was twenty-five and still unmarried, but her heart was already in the keeping of M. Firmin Robin, who was "blond, timid, and an architect by trade." He had once kissed Mademoiselle Violande in a game of forfeits at a party; since then he had taken her out sleighing, and had presented her with a pair of gloves. Her brother, who wished to have his sister married and off his hands, looked with a favorable eye upon M. Robin; but just as the latter was about to present himself formally as a suitor his aunt died, and his demand had to be put off till the season of mourning was over. In the mean time he walked every day past the governor's house, in the hope of seeing Mademoiselle Violande at the window. "She was sometimes there in the afternoon, between the white curtains and the wall flower-pots, bending over her lace cushion. She worked assiduously, never turning her eyes to the street so long as her lover was there. Mademoiselle Violande was obliged by her position to set a good example to the women and girls of the commune. What would people have said if the sister of M. le gouverneur should commit such an indiscretion as to let her eyes wander towards the men's gallery during the sermon, or turn her psalm-book upside down, in amorous distraction, as the drummer's daughter had once done! That was why Mademoiselle Violande systematically ignored M. Firmin's existence throughout the period of his mourning; but even the sight of her high comb had a secret charm for this love-smitten architect."

At last the proper interval has gone by. M. Firmin hastens to make his proposal. Mademoiselle Violande goes to pick plums with her maid, Esabeau, leaving matters of business to be properly conducted by her brother. She is joined in the orchard by M. Firmin, who does not venture to kiss her, but begs that his happiness, having been so long deferred, may be consummated as soon as possible. They are to be married in a year, provided an apartment is vacant in the village. If obliged to build, they will have to wait longer; it would not be healthy to live in a new house.

The engagement is duly announced to the social authorities of the village, who are pleased with the match, but a little scandalized at the indecorous haste with which the affair has been conducted. Such a thing as being married at the end of a single year's engagement was never heard of. Madame la mairesse had been engaged four years, and had not had a minute too much time; but young people are in such a hurry nowadays. Mademoiselle Bégueline Sandol had heard a Bavarian prophet declare only last year that the sun would devour the moon after *quatre semaines de mois*, and that would be the end of all things. Four times seven months made two years and four months, which, deducting a year, would bring that catastrophe alarmingly near to Mademoiselle Violande's wedding day. "Instead of spending you had better put by your money; the end is near at hand." This was Mademoiselle Bégueline's provident advice.

The lovers saw each other officially on Thursdays and Sundays, a programme to which M. Firmin's methodical devotion contrived to add an extra day of bliss, namely, Saturday. On that day he betook himself to the market-place, which was adorned with an imposing fountain of his own construction, and, after a thorough examination of its pipes, stationed himself on the pedestal formed by the three steps which led up to the fountain, from which elevated position he set himself to survey the horizon.

"Soon Mademoiselle Violande appeared upon it, enveloped in a long red-ingote of maroon cloth which reached

to the hem of her dress, and brought out all the elegance of her figure. She was followed by Esabeau, but she herself did not disdain to carry a large basket. The heart of M. Firmin overflowed with a joy which he struggled in vain to repress. Mademoiselle Violande went to an old market-woman whom she usually honored with her preference; she was careful never to turn her eyes in the direction of the fountain, but she lingered beside the good Reine Dumont, who understood all without appearing to know anything, till M. Firmin found courage to draw near. He bowed respectfully to Mademoiselle Violande, then he conversed a little with Reine.

"'What is your opinion of politics, Madame Dumont?'

"'*Coton* pears,' she replied, 'are at six *piècettes*.'

"That expressed her entire knowledge of the state of Europe. As long as pears sold well, Napoleon might do what he would with his own."

After a moment or two Mademoiselle Violande went on her way, and M. Firmin betook himself to another market-woman, from whom he purchased a bouquet, which he hastened to deposit on the lamp-stand in the front hall of the governor's house, before Mademoiselle Violande should return from her marketing. These were the excitements of Saturday, preferred by M. Firmin to the Sunday afternoon walk or the Thursday evening visit.

Fortune seems to favor the lover's haste. An apartment is vacated in time by the death of its occupant. Mademoiselle Violande has forebodings about stepping into a dead man's shoes. M. Firmin tries to argue them away, but ends, as he always does, by agreeing with her; they will put it off. But she conquers her fears; the apartment is engaged; the wedding presents begin to arrive; a porcelain service, the gift of the governor, stands on a new little centre table in the salon; there is a yellow velvet lounge; Mademoiselle Violande is making the curtains, trimming them with a ball fringe. The *fiancés* are not more demonstrative than at first; they are still "Monsieur" and "Mademoiselle" to each other. "Mademoiselle Violande had no witnesses when, in a transport of domestic bliss, she had kissed the pretty pots of cherry jam which she was labeling, exclaiming as she did so, 'It is for my housekeeping, *pour mon cher petit ménage!*' Shortly before the wedding day, the two, accompanied by the governor, make a visit of inspection to the new apartment, and there a catastrophe happens; for Mademoiselle Violande, in stepping back to watch the effect of her new curtains, knocks over the centre table, and the whole porcelain service lies upon the floor. M. Firmin rushes to the rescue, and inquires if his beloved is hurt.

"'No, no,' she murmured, without lifting her head, 'but the salt-cellar, — find the salt-cellar.'"

It is found, but in splinters. "'Bah!' says M. le gouverneur, 'worse things have happened. I will give you a new set, Violande.'

"She was very pale; her black eyes had a tragic expression. She moved towards the door, took the key from the keyhole, and handed it to M. Firmin. 'Take it,' she said; 'I shall not need it any longer.'

"He looked at her with a frightened air.

'This accident is a sign,' she continued. 'I will not be mad enough to resist. We were wrong; we wanted to force time. Every one told us that a year's engagement was too short.'

"M. Firmin, stupefied, felt his organs of respiration slacken their speed. 'You have not the idea — you do not mean to say' — he said, his lips moving with difficulty.

"'It is Providence which hinders us,' Violande resumed, with a growing excitement. 'Do you not know what a

broken salt-cellar signifies? It is the worst of all omens; it prophesies loss of money, illness, d—' Mademoiselle Violande buried her face in her hands. She was trembling from head to foot. Her brother gave her his arm and led her home, while M. Firmin followed them, looking completely upset, and replying only by a shake of the head to the interrogatory glances of the people they met."

The marriage is put off for a year. Mademoiselle Violande dare not, for her lover's happiness more than for her own, disregard the omen; and he, relieved at not being sent away altogether, declares himself willing to wait for her as Jacob waited for Rachel, "and longer if necessary." During the year of waiting Mademoiselle Violande goes out very little, considering seclusion more becoming in her position, and M. Firmin is the most respectful, perfect, and devoted of lovers. The summer comes round, — a summer of intense heat. M. Firmin, working hard at the erection of some houses, unable to sleep for impatience of the coming bliss, has a sunstroke. He discovers all at once that the governor squints. He does not attribute any such defect to Mademoiselle Violande; on the contrary, he commiserates tenderly her ignorance of her brother's misfortune, but facts must be told. He is placed under medical treatment, and M. le gouverneur declares the match finally and absolutely broken off.

M. Firmin gets well, but is forbidden the door. Mademoiselle Violande alone is true to him. She corresponds with him, consigning letters to the flour bin. She even consents — ah, example to the commune! — to elope with him to France, where he has an uncle who has offered him a home. He writes to the uncle, and they are only waiting for the answer. It does not come. After long delay comes a communication from the uncle. He has not received the letter; he announces that he has given up his house, and is coming to live with his nephew. This news is imparted by M. Firmin to his beloved, who exclaims with resignation, "Let us no longer brave these warnings. I will be your *fiancée* till my death, M. Firmin; we will be married in a better world."

But Fortune turns her wheel; the uncle is rich, the governor relents, and M. Firmin and Mademoiselle Violande, much to their surprise, are married here below, and sit side by side on the yellow sofa, which Madame Violande pronounces to have been the cause of all their misfortunes. "'We owed an example of simplicity to the commune, but we allowed ourselves to be carried away by the vanity of the age.'

"'It was my fault, — it was I who ordered the sofa,' murmured M. Firmin. 'But let us forget the past, my Violande.'"

Not less charming than Mademoiselle Violande is Vieilles Silhouettes, which strikes a deeper note of feeling. The relation of the lonely, cultured French exile, who has become a village schoolmaster in Switzerland, with the simple, good women who befriend him is very delicately drawn, and the scene in which he tells them, in a few short poignant words, of the grief which lies beyond their hospitable firelight, in the darkness of his past, is a bit of keen pathos. Touching, too, and very pretty is the story of the conscientious little *messagère* of seventeen, acting as post and express between two villages, who, refusing in her honesty to be the bearer of a clandestine correspondence between two lovers, loses her heart in sheer sympathy to the man whom she has subjected to disappointment, and her place in consequence of her sympathy with the girl. A note of sadness, suggesting itself rather than expressed, runs through these stories of Neiges d'Antan, but it is never a heavy cloud; it is too delicate, too close to the humorous, to be oppressive.

In L'Etincelle, on the other hand, and in Chez Nous the measure is blither and more joyous. The latter volume, like Neiges d'Antan, is made up of short stories, and is a holiday quarto, with illustrations by two of the author's fellow-novelists, Bachelin and Oscar Huguenin. Laquelle des Trois, which treats of the courtship of Abdias, is the most amusing of T. Combe's stories, and is very deftly done. She has gained a surer touch, a stronger command of incident; and she has done so without repeating herself, without straining after effect or losing her unassuming truthfulness of tone.

When a writer experiences technical difficulties, he is apt to resort to purely extraneous means to overcome them. An experiment more interesting to watch is that of deepening the channels of observation and of truth, and this T. Combe seems to us to have been doing, in her modest, feminine, clear-sighted way, between the Croquis Montagnards and Neiges d'Antan.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

The use of photography in connection with various chemical and mechanical processes of fixing and printing has led to a marked effect upon the decoration and illustration of books. The artist who once was satisfied with the aid of photography, because it relieved him of the necessity of drawing his design upon the block, now is supposed to take an added pleasure in having his work made ready for the printer without the intervention of an engraver, who bears to him somewhat the relation of a translator to an original author. It cannot be gainsaid that the step taken when an artist's design was transferred by photograph to the block at once enlarged enormously the scope of wood-engraving; for whereas, before, there was a special class of designers who mastered the technique of drawing for the engraver, and rarely painted at all, now not a painter but could see his work engraved even though he never put pencil to block, and that without the perilous aid of a draughtsman.

When the next step was taken, and a dumb process was substituted for an intelligent engraver, the artist had reason to be divided in his mind. The first effect undoubtedly was to play havoc with the engraver's trade, and for a time some seemed to fear that the engraver's art also would be lost. The most serious impact thus far has been upon the art of engraving on steel, which indeed was at a somewhat low ebb when the photogravure process sprang into existence, and it is doubtful if it will ever recover its old standing. Engraving on wood, on the other hand, though suffering a temporary check in prosperity, is now gaining from the use of the processes what portrait painting gained by the introduction of the daguerreotype and the photograph; the art of the engraver is confirmed, but there is little place left for the mere mechanical artisan. It appears, moreover, that the illustrated magazines which gave an impulse to the art of engraving on wood, and then began to experiment with the process, thereby causing something of a panic in the engraving camp, are now perceiving the limitations of process, and settling down to more uniform reliance upon the graver. The artist, therefore, who began to fear that the multiplication of his designs through printing was to be accompanied by a loss of artistic

excellence is now adjusting his work to the conditions, and is adding process to his resources, not substituting it for engraving.

So far, then, as the relations of the artist to the engraver are concerned there has been a gain, and both our illustrated magazines and holiday books show this gain; but the introduction of processes in connection with photography is leading to another result, which deserves to be considered with some care. The publisher, who is most frequently the plotter of illustrated books, has been a very interested observer of the changes which have been going on. The element of cost has been that which he has most closely studied. As the processes have been developed, he has seen with increasing gratification that he could get rid of the engraver, and so reduce greatly the expense of his plant and the amount of his risk. An immense addition of illustrated books, of every degree of slovenliness, bears witness to this activity of the publishing mind. Having rid himself of the engraver, he has speculated if he cannot rid himself of the artist also, and thus still further reduce the cost of manufacture. While thus studying the case, he has been greatly aided by the improvement which has been going forward in photography, especially as practiced by amateurs. The artistic sense, which might not be so accompanied by patient study as to make its possessor a good painter, may yet be so cultivated as to permit him to place his camera in exactly the right spot for obtaining a pleasing effect. Nature now and then arranges herself to the eye of man or woman, and keeps still for a time even longer than is required to press a button. Hence the multitudinous studies in landscape and architecture which are hung in exhibitions of photography by societies of amateurs. It is needed only to add, not portraits alone, but figures, then groups, then tableaux, and presto! the work is done; the artist has gone after the engraver.

It will be seen by this that there are scarcely any limits to the extent to which photography may be employed for book illustration. It is a common enough occurrence for tableaux to be arranged illustrative of the successive scenes in a poem. How easy to reproduce these groups in a series of photographs, to pass the photographs through the photogravure process, and thus to publish them as accompaniments to the text in a holiday edition! Instead of the artist, then, we should have the costumer to deal with, the stage manager, and a new field would be opened for the exercise of the talent of the leisure class.

We are moved to these rather random speculations by considering certain tendencies in book illustration which are in evidence this season. It is not a new thing to provide books with photogravures, but the number which place their chief reliance on photogravures after nature, so to speak, is conspicuously large and respectable. The fashion may be said to have been set last year by the issue of Hawthorne's The Marble Faun [1] in this style. As the preface of that book states, the scheme was suggested by the very common practice, indulged in by travelers to Rome and Florence, of binding in photographs of localities and monuments referred to in the tale, insomuch that booksellers in those cities did a thriving business in furnishing books thus extended, ready made for the tourist. It is at once a cheapening of a pretty fancy when the trader steps in to do for the indolent or ignorant what the intelligent enthusiast does for himself; but the change from the photographer's or bookseller's clumsy extension of The Marble Faun to the publisher's edition, in which all the arts of bookmaking were studied with patience and nice at-

[1] *The Marble Faun; or The Romance of Monte Beni.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated by photogravures. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

tention to detail, was one worth making, and the result was notable for the good taste which marked it throughout.

A more agreeable because more legitimate use of the same scheme of book illustration is seen in the edition this year of another of Hawthorne's works. The Marble Faun was a work of the imagination, using for its background a scene which was transferred from actuality with pretty close and full regard for fidelity to nature. Hawthorne could not help touching even inanimate objects in his story with something of the glow which suffused his human creations, but one can readily see that there are masses in his picture which are almost literal transcripts from his note-book. He meant to employ his English note-books in somewhat the same manner, as his several ineffective attempts intimate; but whether from a sense of his failing power or because he was tired of waiting for the right subject, he made a more prosaic use of his material, and followed such a merely topical arrangement of his notes as issued in the series of papers gathered into the volume Our Old Home. In the illustrated edition of this book,[1] which is an exceedingly beautiful example of the bookmaker's art, Hawthorne has been made to annotate himself; and if the editor could have had access to the original manuscript of the note-books from which Hawthorne drew his papers, we do not doubt that he would have been able to show even more conclusively the art which sprang into form so soon as the great artist set himself to building his daily record into the simple literary structure of the descriptive essay.

The annotation which the photographer has made is of a similar sort. Here the study has been to reproduce the objects which Hawthorne described as they might have been made, so to speak, in the note-book of Hawthorne stripped of his personality, of that divine reason which transmutes nature and the work of men's hands into an image seen in

> "The light which never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

The process of the footnotes is carried a step farther, and one observes by this the gradual divergence of art as seen in literature, and the mere reflex of nature as seen in the permanent photograph. The separation is less obtrusive, as we have intimated, because Hawthorne's art, in this instance, borrows least from his higher power, and also because the photogravures are in most cases copies of human art. It is when we leave cathedral and castle and statue, and come to look upon some representation of nature, even where nature is modified by human touch, as in the Devonshire Farmhouse and the Bridge over the Avon, that the questions rise, What does this print add to the text? Is it in itself beautiful? Does it illustrate, — that is, throw light upon the printed page? The most that can be said for such a picture is that it stimulates the memory of one who has seen the original spot. But if we ask ourselves, What would such a picture be, if, reproduced by whatever process, it was the design of a painter who had Hawthorne's eye, and a corresponding power of expression through light and shade, line and mass? we perceive at once how far the photogravure from nature falls short of the possible photogravure from the picture of an artist. Instead of getting the real thing, as we sometimes triumphantly exclaim, we are getting the mere superficies.

The doubt which springs up as to the satisfactoriness of an illustrated The Marble Faun, where the background only is illustrated, recurs with even greater force in the case of Romola, which has been issued in much the same style, in

[1] *Our Old Home.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with passages from the author's note-book, and illustrated with photogravures. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

two rival editions.[1] To take up these books and judge them by the illustrations alone, one would suppose they were histories of Florence in the time of Savonarola. One of them does, indeed, contain a solitary picture of Romola and her father, which has a pathetically human air amidst the palaces, and streets, and churches, and statues, and mural decorations which afford the subjects for the abundant photogravures. It is indeed a bit of irony that the writer who took the human soul for her subject, and traveled with weary steps the countless roads down which her pursuit led her, should be illustrated, forsooth, by stone walls, and towers, and prisons. It is as if one asked to be shown a city, and was conducted to the cemetery.

We do not deny that pains has been taken with these books; that they are intended to be exemplars of the bookmaker's art; that the photographs thus made permanent have been selected with care; and that the text itself refers to the subjects of the pictures, so that one has in the accompanying illustrations a slight substitute for a walk through Florence or Rome with Romola or The Marble Faun in his mind. But we deny that they are in any true sense illustrated books; they are simply, in the parlance of the collector, extended books. As such they have an interest and a certain value, but it is idle to suppose that they serve any ends of art except as by their cheapness and attractiveness they drive out of the market inferior specimens of illustrated books; on the same principle as daguerreotypes and photographs indirectly served the art of portraiture by diverting into that occupation many who might otherwise have made a trade of portrait painting.

The use of mechanical processes for making an artist's work available in illustrating a book is well shown in a noticeable book of the season. Mr. Frederic Remington, whose designs have a curious likeness to instantaneous photographs, and whose nimble pencil has long been busy over Indian subjects, brings his skill and knowledge to the ample illustration of Hiawatha.[2] In a score or more of photogravures he takes up salient points in the poem, and treats them as if he caught the Indian of this day putting himself in the attitude or going through the motions of Mr. Longfellow's mythical Indian. Now and then something in the woods, or the water, or the sky, comes to his aid, and his naturalistic figures are suddenly invested with a direct poetic value, as in the Death of Kwasind and Hiawatha's Departure; but when he essays the supernatural, his frankness is in his way, and his ghosts have no nonsense about them. In a word, his interpretation of the poem is refreshingly candid and openly rebellious. Mr. Longfellow saw Hiawatha, but never saw the North American Indian. Mr. Remington has seen the North American Indian, but never has seen Hiawatha. His gloss on the poem, for such it is, is admirably enriched by a great number of marginal drawings, which copy with every mark of fidelity the objects which form the furniture of an Indian's life, — wigwams, weapons, animals, dress, pipes, utensils. The only point we note as questionable is the moose head on page 185. Is the position of the ears correct? The collection, a graphic museum of Indian objects, is so comprehensive that we know not where else to look for so striking a commentary on the limitations of existence in this race. It is like being told that the ordinary English farm laborer uses only about two

[1] *Romola.* By George Eliot. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1891.
The Same. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1891.

[2] *The Song of Hiawatha.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With illustrations from designs by Frederic Remington. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

hundred words. We cannot dismiss this book without high praise for the care with which all parts of it have been considered, and the skill which has been shown in harmonizing the parts. The ingeniously fit binding, the well-proportioned sheet, the clear type and good page, the admirably arranged marginal sketches, and the good color and printing of the photogravures combine to leave a most agreeable impression. It is an illustrated book which gives pleasure by its studious regard for the best form.

Perhaps some day we shall have Daudet's trilogy of Tartarin set forth with photogravure illustrations of railway station and bridge and castle and the like from Nîmes. But happily time has not yet set its final seal upon the classic, and we may at present enjoy a bit of contemporary wit, and enjoy it all the more because such contemporary artists as Rossi, Myrbach, Montégut, Bieler, and Montenard have appreciated the wit, and have quickened the perception of the reader by their clever characterization of the persons and scenes. Port Tarascon [1] is translated with volatile energy by Mr. James, who makes one almost content to read Daudet in English; the French artists who accompany the text need no translation, but speak a French dialect of pictorial art which is not merely intelligible, but penetrates the sense with a pungency of meaning which is truly exhilarating. One may indeed guess that these artists never visited an island in the southern seas, and even forgot once or twice the wretched realities of island architecture which Daudet insists upon; but when it comes to the figures in this lively tale, and the scenes which are independent of locality, one is entirely satisfied, and finds the delicate, witty drawings not extrusive of his own conceptions, but most happy materializations. To discover how successfully a draughtsman, possessed of the spirit of the literature he is illustrating, may throw light by the very simplest treatment, let the reader study the figure of Tartarin in his rocking-chair, on page 259. If a few slightly commonplace pictures, hard in treatment, were thrown out, the book would represent an entirely satisfactory combination of text and illustration, and as such would be placed in the small class of illustrated books where a new piece of literature carries with it embodiments of its characters not likely ever to be dissociated from it.

We began our discussion of the holiday books of the season by noting the departure from old ways which the introduction of new processes of reproduction is bringing about. We close with calling attention to a book which owes its excellence to no experiment in new ways, but to a faithful use of the best resources of artist, engraver, printer, and binder. There is an uncommon pleasure in taking up a work like Mr. Parsons's selections from Wordsworth's sonnets,[2] merely as regards the solidity of the execution. Here is the result of patient, steadfast labor. No short cuts have been taken; the artist has, one may guess, studied his pictorial treatment in Wordsworth's own country, and has placed himself as nearly as may be at the same point of view as that taken by the poet himself; the engravers have done their part firmly and with admirable success in preserving color, and the entire effect of the volume as a piece of bookmaking is one of thoroughness and dignity. More than this, Mr. Parsons's attitude toward nature is poetic, like Wordsworth's, so that we have a great

[1] *Port Tarascon; the Last Adventure of the Illustrious Tartarin.* Translated [from the French of Alphonse Daudet] by Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

[2] *A Selection from the Sonnets of William Wordsworth.* With numerous illustrations by Alfred Parsons. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

deal more than a cartographic representation of the scenery which lay under the poet's eye and recurred to his imaginatively vivified memory. No one can feast his eyes on these lovely pastoral pictures, and call to mind what the same book would be illustrated by the most faithful photographs of Westmoreland and Cumberland, without perceiving that as Wordsworth's sonnets are not a guide-book, so Mr. Parsons's pictures are not photographic reports. The book is a worthy addition to the very small class of illustrated books which are works of art. It is a pleasure to think that the separate pictures, with the verses they accompany, have found inexpensive publication through their appearance in successive numbers of Harper's Magazine, that multitudes have had the opportunity to enjoy high poetry and art in fine communion, and that the sum of the matter is now in permanent and most fit form.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. A Cigarette-Maker's Romance, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) Mr. Crawford always has a story to tell, and he has a way of inspiring his readers with the confidence that he knows the end from the beginning, and is not at the mercy of his characters and their vagrant moods. The sureness of his movement was never better seen than in this compact, epical romance. The time covers but a couple of days and the intervening night; the scene is chiefly in a cigarette-maker's shop; the characters are a Russian noble in exile, his mind itself also being in exile, and a few Russian, Polish, and German men and women of limited range of thought and experience. Yet the theme of the book is high, and by the simple transmuting power of this theme the whole action is raised from the commonplace into the pathetic and noble. There is one passage, that on pages 145 and 146, which is masterly in its English. — Modern Ghosts, selected and translated from the works of Guy de Maupassant, Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, Alexander L. Kielland, Leopold Kompert, Gustavo Adolfo Becquer, and Giovanni Magherini-Graziani; the Introduction by George William Curtis. (Harpers.) The chief difference between modern ghosts and classic ones is that the modern are invented for literary and psychological purposes, and that they are explainable, not by any of the clumsy devices of former days, but by subtle reference to physiological psychology. The modern ghost-raiser first reads a medical work, then artistically arranges the stage for his ghost, and, all things being in readiness, the ghost comes. An ingenious method of securing *vraisemblance* is to make the teller of the story repeat what he has heard, and then confirm it by his own experience. But not one of these story-tellers believes in the creature he has invented. — The House by the Medlar-Tree, by Giovanni Verga; translated by Mary A. Craig; with an Introduction by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) A story of peasant life in an Italian fishing village. Detail enough there is here, and we can understand easily that an Italian reading the pathetic and lifelike tale might enjoy every touch. Unfortunately for purposes of enjoyment, the translator, though using excellent English, has no power to supply the American reader with a translation of all that myriad-threaded network of circumstance and heredity which makes the modern Italian a continent different from the American. However, since our duty as novel-readers appears now to be plain, to bring all our sociological, theological, historical, and geographical wits to bear upon the pleasure we undertake, we must not complain too loudly. Mr. Howells bids us on, and on we go, casting a furtive look backward upon our damaged idols. — Spirite, by Théophile Gautier; translated by Arthur D. Hall. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) Curiously antiquated already, and made even remoter from nature and art by being

put into English dress. The introduction smells of musk, and the close suggests violet light. — The Canadians of Old, an Historical Romance, by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé; translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Appleton.) A lively reproduction of scenes about Quebec during the change by which Canada passed under English control. It is more than an historical picture, for the author had an ambition to preserve in literature the characteristics of a people gradually ceasing to have autonomy. The book has further interest in its English form as an illustration of the eager movement of young Canada in its resolution to conserve its varied and promising national life. — Fra Lippo Lippi, a Romance, by Margaret Vere Farrington. (Putnams.) The love of the painter for the novice who sat to him as a model for the Madonna is the subject of this tale, which is only faintly mediæval in character, the situations and the personages being taken with some care from life, but the emotions and thoughts and general expression being quite contemporaneous and overcharged with sentimentalism. There are fourteen photogravures from famous paintings and views of places.— Sidney, by Margaret Deland. (Houghton.) In essaying a novel delineating the birth of love in a soul which has been purposely sterilized, Mrs. Deland has saved herself from writing in the air by making her by-characters singularly vivid and of flesh and blood. It is true that a thick set hedge seems to wall them all in from the actual world, but the remoteness from familiar experience does not vitiate the reality of the men and women. To have imagined these people, and then set them to acting out this somewhat fantastic drama without dissolving into misty forms, is a striking achievement. — The Demagogue, a Political Novel, by David Ross Locke. (Lee & Shepard.) A disagreeable piece of fiction without the redeeming quality of cleverness or special nearness to nature. No doubt the facts can be paralleled in our political life, but that does not make the story either a work of art or interesting. — A Ward of the Golden Gate, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) There is almost always a point in Mr. Bret Harte's novels, where it is uncertain whether the heroine is to turn out a good girl or a bad one ; the point is not at all in the character of the person, but in the exigencies of the story. There never is any doubt, however, about the seedy reduced gentleman ; he is a fatalist in goodness, and you have only to rid him of his sham gentility to find the genuine article beneath. The present story illustrates well the toss-copper style of Mr. Harte's art. But how readable his books are, and how cheerfully we allow him all the liberties he takes ! — The God of Civilization, a Romance, by Mrs. M. A. Pittock. (Eureka Publishing Co., Chicago.) By a contrast between the false civilization of, say, Chicago and the true nature to be found in the South Sea Islands, each being fictitiously set forth, the author appears to expect that the one will be condemned and the other justified ; but it will take both more fiction and more reasoning than she seems to possess to convince the reader who has been neither to Chicago nor to Kaahlanai. Money, it may be added, is the God of Civilization. — Her Great Ambition, by Anne Richardson Earle. (Roberts.) It was to be a painter, and thereby hangs the tale, as all the criss-cross of the novel was occasioned by this ambition. It is a pleasantly told story, with a discreet suppression of localities and an agreeable humor. The stiffness seems to be that of one not yet wholly freed from novelettes, but the close study which the book intimates augurs well for possible other novels. A trifle more sprightliness in the deliberate conversations surely is not beyond the power of the writer, if she will accept the freedom of fiction ; and if, after building her story, she would clear away more of the scaffolding, the total effect would be better. — Gilbert Elgar's Son, by Harriet Riddle Davis. (Putnams.) The writer uses a somewhat new class in fiction, Maryland fox-hunting Quakers. The fox-hunting is only one of the marks of English country-gentleman life which is reflected in the American story, and the English warp is woven with a woof of womanly independence of the latter-day and American sort. The descriptions of outdoor scenes and of minor characters are carefully and often well done. The hero is painfully conventional, and the heroine far too noble; there is not a crease in her robe of dauntless young womanhood. As a piece of story-telling, the book has some good points, but one main defect, — that it ends in the

middle. The interest dies away after that; the reader knows the end, and waits for the author to catch up with him. There is, however, so much that is good in the story, one wishes it better. — At the Dawning, by S. S. Morton. (Keystone Publishing Co., Philadelphia.) A conventional story, in which all the characters are like those curious figures with which children play, — paper dolls, flat and thin reproductions of life. — Grim Truth, by Alexia Agnes Vial. (John Lovell & Son, Montreal.) A somewhat amusingly told story of what befell a village where an epidemic of truth-telling raged for a week. The plan is better than the execution. Gilbert has used the same motive in a nonsensical little play, and others have also entertained themselves with the notion. — Little Venice, and Other Stories, by Grace Denio Litchfield. (Putnams.) Eight stories which have appeared in the leading magazines. They are all bright, and marked by good taste and refinement. They may miss the touch of nature which is beyond art, but they have much that stories of the same order lack. — A Kentucky Colonel, by Opie P. Read. (F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.) A novel which has all the outward appearance of liveliness. Full of conversation, it keeps the reader in constant expectation of the story; and not only the absence of long descriptions, but the quick, summary fashion it has of dealing with situations and people, leads one to think it must be interesting. There are, indeed, occasionally glimpses of life as it is, but one who reads it through for the sake of the best it has to give is like a man who tries to keep warm at a fire made of hemlock boughs. If he stops throwing on the boughs he begins to freeze. — Ardis Claverden, by Frank R. Stockton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A tightly built novel of actual life, with Mr. Stockton's peculiar humor escaping now and then through the cracks. — Thomas Rutherton, by John Henton Carter. (H. C. Nixon, New York.) A story of personal experience, told by the writer in a plain, straightforward way, not without a touch of humor and a gleam of bright characterization. A little more, and one would think this was another Story of a Country Town; a little less, and he would pronounce it commonplace and flat. As it is, it reads like the record of actual experience, varied and enlivened by some imaginative power. The story is western in longitude, and takes one to New Orleans. — Campaigning with Crook, and Stories of Army Life, by Captain Charles King. (Harpers.) The first and longest sketch relates with considerable spirit the Sioux campaign of 1876. The other stories are less important. They have animation and a generous tone, but belong to a somewhat conventional order of story literature. — Ascutney Street, a Neighborhood Story, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) Mrs. Whitney has a little story to tell, the growth of love between two people wide apart socially, and the reader is not long in finding out what the end is to be; but before he, more probably she, comes to the end, she has the little world which lies between these two travelers approaching each other well described in sentences which have an amusing way of cocking their heads and pursing their mouths. Mrs. Whitney's mannerisms are well known to her readers, and do not displease them, for they trick out a good many wise observations. — The third number of Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series of paper-covered novels is Three Millions! or The Way of the World, by William T. Adams; the fourth is Cudjo's Cave, by J. T. Trowbridge, which will recall to many the interest which they felt in a writer who threatened to be the American Dickens.

Poetry. Lovers of poetry in the making will find exceeding interest in Poems by Emily Dickinson, edited by two of her friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson. (Roberts.) The brief prose preface tells in choice phrase of the isolation of the remarkable spirit whose poetic, we do not say literary, labor was interrupted by death. Whether or no Miss Dickinson ever would have struck out a lyric satisfying to soul and ear we have not the temerity to say; but the impression made upon the reader, who interprets her life by her verse and her verse by her life, is that there could not well be any poetic wholes in her work. Nevertheless, such is the fragmentary richness that one who enters upon the book at any point, and discovers, as he surely will, a phrase which is not to be called felicitous, but rather a shaft of light sunk instantaneously into the dark abysm, will inevitably search the book through eagerly for the perfect poem which seems just be-

yond his grasp. Words, lines, even stanzas, will reward him, and he will turn the leaf over and over, to make sure he has missed nothing. — Galgano's Wooing, and Other Poems, by Sarah Bridges Stebbins. (Dillingham.) A collection of verses of very varied subject, but indicating much fertility of thought and feeling. Some of the contrasted poems are suggestive, and there are vigorous single lines, but the book appears to be the work of a lavish hand rather than of one which, knowing its cunning, has learned restraint and directness. — Il mio Poema (Coi tipisuccessori le Monnier, Firenze) is the name Pietro Ridolfi-Bolognesi gives to a volume of two hundred and fifty pages of blank verse. The poem is cut off into lengths called cantos, bearing titles such as "Illusioni," "Alla Donna," "Padore," etc.; but beyond this arbitrary division the poem shows no evidence of plan, purpose, or structure. It is a rambling monologue of a so-called philosophical type, shows very little poetical talent, and is marred by frequent descriptions of sensuality. The English reader will recognize familiar bits of Shakespeare turned into flabby Italian verse: —

> "Se la donzella espone ai bianchi rai
> della luna le sue belta gia troppo
> prodiga n'è stimata.
> Val meglio supportare
> I mali conos cinti a cui è avezzo
> Che di conere incontro amali ignoti."

— Verses along the Way, by Mary Elizabeth Blake. (Houghton.) The division At the Children's Hour contains some merry, musical verses, and hints at the bright color which characterizes the book as a whole. Indeed, the lighter poems, with their simple mirth and playfulness, make the book especially worth note, and one may do as one pleases about the more serious work; at least one will not find it morbid. — Piero da Castiglione, by Stuart Sterne. (Houghton.) A strong, intense, and, like all this author's work, somewhat strained and high-pitched blank-verse narrative. Piero is betrothed to a beautiful maiden. He comes under Savonarola's influence, sacrifices his love, and becomes a priest. She gets her to a nunnery. — The Feast of St. Anne, and Other Poems, by Pierce Stevens Hamilton. (John Lovell & Son, Montreal.) The title-poem furnishes a setting for half a dozen tales, which might better have been told in prose — or in better poetry. We only wish the author promised to be sufficiently popular to insist on people saying Niagàra.

Holiday and Fine Arts Books. Christmas in Song, Sketch, and Story; nearly three hundred Christmas Songs, Hymns, and Carols, with selections from Beecher, Wallace, Auerbach, Abbott, Warren, and Dickens; illustrations by Raphael, Murillo, Bouguereau, Hofmann, Defregger, Story, Shepherd, Darley, Meade, Nast, and others. Selected by J. P. McCaskey. (Harpers.) Here, certainly, is a varied entertainment. It must be said, however, that the effect is of a very miscellaneous collection. The music, which occurs on almost every page, appears to be the main element. The songs are set in the middle of the page, and above and below are columns of reading matter, seven stories and rhapsodies. The pictures are sometimes engraved, sometimes process work, from famous paintings, and also conventional Christmas pictures bearing no relation to the text. There is no collection of great Christmas poems, and the uninformed reader is unable to tell who is the poet and who the composer of the musical contributions. It is a pity that a good scheme should have found its issue in such a hotch-potch. — It is late to be noticing the July number of the Portfolio (Seeley, London; Macmillan, New York), but art is quite indifferent to monthly dates. The illustrations include a photogravure of Alfred Stevens's bronze statue of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral; an etching, The Strand, by Pennell; and a mezzotint of Caernarvon Castle. We speak under correction; these are the apparent modes of reproduction, but in this day of skillful process work it is easy for one to fall into traps. There is also a lively sketch, Charing Cross to St. Paul's, by Justin McCarthy, accompanying a half dozen clever pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Pennell. Mr. Hamerton, the editor, has an agreeable paper on St. George's Channel, with interesting copies by process (?) from drawings by David Cox and others. Mr. Moore's recent work is criticised, and in general the reader gets what one may properly call a specimen of English work at its lightest and best. — The October number has for its chief illustrations In the Dukenès, engraved by Alfred Dawson, after Henry Dawson; Home Again, by J. C. Hook; and By

the Law Courts, by J. Pennell. The text, which is a very interesting feature of the magazine, continues Mr. McCarthy's Chaing Cross to St. Paul's, and Mr. Purves's The British Seas, and includes a readable paper on Millet's pastels and drawings. — L'Art for the 15th August (Macmillan) is occupied principally with the serial notes by Paul Leroi on the Salon of 1890, with sketchy reminiscences of paintings exhibited. The main illustration is an etched portrait of Verdi by Paul Lafond, after Boldini, a very vigorous piece of work. — The October number has a special interest for Americans, since it contains a paper on J. G. Low, whose decorative work in tiles at Chelsea is so well known. The writer of the article, Emile Molinier, is delightfully frank in his airy scorn for American art, and has his word, also, for "Le bill MacKinlay." He thinks we have been influenced largely by South Kensington, but reminds his readers that Mr. Low owes his artistic skill to a French education under Couture and Troyon. The paper is accompanied by a number of designs, and is a hearty recognition of the value of Mr. Low's work. — In and Out of Book and Journal, by A. Sydney Roberts. (Lippincott.) Apparently an idler's notebook shaken out, the leaves being sometimes worth keeping, sometimes mere waste. The pages are sprinkled with clever little drawings, more or less appropriate, by S. W. Van Schaick. The general effect of the book, with its pretty covers, is attractive, barring the super-calendered paper required for the process cuts. — A new number of Knickerbocker Nuggets (Putnams) is Love Poems of Three Centuries, compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell, and issued in two volumes, divided between English and American writers. There is a patriotic balance struck by giving as much space to American poets from Emerson down as from Spenser down. Even Bryant is credited with a love poem, but our surprise is lessened when it turns out to be The Burial of Love. These pretty little volumes need not be too closely scrutinized. All the world loves a lover, but once one is launched on seven hundred pages, he must get into his tub of philosophy or else into his canoe of youth, if he would enjoy himself thoroughly; the critical wherry would go to pieces. — The Day's Message, chosen and arranged by Susan Coolidge. (Roberts.) A neat little volume of selections, each page headed in succession by the day of the month. Twice only, we think, are birthdays noted, — in the case of Lincoln and of Washington. A brief passage from the Bible stands first, and frequently gives the keynote of the selections for the day, which are in prose and verse from ancient and modern writers, but pretty uniformly religious or of high ethical import. Good taste has been shown, and the book is one to encourage and strengthen. — Our New England; her Nature described by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and some of her Familiar Scenes illustrated. (Roberts.) An oblong book, containing a dozen photogravures from photographs of characteristic New England scenes, touched with what the publisher calls Remarks by Frank T. Merrill, really footnotes in pen and ink, each picture prefaced by a motto from Whittier, Longfellow, Lucy Larcom, and others, the whole going along with an agreeable piece of contemplative writing by Mr. Mabie. We are not very confident that nature illustrates literature, or properly accompanies it. Somehow the photographs, interesting as they sometimes are, do not always make pictures. — A group of Literary Gems (Putnams) consists of small books, usually of seventy or eighty pages, half of them sometimes blank, rough-cut edges, and flexible leatherette (?) covers, with frontispieces of portraits or otherwise. The books thus set forth are Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese, Sheridan's School for Scandal, Ruskin's King of the Golden River, Froude's Science of History, Butler's Nothing to Wear, Carlyle's Niebelungen Lied. The type is good, and the giver of the book — for we take it the books are made to give, and not to keep — has the satisfaction of knowing that no one can possibly object to the matter. — All Around the Year (Lee & Shepard) is a card calendar for 1891, formed of a dozen cards prettily ornamented with quaint figures by Pauline Sunter, the whole with rings, chain, and tassels. The fortunate receiver can snip off the tassels and cord. — Summerland, illustrated from the original designs of Margaret MacDonald Pullman. (Lee & Shepard.) An oblong volume, containing a score or so of landscapes and as many little vignettes. The refinement of feeling in the drawing is very evident, and so some-

times is what refinement now and then lapses into, — indefiniteness. The engraver has kept the same treatment throughout, so that the effect is even; but the evenness after a while wearies one, when an occasional sharper accent would have quickened the pleasure of the eye. — From an Old Love Letter. (Lee & Shepard.) Miss Irene K. Jerome, who has won a success in previous seasons in landscape work, here turns her hand to a piece of decorative work, illuminating some of the tender passages from the Epistles of S. John the Divine. Some of the color strikes one as a little crude, but the effect, on the whole, is agreeable, and the text, in missal manner, is good, save for an occasional effort at novelty. The millinery of the book is the poorest part of it. — Mr. Lowell's A Fable for Critics, first published forty-two years ago, and ever since included in his poetical works, is reissued now as a separate volume, accompanied by thumb-nail sketches of the authors skewered in it. (Houghton.) These portraits aim at the faces as they were when Mr. Lowell saw them with his mind's eye, but it seems a pity they could not have been a little larger, a little more characteristic. As for the verse itself, how clever it is, and what a sigh one heaves as he thinks of the unlikelihood that we shall have, this year, anything so capital in its way of the men who will be old or dead forty-two years from now! — Thoreau's Thoughts: Selections from the Writings of Henry David Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. (Houghton.) Thoreau is good to mince, for his thought is fragmentary and his expression epigrammatic. There is less violence done to him, therefore, than to some others by separating these passages from their context, and the reader gets more wholes. We suspect that all but the most studious readers of Thoreau will be surprised at the wealth of idealism which is here presented in these gleaming nuggets. To live the ideal life, — that alone is worth while, is the sum of these thoughts, and we commend the book for its pungent, aromatic salts. It will quicken the breath of life. The careful bibliography at the end of the volume indicates how much of a hold Thoreau has on the writing public. — Dreams of the Sea is the title, read with considerable difficulty owing to the foamy and washy style of the lettering, of an oblong, lithographically illustrated book, profanely dedicated to the Almighty, faintly discernible apparently in the clouds. The text is a series of poetical extracts from various authors; the decorations and illustrations are from the sea and sea-objects, expressed mainly in an artistic splutter and splatter. The use of the religious element is offensively histrionic.

Books for the Young. Pards, a Story of Two Homeless Boys, by Effie W. Merriman. (Lee & Shepard.) The author has tried to make her little ragamuffins true to nature by going down into the depths of what she plainly regards as the newsboy dialect; and she has, in her soft heart, not been willing to invest them with any very evil propensities, so she has made what on the face of it is a realistic tale into a pretty palpable romance. — Wonderful Deeds and Doings of Little Giant Boab and his Talking Raven Tabib, by Ingersoll Lockwood. (Lee & Shepard.) The reader is likely to look first at the illustrations by Clifton Johnson which are scattered abundantly over the pages. Occasionally they have a humorous touch, but for the most part they are mere nonsense with the humor evaporating. The text is of much the same character. The author labors through three hundred pages of fantastic and grotesque narrative, now and then striking a spark of wit; but the sparks emit little light and no warmth, and one has to fumble for the story. — Elsie Yachting with the Raymonds, by Martha Finley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) One is at first a little puzzled, as he enters the book, at receiving no introduction to the persons whom he finds in it, but discovers soon that he is, as it were, reading the nine hundredth chapter of some work which began once and shows no signs of ending; also, that it is of no particular consequence, as the characters exist only for the sake of conversing about battlefields, West Point and other places connected with American history. The yacht plays a very small part in the performance. — The Boy Travellers in Great Britain and Ireland, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) The sub-title, Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, with Visits to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, indicates the scope of the book, and those who are familiar with the other volumes in the series will understand what is the treatment. If one does not ask too much in the

way of characterization of young people, and is indifferent to graces of style, he can pick up a good deal of information, as he could have done if the main matter of the book had been used baldly as material for a scrapbook. The author sometimes takes one also out of the beaten track, as when he treats of mock parliaments and house boats. There is a profusion of good pictures. — The Knockabout Club in North Africa, by Fred A. Ober. (Estes & Lauriat.) Of very much the same general character as the last named, though the pictures are poorer, the fictitious machinery is less formal, and the author helps himself to long quotations without indicating the source. The book is a good deal of a jumble, and in falling upon a greater abandon of style we get more slang also. Mr. Knox's puppets spoke schoolmaster's English, but Mr. Ober's are not above the use of newspaper English. — Three Vassar Girls in Switzerland, by Elizabeth W. Champney. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mrs. Champney cares more for her story than do the writers of the other books with which this naturally is classed, and the scenery and history hold a more subordinate position. She makes her story improbable enough so far as the plot is concerned, but there is a rattling sort of good nature in the book which almost takes the place of humor. — Chatterbox, edited by J. Erskine Clarke. (Estes & Lauriat.) The bound volume of an English weekly which has secured a large yearly sale. It is not difficult to see why. The pictures are not as a rule too good ; the poems are generally of a domestic character; there are anecdotes of canine sagacity, short papers upon natural history, little moral tales, — even Boccaccio is called into service, — riddles, and bits of advice, the whole very cheap. It is the old principle of Chambers' Miscellany applied to a stratum of intelligence a little lower, but a stratum occupied by vast hordes of persons, young and old, who know how to read and take a serious view of that accomplishment. — Little One's Annual ; Stories and Poems for Little People. With 405 original illustrations. (Estes & Lauriat.) An annual made up of weekly issues, but less of a scrapbook than Chatterbox. It is of a higher order of juvenile art and literature. There is a brightness of appearance in the fair type and sketchy pictures which counts for a good deal in the attraction of the book. — Crowded out o' Crofield, or The Boy who Made his Way, by William O. Stoddard. (Appleton.) The boy is one of those chaps (in books) who are always on hand when there is a runaway horse, or a fire, or any emergency calling for presence of mind and pluck ; by dint of using with great promptness all these skillfully arranged circumstances he comes to success. There is a spasmodic, bang-bang sort of style in the telling which gives a certain movement to the story, so that we can easily imagine a boy marching straight through the handsome pages. — Among the Moths and Butterflies, by Julia P. Ballard. (Putnams.) A revised edition of an agreeable little book published a few years ago. We think the writer is at her best when she is describing simply and naturally what she has observed, not when she is dramatizing her subject and aiming at a seductive liveliness. — On the Blockade, by Oliver Optic. (Lee & Shepard.) A story for boys, in which the scenes are laid during the war for the Union. The characters have the destiny which always awaits them in this writer's books, and the incidents are selected for their interesting nature and their helpfulness to the story, as all incidents should be. — The Kelp-Gatherers, a Story of the Maine Coast, by J. T. Trowbridge. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Trowbridge always has a story to tell. That is the secret of his success. It may not be an important story, but it is regularly laid out, and all the parts fit. It goes without any tinkering on the part of the reader. — Think and Thank, by Samuel W. Cooper. (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) As the name of Moses Montefiore is used for the young hero of this story, and the last chapter shows the old man in reverie, we suppose the tale is intended to set forth the youth of the famous Jew. It shows the odds against which the Jews have had to contend in England, and in general, with good taste, but with no singular power, permits us to see ourselves as the best Jews see us.

Travel and Nature. The Tsar and his People, or Social Life in Russia. (Harpers.) A collection of papers on Russian topics, originally printed in Harper's Monthly, and not quite enough relieved of the magazine element when brought together

into a volume. The authors are the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, Theodore Child, Clarence Cook, and Vassili Verestchagin, the first two occupying most of the volume. The cities, the country, court life, and art are all treated in a fresh, interesting manner, and the pictures are not only abundant, but of a high order of execution, looking even better than they did in the magazine. It was worth while to save such good matter in book form. — Outings at Odd Times, by Charles C. Abbott. (Appleton.) Mr. Abbott is a capital observer. He likes especially the odd ways of nature, and those aspects of human life which are most closely connected with the secrets of the world in which he lives. The quaint, the picturesque, the outlandish, are attractive to him; and he prefers to note the scenes which lie just about him to going far afield. It is a pity that, with this faculty for minute observation, he should be so angular in his English; yet often when he forgets that he is making literature, he drops into a simple, unaffected style which is very agreeable. This book is more fragmentary and more readable, we think, than some of his sketches of outdoor life. — Wild Beasts and their Ways, Reminiscences of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by Sir Samuel W. Baker. (Macmillan.) This veteran huntsman has a scorn for mere "pig-sticking" and a boasted game-list. He hunts from the love of a noble sport, and with a constant care to study the nature and habits of wild beasts. His book, thus, while it treats of the elephant, tiger, leopard, lion, bear, hippopotamus, crocodile, buffalo, rhinoceros, boar, hyena, giraffe, antelope, deer, and similar game, is at once a record of personal experience and a summary of observation. Sir Samuel enters the menagerie of the globe with the safely conducted reader, and proceeds to show off the creatures in the open air. The excitement of the reader is a healthy one, and is stimulated both by the animated narrative of his guide and by the capital pictures which accompany the book. In these engravings the animals seem almost life-size. — Aztec Land, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou made a journey through Mexico in a Pullman car, under the management of an excursion agent. This means that he enjoyed his trip in the most comfortable way imaginable, that he kept pretty close to the railway lines of communication, and looked upon the scenes which engage the ordinary traveler. He gives the customary information, modified by personal observation and reflection. His long and varied experience as a traveler has made him an adept at the business of description and narrative. — A Russian Journey, by Edna Dean Proctor. (Houghton.) A score of years ago Miss Proctor visited Russia, and wrote this book in the glow of enthusiasm and with an eye for color and effect. To-day she reissues it with a Prelude, in which she gathers some of her impressions of the Russian nature, and takes a fresh outlook upon the scene. Her picture of scenery and life can hardly call for much modification, we fancy, and she writes with a poetic touch which preserves descriptions as scientific precision could not. — Stratford-on-Avon, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare, by Sidney Lee; with forty-five illustrations by Edward Hull. (Seeley, London; Macmillan, New York.) The scheme of this book removes it from the class of ordinary guidebooks or local antiquarian gossip. Stratford is taken as a characteristic English midland town, and, after its history has been narrated briefly, the life which flowed through it in Shakespeare's time has been reconstructed carefully. Shakespeare's own probable experience runs as a thread through the book, and the entire effect is very pleasing. — The White Mountains, a Guide to their Interpretation, by Julius H. Ward. (Appleton.) Mr. Ward's intention is to base upon a description of characteristic passages in the mountain region the reflections which a contemplative mind, already enlightened by the prophetic voice of poetry and religion, naturally makes. The blending of narrative and comment relieves the book of the strain of mere rhapsody; and though ready-made reflections for mountaineers are liable not to fit, there is no doubt that some minds will be led to more thoughtful account of the localities when their attention has been called to what may be termed the spiritual landscape. — Old Wine in New Bottles, for Old and New Friends, by Brinton W. Woodward. (Journal Publishing Company, Lawrence, Kansas.) A collection of rambling papers and verses, first published,

many of them, in the Lawrence Journal. A good part of the book consists of travel-sketches. The style is careless, though the matter sometimes is fresh. — Mungo Park and the Niger, by Joseph Thomson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A volume in the series The World's Great Explorers. Although the main part of this book is devoted to a *résumé* of Park's explorations, Mr. Thomson's scheme includes both the early movements for the discovery of the sources and course of the Niger, and the history of explorations since Park's time down to the formation of the Royal Niger Company. There is thus a unity about the book which adds to its value. Mr. Thomson knows his subject well, and his narrative is clear, though his style is somewhat diffuse and occasionally a little turgid. — The Trees of Northeastern America, Illustrations from Original Sketches, by Charles S. Newhall; with an Introductory Note by N. L. Britton. (Putnams.) A curiously constructed book; for while it gives the technical names of trees, it describes them with freedom from purely scientific terms, and, moreover, now and then introduces anecdotes, poetical quotations, and the like. The illustrations are simple, and the purpose of the work is accomplished if it enables the user to determine the various trees he sees and quickens his interest in tree life.

Textbooks and Educational Helps. In Heath's Modern Language Series, a recent number is Selections from Heine's Poems, edited, with notes, by Horatio Stevens White. The selection intends the best and most varied expression of Heine's masterly lyric power, and is accompanied by an admirable bibliographical note and collection of annotations. Another number is A Compendious French Grammar, by A. Hjalmar Edgren, which is divided into two independent parts. The first is a Practical Survey of French Grammar, calculated for half a term or less, and occupies less than seventy pages; the second is a Methodical Presentation of the same subject, with Historical Introductions, Versification and Sketch of the Relation of French and Anglo-French words. This part is calculated for two terms or less, and is three hundred pages long. — A Brief History of the Empire State, for Schools and Families, by Welland Hendrick. (Bardeen.) The reader must not be prejudiced against this book by its ungainly dress and appearance. It is a capital textbook, if one once admits the desirability of teaching state history. Concise without being dry, vigorous and thoughtful, it is a worthy addition to the small number of reasonable American histories. — Sir Philip Sidney's The Defense of Poesy has been edited by Professor Albert S. Cook (Ginn) with excellent judgment. His Introduction, besides giving a brief outline of Sidney's life in its external phases, contains a study of the date of the composition and publication of the treatise, and an inquiry into Sidney's style and philosophical theory. The notes are possibly a little too exhaustive, and tend to make lazy scholars, but they furnish often suggestive comparisons. — Recent numbers of the useful little texts issued as Old South Leaflets (Heath) are Federal Constitution of the Swiss Confederation, The Bill of Rights of 1689, Coronado's Letter to Mendoza, Eliot's Brief Narrative, 1671, and Wheelock's Narrative, 1762. — Shakespeare's Poems, edited, with notes, by W. J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) Mr. Rolfe has here gathered his previous work on the poems and sonnets into one comely volume, carefully revising his matter. His method is well known. He relies mainly upon others for general observations, and draws also from the abundant commentary of other editors, but he edits the text with scrupulous care, and leaves no expression unnoticed. For the careful text all thanks; for the abundant comment, we can only say that it should be the last, and not the first, resource of the student. — The Theory of Music, as Applied to the Teaching and Practice of Voice and Instruments, by Louis C. Elson. (New England Conservatory of Music, Boston.) Mr. Elson, noting the tendency of musicians to become specialists, has prepared this book with a view to supplying a convenient course of study which shall familiarize students with those underlying principles, such as the laws of acoustics, the succession of tones, musical rhythms, and the like, which apply both in the construction and diversity of musical instruments, and in the orchestral grouping, as well as in the use both of instruments and the voice. There are a good many curious and interesting bits of musical lore tucked in by the way, and the book will be especially serviceable to teachers. — Tabular Views of Universal History; a

Series of Chronological Tables, presenting in Parallel Columns a Record of the more Noteworthy Events in the History of the World from the Earliest Times down to 1890. Compiled by G. P. Putnam, and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones. (Putnams.) This is from the old The World's Progress improved and continued. It is a moderately convenient chart, but is too brief to be of very great service. The selection of topics does not always show a good sense of proportion. It is as if the compiler had regard in each year to what the people of that time thought of consequence. As a result, it is a sort of newspaper system which he follows, rather than one justly historical. — Latin Pronunciation, a Short Exposition of the Roman Method, by H. T. Peck. (Holt.) A clear, concise account of what was once known as the Continental pronunciation, from the fact that the obstinate English had refused to accede to the system worked out by the Germans. The gradual accession of scholars is now so nearly complete that this handbook seems designed chiefly for those who, brought up under the Anglican system, have perforce adopted the Roman method empirically, and yet would gladly know the reason of their new faith. — Elementary Composition Exercises, by Irène Hardy. (Holt.) This, with the preceding, belongs in the series of Teacher's Handbooks. It is designed to stimulate teachers who are commonplace or weary, and in despair what subjects to suggest to children for composition writing. It grew out of school-room practice. Much of it is very useful, but we think the custom of picking to pieces good literature in order to make poorer out of it not to be commended. — Our Mother Tongue, by Theodore H. Mead. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This is a book designed for Americans, and especially for American women, who dress well, act well, talk well, but have a fatal defect of style in the tone of their voices and the enunciation of their words. A few sensibly written chapters on Tone, Articulation, Pronunciation, the Vowels, the Letter R, Pause, Inflection, and kindred topics are followed by a Pronouncing Vocabulary, which indicates the incorrect style to be avoided as well as the correct style to be followed. Let us humbly hope we have made some little progress since our first school-masters took us in hand. Webster, in one of his early lists of a similar character, taught young America not to say "rozum" for "rosin;" Mr. Mead warns against "rah'zn." But why should we be told to say "pay-triot," and may n't we say "mat-rass'," and must we not say "cem'ent" when the word is a noun? We recommend this book as one adapted to set the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law. — Our Dictionaries, and other English Language Topics, by R. O. Williams. (Holt.) A collection of somewhat desultory papers, other topics being the origin of the word "metropolis," some Peculiarities Real and Supposed in American English, Good English for Americans, Cases of Disputed Propriety and of Unsettled Usage. The first topic of all is so good that one is disappointed at finding it treated in a sketchy fashion. Mr. Williams seems to have regarded it chiefly as offering tidbits. He gives chapter and verse for his illustrations of the use of language, and points out one interesting result of his observation, namely, that the irregularities of Cardinal Newman are the irregularities also of Hawthorne. A caution should be given in these nice matters, observed no doubt by Mr. Williams, against an indiscriminate use of editions. Reprinters, having perhaps parted with their consciences in reprinting without leave, sometimes commit the greater crime of improving their author's English. — A Pocket Hand-Book of Biography, Containing more than Ten Thousand Names of Celebrities, in every Sphere of Human Action, Showing their Nationality, Rank or Condition, Profession or Occupation, the Dates of their Birth and Death, and effectually answering the frequent query Who was He? Compiled by Henry Frederic Reddall. (Bardeen.) One might demur at the notion that this query would be effectually answered respecting, say, Robert Burns by the information that he was a Scottish poet, who was born in 1759 and died in 1796. In truth, the handbook is only a collection of headstones. It follows in plan and style the excellent Hole's Brief Biographical Dictionary, published a score of years or so ago. It serves the purpose of those who do not like to lift from the shelf their big Webster, which has, one may say, almost exactly the same list, with the addition of pronunciation. Upon comparing a page of Mr. Reddall's book with

the corresponding titles in Webster we find the two exactly alike, except that Mr. Reddall adds three new names. — A Guide to the Literature of Æsthetics, by C. M. Gayley and F. N. Scott (University of California), has its chief value as directing the attention of students to such material as is easily accessible, and indicating something of the scope of the subject. Work in this field is so desultory, for the most part, that any attempt at philosophic systematizing, if it goes no further than this pamphlet, is a good sign of progress. — Haverford College, Pennsylvania, has fallen into line with other colleges in printing Studies, two parts of which have reached us. We have no sympathy with the criticism which deprecates separate collegiate publication, and demands that the several colleges shall contribute to the support of some central journal. The latter course may be more convenient for the student, but the former is infinitely more likely to bring out scholastic enterprise, and that is the main consideration. The chief strength of the two parts before us is in the work of J. Rendel Harris and his as ociates in the direction of New Testament textual criticism, Number 5 being devoted to the Diatessaron of Tatian. The numbers are very handsomely printed. The Secretary of Haverford College is the agent for distribution.

History and Politics. The Veto Power, its Origin, Development, and Function in the Government of the United States, by Edward Campbell Mason. (Ginn.) The first of a series of Harvard Historical Monographs, edited by Professor A. B. Hart. The historical introduction, connecting the veto as known in our Constitution with its germ in Teutonic government, is brief and to the point, and is followed by an interesting analysis in a series of chapters of the practical working of the veto. An appendix gives as full a list as could be made of presidential vetoes. A bibliography and index complete a work which augurs well for the thoroughness of the series which it opens. — The Unwritten Constitution of the United States, by C. G. Tiedeman. (Putnams.) It is interesting to observe how historical studies are affecting the study of constitutional law, and how, also, the comparative study of constitutional government is modifying the old-fashioned, merely legal and doctrinaire view of the American Constitution. Professor Tiedeman, himself a lawyer, takes up some of the topics which are fundamental, such as citizenship, natural rights, electoral processes, and discusses them in the light of actual facts to show how impossible it is to base a living organism upon pragmatic documents. As some one has said, the Constitution of the United States is a sort of false bottom for political thinkers. His book, which is brief, is suggestive rather than exhaustive. — The Story of Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Century, by John Mackintosh. (Putnams.) A business-like but rather dry chronicle, with somewhat juiceless judgments of men.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

One of the Lost Geniuses.

THE telegraph announces the death in the city of Mexico, October 21st, of Henry Ward Poole, one of the oldest American residents of that city. It speaks of him as a man of rare attainments, and as having received the degree of M. A. from Harvard College.

Mr. Poole was so unique a personality and so much of a public character that some reminiscence of him may possess interest. I believe he was a native of Danvers, Mass., but for some years the family resided near Worcester. I first knew him at Yale College in 1842, where he was a member of the class of 1845. His brother was a classmate of mine, and became a somewhat intimate friend, and the two roomed together. I do not remember that I made much progress in Henry's acquaintance at that time, although I saw him frequently. He appeared to me to be always intensely busy about something, and had a preoccupied air.

At the beginning of his junior year he

did not return, and as his brother was also absent for a while I lost track of him. I next met him at Worcester, at a house where I was visiting, and where he had called to borrow a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. I found that he wanted to consult the article on Music, and especially the mathematical portion, and that in regard to everything relating to the theory of music he was well informed. He told me that he was studying the subject of organs, and invited me to come and see him at his home, two or three miles from the city. I afterwards made the visit, and on this occasion I referred to our acquaintance in college, and asked him why he left.

"Oh," he replied, "I was there for a temporary purpose only, and having accomplished that I left"

"Well?" said I interrogatively, intimating that I should like to know more.

"Yes," said he, "I will tell you all about it, if you care to listen. The fact, is I have a taste, or I might say a natural aptitude, for mechanics, and I thought I should like to do something in a mechanical way which was worth doing. I investigated a good many mechanical pursuits, and I came to the conclusion that organ building was about the most difficult, and therefore the best worth doing, of any.

"Now, you see, to build an organ it is necessary to know a good many things. First of all a man should thoroughly understand the theory of music, and to do that requires a considerable knowledge of mathematics. It was that which took me to college. I did n't care anything about Latin and Greek and other things, but I did want mathematics, and I decided that I could get them in college better than elsewhere ; so I fitted for college. Of course I had to study Latin and Greek and other things, but I got the mathematics that I wanted, and although it took a good deal of time, on the whole, I am not sorry. Well, when I had the mathematics, that was all I cared for, and then I left.

"Now, in organ building a good deal of leather is used, and it is necessary to understand something about the tanning and preparation and finish of several different kinds of leather ; so I apprenticed myself to a tanner, until I could do a respectable job in tanning and finishing piano leather.

"Also there are the metal pipes. In order to understand them one must be familiar with certain kinds of metal work : well, I learned that, and then filing, turning, forging, and finishing steel and iron, — in short, the ordinary work of a machinist. I did enough at that to be a respectable workman.

"Next, there is the ivory work : that is a department by itself, and had to be learned; but I had done so many similar things that I found it quite easy. The cabinet work and the other wood work was more of a task ; for it is not only necessary to know all about working woods, but one must also know a great deal about the different kinds of wood, — their peculiarities and possibilities. There is more wood about an organ than anything else, and everything depends on the kind, quality, condition, and workmanship of this wood. It took me a long time to master this, although I did not find the mechanical part difficult. There is some of my work. I made everything in that, and he pointed to a highly finished parlor organ which I had already remarked on account of its beauty."

"You made that?" I said, doubtless indicating some surprise.

"Certainly," said he ; "why not? I ought to do as good work as another man after having learned the trade. Well," he continued, "to make a rather long story short, I have mastered, I think, what there is to be known in this country about organs. Now I am going abroad to see if they have anything to teach me there, and in twenty-five years from the time I began I expect to be able to make as good an organ as has ever been produced."

The coolness with which he laid out half of an ordinary business life to the purpose of acquiring an art almost took away my breath ; but I found that he was perfectly serious. No commercial view seemed to present itself in the matter. His one thought was that he should himself be able to build a perfect organ.

Four or five years later, in 1850, Poole produced his Enharmonic Organ, which for a time attracted much attention in musical circles. His own account of it appeared in Silliman's Journal of Science ; and there were several articles in other magazines, and numerous notices in the papers of the time. As nearly as I can recollect, this invention was an attempt to give every scale

perfectly, by having pipes that were accurately tuned for each scale, and machinery so adapted that all the scales could be controlled from one keyboard. B flat and A sharp would no longer be represented by the same sound as they are in the ordinary organ or piano, — which sound is in fact neither B flat nor A sharp, but a compromise between the two, — but each should have its true sound, and so on. Many thoroughly practical and scientific musicians spoke warmly in favor of the new instrument, but after a while the interest died out, and nothing practical came of it. Whether this was because the instrument was too elaborate and complicated for general use, or because no one took up the enterprise in a business way and applied to its furtherance the necessary capital and energy to insure success, I do not know. Perhaps no one does. Probably Poole himself lost his interest in it as soon as he had accomplished what he undertook.

It was about this time that I met him, one day, in the railroad station at New Haven. While we stood talking together, a small bell, perhaps a porter's call or something of the sort, rang out near us rather sharply, but not, to my ear, disagreeably so. Poole jumped as though he had been shot, put both hands to his ears, and looked wistfully at me, as much as to say, Let me know when it stops. I can't take my hands down until I am sure. Then, gradually recovering his equanimity, he said, "Ah! we 'll soon put an end to all that sort of thing. No use going through life in agony, when everything can just as well be made pleasant."

"No," said I; "but how do you propose to do it?"

"Simply have all our sounds musical," said he; "easiest thing in the world. That bell, now, might be a source of absolute pleasure instead of throwing people into fits with its horrid din." And he proceeded to give his theory of common concordant sounds which should produce this elysium; but I have forgotten the details.

After this I lost sight of Poole for a good many years. I heard, however, that he was in the city of Mexico, that he had acted as professor (I think of modern languages) in a college there, and that he was pleased with the country. One day, later on, I met him at the Athenæum Library in Boston, and had a talk with him, interesting, intense, and iconoclastic as usual, about Mexico. During the conversation he took from his pocket a handful of brilliant gems, which he was apparently carrying loose with his knife, small change, and other articles. I remember among them some very large and beautiful rubies and emeralds, evidently of great value. Poole immediately went off into a dissertation on gems. Each kind had its history, and each individual stone its biography. He made it all very interesting. I referred to his old interest in music. "Oh," he said, with a far-away, dreamy look, "I had forgotten about that; so I had. How long ago it seems!"

That was the last time I saw him. A few years ago, a friend of mine was about visiting Mexico, and upon his asking me if I knew any one there, I gave him a letter to Poole, knowing no special address, nor even if he were still there. My friend told me afterwards that he found him without difficulty. He was living by himself with a housekeeper and servant (he never married) in a small house with a considerable yard, surrounded by a high wall, and guarded by a number of dogs. At first there appeared to be some doubt about the visitor being allowed to enter, but he was finally admitted. The style of living, although perhaps not uncomfortable, seemed, to an American eye, very careless and helter-skelter. My letter was presented, but Poole was apparently not quite sure that he had ever heard of me. He said, however, that he had known and forgotten so many people that one more or less made no difference, and he began talking immediately on Mexican affairs, showing much more interest in them than in anything that was happening at his old home.

This was the last, I think, that I heard of him, until I saw the notice of his death; but he was so full of resource and genius and a certain kind of energy that one cannot help wishing to know more of a life that must have been, to say the least, very picturesque.

A Modern Dogberry. — It is generally admitted that the salient types of humanity, simple, sublime, or grotesque, as delineated by the great universal writers, are always reappearing on the scene. Sometimes, indeed, they turn up with the identical words in their mouths which were given them to say by the masters of fiction. For instance,

I am almost ready to give deposition that Dogberry but lately has been seen in the flesh: in official character a little different from his counterpart in the historic page which all remember; for this time Dogberry was a young man of Yankee extraction, the conductor of a horse car in the city of New York. We had reached the junction of two lines, and some of the occupants of our car were to be "transferred." Among these was a bewildered old dame, speaking no other word save that she had brought from the Vaterland. Our kind-hearted Dogberry (for kind-hearted he was, be it placed to his credit), after vain endeavors of a verbal character, proceeded to direct his Teutonic passenger by conducting her a few steps towards the cross-town car. In a moment he returned, his honest face reddening with indignation. "If ever I help a woman agin, I'll know it! She did nothin' but call me 'donkey, donkey'!" A passenger suggested that she was thanking him in her own language, but he still maintained his original opinion. "She called me *donkey*, and *don't you forgit it!*" It is safe to say that Dogberry is still "donkey" to those who listened to his asseverations, and I have even written him down so, which is no less in keeping with his own injunction than with that of his ancient prototype.

Russian-English. — The experience meeting which the Club held last month on the problems of translation has set me to thinking of the difficulties which confront the translator from the Russian. Whether or not we wholly accept Shakespeare's dictum that

> "There is no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face,"

there are yet some of us who deduce for ourselves the axiom that the mind's construction betrays itself fairly well through the tongue. Every sentence which reaches our ears furnishes us with circumstantial evidence, through its tone, construction, and pronunciation, of many facts concerning not only the speaker, but his whole nation.

No prose writer, assuredly, has ever known the heart-secrets of his own tongue more thoroughly than Turgeneff. Almost the last words he wrote confirm this view as to the revelatory character of language. "In days when doubt and boding thoughts as to the fate of my fatherland oppress me," he cries, with his customary sadness, "thou alone art my staff, my support, O thou great, true, and free Russian language! It is impossible that such a speech should have been bestowed on any but a great people." We may omit the opinions as to the physiognomy of language uttered by competent judges of other lands, since our interest lies, for the present, solely with Russia.

Probably no one more fully appreciates this eulogy than he who attempts to do justice to Russian masterpieces of literature in translation. He recalls the miracle of tongues at Pentecost, and begins to wonder whether the marvel was not wrought in the atmosphere or upon the ears of the hearers rather than in the tongues of the Apostles, and whether he can be as successful as the medium which was so potent on that occasion in conveying words and thought.

For, in truth, it is much the same sort of miracle which the translator is called upon to work at the present day. The thoughts of great speakers must pass through him to hearers of another land or time. In him they must be so transmuted that not alone may every man hear them in that tongue wherein he was born, but he must also be almost persuaded that they were originally written therein.

If it be objected that the translator's work generally appeals to the eye rather than to the ear, as this theory demands, the answer is simple: the eye not only hears every word that it reads in a language with which it is acquainted, but tries to fix a sound upon every foreign word whose letters it can decipher. Assuming that the translator's mind, the medium through which the speaker reaches his hearers, is more tangible than the wonder-working medium on Pentecost, it is well to define its form. The translator's mind is a prism. Its three sides are formed by the three possible manners of reproducing the light which it has received. First, the translator may reproduce it crudely by translating literally, school-boy fashion. The result is apt to be both awkward and ridiculous, nay, even misleading, like the child's "cow's buttons" for *boutons de vache*. Second, he may use perfect freedom, in the style chiefly prescribed as an antidote to the preceding. It is the favorite French method, and, like the first, is also popular

with heedless zealots of inaccurate knowledge. It is a covert insult to the reader, since it assumes that he is incapable of comprehending any style, idea, or vocabulary but that of the machine-made novel; and it is an open insult to the author, who is thus rebuked and martyred by the pen of the uncritical and inartistic executioner. The American translation, through the French, of Count Tolstoy's My Religion furnishes an instance. How many readers suspect that the twice or thrice mentioned "Sea of Galilee" really represents the author's *Galileo*, French *Galilée*? Third, he can resort to the alternative which we may call picturesque literalness, which is an art. The higher types of the first two methods may, at times, be applied to other languages without the results proving too disastrous; but the picturesquely literal process is the only one which can be used with any justice or effect in translating Russian. Pray, do not fail to observe that my mind and Goethe's, as set forth by Mr. Andrews, have been working independently on parallel lines.

In this modern Pentecost the translator-prism is not called upon to decompose the ray of white light which enters him into colors, — say, red, French, violet, Spanish, green, English, and golden, Italian. That is the philologist's task. But what is demanded of him is really more difficult. He must decompose and recompose the white ray within himself, and send it forth uncolored by himself, as white as when he received it, but alive with all the possibilities of color. He must be like a pure block of Iceland spar, — he must allow the object to be seen perfectly through him, and he must also produce a copy essentially indistinguishable from the original. How is this to be accomplished without the gift of a sixth sense? As a matter of fact, the intuition which is almost equivalent to a sixth sense is as characteristic of philologists and of first-class translators as it is of composers and first-class musicians.

In no case, among European languages at least, is this intuitive sense, which expresses itself in picturesque literalness, more requisite than in an attempt to translate Russian. In French, Italian, Spanish, one can dash along, with constant suggestions as to the proper word furnished by the text. The customs and the spirit of the countries are well known. The question of construction is practically non-existent. In German all the above is true except as to construction; and there the translator actually receives valuable hints as to novelty and ingenuity, especially in poetry. In Russian hardly any of this holds good. A sort of reversed construction often adds piquancy or force to the original, but this is lost in the transfer. Russian is generally, but erroneously believed to be harsh. In reality, this Italian of the North is so soft that strangers find it difficult to pronounce, on account of the harshness of their own consonants and of their tongues in general. Hence the English translator encounters a sonorousness and melody which he is reluctantly forced to omit from prose, and which constitutes his despair in attempts to render poetry and blank verse.

Moreover, the delicate shadings of the language are as elusive and indescribable as the exquisite opaline tints of a June midnight in Petersburg. Verbal forms are differentiated until they remind one of Hudibras's controversialists, who could "split a hair 'twixt south and southwest side." Tenses are used out of time; endless diminutives discriminate between the fine gradations of approbation, love, respect, friendship, scorn, worthlessness; augmentatives, somewhat less numerous, indicate degrees of superiority, admiration, depreciation. Untranslatable words, syllables, letters, are thrown in with no aim save euphony or added intensity in some direction, and shift position, force, and sense at the will of the speaker. Racy turns of speech, as witty and apposite as those of Sancho Panza, abound. Add to this that the point of view is different from the Anglo-Saxon, and that one must possess, if not a practical, certainly a sympathetic and intuitive appreciation of it, as well as of utterly unfamiliar ceremonials and customs, if one is to render thoroughly characteristic passages, not to mention the general tone conveyed by constantly occurring delicate national touches. Evidently, this difficulty, entering into the spirit of the country, constitutes one half of the problem, which is equally important with the half presented by the peculiarities of the language, and its tense, terse, grammatical forms.

Comedy of the Custom House. — There is no place in the world where human nature is so thoroughly human or so purely natural as on the New York docks, when a great steamer load of returning travelers is being put through the *peine forte et dure* of the United States custom house. Everybody is striving to play a part, to assume an air of indifference which he does not feel, and of innocence which he knows to be fallacious; and, like Mrs. Browning's Masker, everybody betrays too plainly in his "smiling face" and "jesting bold" the anxiety that preys upon his vitals. Packed snugly away in that wilderness of trunks and boxes are hundreds, nay, thousands, of pretty trifles, which it is the painful duty of every man, and the proud ambition of every woman, to carry in unscathed and undetected. The frank, shameless delight which a woman takes in smuggling has long puzzled the male moralist, who, following the intricacies of the feminine conscience, can find no satisfactory explanation of this by-path. He cannot bring her to understand why, when she has purchased and paid for an article, it should not be hers to take where she likes, to deal with as she pleases; and a dozen discourses on political economy and the laws of nations leave her unshaken in this simple and primitive conception. As the English are said to argue best in platoons, so a woman argues best in action; and, while her husband or brother is proving to her in the clearest possible fashion that a high protective tariff is a blessing to the land, she is assiduously storing away embroidered table covers, and silk stockings, and silver spoons, and tortoise-shell combs, and tiny jeweled pins, and bits of frail Venetian glass, wherever her practiced eye tells her they will best escape detection. In the abstract, of course, dear Edwin is right, — he always is, — but she is far too busy with her task to enter into abstractions just now. Whatever mental subtlety she possesses is reserved for a much more important ordeal, — that of getting clear with a clean conscience from the searching questions of the inspector. "When I am asked if I have any presents I always answer no," said a devout, church-going woman to me one day, "because I do not consider them presents until I give them away."

A Little Case of Borrowing. — It always seems a very shabby thing to show, or try to show, where a famous author obtained some of his most brilliant ideas; but the hunting instinct which is in every man will not let him rest until he has brought down some tangible result as his prey. Though it is but seldom that such a hunter finds every one agreeing that his game is worth the chase, even a few followers will keep up his spirits. For example, there is hardly a better known character in English literature than Mrs. Malaprop, and it seems a little cruel for any one to say that her delightful errors of speech were copied from another character of fiction, but this I think I can show.

Frances Chamberlaine Sheridan was the talented mother of a still more talented son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among other things she wrote a comedy called A Journey to Bath, which has never been acted or published. It is now reposing, in an incomplete state, among the Sheridan papers in the British Museum. Whether or not it was ever finished is not known with certainty, but Mr. Edward Scott, the Keeper of the Manuscripts, thinks Sheridan destroyed the later acts after making use of them for The Rivals, and holds that he was justified in doing this because the play was his by inheritance at his mother's death, which occurred in 1766. On the other hand, Mrs. Alicia Lefanu, a granddaughter of Mrs. Sheridan, in her life of that most interesting lady, thinks the play was left unfinished. Thus we have two opinions. It was Mr. Scott who, years ago, when young in the service of the department of which he is now head, discovered that "Sheridan had undoubtedly taken his character of Mrs. Malaprop from his mother's character of Mrs. Tryfort."

Of course, the most striking thing about Mrs. Malaprop is her misuse of words, and we find this characteristic in Mrs. Tryfort, but not so strongly accentuated, for she can say some things correctly. This is very strong evidence, and is of much greater importance than the resemblances of action, which might be accidental. In one place [1] Mrs. Malaprop says that she would not have a daughter of hers "to be a *progeny* of learning." Mrs. Tryfort declares [2] that Lord Stewkly, who is after her daughter's

[1] The Rivals, Act I., Scene 2.

[2] A Journey to Bath, Act II., Scene 2.

fortune, "is a perfect *progeny*." A little further on in the same speech [1] Mrs. Malaprop, in describing her supposititious daughter's curriculum of study, says she would have her instructed in geometry, "that she might know something of the *contagious* countries." Mrs. Tryfort, again [2] eulogizing Lord Stewkly, says, "Oh, if you were to hear him describe *contagious* countries as I have done." In another place [3] Mrs. Malaprop orders Lydia Languish "to *illiterate* him [Ensign Beverly], I say, quite from your memory." Mrs. Tryfort misuses the same word, though in a different sense, when she describes [4] Lord Stewkly as taking "as much pains to teach my Lucy and make her *illiterate* as if he were actually her master." In Mrs. Malaprop's note to Sir Lucius O'Trigger [5] she says, "Female *punctuation* forbids me to say more." We do not find Mrs. Tryfort getting quite so far astray as this, for she says *punctuality*, which is a little bit nearer punctiliousness. "I know nothing of him, Sir Jonathan. Do you think Miss Tryfort does not understand *punctuality* better than to go into corners with young fellows?" [6]

These are all the verbal similarities between the two characters, and they seem to show that, if Sheridan did not have the play before him when he wrote The Rivals, he at least remembered something about it. Mrs. Tryfort and Mrs. Malaprop are also alike in becoming fascinated by the men who are after their wards' fortunes, namely, Lord Stewkly and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

But a piece of indirect evidence shows that Sheridan must have modeled Mrs. Malaprop from Mrs. Tryfort, and this is a speech of Sir Lucius O'Trigger's which is taken almost directly from A Journey to Bath. In the challenge scene of The Rivals Sir Lucius says to Bob Acres, "Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the old O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man! . . . For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honour and the family-pictures are as fresh as ever." [7] In A Journey to Bath Sir Jeremy Bull is talking to his nephew, Edward, and Lady Filmot, who is an adventuress trying to trap Edward into marriage. He says, "If I had your ladyship at Bullhall, I coud shew you a line of ancestry that woud convince you we are not a people of yesterday. *Ed.* Pray Uncle how came it you never shewd them to me? *Sir Jer.* Why the land and the mansion-house has slipped thro' our fingers boy; but thank heaven the family pictures are still extant." [8] All these resemblances seem to give ground for a belief that Sheridan made use of his mother's play, not necessarily directly, but that he had read it, and thought some of its portions worth repeating.

We must not blame Richard too severely for borrowing ideas from his mother, for she set him the example when she took the idea of Mrs. Tryfort from Lady Wishfort, a character in Congreve's Way of the World. Mark the similarity of their names, Wishfort and Tryfort. We wish-for-it, and then try-for-it. There is nothing in the dialogue which is directly borrowed, but the same pompous style and misuse of words are to be seen in both characters. Here are some of Lady Wishfort's speeches: "Nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion." "Dear Cousin Witwould, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably." "I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation: you will oblige me to all futurity." "I fear I shall turn to stone and petrify incessantly." "Unbend the severity of decorum." "Prone to any iteration of nuptials." So says Mrs. Malaprop's grandmother, and we see that the inheritance, instead of becoming weaker, has been growing stronger and more marked in the successive generations. The lack of verbal repetitions renders it improbable that Mrs. Sheridan actually copied from the Way of the World, but their manner of speech seem to show that Mrs. Sheridan was indebted to Mr. Congreve for her idea of Mrs. Tryfort. So we see that lovely old Mrs. Malaprop, who has been dear to us from childhood, and who always will find a place in the hearts of English people, has to share some of the honors of her posi-

[1] The Rivals, Act I., Scene 2.
[2] A Journey to Bath, Act III., Scene 3.
[3] The Rivals, Act. I., Scene 2.
[4] A Journey to Bath, Act II., Scene 2.
[5] The Rivals, Act II., Scene 2.
[6] A Journey to Bath, Act III., Scene 13.
[7] The Rivals, Act III., Scene 4.
[8] A Journey to Bath, Act III., Scene 11.

tion with her predecessors, since they have rightly established their claims to relationship.

The Day of Small Kindnesses. — Perhaps I should not have reached my present views regarding a little matter of social ethics if I had attained the mental status enabling me to overlook the whole subject in the largest possible way. If my individual ambition were greater, my aims in life more distinct and unswerving, my habits of industry more confirmed, why, then (so I am assured by impartial observers) I should not allow myself to frequently be so diverted by what appear to me precious opportunities to serve my friends in deferring to their pleasure and comfort in little things! "Why do you go with A—— when you do not care to go yourself? It is sheer idleness on your part to lend yourself to everybody's whim, and fritter away your time, when you might better serve your friends by refusing to be interrupted, and by going steadily on about your own proper work." My censor spoke with great earnestness. She may have been entirely right, yet it still seemed to me that I should prefer to be of service to my friends in numberless small, casual, but endearing instances, rather than in that remote altruism dependent upon the consummation of the lofty aims of the individual Ego. Moreover, I could but reflect that, had the very interruption so disapproved of by my censor come through herself, my thriftless compliance would have had a less culpable complexion.

It is common enough for people to express surprise that you should go out of your way to give others small pleasures, free oblations of invaluable minutes, patient ear to confidences not concerning yourself (and perhaps not vitally concerning those reposing them). At the same time, the objectors to such frivolous ministrations on your own part do not cease taking great pains to gratify their own desires in trifles. Their dinner (when and what), a comfortable bed, the choicest ingle-nook, a taste for sweets, a crotchet for some particular article of dress, — these are not matters of no consideration where they themselves are concerned. Now, I grant it may be somewhat senilely good-natured, even partly selfish, to potter about with a view to making people comfortable by gratifying their small wants and whims; but why, then, take so much anxious thought for one's self in the same trivial matters? To seek one's own creature comfort cannot be a pursuit more worthy than to have regard for another's. But grant that in either case the pursuit is ignoble, obliterating our view of spiritual issues: then it is high time that human nature should be disciplined to do without its childish indulgences; and discipline, like charity, is well begun at home. So why should I lose sight of spiritual issues (to say nothing of this world's affairs of pith and moment) by disturbing myself to find the easiest of easy-chairs, or to open my mouth when the *bonne bouche* is about to be dropped, or otherwise to have so tender a forethought with regard to such unimportant small kindnesses towards myself?

Word-Shadows. — If shadows of material objects are grotesque, even more so are the shadows cast by words from fairly educated lips into the minds of almost totally ignorant people. Display in utterance of these quaint word-shadows, if one may so call them, makes dialect.

This grotesquerie, this quaint transformation of something well known, real, and admirable into something queer, fanciful, and awkward, yet bearing resemblance to the fair formation it shadows, gives to dialect writing and to dialect speech that piquant flavor that all the world favors. Especially is this true of that lately full fashionable style of literary production, song and story, in negro dialect. The words of our language that enter the mind of the old-time negro have indeed found their way into a dusky realm. Here is with us a race which has wholly forgotten its own language, or whatever methods of communication it made use of in its African home. The language of an utterly diverse race it must perforce employ, since it has lost the tongue of its own people. Into the minds of the individuals of this race, a people hardly a century out of barbarism, the light of civilization shines with dazzling effect. The language they must use is the growth of centuries of civilization, its roots reaching to even older civilizations, its branches grafted with luxuriant word-growths of almost every nation on earth. It is little wonder that this language of ours assumes in these startled brains most fanci-

ful shapes. To take down some of these shadowy effects, with our language for cause, would be to make a dialect dictionary, a glossary of plantation *patois*, a work for which, happily, there is now no need. But an effort to show a few of these vague, dusky shapes that our words take on may not be wholly uninteresting.

See, for instance, how our simple word "fertilizer" becomes on the tongue of an old darky gardener "pudlie." A giant is dubbed a "high-jinted man." A maid who will prove obedient to orders is described as an "orderly gal." A piece of ground that shows a bad yield of cotton or corn is called "failery lan'." Farming in the mouth of a negro laborer is "crapping." The favorite food of the cotton-field hand, the food he cannot live without, the strengthening bread made from corn meal, has its expressive name, "John Constant." Wheaten bread, a rare treat to the field hand, is "Billy Seldom." Bacon has its name, "Ole Ned." The best field laborer is the "lead hoe hand." To quit work for the day is to "lay by." To rise early to go to the field is "ter be in patch by hour by sun." An early breakfast is "a soon brekkus." Our word "accuse" — alas! one the negro often has occasion to use — is "'scuse." There are too few of the race who have not been, at some time or other, "'scuse of a pig," "'scuse of a cow," "'scuse of cotton-pickin' by night," "'scuse of a pa'r shoes," and so on down a long list of material and tempting articles.

The quaint technical phrases that the negroes make use of in their business talk are innumerable. To be ready to hire for a cook is to be "des on han' ter jump in de cook-pot." In ironing, to leave a cluster of wrinkles on the garment in hand is to put "cat-faces" on it. To wash only for visitors to a town or village is to "des only take in trans' washin'." To take day boarders is to take "transoms." To say that one is obliged to turn a hand to anything is to say, "Ever' little drug dere is, I hatter wag it."

A half-starved calf is a "calf dat's been whipped wid de churn-dasher." A good ploughman is a "noble plough han'." Rich land is "strong ground." To keep down grass is to "fight wid Gen'al Green."

To leave the technicalities for generalities, we find that any matter that is but ill adjusted is a matter "squowow;" ill adjusted in a lesser degree is "weewow." A well-arranged matter is pronounced all "commojious," — a shadow of our word "commodious." A matter well accomplished is "essentially done;" as, for instance, "When she cooks, she des essentially cooks good." A person fit to adorn wealth is a "high-minded person," or "big-minded," or "great-minded." A wealthy person is one "stout in worldly goods." A proud person is an "umptious somebody." One who is only proud enough is "proud to de ikle." One who is slightly petted by good Dame Fortune is "des pettish." To be in trouble or distress is to "walk on de wearried line." To live easily and happily is to live "jobly and wid pleadjure." To be ill is to "have a misery." To be quite well is to be "des sorter tollerble." Entertaining conversation becomes in that shadow-language "mockin'-bird talk." A girl who loves to stay at home, what the poets would call "a home-keeping heart," becomes a "homely gal;" keeping for the word its English meaning, not its American perversion.

A queer gamut of color they run in their descriptions of their race: "a dark man," "a bright man," "a light gal," "a mustee 'oman," "a gingerbread boy," a "honey-colored lady."

Entering the mystic world, we find that a ghost is "a hant." Magic, black art, becomes "conjure;" the accent on the first syllable. Entering the world of song, we find that all lively lyrics are "sinner-songs," or "reels," or "corn-hollers," "jump-up-songs," or "chunes dat skip wid de banjo." Religious songs are "member-songs" or "hymn-chunes." Long chants are "spirituelles."

The dweller in the realm of negro religious beliefs and forms of worship endows our language with meanings entirely new to our experience. Not to be a church member is to be "settin' on de sinner-seat," "still in de open fiel'," "drinkin' de cup er damnation," and many other such phrases. To enter the church is to "jine de band," to "take up de cup er salvation," to "git a seat wid de members," to "be gethered in," to "put on a shine-line gyarment," and so on *ad infinitum*.

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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

The correspondence of Charles Lamb stands on a unique basis, when we consider its extent, its importance, and the long series of years over which it spreads. Strictly speaking, it is not a correspondence at all; for we have, with three or four casual exceptions, merely the letters addressed by the writer to his friends and others, while those received by him have perished by the hand, not of undiscerning or too fastidious representatives, but of the recipient himself at or near the time. The accepted notion is that, in a frenzy, he destroyed all the letters which he had had from Coleridge, and formed a resolution thenceforth to preserve nothing else of the sort. But, whether such be or be not the case, the fact is clear enough, and we are compelled to infer from the tenor of the replies what were the topic and nature of the communications made to the Lambs.

The loss of the invaluable assemblage of epistolary documents once in the hands of Lamb and his sister is ascribable to an impulse which was as disastrous and deplorable as it was obviously unhealthy or morbid. Yet it is possible to comprehend how, in the depth of the mental distress and despondency which attended and followed the death of his mother and the pronounced insanity of his sister, Lamb may have wildly imagined that it was better to cast away all clues and renounce all ties tending to recall or bring into distincter prominence the dismal tragedy and its sequel. There must have been moments when he repented of what he had done, and, as we have suggested, he consigned to the flames everything which came to his hands as soon as it was read and answered, that the fruits of a mad fit might be invested with an aspect of consistency and design.

Apart from the consideration of letters irretrievably lost, the reader must bear in mind that those actually published have suffered more or less at the hands of editors. It is obvious that, in dealing with the question of letters imperfectly rendered from one motive or another, it would be as impracticable as it would be inexpedient to do more than exemplify the damage which has befallen the Lamb correspondence through the incorrect or incomplete presentment of his epistolary compositions. The process of corruption has exhausted almost every conceivable phase, and is infinitely varied in nature and degree. Sometimes entire paragraphs, occasionally all but a portion of a letter, are withheld. In other cases, words or expressions are altered to suit conventional, or supposed conventional, exigencies. Under these two categories fall the liberties which have been taken with the text of the letters, and for which the remedy is of course far slower and more difficult than was the commission of the mischief. We do not advocate the retention of phrases, which may occur here and there, and may tend to inspire an unfavorable prejudice, perfectly consonant as they

were with the feeling of the writer's time; but the sophistication of Lamb's language has been dictated in far too many instances by the most inconsiderate prudery, when it has not proceeded from sheer negligence in transcription or in oversight of the proofs.

It is easier to explain than to justify the slips of the pen and the press in superintending such a book as an assemblage of modern letters. We are all, perhaps, too prone to imagine that a transcript will do as well as the original, and that the comparison of the former with the autograph is a piece of supererogation. The editor of an ancient manuscript or an early play laboriously and minutely examines every word, almost every stop, and cheerfully and as a matter of course enters on the irksome task of collecting all extant copies; but when he finds himself in the position of preparing for the printer and the public a body of matter left behind him by an author who seems almost his contemporary, and around whom no atmosphere has yet had time to collect, the sense of editorial obligation is unconsciously and instinctively slacker or duller; and to this agency we ascribe the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon that during fifty-three years a succession of gentlemen, all more or less competent to discharge the duty which has been imposed upon them, has signally failed to place the world in possession and enjoyment of an exhaustive edition of the Lamb correspondence. The fault and the blame have been all along on the side of Lamb's editors; for the cases in which assistance has been refused by owners of letters are quite the exception, and those communications which no longer survive are beside the question.

It almost appears, extravagant as the idea and proposition may strike some, as if nothing but the formation of a syndicate would be successful in attaining the object in view thoroughly and definitively. For legal technicalities, prejudice, and jealousy, not to mention indifference, are insurmountable obstacles in the path of any and every individual laborer. The extent of the field is so great and the means of verification so scattered that, when one has done one's utmost to secure completeness and fidelity, unknown or inaccessible material is bound to exist in some obscure corner, and perhaps to come to light too late for use. Time does much here; and each successive publication of the letters is a step, at all events, in the right direction. Nay, it is not impossible that within a measurable interval it may become a good deal more.

On the very threshold we arrive at some notion and estimate of the loss which has been sustained by Lamb through the carelessness, indiscretion, or fastidiousness of his several recensors. In those fine monuments of his youthful impressions and sorrows, the eighteenth-century letters to Coleridge, we detect on examination the most serious tampering with the text, and generally in the absence of any adequate motive or excuse. Passages illustrating the biography of Lamb and his relationships with the friends of the first epoch have been silently excised or passed over, forms of expression have been modified to suit some fantastic effeminacies, and even dates have been wrongly interpreted from postmarks or internal evidence. Some of these blemishes the present writer and Canon Ainger have succeeded in removing, — some, but by no means all. The momentous Coleridge letters from 1796 to 1802 still demand the most positive scrutiny and revision. Let us hasten to exemplify our meaning and to support our indictment by furnishing the letter of December 9, 1796, as it left Lamb's hands.

Canon Ainger has, unfortunately, preserved the error of Talfourd in placing this letter among the correspondence of 1797; that is to say, in postdating it by

a twelvemonth. We have used the autograph. It should be noticed as a remarkable and entertaining trait of the intellectual and moral character of Coleridge that, while this correspondence was proceeding between Lamb and himself on the merits of their respective composition, Coleridge concocted those clever parodies on his own as well as his friends' styles, which he tells us that he sent to the Monthly Magazine in 1797 under the signature "Nathaniel Higginbotham." We fancy that this circumstance escaped the observation of Lamb; at least, in his letters to Coleridge as they are printed there is no allusion to it.

I. TO S. T. COLERIDGE.[1]

[LITTLE QUEEN STREET, Night of *December* 9, 1796. Postmarked *December* 10, 1796.]

I am sorry I cannot now relish your poetical present [2] as thoroughly as I feel it deserves; but I do not the less thank Lloyd and you for it. In truth, Coleridge, I am perplexed, and at times almost cast down. I am beset with perplexities. The old hag of a wealthy relation, who took my aunt off our hands in the beginning of trouble, has found out that she is "indolent and mulish," — I quote her own words, — and that her attachment to us is so strong that she can never be happy apart. The Lady, with delicate Irony, remarks that, if I am not an Hypocrite, I shall rejoyce to receive her again, and that it will be a means of making me more fond of home to have so dear a friend to come home to! The fact is she is jealous of my aunt's bestowing any kind recollections on us, while she enjoys the patronage of her roof. She says she finds it inconsistent "ease and tranquility" to keep her any longer, and in fine summons me to fetch her home. Now, much as I should rejoyce to transplant the poor old creature from the chilling air of such patronage, yet I know how straitened we are already, how unable already to answer any demand, which sickness or any extraordinary expence may make. I know this, and all unused as I am to struggle with perplexities, I am somewhat nonplusd, to say no worse. This prevents me from a thorough relish of what Lloyd's kindness and yours have furnished me with. I thank you tho from my heart, and feel myself not quite alone in the earth.

Before I offer, what alone I have to offer, a few obvious remarks on the poems you sent me, I can but notice the odd coincidence of two young men, in one age, carolling their grandmothers. Love, — what L[loyd] calls "the feverish and romantic tye," hath too long domineerd over all the charities of home: the dear domestic tyes of father, brother, husband. The amiable and benevolent Cowper has a beautiful passage in his "Task," — some natural and painful reflections on his deceased parents: and Hayley's sweet lines to his mother are notoriously the best things he ever wrote. Cowper's lines [3] some of them are —

"How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire; a mother, too,
That softer name, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death."

I cannot but wish to see my Granny so gayly deck'd forth, tho', I think, whoever altered "thy" praises to "her" praises — "thy" honoured memory to "her" honoured memory — did wrong, they best exprest my feelings. There is a pensive state of recollection, in which the mind is disposed to apostrophise the departed objects of its attachment; and breaking loose from grammatical precision, changes from the 1st to the 3rd, and from the 3rd to the 1st person, just as the random fancy or feeling directs.

[1] Now first exactly reproduced from the original autograph.

[2] Poems. By S. T. Coleridge. Second Edition. To which are now added Poems by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1797.

[3] Winter Walk at Noon.

Among Lloyd's sonnets, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th are eminently beautiful. I think him too lavish of his expletives; the *dos* and *dids*, when they occur too often, bring a quaintness with them along with their simplicity, or rather air of antiquity, which the patrons of them seem desirous of conveying.

The lines on Friday are very pleasing — "Yet calls itself in pride of Infancy woman or man," &c. "affection's tottering troop" — are prominent beauties. Another time, when my mind were more at ease, I could be more particular in my remarks, and I would postpone them now, only I want some diversion of mind. The "Melancholy Man" is a charming piece of poetry, only the "whys" with submission are too many. Yet the questions are too good to be any of 'em omitted. For those lines of yours, page 18, omitted in magazine, I think the 3 first better retain'd — the 3 last, which are somewhat simple in the most affronting sense of the word, better omitted — to this my taste directs me — I have no claim to prescribe to you. "Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies" is an exquisite line, but you knew *that* when you wrote 'em, and I trifle in pointing such out. Tis altogether the sweetest thing to me you ever wrote — tis all honey — "No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart, Blest hour, it was a Luxury to be." I recognise feelings, which I may taste again, if tranquility has not taken his flight for ever, and I will not believe but I shall be happy, very happy again. The next poem to your friend is very beautiful — need I instance the pretty fancy of "the rock's collected tears" — or that original line "pour'd all its healthful greenness on the soul" — let it be, since you ask me, "as neighbouring fountains each reflect the whole" — tho' that is somewhat harsh — indeed the ending is not so finish'd as the rest, which if you omit in your forthcoming edition, you will do the volume wrong, and the very binding will cry out. Neither shall you omit the 2 following poems. "The hour when we shall meet again," is fine fancy tis true, but fancy catering in the Service of the feeling — fetching from her stores most splendid banquets to satisfy her. Do not, do not omit it. Your sonnet to the River Otter excludes those equally beautiful lines, which deserve not to be lost, "as the tired savage," &c. and I prefer that copy in your Watchman. I plead for its preference.

Another time I may notice more particularly Lloyd's, Southey's, Dermody's Sonnets. I shrink from them now: my teazing lot makes me too confused for a clear judgment of things, too selfish for sympathy; and these ill-digested, meaningless remarks I have imposed on myself as a task, to lull reflection, as well as to show you I did not neglect reading your valuable present. Return my acknowledgments to Lloyd; you two appear to be about realising an Elysium upon earth, and, no doubt, I shall be happier. Take my best wishes. Remember me most affectionately to Mrs. C. and give little David Hartley — God bless its little heart! — a kiss for me. Bring him up to know the meaning of his Christian name, and what that name (imposed upon him) will demand of him.

C. Lamb.

God love you!

I write for one thing to say that I shall write no more, till you send me word where you are, for you are so soon to move. My sister is pretty well, thank God. We think of you very often. God bless you, continue to be my correspondent, and I will strive to fancy that this world is *not* "all barrenness."

[Endorsed] Samuel T. Coleridge, Bristol.

We proceed to lay before our readers a score of letters and notes, of which all but two are now first printed. The first of our collection is from Mary Lamb,

and was written subsequently to the removal of the brother and sister from the Temple and the alteration of their reception day.

II. MISS LAMB TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM.

[20 Russell Street, Covent Garden, about 1818.]

My dear Matilda, — Coleridge has given me a very chearful promise that he will wait on Lady Jerningham any day you will be pleased to appoint; he offered to write to you; but I found it was to be done *tomorrow*, and as I am pretty well acquainted with his tomorrows, I thought good to let you know his determination *today*. He is in town today, but as he is often going to Hammersmith for a night or two, you had better perhaps send the invitation through me, and I will manage it for you as well as I can. You had better let him have four or five days' previous notice, and you had better send the invitation as soon as you can; for he seems tolerably well just now. I mention all these betters, because I wish to do the best I can for you, perceiving, as I do, it is a thing you have set your heart upon. He dined one [a word or two torn off] ... ay in company with Catilana (is that the way you spell her Italian name? — I am reading Sallust, and had like to have written Catiline). How I should have liked, and how you would have liked, to have seen Coleridge and Catilana together!

You have been very good of late to let me come and see you so seldom, and you are a little goodish to come so seldom here, because you stay away from a kind motive. But if you stay away always, as I fear you mean to do, I would not give one pin for your good intentions. In plain words, come and see me very soon; for though I be not sensitive as some people, I begin to feel strange qualms for having driven you from me.

Yours affectionately M. Lamb.

Wednesday.

Alas! Wednesday shines no more to me now.

Miss Duncan played famously in the new comedy, which went off as famously. By the way, she put in a spiteful piece of wit, I verily believe of her own head; and methought she stared me full in the face. The words were "As silent as an author in company." Her hair and herself looked remarkably well.

[Endorsed] Miss Betham,
49 Upper Marybone Street.

The Miss Duncan named in the postscript was the actress who took part, in the absence of Mrs. Jordan, in Holcroft's play of the Vindictive Man, which was brought out and damned in 1806.

Our next is a note to the publishers of Lamb's Works, as they were called on the title-page, in 1818, in two duodecimo volumes. The book was nearly out of the printer's hands.

III. C. LAMB TO THE MESSRS. OLLIER.

[28 *May*, 1818.]

Dear Sir, — The last sheet is finish'd. All that remains is the Title page and the Contents, which should be uniform with vol. 1. Will you be kind enough to see to it? There is a Sonnet to come in by way of dedication. I have not the sheet, so I cannot make out the Table of Contents, but it may be done from the various Essays, Letters, &c. by you, or the Printer, as thus. [Here follows a rough sketch of the writer's plan.]

Yours in Haste. C. Lamb.

Let me see the last proof, sonnet, &c.

Messrs. Ollier, Booksellers,
Vere Street, Oxford Street.

The letter was directed in the singular number, that either of the brothers might open it. The Olliers figure in the correspondence during some years.

A note of about the same date from

Miss Lamb to Mrs. J. D. Collier, mother of the antiquary, was written on behalf of the only unmarried Miss Fricker.

IV. MISS LAMB TO MRS. COLLIER.

[No date.]

DEAR MRS. C., — This note will be given you by a young friend[1] of mine, whom I wish you would employ; she has commenced business as a mantua-maker and if you and my girls[2] would try her, I think she would fit you all three, and it will be doing her an essential service. She is, I think, very deserving, and if you procure work for her, among your friends and acquaintances, so much the better. My best love to you and my girls. We are both well.

Yours affectionately,
MARY LAMB.[3]

The connection of Lamb with the London Magazine, it is stated by Talfourd, through the introduction of Hazlitt brought him into contact with John Scott, the accomplished and ill-fated editor of that periodical. The few lines below allude to some trifling contribution for the Poets' Corner.

V. TO JOHN SCOTT.

D^R^ SIR, — I sent you yesterday by the 2d post 2 small copies of verses direct^d^ by mistake to N. 8 York St. if you have *not* rec^d^ them, pray favor me with a line. From your not writing, I shall conclude you have got them.

Yours resp^fly^ C. LAMB.

Thursday 24 *Aug.* '20. E. I. H.

[Endorsed] J. Scott Esqr.
4 York Street Cov^t^ Garden.

Ainger and Hazlitt print two letters from Lamb to William Harrison Ainsworth, at the time a mere youth, but beginning to interest himself in literary matters. They are dated respectively December 9 and 29, 1823; it may be pointed out that the Warner received as a book offered for Lamb's acceptance, and eventually retained by him, was a poetical volume entitled Syrinx, 1597, by that writer, and not, as has always been imagined, his Albion's England. The copy which belonged to Lamb is now in the Dyce Collection.

But the acquaintance with Ainsworth had commenced some time before the unpublished letter, which we shall presently give, and which goes back to the May of 1822; for then Lamb had lent his Manchester correspondent a copy of Cyril Tourneur's play or plays, in which Ainsworth must have shown his interest. Doubtless several letters have to be recovered, or are lost. Altogether, the one here first printed is as interesting as the couple in type.

VI. TO WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

DEAR SIR, — I have read your poetry with pleasure. The tales are pretty and prettily told, the language often finely poetical. It is only sometimes a little careless, I mean as to redundancy. I have marked certain passages (in pencil only, which will easily obliterate) for your consideration. Excuse this liberty. For the distinction you offer me of a dedication, I feel the honor of it, but I do not think it would advantage the publication. I am hardly on an eminence enough to warrant it. The Reviewers, who are no friends of mine — the two big ones especially who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out — may take occasion by it to decry us both. But I leave you to your own judgment. Perhaps, if you wish to give me a kind word, it will be more appropriate *before your republication of Tourneur.*

The "Specimens" would give a

[1] Sister of the three "milliners of Bath," Mrs. Coleridge, Mrs. Southey, and Mrs. Lovell.

[2] Mrs. Collier's daughters.

[3] See Collier's Diary, page 80. The writer notes his recollection that Miss Fricker remained seven years in his family, and then returned to Bristol. Compare Cottle's Recollections of S. T. Coleridge, 1837, page 2.

handle to it, which the poems might seem to want. But I submit it to yourself with the old recollection that "beggars should not be chusers" and remain with great respect and wishing success to both your publications

Your obe[t] Ser[t] C. LAMB.

No hurry at all for Tourneur.[1]

Tuesday 7 *May* '22.

[Endorsed] W. H. Ainsworth Esq.

The correspondence of the Lambs with the Kenney family was rather suspected than absolutely ascertained, till of late years. Two letters to Kenney were furnished by the present writer, and Canon Ainger has added a third, a remarkably beautiful one, — a bipartite production to Mrs. Kenney and her daughter, Sophy Holcroft, afterwards married to Dr. Jefferson of Leamington. We have met this lady more than once. Now we cap this triplet with a fourth, from Miss Lamb to Mrs. Kenney, also composed, of course, after the visit to France, in 1822, and the return of Miss Lamb herself in September. The second division of the letter, directed to Sophy Holcroft, recalls those delightful effusions of Southey to his children. We regret our inability to decipher the whole of Miss Fanny Kelly's accompaniment.

VII. MISS LAMB TO MRS. KENNEY.[2]

[About *October*, 1822.]

MY DEAR FRIEND, — How do you like Harwood?[3] Is he not a noble boy? I congratulate you most heartily on this happy meeting, and only wish I were present to witness it. Come back with Harwood, I am dying to see you — we will talk, that is, you shall talk and I will listen from ten in the morning till twelve at night. My thoughts are often with you, and your children's dear faces are perpetually before me. Give them all one additional kiss every morning for me. Remember there 's one for Louisa, one to Ellen, one to Betsy,[4] one to Sophia, one to James, one to Teresa, one to Virginia, and one to Charles. Bless them all! When shall I ever see them again? Thank you a thousand times for all your kindness to me. I know you will make light of the trouble my illness gave you; but the recollection of it often sits heavy on my heart. If I could ensure my health, how happy should I be to spend a month with you every summer!

When I met Mr. Kenn[e]y there, I sadly repented that I had not dragged you on to Dieppe with me. What a pleasant time we should have spent there!

You shall not be jealous of Mr. Payne.[5] Remember he did Charles and I good service without grudge or grumbling. Say to him how much I regret that we owe him unreturnable; for I still have my old fear that we shall never see him again. I received great pleasure from seeing his two successful pieces. My love to your boy Kenney, my boy James, and all my dear girls, and also to Rose; I hope she still drinks wine with you. Thank Lou-Lou[6] for her little bit of letter. I am in a fearful hurry, or I would write to her. Tell my friend the Poetess that I expect some french verses from her shortly. I have shewn Betsy's

[1] This is the only intimation, we believe, that Ainsworth projected a reprint of Tourneur's play or plays.

[2] From the original autograph. The letter from Miss Lamb is accompanied by one from her brother to Kenney, and by a few lines from Miss Fanny Kelly, the celebrated actress. Lamb's letter was printed in Hazlitt's edition of the Correspondence for the first time.

[3] Harwood Holcroft.

[4] Louisa, or Lou-Lou, Ellen, Betsy, and Sophy were Mrs. Kenney's daughters by Holcroft. James, Teresa, Virginia, and Charles were the same lady's children by Kenney.

[5] John Howard Payne. See Hazlitt's edition of Correspondence, ii. 84 *et seqq.*

[6] Louisa Holcroft married Dr. Badams, and secondly the Baron De Merger, of Plessis la Barbe, near Tours, where we visited them in or about 1855.

and Sophy's letters to all who came near me, and they have been very much admired. Dear Fanny brought me the bag. Good soul you are to think of me! Manning [1] has promised to make Fanny a visit this morning, happy girl! Miss James [2] I often see, I think never without talking of you. Oh the dear long dreary Boulevards! how I do wish to be just now stepping out of a Cuckoo [3] into them!

Farewel, old tried friend, may we meet again! Would you could bring your house with all its noisy inmates, and plant it, garden, gables and all, in the midst of Covent Garden.

Yours ever most affectionately

M. Lamb.

My best respects to your good neighbours.

[Endorsed] Mrs. Kenney.

Miss Kelly's scrap, written very faintly across the outside of the sheet, runs as follows: —

"The real old original Fanny Kelly takes this opportunity of assuring Mrs. Kenney that she remembers with pleasure them all. Oh, how imperfect is expression" [The rest, through the faint ink employed and the creasing of the paper, has become illegible; but the substance is that Miss Kelly hoped soon to have an opportunity of squeezing Mrs. Kenney's hand, and showing her respectful and grateful attachment.]

John Hamilton Reynolds, in his Rejected Articles, 1826, sometimes wrongly ascribed to P. G. Patmore, begins with An Unsentimental Journey, by Elia, which is nothing more than a fabrication by himself, based on his own experiences of French hotels and localities. He does not even mention that Lamb had a companion on his trip, and several friends at Paris and other points. The following letter, or note, to Miss Matilda Betham is safely assignable, we conceive, to that period just antecedent to Lamb's retirement from the India House, when he began to grow restless and impatient, and to give vent to his feelings in no measured terms. Of course it is more or less hazardous to fix the date within this certain space, since even so early as the end of 1818, in writing to Coleridge, Lamb inveighs against official drudgery and confinement.

VIII. TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM.

D[r] Miss B., — Mr. Hunter has this morning put into a Parcel *all I have received from you* at various times, including a sheet of notes from the Printer and two fair sheets of Mary. I hope you will receive them safe. The poem I will continue to look over, but must request you to provide for the rest. I cannot attend to anything but the most simple things. I am very much unhinged indeed. Tell K. I saw Mrs. K. yesterday and she was well. You must write to Hunter if you are in a hurry for the notes &c.

Yours sincerely C. L.

Saturday.

Shall I direct the Printer to send you fair sheets, as they are printed?

There now comes a little group of Enfield letters to Hood, Cowden Clarke, and Hone. Those to Hood are on the death of his infant daughter, and in relation to an expected visit from his wife and himself.

In the Gem for 1829 Hood printed the verses referred to, which in the original manuscript occupy two pages and a half of quarto paper, and were posted by Lamb to the bereaved father on the 30th of May, 1827. They are headed "On an Infant Dying as soon as born," and are directed to "T. Hood Esqr. 2 Robert Street, Adelphi."

[1] The Manning, of course, of the letters.

[2] The lady who took charge of Miss Lamb during her French trip.

[3] A diligence, so called, which used to ply between the Champs Élysées and St. Cloud, Versailles, etc.

It is very striking that Lamb, in his letter of condolence, cannot withstand the temptation not merely of making a pun, but of confessing that he had laid a sixpenny wager with Moxon as to the sex of the poor little creature.

IX. TO THOMAS HOOD.

[*May*, 1827.]

DEAREST HOOD, — Your news has spoil'd us a merry meeting. Miss Kelly and we were coming, but your letter elicited a flood of tears from Mary, and I saw she was not fit for a party. God bless you and the mother (as should be mother) of your sweet girl that should have been. I have won sexpence of Moxon by the *sex* of the dear gone one.

Yours most truly and hers,

C. L.

X. TO THE SAME.

[No date.]

DEAR HOOD, — We will look out for you on Wednesday, be sure, tho we have not eyes like Emma, who, when I made her sit with her back to the window to keep her to her Latin, literally saw round backwards every one that past, and, O, she were here to jump up and shriek out "There are the Hoods!" We have had two pretty letters from her, which I long to show you — together with Enfield in her May beauty.

Loves to Jane.[1]

[Here follow rough caricatures of Charles and his sister, and "I can't draw no better."]

XI. TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

DEAR C., — I shall do very well. The sunshine is medicinal, as you will find when you venture hither some fine day. Enfield is beautiful.

Yours truly, C. L.

Of a letter to Hone respecting the Every Day Book, which the author forwarded to Lamb in numbers, a portion has been given by the present writer; but the entire text is now first printed. There is no difficulty in believing that the goodness of the Lambs to Hone, and the interest which they awakened in others on his behalf, were of vital service to that estimable and unfortunate man.

XII. TO WILLIAM HONE.

[*August* 12, 1825.]

DEAR HONE, — Your books are right acceptable. I did not enter further about Dogget, because on 2d thoughts the Book I mean does not refer to him. A coach from Bell or Bell and Crown sets of to Enfield at ½ past 4. Put yourself in it tomorrow afternoon, and come to us. We desire to shew you the country here. If we are out, when you come, the maid is instructed to keep you upon tea and proper bread and butter till we come home. Pray secure me the last No of Every day book, that which has S. R[ay] in it, which by mistake has never come. Did our newsman not bring it on Monday? Don't send home for it, for if I get it hereafter (so I have it at last) it is all I want. Mind, we shall expect you Sat^{y} night or Sund^{y} morning. There are Edmonton coaches from Bishopsg^{te} every half hour, the walk thence to Enfield easy across the fields, a mile and half.

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

This invitation is "ingenuous." I assure you we want to see you here. Or will Sund^{y} night and all day Monday suit you better?

The coach sets you down at Mrs. Leishman's.

Friday.

As far back as April 3, 1828, Lamb had addressed from Enfield a letter of appeal to the Rev. Edward Irving, of which Hone was apparently the bearer. It is in the edition of the Letters by Canon Ainger, and we need not therefore do more than refer to it. The spec-

[1] Mrs. Hood, sister of John Hamilton Reynolds.

ulation proved unsuccessful, and was relinquished.

A couple of years later, with the assistance of friends, of Lamb himself, doubtless, the Hone family had established a coffee-shop, The Grasshopper, in Gracechurch Street. In an inedited letter to Basil Montagu, May 10, 1830, poor Hone draws a dreadful picture of his financial and domestic condition. The friend referred to was, of course, Lamb, who had enlisted the sympathy and professional or official assistance of Montagu in the matter. Hone writes as follows to the Commissioner of Bankruptcy: —

"It may be easily conceived that since the day you kindly proffered me your aid if it were requisite in the Bankrupt's Court at Whitehall, I have not been 'tried with riches' — no one can imagine the distresses and heart sickenings I endured with my wife and eight children while we secretly struggled through a subsequent twelvemonth of concealed destitution. Literary employment was precarious; a friend advised and assisted in the taking of these premises, which he judiciously conceived might be opened as a respectable coffee house, under the management of my eldest daughter."

We now return to Miss Lamb, and have the pleasure of inviting attention to an interesting and rather long letter by her, directed to two friends who had been staying under their roof at Enfield, and whom the writer was apprehensive of having somehow offended. Mrs. Paris, from Cambridge, had been paying a visit to the Lambs, and they had not only Emma Isola, but her sister Harriet, with them. Emma was expecting a summons to return to Fornham; Lamb was helping her to "rub up" her Latin. It is an unpublished letter; but we fail to understand to whom it was directed. There is no internal clue, nor does the correspondence of the period assist us.

XIII. MISS LAMB TO ——.

[ENFIELD, end of *April*, 1830.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — My brother and Emma are to send you a partnership letter, but as I have a great dislike to my stupid scrap at the fag end of a dull letter, and, as I am left alone, I will say my say first; and in the first place thank you for your kind letter; it was a mighty comfort to me. Ever since you left me, I have been thinking I know not what, but every possible thing that I could invent, why you should be angry with me for something I had done or left undone during your uncomfortable sojourn with us, and now I read your letter and think and feel all is well again. Emma and her sister Harriet are gone to Theobalds Park, and Charles is gone to Barnet to cure his headache, which a good old lady has talked him into. She came on Thursday and left us yesterday evening. I mean she was Mrs. Paris, with whom Emma's aunt lived at Cambridge, and she had so much to [tell] her about Cambridge friends, and to [tell] us about London ditto, that her tongue was never at rest through the whole day, and at night she took Hood's Whims and Oddities to bed with her and laught all night. Bless her spirits! I wish I had them and she were as mopey as I am. Emma came on Monday, and the week has passed away I know not how. But we have promised all the week that we should go and see the Picture friday or saturday, and stay a night or so with you. Friday came and we could not turn Mrs. Paris out so soon, and on friday evening the thing was wholly given up. Saturday morning brought fresh hopes; Mrs. Paris agreed to go to see the picture with us, and we were to walk to Edmonton. My Hat and my *new gown* were put on in great haste, and his honor, who decides all things here, would have it that we could not get to Edmonton in time; and there was an end of all things. Expecting to see you, I did not write.

Monday evening.

Charles and Emma are taking a second walk. Harriet is gone home. Charles wishes to know more about the Widow. Is it to be made to match a drawing? If you could throw a little more light on the subject, I think he would do it, when Emma is gone; but his time will be quite taken up with her; for, besides refreshing her Latin, he gives her long lessons in arithmetic, which she is sadly deficient in. She leaves in a week, unless she receives a renewal of her holydays, which Mrs. Williams has half promised to send her. I do verily believe that I may hope to pass the last one, or two, or three nights with you, as she is to go from London to Bury. We will write to you the instant we receive Mrs. W.'s letter. As to my poor sonnet, and it is a very poor sonnet, only answered very well the purpose it was written for, Emma left it behind her, and nobody remembers more than one line of it, which is, I think, sufficient to convince you it would make no great impression in an Annual. So pray let it rest in peace, and I will make Charles write a better one instead.

This shall go to the Post to-night. If any [one] chooses to add anything to it they may. It will glad my heart to see you again.

Yours (both yours) truly and affectionately, M. Lamb.

Becky is going by the Post office, so I will send it away. I mean to commence letter-writer to the family.

Moxon having established a new venture, under the title of The Englishman's Magazine, in 1831, it almost necessarily became part of Lamb's duty to lend it a helping hand, which he did in certain papers headed "Peter's Net." This explains the signature.

XIV. TO EDWARD MOXON.

[1831.]

Dear M., — I have ingeniously contrived to review myself.

Tell me if this will do. Mind, for such things as these — half quotations — I do not charge "Elia" price. Let me hear of, if not see you.

Peter.

[Endorsed] Mr. Moxon, Publisher,
64 New Bond Street, London.

The last letter to Miss Matilda Betham, within our present knowledge, is of August 23, 1833. It has never, hitherto, appeared in its integrity or in its true order. It is one of the Edmonton series, and was posterior to Emma Isola's marriage.

XV. TO MISS MATILDA BETHAM.

Dear Miss B., — Your Bridal verses are very beautiful. Emma shall have them, as here corrected, when they return. They are in France. The verses, I repeat, are sweetly pretty. I know nobody in these parts that wants a servant; indeed, I have no acquaintance in this new place, and rarely come to town. The rule of Christ's Hospital is rigorous, that the marriage certificate of the parents be produced, previous to the presentation of a boy, so that your renowned Protegè has no chance. Never trouble yourself about Dyer's neighbour. He will only tell you a parcel of fibs, and is impracticable to any advice. He has been long married and parted, and has to pay his wife a weekly allowance to this day, besides other incumbrances.

In haste and headake,

Yours, [Signature lost.]

Aug^{t} 23, 1833.

Our next and final contribution comprises a remarkable group and sequence of letters sent by Lamb to Mrs. Williams, wife of the Rev. Mr. Williams, rector of Fornham, near Bury St. Edmunds. In the printed collections which have been so far given to the public, the correspondence with Mrs. Williams is limited to two letters, of which one has never yet been presented in its in-

tegrity. We are enabled by the kindness of that lady's representative, Mr. Cecil Turner, to increase the series to seven, and at the same time to supply the omitted passages in that of April 2, 1830.

But there were unquestionably other communications, now irretrievably lost, both before and after the dates of those which are preserved. We must rest and be thankful. The enrichment of the existing store is equally fortuitous and acceptable.

So far back as 1822, Crabb Robinson, who was himself an East Anglian, and who had relatives whom he frequently visited at Bury, gave the Lambs an introduction to Miss Williams, — probably related to the rector of Fornham, perhaps his sister, — just prior to their departure on their French trip; and Mrs. Williams herself was certainly once at Colebrooke Cottage, Islington, where Allsop met her and Mrs. Shelley. But we hear nothing farther of any intercourse between the families, till we find Emma Isola established as a governess to the rector's daughters in 1830. A good deal of information about this young lady, whom the Lambs adopted, occurs in the biographies and letters; and it is well known that she was the daughter of Carlo Isola, an Italian professor at Cambridge; but we do not recollect to have seen it anywhere mentioned that she was, no doubt, the granddaughter of Agostino Isola, who brought out at Cambridge, in 1786, an edition of Tasso, and whom his son may have succeeded in his educational functions at the University.

Was it in Agostino Isola's edition that the Lambs read the poet, — for Miss Lamb, at least, had made an attempt to learn Italian, — or in Fairfax's English version, an old acquaintance? For Lamb notes the purchase of a copy in a letter of 1797 to Coleridge, and calls upon him to rejoice with him at the piece of good fortune.

Emma Isola had gone down to Fornham to discharge her duties as governess in the house of Mrs. Williams, and was taken ill. On the 21st February, 1830, Lamb writes from Enfield to Moxon: —

"A letter has just come from Mrs. Wms. to say that Emma is so poorly that she must have long holydays here. It has agitated me so much, and we shall expect her so hourly, that you shall excuse me to Wordsth for not coming up, we are both nervous and poorly."

Of course this letter from Fornham has shared the doom of all but a fraction of Lamb's papers of the kind; but on the 26th he wrote to Mrs. Williams the first of a series of letters, of which only two have yet seen the light, and those imperfectly and inaccurately presented: —

XVI. TO MRS. WILLIAMS.

[*February* 26, 1830.]

DEAR MADAM, — May God bless you for your attention to our poor Emma! I am so shaken with your sad news I can scarce write. She is too ill to be removed at present; but we can only say that if she is spared, when that can be practicable, we have always a home for her. Speak to her of it, when she is capable of understanding, and let me conjure you to let us know from day to day, the state she is in. But one line is all we crave. Nothing we can do for her, that shall not be done. We shall be in the terriblest suspense. We had no notion she was going to be ill. A line from anybody in your house will much oblige us. I feel for the situation this trouble places you in.

Can I go to her aunt, or do anything? I do not know what to offer. We are in great distress. Pray relieve us, if you can, by somehow letting us know. I will fetch her here, or anything. Your kindness can never be forgot. Pray excuse my abruptness. I hardly know what I write. And take our warmest

thanks. Hoping to hear something, I remain. dear Madam,

Yours most faithfully,

C. Lamb.

Our grateful respects to Mr. Williams.

This singular letter betrays the passionate concern felt by the brother and sister for the young lady of their adoption, and places us in full inferential possession of the gravity of the illness by which Miss Isola had been so unexpectedly overtaken. It was an attack of brain fever.

XVII. TO THE SAME.

Enfield, 1 *March*, 1830.

Dear Madam, — We cannot thank you enough. Your two words "much better" were so considerate and good. The good news affected my sister to an agony of tears; but they have relieved us from such a weight. We were ready to expect the worst, and were hardly able to bear the good hearing. You speak so kindly of her, too, and think she may be able to resume her duties. We were prepared, as far as our humble means would have enabled us, to have taken her from all duties. But, far better for the dear girl it is that she should have a prospect of being useful.

I am sure you will pardon my writing again; for my heart is so full, that it was impossible to refrain. Many thanks for your offer to write again, should any change take place. I dare not yet be quite out of fear, the alteration has been so sudden. But I will hope you will have a respite from the trouble of writing again. I know no expression to convey a sense of your kindness. We were in such a state expecting the post. I had almost resolved to come as near you as Bury; but my sister's health does not permit my absence on melancholy occasions. But, O, how happy will she be to part with me, when I shall hear the agreeable news that I may come and fetch her. She shall be as quiet as possible. No restorative means shall be wanting to restore her back to you well and comfortable.

She will make up for this sad interruption of her young friends' studies. I am sure she will — she must — after you have spared her for a little time. Change of scene may do very much for her. I think this last proof of your kindness to her in her desolate state can hardly make her love and respect you more than she has ever done. O, how glad shall we be to return her fit for her occupation. Madam, I trouble you with my nonsense; but you would forgive me, if you knew how light-hearted you have made two poor souls at Enfield, that were gasping for news of their poor friend. I will pray for you and Mr. Williams. Give our very best respects to him, and accept our thanks. We are happier than we hardly know how to bear. God bless you! My very kindest congratulations to Miss Humphreys.[1] Believe me, dear Madam,

Your ever obliged servant,

C. Lamb.

It must be admitted that this unpublished matter, as it proceeds, is of very peculiar interest. The whole mind of the writer is irresistibly concentrated on a single point. He has cast aside all thought for things indifferent and external, and all power and desire to indulge in any allusions of a playful, much less jocose character. The force of his mind was so thoroughly absorbed by this sorrow that, if early relief had not arrived by the convalescence of the invalid, the most serious effects might have followed.

[1] There is, I believe, a letter from Lamb to Miss Humphreys extant; but I have not yet been able to see it. Miss Humphreys was apparently at Fornham Rectory, and the letter to her, if so, belongs no doubt to the present group.

XVIII. TO THE SAME.

ENFIELD, 5 *Mar.* 1830.

DEAR MADAM, — I feel greatly obliged by your letter of Tuesday, and should not have troubled you again so soon, but that you express a wish to hear that our anxiety was relieved by the assurances in it. You have indeed given us much comfort respecting our young friend, but considerable uneasiness respecting your own health and spirits, which must have suffered under such attention. Pray believe me that we shall wait in quiet hope for the time, when I shall receive the welcome summons to come and relieve you from a charge, which you have executed with such tenderness. We desire nothing so much as to exchange it with you. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to remove her with the best judgment I can without (I hope) any necessity for depriving you of the services of your valuable housekeeper. Until the day comes, we entreat that you will spare yourself the trouble of writing, which we should be ashamed to impose upon you in your present weak state. Not hearing from you, we shall be satisfied in believing that there has been no relapse. Therefore we beg that you will not add to your troubles by unnecessary, though *most kind*, correspondence. Till I have the pleasure of thanking you personally, I beg you to accept these written acknowledgments of all your kindness. With respects to Mr. Williams and sincere prayers for both your healths, I remain,

Your ever obliged servant,

C. LAMB.

My sister joins me in respects and thanks.

From this third letter we collect that Mrs. Williams had overtaxed her strength in nursing her patient. Miss Isola was steadily rallying; but these communications from Lamb, we must recollect, arrived at very short intervals. Upwards of a fortnight, however, intervened before another letter from Lamb apprises us that Mrs. Williams now gave him and Miss Lamb hope that they might soon expect to be able to remove Miss Isola to Enfield.

XIX. TO THE SAME.

March 22, 1830.

DEAR MADAM, — Once more I have to return you thanks for a very kind letter. It has gladdened us very much to hear that we may have hope to see our young friend so soon, and through your kind nursing so well recovered. I sincerely hope that your own health and spirits will not have been shaken: you have had a sore trial indeed, and greatly do we feel indebted to you for all which you have undergone. If I hear nothing from you in the mean time, I shall secure myself a place in the Cornwallis Coach for Monday. It will not be at all necessary that I shall be met at Bury, as I can well find my way to the Rectory, and I beg that you will not inconvenience yourselves by such attention. Accordingly as I find Miss Isola able to bear the journey, I intend to take the care of her by the same stage or by chaises perhaps, dividing the journey; but exactly as you shall judge fit. It is our misfortune that long journeys do not agree with my sister, who would else have taken this care upon herself perhaps more properly. It is quite out of the question to rob you of the services of any of your domestics. I cannot think of it. But if in your opinion a female attendant would be requisite on the journey, and if you or Mr. Williams would feel *more comfortable* by her being in charge of two, I will most gladly engage one of her nurses or any young person near you, that you can recommend; for my object is to remove her in the way that shall be most satisfactory to yourselves.

On the subject of the young people that you are interesting yourselves about,

I will have the pleasure to talk to you, when I shall see you. I live almost out of the world and out of the sphere of being useful; but no pains of mine shall be spared, if but a prospect opens of doing a service. Could I do all I wish, and I indeed have grown helpless to myself and others, it must not satisfy the arrears of obligation I owe to Mr. Williams and yourself for all your kindness.

I beg you will turn in your mind and consider in what most comfortable way Miss Isola can leave your house, and I will implicitly follow your suggestions. What you have done for her can never be effaced from our memories, and I would have you part with her in the way that would best satisfy yourselves.

I am afraid of impertinently extending my letter, else I feel I have not said half what I would say. So, dear madam, till I have the pleasure of seeing you both, of whose kindness I have heard so much before, I respectfully take my leave with our kindest love to your poor patient and most sincere regards for the health and happiness of Mr. Williams and yourself. May God bless you. CH. LAMB.

ENFIELD, *Monday*, 22 *March*.

The four letters which have gone before harp almost exclusively on one string; but they are of special value, since they exhibit the writer in the light nearest to that of a fond and anxious parent that he could ever expect to attain, and so far the present series, hitherto almost unknown, may be said to stand quite by itself.

The worst was over. Miss Isola was conveyed safely back to Enfield by her affectionate guardian, and the next letter reported her arrival and condition after the journey. It has been repeatedly printed, and may be found in Canon Ainger's collection.

One more letter, about two weeks later, completes the series, so far as it is in our power to complete it.[1] The epistle now to be given accompanied the "Acrostic to a Young Lady, who desired me to write her epitaph."

XX. TO THE SAME.

ENFIELD, *Tuesday* [*April* 21, 1830].

DEAR MADAM, — I have ventured upon some lines, which combine my old acrostic talent (which you first found out) with my new profession of epitaph-monger. As you did not please to say, when you would die, I have left a blank space for the date. May kind heaven be a long time in filling it up. At least you cannot say that these lines are not about you, though not much to the purpose. We were very sorry to hear that you have not been very well, and hope that a little excursion may revive you. Miss Isola is thankful for her added day; but I verily think she longs to see her young friends once more, and will regret less than ever the end of her holydays. She cannot be going on more quietly than she is doing here, and you will perceive amendment.

I hope all her little commissions will all be brought home to your satisfaction. When she returns, we purpose seeing her to Epping on her journey. We have had our proportion of fine weather and some pleasant walks, and she is stronger, her appetite good, but less wolfish than at first, which we hold a good sign. I hope Mr. Wing will approve of its abatement. She desires her very kindest respects to Mr. Williams and yourself, and wishes to rejoin you. My sister and myself join in respect, and pray tell Mr. Donne with our compliments, that we shall be disappointed, if we do not see him.

This letter being very neatly written, I am very unwilling that Emma should

[1] Mr. Cecil Turner, grandson of Mr. Williams, furnished me, in the most polite manner, with this valuable series many years ago; but I have not before had an opportunity of utilizing it, and of publicly thanking him.

club any of her disproportionate scrawl to deface it.

Your obliged servant

C. LAMB.

Mrs. Williams, W. B. Donne Esq.,
Matteshall, East Dereham, Norfolk.

The Mr. Donne mentioned by Lamb was the late William Bodham Donne, Deputy Licenser of Plays, and at one period Secretary to the London Library.

Miss Isola did return to Fornham, and was there on the 28th June, 1830, when Lamb, writing to Bernard Barton, says : —

"You will see that I am worn to the poetical dregs, condescending to acrostics, which are nine fathom beneath album verses; but they were written at the request of the lady, where our Emma is."

But we are informed that she did not remain long, though the reason of her final relinquishment of the duties is not specified.

The following lines appear to have been composed for the album of another young lady friend, Sophy Holcroft, afterward Mrs. Jefferson : —

TO THE BOOK.

Little casket, storehouse rare
Of rich conceits to please the fair!
Happiest he of mortal men
I crown him Monarch of the Pen —
To whom Sophia deigns to give
The flattering Prerogative
To inscribe his name in chief
On thy first and maiden leaf. —
When thy Pages shall be full
With what brighter Wits can cull
Of the tender, or Romantic —
Creeping prose, or verse gigantic —
Which thy spaces so shall cram,
That the Bee-like epigram,
Which a twofold tribute brings,
Hath not room left wherewithal
To infix its tiny scrawl;
Haply some more youthful Swain
Striving to describe his pain,
And the Damsel's ear to seize
With more expressive lays than these,
When he finds his own excluded,
And their counterfeits intruded,
While, loitering in the Muses bower,
He over-staid the Eleventh Hour
Till the Table's filled — shall fret,
Die, or sicken, with regret,
Or into a shadow pine,
While this triumphant verse of mine,
Like to some poorer stranger-guest
Bidden to a Good Man's feast
Shall sit — by merit less than fate —
In the upper seat in state.

CH^{S} LAMB.

The turn of Lamb for the acrostic set in at a late period of life, and he flattered himself that he attained considerable proficiency in the art of composing such verses.

These *nugæ* one is almost ashamed of perpetuating. Lamb thought that album verses were rather undignified; but he lived to find a lower depth, as he himself has put it in a letter to a friend.

We hope, and we positively believe, that some benefit may accrue to the interests of literature by the criticisms which we have presumed to offer, as well as by the information which it has been in our power to supply. It will be possible, by some coöperative process, to print in the future the Lamb letters not only in a more complete shape as regards the surviving total, but with far greater textual fidelity and literal precision than are to be found in any edition hitherto put forward.

William Carew Hazlitt.

TWO PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PARADOXICAL.

SECOND PAPER: SCHOPENHAUER.

THE name of Schopenhauer is better known to most general readers in our day than is that of any other modern Continental metaphysician since Kant. The reputed heretic has the reward of his dangerous reputation, a fact which gives any expositor of the great pessimist reason both for fear and for rejoicing: for rejoicing, since his hero is already well known, and is generally regarded with interest; for fear, since this dangerous reputation is in part founded upon serious misunderstandings of Schopenhauer's place and significance. In fact, as we shall find, our author's pessimism is but another manifestation of the same insight into the paradoxical Logic of Passion which we have discovered at the heart of Hegel's doctrine. It is true that Schopenhauer's famous World-Will, the blind power that, according to him, embodies itself in our universe, appears in his account, at first, as something that might be said to possess passion without logic. Yet this first view of the World-Will soon turns out to be inadequate. The very caprice of the terrible Principle is seen, as we go on, to involve a sort of secondary rationality, a logic fatal and gloomy as well as deeply paradoxical, yet none the less truly rational for all that. Schopenhauer's world is, in truth, tragic in much the same sense as Hegel's. Only, for Schopenhauer the tragedy is hopeless, blind, undivine; while for Hegel it is the divine tragedy of the much-tried Logos, whose joy is above all the sorrows of his world. Were this difference between our thinkers merely one of personal and speculative opinion, it might have little significance; but since it involves, as we shall see, one of the most truly vital problems of our modern life, one which meets us at every step in our literature and in our ethical controversies, we shall find it well worth our while to study the contrast more closely. First, then, let us see something of the man Schopenhauer, and afterwards we may estimate his doctrine.

I.

Arthur Schopenhauer, born in 1788, was probably descended, on the father's side, from a Dutch family. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His mother, the once noted Johanna Schopenhauer, brilliant novelist, and in her later years ambitious hostess in the literary circles at Weimar, had married, as she very frankly tells us, not from love, but for position. On both sides Schopenhauer's ancestry was somewhat burdened, as we should say, in respect of nerves, although this characteristic is decidedly more marked on the father's side. The philosopher's paternal grandmother was declared insane during the latter years of her life; and of his uncles on the same side, one was idiotic, and one was given to excesses of the neurotic type. Schopenhauer's father, a busy and uncommonly intelligent man, many-sided and successful, himself suffered, toward the last of his life, from the family trouble. At fifty-eight years of age he showed occasional but acute symptoms of an excited form of derangement, lost meanwhile his memory for well-known persons, and very soon died under mysterious circumstances that indicated strongly an insane suicide. Johanna Schopenhauer, personally, was quite free from noteworthy nervous defect, unless heartlessness be reckoned as such. The philosopher himself, as is

well known, lived in excellent general health until past seventy, dying in 1860 from a cause having no apparent relation to nervous difficulties. Still, especially in youth, he was vexed by his hereditary burden enough to enable us without question to associate his pessimism in some measure with his temperament. Several neurasthenic symptoms are reported, showing themselves in sporadic but decided forms, — night-terrors of a known pathological type, causeless depressions, a persistent dread of possible misfortunes, a complaining and frequently unbearable ill humor with attendant crises of violent temper. A troublesome and slowly growing deafness, similar to that manifest in his father, is referred to the same cause. Against these stood always a very fine general constitution, and a rather over-anxiously guarded fashion of life. The question suggested by all these facts, the well-known question if Schopenhauer's pessimism was due mainly to morbidness of temperament, was in short mere *Stimmungspessimismus*, is not so easy to decide as some of his critics fancy. In fact, the man unquestionably was incapable of a permanently cheerful view of life, — was a born outcast, doomed to hide and to be lonely. Unquestionably, also, he was given to pettiness in the minor relations of life, was vain, uncompanionable, and bitter. But then, many clever men have had all these burdens to bear without being able to see the tragedy of life as wisely and deeply as Schopenhauer saw it. He would have said of his own unhappy temper very much what he once said of the crimes of Napoleon's career, namely, that there are conditions which make manifest the latent evil of human selfishness, the dangers of the restless Will that is in us all alike, better than do other conditions, but which do not therefore create the latent evil. It will not do in any event to state the case against Schopenhauer's pessimism in such shallow fashion as to make it appear that, whilst all pessimism is mere pettiness, all optimism is *prima facie* noble-mindedness. Optimists also can be selfish and even intolerable. In fine, I am disposed to say, as a matter of mere historical judgment, that Schopenhauer's nervous burdens undoubtedly opened his eyes to the particular aspect of life which he found so tragic, but that meanwhile the fact of such burdens positively is of no service to us when we are forming our estimate of the ultimate significance of our philosopher's insight, — an insight which, for my part, I find as deep as it was partial.

The Italian psychologist, Lombroso, in his well-known work on the relations of genius and insanity, makes use, of course, of Schopenhauer in his catalogue of pathological geniuses. The only value which such observations as Lombroso's have, in the present chaotic condition of our knowledge upon the subject, is to remind us that we cannot dispose of a man's intellectual rank or of his doctrine merely by observing that he was weighted with morbid tendencies of mind. Genius has often, although by no means always, a background of a pathological sort; while, on the other hand, the nervously burdened, whether geniuses or not, actually do a great part of the world's work and of the world's thinking, and may be all the wiser by reason of the depth of their nervous experiences. Specially interesting, however, in Schopenhauer's case, is the relation of contrast between the peevishness of his private temper and the self-controlled calm and clearness of his literary style. To such a man intellectual work is a blessed relief from the storms of trivial but violent emotion. His reflective thought stands off, as it were, on one side, and surveys with a melancholy freedom his daily life of care and of bondage. His thinking rejoices in the wondrous craft whereby it has outwitted passion. His reflection throughout, therefore, is a negative self-

criticism, a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the tempestuous natural man. It does not embody the peevishness of this natural man, but rather scorns the vanity of his unwisdom. As Schopenhauer himself says: "Since all grief, because it is a mortification, a call to resignation, has in it the possibility of rendering one holy, therefore it is that great sorrow, deep pangs, arouse in us a certain reverence for the sufferer. But the sufferer becomes wholly venerable only when, seeing his whole life as one chain of sorrow, he yet does not dwell on the enchainment of circumstances that brought grief to just his life; . . . for then he would still be longing for life, only under other conditions. But he is truly venerable only when his look is turned from the petty to the universal; when he becomes, as it were, a genius in respect of ethical insight; when he sees a thousand cases in one, so that life seen as one whole . . . moves him to resignation. . . . A very noble character," continues Schopenhauer, "we always conceive with a certain tinge of melancholy in it, — a melancholy that is anything but a continual peevishness in view of the daily vexations of life (for such peevishness is an ignoble trait, and arouses suspicions of maliciousness), but rather a melancholy that comes from an insight into the vanity of all joys, and the sorrowfulness of all living, not alone of one's own fortune." Thus, as we see, Schopenhauer's philosophy is not founded upon any summing up of the malicious judgments of his natural peevishness, but is the expression of a calm and relatively external survey and confession of his temperament in its wholeness. This it is that is expressed in the lucidity of his style, and that gives permanent value to his insight. The strong opposition between Will and Contemplation is one of the chief features of his doctrine.

As for this style in itself, it suggested Jean Paul's famous characterization of the first edition of Schopenhauer's Welt als Wille und Vorstellung: "A book of philosophical genius, bold, many-sided, full of skill and of depth, — but of a depth often hopeless and bottomless, akin to that melancholy lake in Norway in whose deep waters, beneath the steep rock-walls, one never sees the sun, but only the stars reflected; and no bird and no wave ever flies over its surface." Just this calm of Schopenhauer's intellect is the characteristic thing about his writing; and no one who knows the highly intellectual and reflective type of the nervously burdened genius will fail to comprehend the meaning of the contrast between the man's peevishness, which tortured him, and his thinking, wherein he found rest. More cheerful spirits may think and will in the same moment, may reflect with vigorous vitality and work with keen reflection. But for men of Schopenhauer's type there is a profound contrast between their contemplative and their passionate life; precisely the same contrast that the ascetic mystics, with whom, like Spinoza, Schopenhauer as philosopher had many things in common, have always loved to dwell upon and to exaggerate. Do you give yourself over to passion? Then, as they will have it, you may be clever, well informed, ingenious; in short, as all the ascetic mystics would say, you may be as wily as you are worldly; but through it all you will be essentially ignorant, thoughtless, irrational. Do you attain the true enlightenment, even for a moment? Then you stand aside from passion; its whirlwind goes by, and you remain undisturbed; your thought, to use an old comparison that was a favorite of Schopenhauer's, pierces through passion as the sunlight through the wind. You see it all, but it moves you not.

Such mysticism is essentially pessimistic: we find it so even in Spinoza and in the Imitation of Christ. Only, in the Imitation contemplation has the glory of God to turn to above and be-

yond the storm of sense and of vanity. A formula for Schopenhauer is that his pessimism is simply the doctrine of the Imitation with the glory of God omitted. But as the glory of God is described by the Imitation in purely abstract, mystical, and essentially unreal terms, one may see at once that the road from the mediæval mystic to Schopenhauer's outcome is not so long as some people imagine. "I saw in my dream," says Bunyan, at the end of his Pilgrim's Progress, when the angels carry off poor Ignorance to the pit, — "I saw in my dream that there was a way to the bottomless pit from the very gate of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction." Now, it was Schopenhauer's mission to explore this highly interesting way with considerable speculative skill. The mystic who forsakes the world because of its vanity finds his comfort in a dream of something called the divine Perfection, — something pure, abstract, extramundane. He comes on "that which is," and catches, like Tennyson in the famous night vision on the lawn, in the In Memoriam, "the deep pulsation of the world." Only, by and by morning comes. Your mystic must awake; his vision must vanish, "stricken through with doubt." Tennyson seems to have endured the waking better than others. But, generally speaking, the pessimist of Schopenhauer's type is simply the mystic of the type of the Imitation, at the moment when he has been awakened from the false glory of this religious intoxication.

The events of our hero's life may be disposed of briefly. His father took or sent him on long travels during his early youth, made him well acquainted with both French and English, and insisted that he should in due time learn the mercantile business, and train himself to be a busy, intelligent, and many-sided man of the world. Scholarship and the university formed no part in the father's plans. The boy spent also considerable time on his father's country estate, loved nature, but was always a lonely child. As youth waxed, moodiness tormented him; he began now to show a turn for metaphysics. His father's death, in 1805, left him free to follow his own plans. He forsook the hated counting-house, where he had set about his work, and began to study for the university; making rapid progress in Latin, quarreling with his elders, and writing rhetorically gloomy letters to his mother, who had now entered on her Weimar career. The son's native pessimism was still far, of course, from the later philosophical formulation, but he already perceived that one great evil about the world is its endless change, which dooms all ideal interests and moods to alteration and defeat. "Everything," he writes to his mother, "is washed away in time's stream. The minutes, the numberless atoms of pettiness into which every deed is dissolved, are the worms that gnaw at everything great and noble, to destroy it." His mother found this sort of thing rather tedious, and especially inconsistent with her son's social success as an occasional inmate of her house at Weimar. A most brilliant company often gathered there, with Goethe at the head. A youth of twenty or thereabouts could not add grace to such a scene so long as he could talk of nothing but time and worms. She wrote him plainly, being a woman as clear-headed as she was charming: "When you get older, dear Arthur, and see things more clearly, perhaps we shall agree better. Till then let us see that our thousand little quarrels do not hunt love out of our hearts. To that end we must keep well apart. You have your lodgings. As for my house, whenever you come you are a guest, and are welcome, of course; only you must n't interfere. I can't bear objections. Days when I receive, you may take supper with me, if you 'll only be so good as to refrain from your painful disputations, which make me angry, too, and from all

your lamentations over the stupid world and the sorrows of mankind; for all that always gives me a bad night and horrid dreams, and I do so like a sound sleep."

In 1809 Schopenhauer began his university studies at Göttingen, devoted himself to Kant and Plato, and rapidly acquired the type of erudition which he kept to the end, — an erudition vast rather than technical; the learning of one who sees swiftly rather than studies exhaustively, remembers rather than systematizes, enjoys manifold labors rather than professional completeness. He was always a marvelous reader, of wide literary sympathies, especially fond of the satirists, the mystics, and the keen observers of all ages. For the processes of the exact sciences he had a poor comprehension; for natural phenomena of a suggestive sort his eye was always very wide open; he longed to catch the restless World-Will in the very act of its struggle and sorrow. He loved books of travel, energetic stories, strongly written historical sketches, tragic as well as satirical dramas, and books of well-described natural history. As for nature itself, he was very fond of observing flowers, while, after his fashion, he loved animals passionately. These show the Will naked, in all its naive cruelty, guilt, and innocence.

Edifying literature of all but the purely mystical type, most systematic schemes of constructive thought, all merely sentimental poetry, and above all such moralizing poetry as Schiller's Don Carlos he in general bitterly despised. These things seemed to him to hover about life. He wanted to contemplate the longing of life in itself. His critical and historical judgments were deep and yet wayward. He was once more on the lookout for types, not for connections. He had, for so learned a man, a poor eye for detecting unscholarly and fantastic theories, and frequently accepted such when they related to topics beyond his immediate control. His literary sense was, after all, his best safeguard in scholarship. Here his fine contemplative intellect guided him. He could not make a bad blunder as to a purely linguistic question; but where his taste and instinct for the immediate inner life of things and of people were unable to guide him he wandered too often in the dark. On all matters of learning his judgment remains, therefore, largely that of the sensitive man of the world. His sense of humor was of the keenest. The Will is once for all as comic in its irrationalities as it is deep in its unrest. A distinguishing feature of his style, namely, his skill in metaphor and in other forms of comparison, is due to this wide reading. In this respect he rivals those wonderful masters of comparison, the Hindu metaphysicians, whom he knew through translations and admired much. One further trait may be mentioned as pervading his study and his whole view of life. He was an intense admirer of the English temperament, just as he was an intense hater of many English institutions. Not, indeed, the English Philistine, but the English man of the world, attracted him, by that clear-headedness and that freedom from systematic delusions which are so characteristic of the stock. To sum up all in a word, the maxim of his whole life as a learner was, See and record the vital struggles and longings of the Will wherever they appear.

Such scholarship as this was ill fitted to prepare Schopenhauer for an academic life. In 1813 he printed his dissertation for the Doctor's degree, on The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason. It is his most technical book, with least of his genius in it. In 1818 was published the first edition of his Welt als Wille und Vorstellung. In 1820 he entered on his work as Privat-Docent at the University of Berlin, and immediately made a sufficiently complete academic failure to discourage

him from any serious effort to continue in his position. Embittered by the indifference with which both his books and his attempts as a teacher were received, he gradually acquired that intense hatred of all professors of philosophy, and of the whole post-Kantian speculative movement in Germany, which he expressed more than once in a furious form, and which wholly misled him as to his own historical relations. After 1831 he retired to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and lived upon his little fortune until the close of his life. How he came slowly to be known publicly, in spite of the indifference with which academic circles treated him; how in old age there gathered round him a little circle of well-received flatterers; how young Russians used to come and stare at the wise man; how he loved the attentions of all such people, and better still the more intelligent understanding of two or three faithful disciples, but best of all his dinner and his dog; how he died suddenly, when he was quite alone, — are not all these things written in the books of modern literary gossip? I need not dwell upon them further. Nor need I repeat how Schopenhauer had only to die to acquire general fame, until now his name is everywhere a symbol for all that is most dark, and deep, and sad, and dangerous about the philosophy of our time. Of the pettier incidents of his life, of his quarrels, of his one or two outbursts of temper which led to public scandals, of his other eccentricities numberless, I have no time to speak.

II.

Schopenhauer's principal work, Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, is in form the most artistic philosophical treatise in existence, if one excepts Plato's Republic. In its first edition it was divided into four books. A later edition added, in a second volume, comments upon all four. Of these books, the first summarizes the Kantian basis of Schopenhauer's own doctrine. The world is, first of all, for each of us, just our *Vorstellung*, our Idea. It is there because and while we see it. It consists in its detail of facts of experience. These, however, are, for our consciousness, always interpreted facts, seen in the sense forms of space and of time, and within these forms, perceived through and by virtue of our universal form of comprehension, namely, the principle of Causation. When I experience anything, I seek inevitably for a cause in space and in time for this experience. When I find such a cause, I localize the experience as an event manifesting some change in something existing in space and in time. But these forms of space and of time, as well as this principle of Causation, are all alike simply formal ideas in me. Kant's great service lay, in fact, in his proving the subjectivity, the purely mental nature, of such forms. The space and time worlds, with all that they contain, exist accordingly for the knowing Subject. No Subject without an Object, and no Object without a Subject. I know in so far as there is a world to know; and the world yonder is in so far as I know it. In vain, moreover, would one seek for any Thing in itself really outside of me as the Cause of my experiences. For Cause is just an idea of mine, useful and valid for the events of the show-world, but wholly inapplicable to anything else. Within experience the law of causation is absolute, because such is my fashion of thinking experience, and of perceiving the localized things of sense. But beyond experience what validity, what application, can one give to the principle of causation? None. There is no cause to be sought for my own experiences beyond my own true nature.

But what *is* this my nature? The second book answers the question. My nature, you must observe, is something

very wealthy. It does not indeed *cause* my experiences, in any proper sense; for cause means only an event that in time or in space brings another event to pass. And there is nothing that in time or in space brings to pass my own deepest timeless and spaceless nature. As phenomenon in time, my body may move or die, as other events determine. But my deepest nature is so superior to space and time that, as we have just shown, space and time are in fact *in me*, in so far as they are my forms of seeing and of knowing. Therefore my true nature neither causes nor is caused; but, as one now sees, it in truth *is*, comprises, embodies itself in, all my world of phenomena. Hence it is plain how wealthy my true nature must be in its implications. Yes, in a deeper sense, you also, in so far as you truly exist, must have the same deepest nature that I have. Only in space and in time do we seem to be separate beings. Space and time form, as Schopenhauer says, the dividing principle of things. In an illusory way they seem to distinguish us all from one another. But abstracted from space and time, with all their manifold and illusory distinctions of places and moments, the real world collapses into one immanent Nature of Things. Since my own deepest nature is thus that which creates the time form of the apparent world, it follows that, in an essential and deep sense, I am one with all that ever has been or that ever will be, either millions of ages ago or millions of ages to come. And as for space, there is no star so remote but that the same essential nature of things which is so manifest in that star is also manifest in my own body. Space and time are, as the Hindus declared, the veil of Maya, or Illusion, wherewith the hidden unity of things is covered, so that, through such illusion, the world appears manifold, although it is but one.

To answer, therefore, the question, What is the nature of things? I have only to find what, apart from my senses and my thought, is my own deepest essence. Of this I have a direct, an indescribable, but an unquestionable awareness. My whole inner life is essentially my Will. I long, I desire, I move, I act, I feel, I strive, I lament, I assert myself. The common name for all this is my Will. By Will, indeed, Schopenhauer does not mean merely the highest form of my conscious choice, as some people do. He means the whole active nature of me, the wanting, longing, self-asserting part. This, in truth, as even the Romantic Idealists felt, lies deeper than my intellect, is at the basis of all my seeing and knowing. Why do I see and acknowledge the world in space and in time? Why do I believe in matter, or recognize the existence of my fellow-men, or exercise my reason? Is not all this just my actual fashion of behavior? In vain, however, do I seek, as the idealists of Fichte's type often pretended to seek, for an ultimate reason why I should have this fashion of behavior. That is a mere fact. Deeper than reason is the inexplicable caprice of the inner life. We want to exist; we long to know; we make our world because we are just striving to come into being. Our whole life is as ultimate and inexplicable an activity as are our particular fashions of loving and of hating. *So* I am; this is the nature of me, — to strive, to long, to will. And I cannot rest in this striving. My life is a longing to be somewhere else in life than here where I am.

Here, then, is the solution of our mystery in so far as it can have a solution. The world is the Will. In time and space I see only the behavior of phenomena. I never get at things in themselves. But I, in my timeless and spaceless inner nature, in the very heart, in the very germ, of my being, am not a mere outward succession of phenomena. I am a Will, — a Will which is not there for the sake of something else, but which

exists solely because it desires to exist. Here is the true thing in itself. The whole world, owing to the utter illusoriness of time and space, has collapsed into one single and ultimate nature of things. This nature, immediately experienced in the inner life, is the Will. This Will, then, is that which is so wealthy that the whole show-world is needed to express its caprice. Look on the whole world in its infinite complication of living creatures and of material processes. These, indeed, are remote enough from your body. Seen in space and time, you are a mere fragment in the endless world of phenomena, a mere drop in the ocean, a link in an endless chain. But look at the whole world otherwise. In its inmost life and truth it must be one, for space and time are the mere forms in which the one interest of the observer is pleased to express itself. Look upon all things, then, and it can be said of you as, once more, the Hindus loved to say, "The life of all these things, — *That art Thou.*"

Schopenhauer himself was fond of quoting this well-known phrase of the Hindu philosophy as expressing the kernel of his own doctrine. What was new about his philosophy was, he felt, the synthesis that he had made of Kant's thought and the Hindu insight. But with this insight itself he essentially agreed. "The inmost life of things is one, and *that life art thou.*" This sentence expresses to his mind the substance of the true thought about the world. Let us, for this reason, quote a paragraph or two from one of the Hindu philosophic classics called the Upanishads, much read and loved by Schopenhauer, to illustrate his view. In the passage in question a teacher is represented as in conversation with his pupil, who is also his son.

"'Bring me,' says the father, 'a fruit of yonder tree.' 'Here it is, O Venerable One.' 'Cut it open.' 'It is done.' 'What seest thou therein?' 'I see, O Venerable One, very little seeds.' 'Cut one of them open.' 'It is done, Venerable One.' 'What seest thou therein?' 'Nothing, Venerable One.' Then spake he: 'That fine thing which thou seest not, my well beloved, from that fine thing [that life] is, in truth, this mighty tree grown. Believe me, my well beloved, *what* this fine [substance] is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, — *That art Thou,* O Çvetaketu.'"

"'This bit of salt, lay it in the [vessel of] water, and come again to-morrow to me.' This did he. Then spake [the teacher]: 'Bring me that salt which even yesterday thou didst lay in the water.' He sought it and found it not, for it was melted. 'Taste the water here. How tastes it?' 'Salt.' 'Taste it there. How tastes it?' 'Salt.' 'Leave the vessel, and sit at my feet.' So did he, and said, '[The salt] is still there.' Then spake the teacher: 'Verily, so seest thou the truly Existent not in bodies, yet is it truly therein. What this fine substance is of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that is the Soul, — *That art Thou,* O Çvetaketu.'"

"'Just as, O my well beloved, a man whom they have led away out of the land of the Gandharis with eyes blindfolded, and have loosed him in the wilderness, — just as he wanders eastward or westward, southward or northward, because he has been led hither blindfolded and loosed blindfolded, but after some one has taken off the blind from his eyes, and has said, "Yonder lies the land of the Gandharis; yonder go," he, asking the way in village after village, instructed and understanding, comes home at last to the Gandharis, — even so, too, is the man who here in the world has found a teacher; for he knows "to this [world] I belong only until I am delivered; then shall I come to my home." What this fine [substance] is, of whose essence is all the world, that is the Reality, that

is the Soul, — *That art Thou*, O Çvetaketu.' "

Here, one sees, is the Hindu way of getting at the Substance. It is also Schopenhauer's way. Look for the substance within, in your own nature. You will not see it without. It is the life of your own life, the soul of your own soul. When you find it, you will come home from the confusing world of sense things to the heart and essence of the world, to the Reality. *That art Thou.*

Since for Schopenhauer this soul of your soul is the capricious inner Will, there is no reason to speak of it as God or as Spirit; for these words imply rationality and conscious intelligence. And intelligence, whose presence in the world is merely one of the caprices of this Will itself, finds itself always in sharp contrast to the Will, which it can contemplate, but which it never can explain. However, of contemplation there are various stages, determined in us phenomenal individuals by the various sizes and powers of our purely phenomenal brains. Why any intelligence exists at all, and why it is phenomenally associated with a brain, nobody can explain. The Will thus likes to express itself. That is the whole story. Nevertheless, once given the expression, this intelligence reaches its highest perfection in that power to contemplate the whole world of the will with a certain supreme and lofty calm, which, combined with an accurate insight into the truth of the will, is characteristic of the temperament of the productive artist. Art is, namely, the embodiment of the essence of the Will as the contemplative intelligence sees it; and to art Schopenhauer devotes his third book. The Will has certain ultimate fashions of expressing itself, certain stages of self-objectification, as Schopenhauer calls them. These, in so far as contemplation can seize them, are the ultimate types, the Platonic ideas, of things, all endlessly exemplified in space and time by individual objects, but as types eternal, time-transcending, immortal. They are the ultimate embodiments of passion, the eternal forms of longing that exist in our world. Art grasps these types and sets them forth. Architecture, for instance, portrays the blind nature-forces, or longings, of weight and resistance. Art is thus the universal appreciation of the essence of the will from the point of view of a contemplative on-looker. It is disinterested, depicting passion, but itself not the victim of passion. Of all the arts, according to Schopenhauer, Music most universally and many-sidedly embodies the very essence of the Will, the very soul of passion, the very heart of this capricious, world-making, and incomprehensible inner nature of ours. Hence music is in some respects Schopenhauer's favorite art. Music shows us just what the Will is, — eternally moving, striving, changing, flying, struggling, wandering, returning to itself, and then beginning afresh, — all with no deeper purpose than just Life in all its endlessness, motion, onward-flying, conflict, fullness of power, even though that shall mean fullness of sorrow and anguish. Music never rests, never is content; repeats its conflicts and wanderings over and over; leads them up, indeed, to mighty climaxes, but is great and strong never by virtue of abstract ideas, but only by the might of the Will that it embodies. Listen to these cries and strivings, to this infinite wealth of flowing passion, to this infinite restlessness, and then reflect, — *That art Thou;* just that unreposing vigor, longing, majesty, and caprice.

Of all Schopenhauer's theories, except his pessimism itself, this theory of art has become the most widely known and influential. As he stated it, it was, indeed, evidently the notion, not of the systematic student of any art, but of the observant amateur of genius and sensibility. It lacks the professional tone altogether. Its illustrations are chosen whimsically from all sorts of directions.

The opposition between will and contemplation reaches for the first time its height at this point in the system. On one side, the world of passion, throbbing, sorrowing, longing, hoping, toiling, above all forever fleeing from the moment, whatever it be; on the other side, the majesty of artistic contemplation, looking in sacred calm upon all this world, seeing all things, but itself unmoved. Plainly, in this contemplative intellect the will has capriciously created for itself a dangerous enemy, who will discover its deep irrationality.

This enemy is none other than that Wagnerian Brunhild who is destined to see, through and through, the vanity of the World of the Will, and who, not indeed without the connivance of the high gods of the Will themselves, is minded to destroy the whole vain show in one final act of resignation. There arise from time to time in the world, thinks Schopenhauer, holy men, full of sympathy and pity for all their kind: full of a sense of the unity of all life, and of the vanity of this our common and endless paradox of the finite world. These men are called, in the speech of all the religious, saints. Whatever their land or creed, their thought is the same. Not the particular griefs of life, not the pangs of cold and hunger and disease, not the horrors of the baseness that runs riot in humanity, — not these things do they weigh in the balance with any sort of precision or particularity, although these things too they see and pity. No, the source of all these griefs, the Will itself, its paradox, its contradictory longing to be forever longing, its irrational striving to be forever as one that suffers lack, — this they condemn, compassionate, and resign. They do not strive or cry. They simply forsake the Will. Life, they say, must be evil, for life is desire, and desire is essentially tragic, since it flees endlessly and restlessly from all that it has; makes perfection impossible by always despising whatever it happens to possess and by longing for more; lives in an eternal wilderness of its own creation; is tossed fitfully in the waves of its own dark ocean of passion; knows no peace; finds in itself no outcome, — nothing that can finish the longing and the strife.

And this hopelessly struggling desire, — so the saints disclose to each one of us in our blindness, — *That art Thou.* The saints pity us all. Their very existence is compassion. They absent themselves from felicity awhile that they may teach us the way of peace. And this way is what? Suicide? No, indeed. Schopenhauer quite consistently condemns suicide. The suicide desires bliss, and flees only from circumstance. He wills life. He hates only this life which he happens to have. No, this is not what the saints teach. One and all they counsel, as the path of perfection, the hard and steep road of resignation. That alone leads to blessedness, to escape from the world. Deny the will to live. Forsake the power that builds the world. Deny the flesh. While you live, be pitiful, merciful, kind, dispassionate, resisting no evil, turning away from all good fortune, thinking of all things as of vanity and illusion. The whole world, after all, is an evil dream. Deny the Will that dreams, and the vision is ended. As for the result, "we confess freely," says Schopenhauer, in the famous concluding words of the fourth book of his first volume, "what remains, after the entire annulling of the will, is, for all those who are yet full of the will, indeed nothing. But, on the other hand, for those in whom the will has turned again, and has denied itself, this our own so very real world, with all her suns and Milky Ways, is — nothing."

III.

The estimate of the doctrine which we now have before us will be greatly

aided if we bear in mind the nature of its historic genesis. The problem bequeathed by Kant to his successors was, as we have seen throughout both this and the preceding paper, the problem of the relation of the empirical Self of each moment to the Total or Universal Self. This problem exists alike for Hegel and for Schopenhauer. Hegel undertakes to solve it by examining the process of Self-consciousness. This process, developed according to his peculiar and paradoxical logic, which we have ventured to call the Logic of Passion, shows him that in the last analysis there is and can be but One Self, the Absolute Spirit, the triumphant solver of paradoxes. Sure of his process, Hegel despises every such mystical and immediate seizing of the Universal as had been characteristic of the Romanticists. With just these Romanticists, however, Schopenhauer has in common the immediate intuition whereby he seizes, not so much the Universal Self as, in his opinion, the universal and irrational essence or nature that is at the heart of each finite self and of all things, namely, the Will. Yet when he describes this Will, after his intuition has come to grasp it, he finds in it just the paradox that Hegel had logically developed. For Hegel, Self-consciousness is, as even Fichte already had taught, essentially the longing to be more of a self than you are. Just so, for Schopenhauer, if you exist you will, and if you will you are striving to escape from your present nature. It is of the essence of will to be always desiring a change. If the Will makes a world, the Will as such will be sure, thinks Schopenhauer, to be endlessly dissatisfied with its world. For, once more, when you will, the very essence of such will is discontentment with what is yours now. I no longer make that an object of desire which I already possess. I will what I have not yet, but hope to get, as a poor man wills wealth, but a rich man more wealth. I will the future, the distant, the unpossessed, the victory that I have not yet won, the defeat of the enemy who still faces me in arms, the cessation of the tedium or of the pain that besets me. Do I attain my desire, my will ceases, or, what is the same thing, turns elsewhere for food. Curiously enough, this, which is precisely the thought that led Hegel to the conception of the absolutely active and triumphant Spirit, appears to Schopenhauer the proof of the totally evil nature of things. Striving might be bearable were there a highest good, to which, by willing, I could attain, and if, when I once attained that good, I could rest. But if Will makes the world and is the whole life and essence of it, then there is nothing in the world deeper than the longing, the unrest, which is the very heart of all Willing. Does n't this unrest seem tragic? Is there to be no end of longing in the world? If not, how can mere striving, mere willing, come to be bearable? Here is the question which leads Schopenhauer to his pessimism. Precisely the same problem made Hegel, with all his appreciation of the tragedy of life, an optimist. Hegel's Absolute, namely, is dissatisfied everywhere *in* his finite world, but is triumphantly content *with* the whole of it, just because his wealth is complete.

Untechnical essays, like the present one, have not to decide between the metaphysical claims and rights of the Schopenhauerian immediate intuition of the Universal and the Hegelian Logic. As theories of the Absolute, these two doctrines represent conflicting philosophical interests whose discussion belongs elsewhere. I have expressly declined to study here the technical problems of metaphysics proper, not because I think little of them, but because I think too much of them to treat them out of place. Our present concern is the more directly human one. Of the two attitudes toward the great spiritual interests of man that these systems embody, which is the deeper? To be sure,

even this question cannot be answered without making a confession of philosophical faith, but that I must here do in merely dogmatic form.

For my part, I deeply respect both doctrines. Both are essentially modern views of life, — modern in their universality of expression, in their keen diagnosis of human nature, in their merciless criticism of our consciousness, in their thorough familiarity with the waywardness of the inner life. The century of nerves and of spiritual sorrows has philosophized with characteristic ingenuity in the persons of these thinkers : the one the inexorable and fairly Mephistophelian critic of the paradoxes of passion, the other the nervous invalid of brilliant insight. We are here speaking only of this one side of their doctrines, namely, their diagnosis of the heart and of the issues of life. How much of the truth there is in both every knowing man ought to see. Capricious is the Will of man, thinks Schopenhauer, and therefore endlessly paradoxical and irrational. Paradoxical is the very consciousness, and therefore the very Reason, of man, finds Hegel; and consequently where there is this paradox there is not unreason, but the manifestation of a part of the true spiritual life, — a life which could not be spiritual were it not full of conflict. Hegel thus absorbs, as it were, the pessimism of Schopenhauer, while Schopenhauer illustrates the paradox of Hegel.

But if both doctrines stand as significant expressions of the modern spirit, a glance at our more recent literature — at the despairing resignation of Tolstoï, with its flavor of mysticism, and at the triumphant joy in the paradoxes of passion which Browning kept to the end — will show us how far our romancers and poets still are from having made an end of the inquiry as to which doctrine is the right one. My own notion about the matter, such as it is, would indeed need for its full development the context of just such a philosophical argument as I have declined to introduce into the present paper. As constructive Idealist, regarding the Absolute as indeed a Spirit, I am on the whole in sympathy with Hegel's sense of the triumphant rationality that reigns above all the conflicts of the spiritual world. But as to Schopenhauer's own account of life, I find, indeed, that his pessimism is usually wholly misunderstood and unappreciated, as well by those who pretend to accept as by those who condemn it. What people fail to comprehend concerning these deep and partial insights which are so characteristic of great philosophers is that the proper way to treat them is neither to scorn nor to bow down, but to experience, and then to get our freedom in presence of all such insights by the very wealth of our experience. We are often so slavish in our relations with doctrines of this kind! Are they expressed in traditional, in essentially clerical language, as in the Imitation or in some other devotional book, then the form deceives us often into accepting mystical resignation as if it were the whole of spirituality, instead of bearing, as it does bear, much the same relation to the better life that sculptured marble bears to breathing flesh. But if it is a Schopenhauer, a notorious heretic, who uses much the same speech, then we can find no refuge save in hating him and his gloom. In fact, pessimism, in its deeper sense, is merely an ideal and abstract expression of one very deep and sacred element of the total religious consciousness of humanity. In truth, finite life is tragic, very nearly as much so as Schopenhauer represented; and tragic for the very reason that Schopenhauer and all the counselors of resignation are never weary of expressing, in so far, namely, as it is at once deep and restless. This is its paradox, that it is always unfinished, that it never attains, that it throbs as the heart does, and ends one pulsation only to begin an-

other. This is what Hegel saw. This is what all the great poets depict, from the wanderings of the much tossed and tried Odysseus down to the In Memoriam of Tennyson or the Dramatic Lyrics of Browning. Not only is this so, but it must be so. The only refuge from spiritual restlessness is spiritual sluggishness; and that, as everybody is aware, is as tedious a thing as it is insipid.

For the individual the lesson of this tragedy is always hard; and he learns it first in a religious form in the mood of pure resignation. "I cannot be happy; I must resign happiness." This is what all the Imitations and the Schopenhauers are forever and very justly teaching to the individual. Schopenhauer's special reason for this view is, however, the deep and philosophical one that at the heart of the World there seems to be an element of capricious conflict. This fact was what drove him to reject the World-Spirit of the constructive idealists, and to speak only of a World-Will. But is this the whole story? No; if we ever get our spiritual freedom, we shall, I think, not neglecting this caprice which Schopenhauer found at the heart of things, still see that the world is divine and spiritual, not so much in spite of this capriciousness as just because of it. Caprice is n't all of reason; but reason needs facts and passions to conquer and to rationalize, in order to become triumphantly rational. The Spirit exists by accepting and by triumphing over the tragedy of the world. Restlessness, longing, grief, — these are evils, fatal evils, and they are everywhere in the world; but the Spirit must be strong enough to endure them. In this Strength is the solution. After all, it is just Endurance that is the essence of Spirituality. Resignation is indeed part of the truth, — resignation, that is, of any hope of a final and private happiness. We resign in order to be ready to endure. But courage is the rest of the truth, — a hearty defiance of the whole hateful pang and agony of the Will, a binding of the strong man by being stronger than he, a making of life once for all our divine game, where the passions are the mere chessmen that we move in carrying out our plan, and where the plan is a spiritual victory over Satan. Let us thank Schopenhauer, then, for at least this, that in his pessimism he gives us a universal expression for the whole negative side of life. If one may speak of private experience, I myself have often found it deeply comforting, in the most bitter moments, to have discounted, so to speak, all the petty tragedies of experience, all my own weakness and caprice and foolishness and ill fortune, by one such absolute formula for evil as Schopenhauer's doctrine gives me. It is the fate of life to be restless, capricious, and therefore tragic. Happiness comes, indeed, but by all sorts of accidents; and it flies as it comes. One thing only that is greater than this fate endures in us if we are wise of heart; and this one thing endures forever in the heart of the great World-Spirit of whose wisdom ours is but a fragmentary reflection. This one thing, as I hold, is the eternal resolution that if the world *will* be tragic, it *shall* still, in Satan's despite, be spiritual. And this resolution is, I think, the very essence of the Spirit's own Eternal Joy.

Josiah Royce.

THE RIDE TO THE LADY.

"Now since mine even is come at last, —
For I have been the sport of steel,
And hot life ebbeth from me fast,
And I in saddle roll and reel, —
Come bind me, bind me on my steed!
Of fingering leech I have no need!"
The chaplain clasped his mailèd knee.
"Nor need I more thy whine and thee!
No time is left my sins to tell;
But look ye bind me, bind me well!"
They bound him strong with leathern thong,
For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled,
Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red;
Out of the sky the fierce hue fell,
And made the streams as the streams of hell.
All his thoughts as a river flowed,
Flowed aflame as fleet he rode,
Onward flowed to her abode,
Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face.
(Viewless Death apace, apace,
Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone,
Trembling lips my lips have known,
Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne
Under the kisses that make them mine!
Only of thee, of thee, my need!
Only to thee, to thee, I speed!"
The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn;
In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern.

Far behind had the fight's din died;
The shuddering stars in the welkin wide
Crowded, crowded, to see him ride.
The beating hearts of the stars aloof
Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof.
"What is the throb that thrills so sweet?
Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!"
But his own strong pulse the fainter fell,
Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell.
The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet
Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood
Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood;

Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein,—
But the viewless rider rode to win.

Out of the wood to the highway's light
Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright;
The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried,
And the weight of the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew;
And slow, and slow, the stars withdrew;
And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue,
As a garment worn of a wizard grim.
He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate,
Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late:
The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-flower
Her fashioning did wait.
On the couch lay something fair,
With steadfast lips and veilèd eyne;
But the lady was not there.
On the wings of shrift and prayer,
Pure as winds that winnow snow,
Her soul had risen twelve hours ago.
The burdened steed at the barred gate stood,
No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul
That went out in the wood!

Helen Gray Cone.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

VI.

ON A NEW CORNICE ROAD.

THE sunshine quickened us all, and our *kuruma* took the road like a flock of birds; for jinrikisha men in company run as wild geese fly, crisscross. It is an artistic habit, inculcated to court ladies in books on etiquette. To make the men travel either abreast or in Indian file is simply impossible. After a moment's conformity, they invariably relapse into their own orderly disorder.

This morning they were in fine figure, and bowled us along to some merry tune within; while the baby-carriages themselves jangled the bangles on their axles, making a pleasing sort of cry. The village folk turned in their steps to stare and smile as we sped past.

It was a strange-appearing street. On both sides of it in front of the houses ran an arcade, continuous but irregular, a contribution of building. Each house

gave its mite in the shape of a covered portico, which fitted as well as could be expected to that of its next-door neighbor. But as the houses were not of the same size, and the ground sloped, the roofs of the porticoes varied in level. A similar terracing held good of the floors. The result was rather a federation than a strict union of interests. Indeed, the object in view was communal. For the arcades were snow galleries, I was told, to enable the inhabitants in winter to pass from one end of the village to the other, no inconsiderable distance. They visored both sides of the way, showing that then in these parts even a crossing of the street is a thing to be avoided. Indeed, by all report the drifts here in the depth of winter must be worth seeing. Even at this moment, May the 6th, there was still *névé* on some of the lowest foothills, and we passed more than one patch of dirt-grimed snow buttressing the highway bank. The bangles on the axles now began to have a meaning, a thing they had hitherto seemed to lack. With the snow arcades by way of introduction they spoke for themselves. Evidently they were first cousins of our sleighbells. Here, then, as cordially as with us man abhors an acoustic vacuum, and when Nature has put her icy bell-glass over the noises of the field he must needs invent some jingle to wile his ears withal.

Once past the houses we came upon a strip of paddy fields that bordered the mountain slope to the very verge of the tide. Some of these stood in spots where the tilt of the land would have seemed to have precluded even the thought of such cultivation; for a paddy field must be perfectly level, that it may be kept under water at certain seasons of the year. On a slope, therefore, a thing a paddy field never hesitates to scale, they rise in terraces, skyward. Here the drop was so great that the terraces made bastions that towered proudly on the very knife-edge of decision between the seaweed and the cliffs. A runnel tamed to a bamboo duct did them Ganymede service; for a paddy field is perpetually thirsty.

It was the season for repairing of dykes and ditches in rice chronology, a much more complicated annal than might be thought. This initial stage of it has a certain architectural interest. Every year before planting begins the dykes have all to be remade strictly in place, for they serve for both dams and bounds to the elaborately partitioned fields. Adjacent mud is therefore carefully plastered over the remains of the old dyke, which, to the credit of the former builders, is no small fraction of it, and the work then finished off with a sculptor's care. An easier-going peasantry might often forego renewal. Indeed, I cannot but think the farmers take a natural delight in this exalted form of mud pies; they work away on already passable specimens with such a will. But who does quite outgrow his childish delights? And to make of the play of childhood the work of middle life must be to foil the primal curse to the very letter. What more enchanting pastime than to wade all day in viscous mud, hearing your feet plash when you put them in, and suck as you draw them out; while the higher part of you is busied building a parapet of gluey soil, smoothing it down on the sides and top, and crowning your masterpiece with a row of sprigs along the crest? And then in the gloaming to trudge homeward, feeling that you have done a meritorious deed after all! When I come to my second childhood, I mean to turn paddy-field farmer myself.

Though the fields took to the slopes so kindly, they had a preference for plains. In the deltas, formed by the bigger streams, they expanded till they made chesswork of the whole. Laborers knee-deep in the various squares did very well for pawns. The fields, being still in their prenatal stage, were not ex-

actly handsome. There was too much of one universal brown. This was relieved only by the nurseries of young plants, small fields here and there just showing a delicate downy growth of green, delightful to the eye. They were not long sown; for each still lay cradled under its scarecrow, a pole planted in the centre of the rectangle with strings stretched to the four corners, and a bit of rag fluttering from the peak. The scarecrows are, no doubt, useful, since they are in general use; but I counted seven sparrows feeding in reckless disregard of danger under the very wings of one of the contrivances.

The customs of the country seemed doomed that day to misunderstanding, whether by sparrows or by bigger birds of passage. Those which should have startled failed of effect, and those which should not have startled did. For, on turning the face of the next bluff, we came upon a hamlet apparently in the high tide of conflagration. From every roof volumes of smoke were rolling up into the sky, while men rushed to and fro excitedly outside. I was stirred myself, for there seemed scant hope of saving the place, such headway had the fire, as evidenced by the smoke, already acquired. The houses were closed; a wise move, certainly, on the score of draft, but one that precluded a fighting of the fire. I was for jumping from the jinrikisha, to see, if not to do something myself, when I was stopped by the jinrikisha men, who coolly informed me that the houses were lime-kilns.

It appeared that lime-making was a specialty of these parts, being, in fact, the alternative industry to fishing, with the littoral population; the farming of its strip of rice fields hardly counting as a profession, since such culture is second nature with the Far Oriental. Lime-making may labor under objections, considered generically, but this method of conducting the business is susceptible of advantageous imitation. It should commend itself at once to theatrical managers for a bit of stage effect. Evidently it is harmless. No less evidently it is cheap; and in some cases it might work a double benefit. Impresarios might thus consume all the public statuary about the town to the artistic education of the community, besides producing most realistic results in the theatre.

Through the courtesy of some of the laborers I was permitted to enter a small kiln in which they were then at work. I went in cautiously, and came out with some haste, for the fumes of the burning, which quite filled the place, made me feel my intrusion too poignantly. I am willing to believe the work thoroughly enjoyable when once you become used to it. In the mean time I should choose its alternative, — the pleasures of a dirty fishing boat in a nasty seaway, — if I were unfortunate enough to make one of the population. I like to breathe without thinking of it.

The charcoal used in the process came, they told me, from Noto. I felt a thrill of pride in hearing the land of my courting thus distinctively spoken of, although the mention were not by way of any remarkable merit. At least the place was honorably known beyond its own borders; had in fact a certain prestige. For they admitted there was charcoal in their own province, but the best, they all agreed, came from their neighbor over the sea. They spoke to appreciative ears. I was only too ready to believe that the best of anything came from Noto. Did they lay my interest to the score of lime-making, I wonder, or were they in part undeceived when I asked if Noto were visible from where we were?

It was, they said, on very clear days. Did I know Noto? What shall a man say when questioned thus concerning that on which he has set his heart? He cannot say yes; shall he say no, and put himself without the pale of mere acquaintance? There is a sense of nearness not to be justified to another, and

the one to whom a man may feel most kin is not always she of whom he knows the most.

I was by way of knowing it, I said, as my eyes followed my thoughts horizonward. Was it all mirage they saw or thought to see, that faint coast line washed a little deeper blue against the sky? I fear me so, for the lime-burners failed to make it out. The day was not clear enough, they said.

But the little heap of charcoal, at least, was real, and it had once been a tree on that farther shore. Charcoal to them, it was no longer common charcoal to me; for, looking at it, was I not face to face with something that had once formed part of Noto, the unknown?

VII.

OYA SHIRADZU, KO SHIRADZU.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we reached a part of the coast locally famous or infamous, for the two were one; a stretch of some miles where the mountains made no apology for falling abruptly into the sea. Sheer for several hundred feet, the shore is here unscalable. Nor did it use to be possible to go round by land, for the cliffs are merely the ends of mountain chains, themselves utterly wild and tractless. A narrow strip of strand was the sole link between Etchiu on the one hand and Echigo on the other. The natives call the place Oya shiradzu, ko shiradzu; that is, a spot where the father no longer knows the child, nor the child the father, — so obliterating to sense of all beside is the personal danger. Refuge there is none of any kind. To have been caught here in a storm on the making tide must indeed have been to look death in the face.

Between the devil of a precipice and the deep sea, he who ventured on the passage must have hurried anxiously along the thread of sand, hoping to reach the last bend in time. As he rounds the ill-omened corner he sees he is too late; already the surf is breaking against the cliff. He turns back only to find retreat barred behind by rollers that have crept in since he passed. His very footprints have all been washed away. Caged! Like the walls of a deep-down dungeon the perpendicular cliff towers at his side, and in the pit they rim he and the angry ocean are left alone together. Then the sea begins to play with him, creeping up catlike. Her huge paws, the breakers, buffet his face. The water is already about his feet, as he backs desperately against the rock; and each wave comes crushing in with a cruel growl to strike — short this time. But the next breaks closer, and the next closer still. He climbs a boulder. The spray blinds him. He hears a deafening roar, feels a shock that hurls him into space, and he knows no more.

Now the place is fearful only to fancy; for a road has been built, belting the cliffs hundreds of feet above the tide. It is a part of what is known as the new road, a name it is likely long to keep. Its sides are in places so steep that it fails of its footing, and is constantly slipping off into the sea. Such sad missteps are the occasion for bands of convicts to appear on the scene under the marshaling of a police officer, and be set to work to repair the slide by digging a little deeper into the mountain side. The convicts wear clothes of a light brick-color, which at a distance looks somewhat like *couleur de rose*, while the police are dressed in sombre blue. It would seem somewhat of a satire on the facts!

The new road is not without its sensation to such as dislike looking down. Fortunately, the jinrikisha men have not the instinct of packmules to be persistently trifling with its outer edge. In addition to the void at the side, another showed every now and then in front,

where a dip and a turn completely hid the road beyond. The veritable end of the world seemed to be there just ahead, close against the vacancy of space. A couple of rods more and we must step off, — indeed the end of the world for us if we had.

When the road came to face the Oya shiradzu, ko shiradzu, it attacked the rise by first running away from it up a stream into the mountains; a bit of the wisdom of the serpent that enabled it to gain much height on the bend back. Trees vaulted the way and tapestried with their leaves, between which one caught peeps at the sea, a shimmer of blue through a shimmer of green. The path was strung with peddlers and pilgrims: the latter of both sexes and all ages, under mushroom hats, with their skirts neatly tucked in at the waist, showing their leggings; the former doing fulcrum duty to a couple of baskets swung on a pole over their shoulders. The pilgrims were on their way back from Zenkoji. Some of them would have tramped over two hundred miles on foot before they reached home again. A rich harvest they brought back, — religion, travel, and exercise, all in one, enough to keep them happy long. I know of nothing which would more persuade me to be a Buddhist than these same delightful pilgrimages. Fresh air, fresh scenes on the road, and fresh faith at the end of it. No desert caravan of penance to these Meccas, but a summer's stroll under a summer's sky. An end that sanctifies the means, and a means that no less justifies its end.

While we were still in the way with these pious folk we touched our midday halt, a wayside tea house notched in a corner of the road commanding a panoramic view over the sea. The place was kept by a deaf old lady and her tailless cat. The old lady's peculiarity was personal; the cat's was not. No self-respecting cat in this part of Japan could possibly wear a tail. The northern branch of the family has long since discarded that really useless feline appendage. A dog in like circumstance would be sadly straitened in the expression of his emotions, but a cat is every whit a cat without a continuation.

With the deaf old lady we had, for obvious reasons, no sustained conversation. She busied herself for the most part in making *dango*, a kind of dumpling, but not one calculated to stir curiosity, since it is made of rice all through. These our men ate with more relish than would seem possible. Meanwhile, I sat away from the road where I could look out upon the sea over the cliffs, and the cat purred about in her offhand way, and used me incidentally as a rubbing-post. Trees fringed the picture in front, and the ribbon of road wound off through it into the distance, beaded with folk and shot with sunshine and shadow.

I was sorry when lunch was over and we took leave of our gentle hostesses; tabbies both of them, yet no unpleasing pair. A few more bends brought us to where the path culminated. The road had for some time lain bare to the sea and sky, but at the supreme point some fine beeches made a natural screen masking the naked face of the precipice. On the cutting above, four huge Chinese characters stood graved in the rock. "*Ya no gotoku, tō no gotoshi.*" "Smooth as a whetstone, straight as an arrow," meaning the cliff. Perhaps because of their pictorial descent, the characters did not shock one. Unlike the usual branding of nature, they seemed not out of keeping with the spot. Not far beyond, the butts of the winter's névé, buried in dirt, banked the path.

For miles along the road the view off was superb. Nothing bordered one side of the way, and the mountain bordered the other. Far below lay the sea, stretching away into blue infinity, — a vast semicircle of ultramarine domed by a hemisphere of azure; and it was noticeable how much vaster the sea

looked than the sky. We were so high above it that the heavings of its longer swells were leveled to imperceptibility, while the waves only graved the motionless surface. Here and there the ruffings of a breeze showed in darker markings, like the changes on watered silk. The most ephemeral disturbance made the most show. Dotted over the blue expanse were black spots, fishing boats; and a steamer with a long trail of smoke showed in the offing, stationary to the eye, yet shifting its place like the shadow of a style when you forgot to look. And in long perspective on either hand stretched the battlement of cliff. Visual immensity lay there before us, in each of its three manifestations, of line, of surface, and of space.

We stood still, the better to try to take it in, — this grandeur tempered by sunshine and warmth. Do what he will, man is very much the creature of his surroundings yet. In some instant sense, the eyes fashion the feelings, and we ourselves grow broader with our horizon's breadth. The Chaldean shepherds alone with the night had grander thoughts for the companionship, and I venture to believe that the heart of the mountaineer owes quite as much to what he is forced to look upon as to what he is compelled to do.

We tucked ourselves into our jinriki sha and started down. By virtue of going the speed increased, till the way we rolled round the curves was intoxicating. The panorama below swung to match, and we leaned in or out mechanically to trim the balance. Occasionally, as it hit some stone, the vehicle gave a lurch that startled us for a moment into sobriety, from which we straightway relapsed into exhilaration. Curious this, how the body brings about its own forgetting; for I was conscious only of mind, and yet mind was the one part of me not in motion. I suppose much oxygen made me tipsy. If so, it is a recommendable tipple. Spirits were not unhappily named after the natural article.

It was late afternoon when we issued at last from our two days' Thermopylæ upon the Etchiu plain. As we drew out into its expanse, the giant peaks of the Tateyama range came into view from behind their foothills, draped still in their winter ermine. It was last year yet in those upper regions of the world, but all about us below throbbed with the heartbeats of the spring. At each mile, amid the ever-lengthening shadows, nature seemed to grow more sentient. Through the thick air the peaks stood out against the eastern sky, in saffron that flushed to rose and then paled to gray. The rice fields, already flooded for their first working, mirrored the glow overhead so glassily that their dykes seemed to float, in sunset illusion, a mere bar tracery of earth between the sky above and a sky beneath. Upon such lattice of a world we journeyed in mid-heaven. Stealthily the shadows gathered; and as the hour for confidences drew on, Nature took us into hers. The trees in the twilight, just breaking into leaf, stood in groups among the fields and whispered low to one another, nodding their heads; and then from out the shadow of the May evening came the croaking of the frogs. Strangely the sound fitted the hour, with its like touch of mysterious suggestion. As the twilight indefinite, it pervaded everything, yet was never anywhere. Deafening at a distance, it hushed at our approach, only to begin again behind us. Will-o'-the-wisp of the ear, infatuating because forever illusive! And the distance and the numbers blended what had perhaps been harsh into a mellow whole that filled the gloaming with a sort of voice. I began to understand why the Japanese are so fond of it that they deem it not unworthy a place in nature's vocal pantheon but little lower than the song of the nightingale, and echo its sentiment

in verse. Indeed, it seems to me that his soul must be conventionally tuned in whom this even-song of the rice fields stirs no responsive chord.

VIII.

ACROSS THE ETCHIU DELTA.

The twilight lingered, and the road threaded its tortuous course for miles through the rice plain, bordered on either hand by the dykes of the paddy fields. Every few hundred feet we passed a farmhouse screened by clipped hedgerows and bosomed in trees; and at longer intervals we rolled through some village, the country pike becoming for the time the village street. The land was an archipelago of homestead in a sea of rice. But the trees about the dwellings so cut up the view that for the moment of passing the mind forgot it was all so flat, and came back to its ocean in surprise when the next vista opened on the sides.

Things had already become silhouettes when we dashed into lantern-lighted Mikkaichi. We took the place in form, and a fine sensation we made. What between the shouts of the runners and the clatter of the chaises, men, women, and children made haste to clear a track, snatching their little ones back, and then staring at us as we swept past. Indeed, the teams put their best feet foremost for local effect, and more than once came within an ace of running over some urchin who either would n't or could n't get out of the way. Fortunately no casualties occurred; for it would have been ignominious to have been arrested by the police during our first ten minutes in the town, not to speak of the sad dampening to our feelings an accident would have caused.

In this mad manner we dashed up the long main street. We were forced to take the side, for the village aqueduct or gutter — it served both purposes — monopolized the middle. At short intervals it was spanned by causeways formed of slabs of stone. Over one of these we made a final swirl and drew up before the inn. Then our shafts dropped their obeisance to the ground.

A warm welcome greeted the appeal. A crowd of servants came rushing to the front of the house with an eye to business, and a crowd of village folk with an eye to pleasure closed in behind. Between the two fires we stepped out and entered the side court, to the satisfaction of the one audience and the chagrin of the other. But it is impossible to please everybody.

Fortunately it was not so hard to please us, and certainly the inn people did their best; for they led the way to what formerly were the state apartments, that part of the house where the Daimyo of Kaga had been wont to lodge when he stopped here overnight on his journey north. Though it had fallen somewhat into disrepair, it was still the place of honor in the inn, and therefore politely put at the service of one from beyond sea. There I supped in solitary state, and there I slept right royally amid the relics of former splendor; doubting a little whether some unlaid ghost of bygone times might not come to claim his own, and oust me at black midnight by the rats, his retinue.

But nothing short of the sun called me back to consciousness and bade me open to the tiny garden, where a pair of ducks were preening their feathers after an early bath in their own little lake. On the veranda my lake already stood prepared: a brass basin upon a wooden stand, according to the custom of the country. So ducks and I dabbled and prinked in all innocence in the garden, which might well have been the garden of Eden for any hint it gave of a world beyond. It was my fate, too, to leave it after the same manner; for, breakfast over, we were once more of the road.

We had a long day of it before us, for I purposed to cross the Etchiu delta, and sleep that night on the threshold of my hopes. The day, like all days that look long on the map, proved still longer on the march. Its itinerary diversified discomfort. First seventeen miles in kuruma, then a ferry, then a tramp of twelve miles along the beach through a series of sand dunes, then another ferry, and finally a second walk of seven miles and a half over some foothills to top off with. The inexpensiveness of the transport was the sole relieving feature of the day. Not, I mean, because the greater and worse half of the journey was done on our own feet, but because of the cheap charges of the chaises and even of the porters. To run at a dog-trot, trundling another in a baby-carriage, seventeen miles for twenty cents, is not, I hold, an extortionate price. Certain details of the tariff, however, are peculiar. For instance, if two men share the work by running tandem, the fare is more than doubled; a ratio in the art of proportion surprising at first. Each man would seem to charge for being helped. The fact is, the greater speed expected of the pair more than offsets the decreased draft.

Otherwise, as I say, the day was depressing. It was not merely the tramp through the sand dunes that was regrettable, though heaven knows I would not willingly take it again. The sand had far too hospitable a trick of holding on to you at every step to be to my liking. Besides, the sun, which had come out with summer insistence, chose that particular spot for its midday siesta, and lay there at full length, while the air was preternaturally still. It was a stupidly drowsy heat that gave no fillip to the feet.

But such discomfort was merely by the way. The real trouble began at Fushiki, the town on the farther side of the second ferry. In the first place, the spot had, what is most uncommon in Japan, a very sorry look, which was depressing in itself. Secondly, its inhabitants were much too busy or much too unemployed, or both, to be able to attend to strangers at that hour of the afternoon. Consequently it was almost impossible to get any one to carry the baggage. We dispatched emissaries, however. By good luck we secured some beer, and then argued ourselves dry again on the luggage question. The emissaries were at work, we were assured, and at last some one who had been sent for was said to be coming. Still time dragged on, until finally the burden bearers turned up, and turned out to be — women.

At this I rebelled. The situation was not new, but it was none the less impossible. In out-of-the-way districts I had refused offers of the kind before. For Japanese beasts of burden run in a decreasing scale as follows, according to the poverty of the place: jinrikisha, horses, bulls, men, women. I draw my line at the last. I am well aware how absurd the objects themselves regard such a protective policy, but I cling to my prejudices. To the present proffer I was adamant. To step jauntily along in airy unencumberedness myself, while a string of women trudged wearily after, loaded with my heavy personal effects, was more than an Anglo-Saxon attitude towards the sex could stand. I would none of them, to the surprise and dismay of the inn landlord, and to the no slight wonder of the women. The discarding was not an easy piece of work. The fair ones were present at it, and I have no doubt misinterpreted the motive; for women have a weakness for a touch of the slave-master in a man. Besides, "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," though it be only in the capacity of a porter. There was nothing for it, however, but to let it go at that; for to have explained with more insistence would infallibly have deepened their suspicions of wounded vanity. But

it did seem hard to be obliged to feel a brute for refusing to be one.

The landlord, thanks to my importunities, managed, after some further delay, to secure a couple of lusty lads, — relatives, I suspect, of the discarded fair ones, — and with them we eventually set out. We had not gone far, when I came to consider, unjustly, no doubt, that they journeyed too slow. I might have thought differently had I carried the chattels and they the purse. I shuddered to think what the situation would have been with women, for then even the poor solace of remonstrance would have been denied. As it was, I spent much breath in trying to hurry them, and it is pleasanter now than it was then to reflect how futilely; for I rated them roundly, while they accepted my verbal goadings with the trained stolidity of folk who were used to it.

When at last we approached the village of our destination, which bore the name of Himi, it was already dusk, and this with the long May twilight meant a late hour before we should be comfortably housed. Indeed, I had been quartered in anticipation for the last few miles, and was only awaiting arrival to enter into instant possession of my fancied estate. Not content even with pure insubstantiality, I had interviewed various people through Yejiro on the subject. First the porters had been exhaustively catechised, and then what wayfarers we chanced to meet had been buttonholed beside, with the result of much contradictory information. There seemed to be an inn which was, I will not say good, but the best, though no two informants could agree in calling it by name. One thought he remembered that the North Inn was the place to go to; another, that he had heard the Wistaria House specially commended.

All doubts, however, were set at rest when we reached the town; for, without the slightest hesitation, every one of the houses in question refused to take us in. The unanimity was wonderful considering the lack of collusion. Yejiro and I made as many unsuccessful applications together as I could stand. Then I went and sat down on the sill of the first tea house for a base of operations, — I cannot say for my headquarters, because that is just what we could not get, — and gave myself up to melancholy. Meanwhile Yejiro ransacked the town, from which excursions he returned every few minutes with a fresh refusal, but the same excuse. It got so at last I could anticipate the excuse. The inn was full already — of assessors and their victims. The assessors had descended on the spot, it seemed, and the whole countryside had come to town to lie about the value of its land. I only wished the inhabitants might have chosen some other time for false swearing; for it was a sad tax on my credulity.

We did indeed get one offer, which I duly went to inspect, but the outside of the house satisfied me. At last I adopted extreme measures. I sent Yejiro off to the police station. This move produced its effect.

Even at home, from having contrived to keep on the sunny side of law and order, my feelings toward the police are friendly enough for all practical purposes; but in no land have I such an affectionate regard for the constabulary as in Japan. Members of the force there, if the term be applicable to a set of students spectacled from over-study, whose strength is entirely moral, never get you into trouble, and usually get you out of it. One of their chief charms to the traveler lies in their open-sesame effect upon obdurate landlords. In this trick they are wonderfully successful.

Having given ourselves up to the police, therefore, we were already by way of being lodged, and that quickly. So, indeed, it proved. In the time to go and come Yejiro reappeared with an officer in civilian's clothes, who first

made profuse apologies for presenting himself in undress, — but it seemed he was off duty at the moment, — and then led the way a stone's throw round the corner; and in five minutes I was sitting as snugly as you please in a capital room in an inn's third story, sipping tea and pecking at sugarplums, a distinctly honored guest.

Here fate put in a touch of satire; for it now appeared that all our trouble was quite gratuitous. Most surprisingly, the innkeepers' story on this occasion proved to be entirely true, a possibility I had never entertained for a second; and, furthermore, it appeared that our present inn was the one in which I had been offered rooms, but had refused, disliking its exterior.

Such is the reward for acting on general principles.

IX.

OVER THE ARAYAMA PASS.

The morning that was to give me my self-promised land crept on tiptoe into the room in the third story, and touched me where I slept; and on pushing the *shōji* apart and looking out, I beheld as fair a day as heart could wish. A faint misty vapor, like a bridal veil, was just lifting from off the face of things, and letting the sky show through in blue-eyed depths. It was a morning of desire, bashful for its youth as yet, but graced with a depth of atmosphere sure to expand into a full, warm, perfect noon; and I hastened to be out and become a part of it.

Three jinrikishas stood waiting our coming at the door, and amidst a pelting of *sayonara* from the whole household, we dashed off as proudly as possible down the main street of the town, to the admiration of many lookers-on. The air, laden with moisture, left kisses on our cheeks as we hurried by, while the sunshine fell in long scarfs of gauzy shimmer over the shoulders of the eastern hills. The men in the shafts felt the fillip of it all, and encouraged one another with lusty cries, a light-heartedness that lent them heels. Even the peasants in the fields seemed to wish us well, as they looked up from their work to grin good-humoredly.

We value most what we attain with difficulty. It was on this principle, no doubt, that the road considerately proceeded to give out. It degenerated, indeed, very rapidly after losing sight of the town, and soon was no more than a collection of holes strung on ruts, that made travel in perambulators tiring alike to body and soul. At last, after five miles of floundering, it gave up all pretense at a wheelway, and deposited us at a wayside tea house at the foot of a little valley, — the first step, indeed, up the Arayama pass. Low hills had closed in on the right, shutting off the sea, and the ridge dividing Noto from Etchiu rose in higher lines upon the left.

Here we hired porters, securing them from the neighboring fields; for they were primarily peasants, and were porters only as we were tramps, by virtue of the country. Porterage being the sole means of transport, they came to carry our things as they would have carried their own, in skeleton hods strapped to their backs. In this they did not differ from the Japanese custom generally; but in one point they showed a strange advance over their fellows. They were wonderfully methodical folk. They paid no heed to our hurry, and instead of shouldering the baggage they proceeded to weigh it, each manload by itself, on a steelyard of wood six feet long; the results they then worked out conscientiously on an abacus, after which I paid accordingly. Truly an equitable adjustment between man and man, at which I lost only the time it took. Then we started.

From the tea house the path rose

steadily enough for so uneducated a way, leaving the valley to contract into an open glen. The day, in the mean time, came out as it had promised, full and warm, — fine basking weather, as a certain snake in the path seemed to think. So, I judge, did the porters. If it be the pace that kills, these simple folk must be a long-lived race. They certainly were very careful not to hurry themselves. Had they been hired for life, so thrifty a husbanding of their strength would have been most gratifying to witness; unluckily they were mine only for the job. They moved, one foot after the other, with a mechanical precision exhausting even to look at. To keep with them was practically impossible for an ordinary pedestrian. Nothing short of a woman shopping could worthily have matched their pace. In sight their speed was snail-like; out of it they would appear to have stopped, so far did they fall behind. Once I thought they had turned back.

The path we were following was the less traveled of the only two possible entrances into Noto by land. It was a side or postern gate to the place, over a gap on the northern end of a mountain wall; the main approach lying along its other flank. For a high range of uninhabited hills nearly dams the peninsula across, falling on the right side straight into the sea, but leaving on the other a lowland ligature that binds Nōto to Kaga. To get from Kaga into Etchiu, the range has to be crossed lower down. Our dip in the chain was called the Arayama tōge, or Rough Mountain pass, and was perhaps fifteen hundred feet high, but pleasingly modeled in its lines after one ten times its height.

Half-way up the tug of the last furlong, where the ascent became steep enough for zigzags, I turned to look back. Down away from me fell the valley, slipping by reason of its own slope out into the great Etchiu plain. Here and there showed bits of the path in corkscrew, from my personal standpoint all perfectly porterless. Over the low hills, to the left, lay the sea, the crescent of its great beach sweeping grandly round into the indistinguishable distance. Back of it stretched the Etchiu plain; but beyond that, nothing. The mountains that should have bounded it were lost to sight in the spring haze.

Mechanically my eyes followed into the languid blue, when suddenly they chanced upon a little cloud, for cloud I took it to be. Yet something about it struck me as strange, and scanning it more closely, by this most natural kind of second sight, I marked the unmistakable glisten of snow. It was a snow peak towering there in isolated majesty. As I gazed it grew on me with ineffable grandeur, sparkling with a faint saffron glamour of its own. Shifting my look a little, I saw another and then another of the visions, like puffs of steam, rising above the plain. Half apparitions, below a certain line, the snow line, they vanished into air; for between them and the solid earth there looked to be blue sky. The haze of distance, on this soft May day, hid their lower slopes, and left the peaks to tower alone into the void. They were the giants of the Tateyama range, standing there over against me inaccessibly superb.

A pair of tea houses, rivals, crowned the summit of the pass, which, like most Japanese passes, was a mere knife-edge of earth. With a quickened pulse, if a slackened gait, I topped the crest, walked — straight past the twin tea houses and their importunities to stop — another half dozen paces to the brink, and in one sweep looked down over a thousand feet on the western side. Noto, eyelashed by the branches of a tree just breaking into leaf, lay open to me below.

After the first glow of attainment, this initial view was, I will confess, disillusioning. Instead of what unfettered

fancy had led me to expect, I saw only a lot of terraced rice fields backed by ranges of low hills; for all the world a parquet in brown and green tiles. And yet, as the wish to excuse prompted me to think, was this not, after all, as it should be? For I was looking but at the entrance to the land, its outer hallway, as it were; Nanao, its capital, its inland sea, all its beyond, was still shut from me by the nearer hills; and, feeling thus at liberty to be amused, I forthwith saw it as a satire on panoramas generally.

Panoramic views are painfully plain. They must needs be mappy at best, for your own elevation flattens all below it to one topographic level. Field and woodland, town or lake, show by their colors only as if they stood in print; and you might as well lay any good atlas on the floor and survey it from the lofty height of a footstool. Such being the inevitable, it was refreshing to see the thing in caricature. No pains, evidently, had been spared by the inhabitants to make their map realistic. There the geometric lines all stood in ludicrous insistence; any child could have drawn the thing as mechanically.

The two tea houses were well patronized by wayfarers of both sexes resting after their climb. Some simply sipped tea, chatting; others made a regular meal of the opportunity. The greater number sat, as we did, on the sill, for the bother of taking off their straw sandals. Our landlady was the model of what a landlady should be; for it was apparently a feminine establishment. If there was a man attached to it, he kept himself discreetly in the background. She was a kind, sympathetic soul, with a word for every one, and a deliberateness of action as effective as it was efficient. And in the midst of it all she kept up a refrain of welcomes and good-bys, as new comers appeared or old comers left. The unavoidable preliminary exercise and the crisp air whetted all our appetites, so I doubt not she drove a thriving trade, although to Western ideas of value her charges were infinitesimally small.

Midday halts for lunch are godsends to tramps who travel with porters. They compel the porters to catch up, and give the hirer opportunity to say things which at least relieve him, if they do no good. I had begun to fear ours would deprive me of this pleasure, and indeed had got so far on in my meal as to care little whether they did or not, when automatically they appeared. Fortunately they needed but a short rest, and as the descent on the Noto side was much steeper than on the other, half an hour's walk brought us to the level of kuruma once more.

A bit of lane almost English in look, bowered in trees and winding delightfully like some human stream, led us to a tea house. While we were ordering chaises a lot of children gathered to inspect us, thus kindly giving us our first view of the natives. They looked more open-eyed than Japanese generally, but such effect may have been due to wonder. At all events, the stare, if it was a stare, seemed like a silent sort of welcome.

Leaving the children still gazing after us, we bowled away toward Nanao, and in the course of time caught our first glimpse of it from the upper end of a sweep of meadows. It sat by the water's edge, at the head of a landlocked bay, the nearer arm of the inland sea; and an apology for shipping rode in the offing. It appeared to be a very fair-sized town, and altogether a more lively place than I had thought to find. Clearly, its life was as engrossing to it as if no wall of hills notching the sky shut out the world beyond. Having heard, however, that a watering-place called Wakura was the sight of the province, and learning now that it was but six miles further, we decided, as it was yet early in the afternoon, to push on, and take the cap-

ital later. We did take it later, very much later the next night than was pleasing.

Wakura, indeed, was the one thing in Noto, except the charcoal, which had an ultra-Notorious reputation. Rumors of it had reached us as far away as Shinshiu, and with every fresh inquiry we made as we advanced the rumors had gathered strength. Our informers spoke of it with the vague respect accorded hearsay honor. Clearly, it was no place to pass by.

The road to it from Nanao was not noteworthy save for two things, — one officially commended to sight-seers, the other not. The first was a curious water-worn rock upon the edge of the bay; some waif of a boulder, doubtless, since it stuck up quite alone out of the sand. A shrine perched atop, and a larger temple encircled it below, to which its fantastic cuttings served as gateway and garden. The uncommended sight was a neighboring paddy field, in which a company of frogs, caught trespassing, stood impaled on sticks a foot high, as awful warnings to their kind. Beyond this the way passed through a string of clay cuttings following the coast, and in good time rolled us into the midst of a collection of barnlike buildings which it seemed was Wakura.

The season for the baths had not yet begun, so that the number of people at the hotels was still quite small. Not so the catalogue of complaints for which they were visited. The list appalled me as I sat on the threshold of my prospective lodging, listening to the innkeeper's encomiums on the virtues of the waters. He expatiated eloquently on both the quantity and quality of the cures, quite unsuspicious that at each fresh recommendation he was, in my eyes, depreciating his own wares. Did he hope that among such a handsome choice of diseases I might at least have one? I was very near to beating a hasty retreat on the spot. For the accommodation in Japanese inns is of a distressingly communistic character at best; and although at present there were few patients in the place, the germs presumably were still there, on the lookout for a victim.

Immediate comfort, however, getting the better of problematical risk, I went in. The room allotted me lay on the ground floor, just off the garden; and I had not been there many minutes before I became aware, as one does, that I was being stared at. The culprit instantly pretended, with a very sheepish air, to be only taking a walk. He was the vanguard of an army of the curious. The people in the next room were much exercised over the new arrival, and did all that decency allowed to catch a glimpse of me; for which in time they were rewarded. Visitors lodged farther off took aimless strolls to the verandas, and looked at me when they thought I was not looking at them. All envied the servants, who outdid Abra by coming when I called nobody, and then lingering to talk. Altogether I was more of a notoriety than I ever hope to be again; especially as any European would have done them as well. My public would have been greater, as I afterwards learned, if Yejiro had not been holding rival court in the kitchen.

Between us we were given a good deal of local information. One bit failed to cause me unmitigated delight. We were not, it appeared, the first foreigners to set foot in Wakura. Two Europeans had, in a quite uncalled-for way, descended upon the place the summer before, up to which time, indeed, the spot had been virgin to Caucasians. Lured by the fame of the springs, these men had come from Kanazawa in Kaga, where they were engaged in teaching chemistry, to make a test of the waters. I believe they discovered nothing startling. I could have predicted as much had they consulted me beforehand. They neglected to do so, and the result

was they came, saw, and conquered what little novelty the place had. I was quite chagrined. It simply showed how betrodden in these latter days the world is. There is not so much as a remote corner of it but falls under one of two heads: those places worth seeing which have already been seen, and those that have not been seen, but are not worth seeing. Wakura Onsen struck me as falling into the latter halves of both categories.

While discussing my solitary dinner I was informed by Yejiro that some one wished to speak with me, and, on admitting to be at home, the local prefect was ushered in. He came ostensibly to visé my passport, a duty usually quite satisfactorily performed by any policeman. The excuse was transparent. He really came that he might see for himself the foreigner whom rumor had reported to have arrived. As a passport on his part he presented me with some pride the bit of autobiography that he had himself once been in Tōkyō; a fact which in his mind instantly made us a kind of brothers, and raised us both into a common region of superiority to our surroundings. He asked affectionately after the place, and I answered as if it had been the one thought in both our hearts. It was a pleasing little comedy, as each of us was conscious of its consciousness by the other. Altogether we were very friendly.

Between two such Tōkyōites it was, of course, the merest formality to visé a passport, but being one imposed by law he kindly ran his eye over mine. As it omitted to describe my personal appearance in the usual carefully minute manner, as face oval, nose ordinary, complexion medium, and so forth, identification from mere looks was not striking. So he had to take me on trust for what I purported to be, an assumption which did not disconcert him in the least. With writing materials which he drew from his sleeve, he registered me then and there, and, the demands of the law thus complied with to the letter, left me, amid renewed civilities, to sleep the sleep of the just.

X.

AN INLAND SEA.

They had told us overnight that a small steamer plied every other day through Noto's unfamed inland sea, leaving the capital early in the morning, and touching shortly after at Wakura. As good luck would have it, the morrow happened not to be any other day, so we embraced the opportunity to embark in her ourselves. On her, it would be more accurate to say, for she proved such a mite that her cabin was barely possible, and anything but desirable. By squatting down and craning my neck I peered in at the entrance, a feat which was difficult enough. She was, in truth, not much bigger than a ship's gig; but she had a soul out of all proportion to her size. The way it throbbed and strained and set her whole little frame quivering with excitement made me think every moment that she was about to explode. The fact that she was manned exclusively by Japanese did not entirely reassure me.

There was an apology for a deck forward, to which, when we were well under way, I clambered over the other passengers. I was just sitting down there to enjoy a comfortable pipe when I was startlingly requested by a voice from a caboose behind to move off, as I was obscuring the view of the man at the wheel. After that I perched on the gunwale.

We steamed merrily out into the middle of the bay. The water was slumberously smooth, and under the tawny haze of the morning it shone with the sheen of burnished brass. From the gentle ploughing of our bow it rolled lazily to one side, as if in truth it were mol-

ten metal. Land, at varying picturesque distances, lay on all sides of us. In some directions the shore was not more than a mile and a half off; in others the eye wandered down a vista of water framed by low headlands for ten miles or more. But the atmosphere gave the dominant thought, a strange, slumber-like seclusion. So rich and golden, it shut this little corner of the world in a sort of happy valley of its own, and the smoke from my pipe drifted dreamily astern, a natural incense to the spirits of the spot.

The passengers suggested anything, from a public picnic to an early exploration party. There were men, women, and children of all ages and kinds, some stowed away in the cabin behind, some gathered in groups amidships; and those in the cabin thought small fry of those on deck. The cabin was considered the place of honor, because the company made one pay a higher price for the privilege of its discomfort. Altogether it was a very pretty epitome of a voyage.

Just as the steamer people were preparing for their first landing, there detached itself from the background of trees along the shore the most singular aquatic structure I think I have ever seen. It looked like the skeleton of some antediluvian wigwam which a prehistoric roc had subsequently chosen for a nest. Four poles planted in the water inclined to one another at such an angle that they crossed three quarters of the way up. The projecting quarters held in clutch a large wicker basket like the car of a balloon. Peering above the car was a man's head. As the occupant below slowly turned the head to keep an eye on us, it suggested, amid its web of poles, some mammoth spider lying in wait for its prey.

It was a matter of some wonder at first how the man got there, until the motion of the steamer turned the side and disclosed a set of cross-poles lashed between two of the uprights, forming a rude sort of ladder. Curiosity, satisfied on this primary point, still asked how he got there. As this was a riddle to me, I propounded it to Yejiro, who only shook his head, and propounded it to somebody else, — a compliment to the inquiry, certainly, if not to my choice of inquirers. This somebody else told him the man was fishing. Except for the immobility of the figure, I never saw a man look less like it in my life.

Such, however, was the fact. The wigwam was connected by strings to the entrance of a sort of weir, and the man who crouched in the basket was on the lookout for large fish, of a kind called *bora*. As soon as one of them strayed into the mouth of the net, the man pulled the string which closed the opening. The height of his observatory above the level of the water enabled him to see through it to the necessary depth. I am a trifle hazy over the exact details of the apparatus, as I never saw a fish inquisitive enough to go in; but I submit the existence of the fishermen in proof that it works.

Having deposited such wights as wished to go ashore, — for the place was of no pretension, — our steam fish once more turned its tail and darted us through some narrows into another bay. It must have been a favorite one with bora, as its shores were dotted with fish-lookouts. The observatories stood a few stone-throws out in deepish water, at presumably favorable points, and never very near one another, so as not to interfere with a possible catch. Some were inhabited, some not.

This bay was further remarkable for a solar halo which I chanced to see on glancing up at the sun. I suppose it was the singular quality of the light that first caused me to look overhead; for a thin veil of cloud had drawn over the blue and tempered the sunshine peculiarly. Of course one is familiar with caricatures of the thing in meteorological books; but the phenomenon itself is not so common, and the effect was

uncanny. At the first glance it seemed a bit of Noto witchery, that strangely luminous circle around the sun. To admire the moon thus bonneted, as the Japanese say, is common enough, and befits the hour; but to have the halo of the night hung aloft in broad day is to crown sober noon with enchantment.

The sheet of water was sparsely dotted with sail. One little craft in particular I remember, whose course bore her straight down upon us. She dilated slowly out of the distance, and then passed so close I might have tossed a flower aboard of her. So steady her motion she seemed oblivious to our presence, as she glided demurely by at relatively doubled speed.

Only after we had passed did she show signs of noticing us at all; for, meeting our wake, the coquette, she suddenly began dropping us courtesies in good-by.

XI.

ANAMIDZU.

We seemed bound that day to meet freaks in fishing-tackle. The next one to turn up was a kind of crinoline. This strange thing confronted us as we disembarked at Anamidzu. Anamidzu was the last port in the inland sea. After touching here the steamer passed out into the Sea of Japan, and tied up for the night at a small port on the eastern side of the nose of the peninsula.

As the town lay away from the shore up what looked like a canal, we were transferred to a small boat to be rowed in. Just as we reached the beginnings of the canal we saw squatting on the bank an old crone, contemplating, it seemed, the forlorn remains of a hoop-skirt which dangled from a pole before her, half in and half out of water. The chief difference between this and the more common article of commerce was merely one of degree, since here the ribs, by quite meeting at the top, entirely suppressed the waist. Their lower extremities were hid in the water, and were, I was informed, baited with hooks.

The old lady's attitude was one of inimitable apathy; nor did she so much as blink at us, as we passed. A little farther up, on the opposite bank, sat a similar bit of still life. A third beyond completed the picture. These good dames bordered the brink like so many meditative frogs. Though I saw them for the first time in the flesh, I recognized them at once. Here were the identical fisherfolk who have sat for centuries in the paintings of Tsunenobu, not a whit more immovable in *kakemono* than in real life. I almost looked to find the master's seal somewhere in the corner of the landscape.

The worthy souls were, I was told, *inkyōs;* a social, or rather unsocial state, which in their case may be rendered unwidowed dowagers, since, in company with their husbands, they had renounced all their social titles and estates. Their daughters-in-law now did the domestic drudgery, while they devoted their days thus to sport.

Whether it were the dames, or the canal, or, more likely still, some touch of atmosphere, I was reminded of Holland. Indeed, I know not what the special occasion was. It is a strange fabric we are so busy weaving out of sensations. Let something accidentally pick up an old thread, and behold, without rhyme or reason, we are treated to a whole piece of past experience. Stranger yet when but the background is brought back; for we were unconscious of the warp while the details were weaving in. Yet reproduce it and all the woof starts suddenly to sight. For atmosphere, like a perfume, does ghostly service to the past.

There is something less mediate in my remembrance of Anamidzu. The place has to me a memory of its own that hangs about the room made mine

for an hour. It was certainly a pretty room; surprisingly so, for such an out-of-the-way spot. I dare say it was only that to my fellow-voyager of the steamer, hurrying homeward to Wakamatsu. I could hear him in the next apartment making merry over his mid-day meal. To him the place stood for the last stage on the journey home. But to me it meant more. It marked both the end of the beginning and the beginning of the end; for I had fixed upon this spot for my turning-point.

It was high noon in my day of travel, like the high noon there outside the open shōji. The siesta of sensation had come. Thus far, the coming events had cast their shadows before, and I had followed; now they had touched their zenith here in mid-Noto. Henceforth I should see them moving back again toward the east. The dazzling sunshine without pointed the shade within, making even the room seem more shadowy than it was. I began to feel creeping over me that strange touch of sadness that attends the supreme moment of success, though fulfillment be so trifling a thing as a journey's bourne. Great or little, real or fancied, the feeling is the same in kind. The mind is strangely like the eye. Satisfy some emotion it has been dwelling on, and the relaxed nerves at once make you conscious of the complementary tint.

Then other inns in Japan came up regretfully across the blue distance of the intervening years, — midday halts, where an hour of daydream lay sandwiched in between two half days of tramp. I thought of the companions now so far away. Having heard the tune in a minor key, these came in as chords of some ampler variation, making a kind of symphony of sentiment, where I was brought back ever and anon to the simple *motif*. And the tea-house maidens entered and went out again like mutes, in my mind's scene.

I doubt not the country beyond is all very commonplace, but it might be an Eldorado, from the gilding fancy gave it then. I was told the hills were not high, and that eighteen miles on foot would land the traveler at Wakamatsu on the Sea of Japan, fronting Korea, but seeing only the sea, and I feel tolerably sure there is nothing there to repay the tramp. When a back has bewitched you in the street, it is a fatal folly to try to see the face. You will only be disillusioned if you do.

Percival Lowell.

THE NEW ENGLAND MEETING-HOUSE.

I.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, they at once assigned a Lord's Day meeting-place for the Separatist church, — "a timber fort both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements;" and to this fort, every Sunday, the men and women walked reverently, three in a row, and in it they worshiped until they built for themselves a meeting-house in 1648.

As soon as each successive outlying settlement was located and established, the new community built a house for the purpose of assembling therein for the public worship of God; this house was called a meeting-house. Cotton Mather said distinctly that he "found no just ground in Scripture to apply such a trope as church to a house for public assembly." The church, in the Puritan's way of thinking, worshiped in the meeting-house, and he was as bitterly

opposed to calling this edifice a church as he was to calling the Sabbath Sunday. His favorite term for that day was the Lord's Day.

The settlers were eager and glad to build their meeting-houses; for these houses of God were to them the visible sign of the establishment of that theocracy which they had left their fair homes and had come to New England to create and perpetuate. But lest some future settlements should be slow or indifferent about doing their duty promptly, it was enacted in 1675 that a meeting-house should be erected in every town in the colony; and if the people failed to do so at once, the magistrates were empowered to build it, and to charge the cost of its erection to the town. The number of members necessary to establish a separate church was very distinctly given in the Platform of Church Discipline: "A church ought not to be of greater number than can ordinarilie meet convenientlie in one place, nor ordinarilie fewer than may conveniently carry on church-work." Each church was quite independent in its work and government, and had absolute power to admit, expel, control, and censure its members.

These first meeting-houses were simple buildings enough: square log houses with clay-filled chinks, surmounted by steep roofs thatched with long straw or grass, and often with only the beaten earth for a floor. It was considered a great advance and a matter of proper pride when the settlers had the meeting-house "lathed on the inside, and so daubed and whitened over workmanlike." The dimensions of many of these first essays at church architecture are known to us, and lowly little structures they were. One, indeed, is preserved for us under cover at Salem. The first meeting-house in Dedham was thirty-six feet long, twenty feet wide, and twelve feet high "in the stud;" the one in Medford was smaller still; and the Haverhill edifice was only twenty-six feet long and twenty wide, yet "none other than the house of God."

As the colonists grew in wealth and numbers, they desired and built better sanctuaries, and the rude early buildings were converted into granaries or storehouses, or, as was the Pentucket meeting-house, into a "house of shelter or a house to sett horses in." As these meeting-houses had not been consecrated, and as they were town halls, forts, or court-houses as well as meeting-houses, the humbler uses to which they were finally put were not regarded as profanations of holy places.

The second form or type of American church architecture was a square wooden building, usually unpainted, crowned with a truncated pyramidal roof, which was surmounted (if the church could afford such luxury) with a belfry or turret containing a bell. The old church at Hingham, the "Old Ship" which was built in 1681, is still standing, a well-preserved example of this second style of architecture. These square meeting-houses, so much alike, soon abounded in New England; for a new church, in its contract for building, would often specify that the structure should be "like in every detaile to the Lynn meeting-house," or like the Hadley, Milford, Boston, Danvers, or New Haven meeting-house. This form of edifice was the prototype of the fine great First Church of Boston, a large square brick building, with three rows of windows and two galleries, which stood from the year 1713 to 1808, and of which many pictures exist.

The third form of the Puritan meeting-house, of which the Old South Church of Boston is a typical model, has too many representatives throughout New England to need any description, as have also the succeeding forms of New England church architecture.

The first meeting-houses were often built in the valleys, in the meadow

lands; for the dwelling-houses must be clustered around them, since the colonists were ordered by law to build their new homes within half a mile of the meeting-house. Soon, however, the houses became too closely crowded for the most convenient uses of a farming community; pasturage for the cattle had to be obtained at too great a distance from the farmhouse; firewood had to be brought from too distant woods; nearness to water also had to be considered. Thus the law became a dead letter, and each new-coming settler built on outlying and remote land, since the Indians were no longer so deeply to be dreaded. Then the meeting-houses, having usually to accommodate a whole township of scattered farms, were placed on remote and often highly elevated locations; sometimes at the very top of a long, steep hill, — so long and so steep in some cases, especially in one Connecticut parish, that church attendants could not ride down on horseback from the pinnacled meeting-house, but were forced to scramble down, leading their horses, and mount from a horse-block at the foot of the hill. The second Roxbury church was set on a high hill, and the story is fairly pathetic of the aged and feeble John Eliot, the glory of New England Puritanism, that once, as he toiled patiently up the long ascent to his dearly loved meeting, he said to the person on whose supporting arm he leaned (in the Puritan fashion of teaching a lesson from any event and surrounding): "This is very like the way to heaven; 't is uphill. The Lord by His grace fetch us up."

The location on a hilltop was chosen and favored for various reasons. The meeting-house was at first a watch-house, from which to keep vigilant lookout for any possible approach of hostile or sneaking Indians; it was also a landmark, whose high bell-turret, or steeple, though pointing to heaven, was likewise a guide on earth, for, thus stationed on a high elevation, it could be seen for miles around by travelers journeying through the woods, or in the narrow, tree-obscured bridle-paths which were then almost the only roads. In seaside towns, it could be a mark for sailors at sea; such was the Truro meeting-house. Then, too, our Puritan ancestors dearly loved a "sightly location," and were willing to climb uphill cheerfully, even through bleak New England winters, for the sake of having a meeting-house which showed off well, and was a proper source of envy to the neighboring villages and the country around. The studiously remote and painfully inaccessible locations chosen for the site of many fine roomy churches must astonish any observing traveler on the byroads of New England. Too often, alas! these churches are deserted, falling down, unopened from year to year, destitute alike of minister and congregation. Sometimes, too, on high hilltops, or on lonesome roads leading through a tall second growth of woods, deserted and neglected old graveyards — the most lonely and forlorn of all sad places — by their broken and fallen headstones, which surround a half-filled-in and uncovered cellar, show that once a meeting-house for New England Christians had stood there. Tall grass and a tangle of blackberry brambles cover the forgotten graves, and perhaps a spire of orange tiger-lilies, a shrub of southernwood or of winter-killed and dying box, may struggle feebly for life under the shadow of the "plumed ranks of tall wild cherry," and prove that once these lonely graves were cared for and loved for the sake of those who lie buried in this now waste spot. No traces remain of the old meeting-house save the cellar and the narrow stone steps, sadly leading nowhere, which once were pressed by the feet of the children of the Pilgrims, but now are trodden only by the curious and infrequent passer-by, or the epitaph-seeking antiquary.

It is difficult often to understand the details in the descriptions of these early meeting-houses, the colonial spelling is so widely varied and so cleverly ingenious. Uniformity of spelling is a strictly modern accomplishment. "A square roofe without Dormers, with two Lucoms on each side," means, I think, without dormer windows, and with luthern windows. Another church paid a bill for the meeting-house roof and the "Suppolidge." They had "turritts" and "turetts" and "turits" and "turyts" and "tyrryts" and "toryttes" and "turiotts" and "chyrits," which were one and the same thing; and one church had orders for "juyces and rayles and nayles and bymes and tymber and gaybels and a pulpyt, and three payr of stayrs," in its meeting-house, — a liberal supply of the now fashionable *y*'s. We read of "pinakles" and "pyks" and "shuthers" and "scaffills" and "bimes" and "lynters" and "bathyns" and "chymbers" and "bellfers;" and often in one entry the same word will be spelt in three or four different ways. Here is a portion of a contract in the records of the Roxbury church: —

"Sayd John is to fence in the Buring Plas with a Fesy ston wall, sefighiattly don for Strenk and workmanship as also to mark a Doball gatt 6 or 8 fote wid and to hing it." "Sefighiattly" is "sufficiently;" but who can translate "Fesy"?

The church-raising was always a great event in the town. Each citizen was forced by law to take part in or contribute to "raring the Meeting hows." In early days nails were scarce, — so scarce that unprincipled persons set fire to any buildings which chanced to be temporarily empty, for the sake of obtaining the nails from the ruins; so each male inhabitant supplied to the new church a certain "amount of nayles." Not only were logs, and lumber, and the use of horses' and men's labor given, but a contribution was also levied for the inevitable barrel of rum and its unintoxicating accompaniments. "Rhum and Cacks" are frequent entries in the account books of early churches. No wonder that accidents were frequent, and that men fell from the scaffolding and were killed, as at the raising of the Dunstable meeting-house. When the Medford people built their second meeting-house, they provided for the workmen and bystanders five barrels of rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, a box of fine lemons, and two loaves of sugar. As a natural consequence, two thirds of the frame fell, and many were injured. Sometimes, as in Pittsfield in 1671, the sum of four shillings was raised on every acre of land in the town, and three shillings a day were paid to every man who came early to work, while one shilling a day was apportioned to each worker for his rum and sugar. At last no liquor was allowed to the workmen until after the day's work was over, and thus fatal accidents were prevented.

The earliest meeting-houses had oiled paper in the windows to admit the light. A Pilgrim colonist wrote to an English friend about to emigrate, "Bring oiled paper for your windows." Higginson, however, writing in 1629, asks for "glasse for windowes." When glass was used, it was not set in the windows as now. We find frequent entries of "glasse and nayles for it," and in Newbury, in 1665, the church ordered that the "Glasse in the windows be . . . look't to if any should happen to be loosed with winde to be nailed close again." The glass was in lozenge-shaped panes set in lead in the form of two long narrow sashes, opening in the middle from top to bottom, and it was many years before oblong or square panes came into common use.

These early churches were destitute of shade, for the trees in the immediate vicinity were always cut down on account of dread of the fierce fires

which swept often through the forests and overwhelmed and destroyed the towns. The heat and blazing light in summer were as hard to bear in these unshaded meeting-houses as was the cold in winter.

> "Old house of Puritanic wood,
> Through whose unpainted windows streamed,
> On seats as primitive and rude
> As Jacob's pillow when he dreamed,
> The white and undiluted day."

We have all heard the theory advanced that it is impossible there should be any true religious feeling, any sense of sanctity, in a garish and bright light, — "the white and undiluted day," — but I think no one can doubt that to the Puritans these seething, glaring, pine-smelling hothouses were truly God's dwelling-place, though there was no "dim, religious light" within.

Curtains and window blinds were unknown, and the sunlight streamed in with unabated and unbroken rays. Heavy shutters for protection were often used, but to close them at time of service would have been to plunge the church in utter darkness. Permission was sometimes given, as in Haverhill, to "sett up a shed outside of the window to keep out the heat of the sun there," — a very roundabout way to accomplish a very simple end. As years passed on, trees sprang up and grew apace, and too often the churches became overhung and heavily shadowed by dense solemn spruce, cedar, and fir trees. A New England parson was preaching in a neighboring church which was thus gloomily surrounded. He gave out as his text, "Why do the wicked live?" and as he peered in the dim light at his manuscript, he exclaimed abruptly, "I hope they will live long enough to cut down this great hemlock-tree back of the pulpit window." Another minister, Dr. Storrs, having struggled to read his sermon in an ill-lighted, gloomy church, said he would never speak in that building again while it was so overshadowed with trees. A few years later he was invited to preach to the same congregation; but when he approached the church, and saw the great tree still standing, he rode away, and left the people sermonless in their darkness. The chill of these sunless, unheated buildings in winter can well be imagined.

Strange and grotesque decorations did the outside of the earliest meeting-houses bear, — grinning wolves' heads nailed under the windows and by the side of the door, while splashes of blood, which had dripped from the severed neck, reddened the logs beneath. The wolf, for his destructiveness, was much more dreaded by the settlers than the bear, which did not so frequently attack the flocks. Bears were plentiful enough. The history of Roxbury states that in 1725, in one week in September, twenty bears were killed within two miles of Boston. This bear story requires unlimited faith in Puritan probity and confidence in Puritan records to credit it, but believe it, ye who can, as I do! In Salem and in Ipswich, in 1640, any man who brought a living wolf to the meeting-house was paid fifteen shillings by the town; if the wolf were dead, ten shillings. In 1664, if the wolf-killer wished to obtain the reward, he was ordered to bring the wolf's head and "nayle it to the meeting-house and give notis thereof." In Hampton, the inhabitants were ordered to "nayle the same to a little red oake tree at northeast end of the meeting-house." One man in Newbury, in 1665, killed seven wolves, and was paid the reward for so doing. This was a great number, for the wary wolf was not easily destroyed either by musket or wolf-hook. In 1723 wolves were so abundant in Ipswich that parents would not suffer their children to go to and from church and school without the attendance of some grown person. In 1718 the last public reward was paid in Salem for a wolf's head,

but so late as the year 1779 the howls of wolves were heard every night in Newbury, though trophies of shriveled wolves' heads no longer graced the walls of the meeting-house.

All kinds of notices and orders and regulations and "bills" were posted on the meeting-house, often on the door, where they would greet the eye of all who entered: prohibitions from selling guns and powder to the Indians, notices of town meetings, intentions of marriage, copies of the laws against Sabbath-breaking, messages from the Quakers, warnings of "vandoos" and sales, lists of the town officers, and sometimes scandalous and insulting libels, and libels in verse, which is worse, for our forefathers dearly loved to rhyme on all occasions. On the meeting-house green stood those Puritanical instruments of punishment, the stocks, whipping-post, pillory, and cage; and on lecture days the stocks and pillory were often occupied by wicked or careless colonists, or those everlasting pillory replenishers, the Quakers. It is one of the unintentionally comical features of absurd colonial laws and punishments in which the early legal records so delightfully abound that the first man who was sentenced to and occupied the stocks in Boston was the carpenter who made them. He was thus fitly punished for his extortionate charge to the town for the lumber he used in their manufacture. This was rather better than "making the punishment fit the crime," since the Boston magistrates managed to force the criminal to furnish his own punishment. In Shrewsbury, also, the unhappy man who first tested the wearisome capacity and endured the public mortification of the town's stocks was the man who made them. He "builded better than he knew." Pillories were used as a means of punishment until a comparatively recent date; in Salem until the year 1801, and in Boston till 1803.

Great horse-blocks, rows of stepping-stones, or hewn logs further graced the meeting-house green; and occasionally one fine horse-block, such as the Concord women proudly erected, and paid for by a contribution of a pound of butter from each housewife.

The meeting-house not only was used for the worship of God and for town meetings, but it was a storehouse as well. Until after the Revolutionary War it was universally used as a powder magazine; and indeed, as no fire in stove or fireplace was ever allowed within, it was a safe enough place for the explosive material. In Hanover the powder room was in the steeple, while in Quincy the "powder-closite" was in the beams of the roof. Whenever there chanced to be a thunderstorm during the time of public worship, the people of Beverly ran out under the trees, and in other towns they left the meeting-house if the storm seemed severe or near; still they built no powder houses. Grain, too, was stored in the loft of the meeting-house for safety; hatches were built, and often the corn paid to the minister was placed there. "Leantos," or "linters," were sometimes built by the side of the building for use for storage. In Springfield, Mr. Pyncheon was allowed to place his corn in the roof chamber of the meeting-house; but as the people were afraid that the great weight might burst the floor, he was forbidden to store more than four hundred bushels at a time, unless he "underpropped the floor."

Within the meeting-house all was simple enough: raftered walls, sanded floors, rows of benches, a few pews, and the pulpit, or the "scaffold," as John Cotton called it. The bare rafters were often profusely hung with dusty spiders' webs, and were the home also of countless swallows, that flew in and out of the open bell-turret. Sometimes, too, mischievous squirrels, attracted by the corn in the meeting-house loft, made their homes in the sanctuary; and they were

so prolific and so omnivorous that the Bible and the pulpit cushions were not safe from their nibbling attacks. On every Sunday afternoon the Word of God and its sustaining cushion had to be removed to the safe shelter of a neighboring farmhouse or tavern, to prevent total annihilation by these Puritanical, Bible-loving squirrels.

The pulpits were often pretentious, even in the plain and undecorated meeting-houses, and were usually high desks, to which a narrow flight of stairs led. In the churches of the third stage of architecture, these stairs were often inclosed in a towering hexagonal mahogany structure, which was ornamented with pillars and panels. Into this the minister walked, closed the door behind him, and invisibly ascended the stairs; while the children counted the seconds from the time he closed the door until his head appeared through the trap-door at the top of the pulpit. The form known as a tub-pulpit was very popular in the larger churches.

As the ceiling and rafters were so open and reverberating, it was generally thought imperative to hang above the pulpit a great sounding-board, which threatened the minister like a giant extinguisher, and was really as devoid of utility as it was curious in ornamentation. This great sound-killer was decorated with carved and painted rosettes, as in the Shrewsbury meeting-house; with carved ivy leaves, as in Farmington; with a carved bunch of grapes or pomegranates, as in the Leicester church; with letters indicating a date, as M. R. H. for March, in the Hadley church; with cords and tassels, with hanging fringes, with panels and balls; and thus formed a great ornament to the church, and a source of honest pride to the church members. The clumsy sounding-board was usually hung by a slight iron rod, which looked smaller still as it stretched up to the high raftered roof, and always appeared to be entirely insufficient to sustain the great weight of the heavy machine. In Danvers, one of these useless though ornamental structures hung within eighteen inches of the preacher's nose, on a slender bar thirty feet in length; and every Sunday the children gazed with fascinated anticipation at the slight rod and the giant hexagonal extinguisher, thinking and hoping that on this day the sounding-board would surely drop, and "put out" the minister. In fact, it was regarded by many a child, though this idea was hardly formulated in the little brain, as a visible means of possible punishment for any false doctrine that might issue from the mouth of the preacher.

Another source of interest to the children in many old churches was the study of the knots and veins in the unpainted wood of which the pews and galleries were made. Age had developed and darkened and rendered visible all the natural irregularities in the wood, just as it had brought out and strengthened the dry-woody, close, unaired, penetrating scent which permeated the meeting-house and gave it the distinctive "church smell." The children, and perhaps a few of the grown people, found in these clusters of knots queer similitudes of faces, strange figures and constellations, which, though conned Sunday after Sunday until known by heart, still seemed ever to show in their irregular groupings a puzzling possibility of the discovery of new configurations and monstrosities.

The dangling, dusty spiders' webs afforded, too, an interesting sight and diversion for the sermon-hearing, but not sermon-listening, young Puritans, who watched the cobwebs swaying, trembling, forming strange maps of imaginary rivers with their many tributaries, or outlines of intersecting roads and lanes. And if little Yet-Once, Hate-Evil, or Shearjashub chanced, by good fortune, to be seated near a window where a

crafty spider and a foolish buzzing fly could be watched through the dreary exposition and attempted reconciliation of predestination and free will, that indeed were a happy way of passing the weary hours.

II.

Perhaps no duty was more important and more difficult of satisfactory performance in the church work in early New England than "seating the meeting-house." Our Puritan forefathers, though bitterly denouncing all forms and ceremonies, were great respecters of persons; and in nothing was the regard for wealth and position more fully shown than in designating the seats in which each person should sit during public worship. A committee of dignified and influential men was appointed to assign irrevocably to each person his or her seat, according to rank and importance. Whittier wrote of this custom: —

"In the goodly house of worship, where in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;
Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown.
From the brave coat, lace embroidered, to the gray frock shading down."

In many cases the members of the committee were changed each year or at each fresh seating, in order to obviate any of the effects of partiality through kinship, friendship, personal esteem, or debt. A second committee was also appointed to seat the members of committee number one, in order that, as Haverhill people phrased it, "there may be no Grumbling at them for picking and placing themselves."

This seating committee sent to the church the list of all the attendants and the seats assigned to them, and when the list had been twice or thrice read to the congregation, and nailed on the meeting-house door, it became a law. Then some such order as this of the church at Watertown was passed: "It is ordered that the next Sabbath Day every person shall take his or her seat appointed to them, and not go to any other seat where others are placed: And if any one of the inhabitants shall act contrary, he shall for the first offence be reproved by the deacons, and for a second pay a fine of two shillings, and a like fine for each offence ever after." This town's order was very lenient. In many towns the punishments and fines were much more severe. Two men of Newbury were in 1669 fined £27 4*s*. each for "disorderly going and setting in seats belonging to others." They were dissatisfied with the seats assigned to them by the seating committee, and openly and defiantly rebelled.

In all the Puritan meetings, as then and now in Quaker meetings, the men sat on one side of the meeting-house and the women on the other; and they entered by separate doors. It was a great and much-contested change when men and women were ordered to sit together "promiscuoslie." In front, on either side of the pulpit (or very rarely in the foremost row in the gallery), was a seat of highest dignity, known as the "foreseat," in which only the persons of greatest importance in the community sat.

Sometimes a row of square pews were built on three sides of the ground floor, and were each occupied by separate families, while the pulpit was on the fourth side. If any man wished such a private pew for himself and family, he obtained permission from the church and town, and built it at his own expense. Immediately in front of the pulpit was either a long seat or a square inclosed pew for the deacons, who sat facing the congregation. This was usually a foot or two above the level of the other pews, and was reached by two or three steep, narrow steps. On a still higher plane was a pew for the ruling elders, when ruling elders there were. What we now con-

sider the best seats, those in the middle of the church, were in olden times the free seats.

Usually, on one side of the pulpit was a square pew for the minister's family. When there were twenty-six children in the family, as at least one New England parson could boast, and when ministers' families of twelve or fourteen children were far from unusual, it is no wonder that we find frequent votes to "inlarge the ministers wives pew the breadth of the alley," or to "take in the next pue to the ministers wives pue into her pue." The seats in the gallery were universally regarded in the early churches as the most exalted, in every sense, in the house, with the exception, of course, of the dignity-bearing foreseat and the few private pews.

It is easy to comprehend what a source of disappointed anticipation, heart-burning jealousy, offended dignity, unseemly pride, and bitter quarreling this method of assigning seats, and ranking thereby, must have been in those little communities. How the goodwives must have hated the seating committee! Though it was expressly ordered, when the committee rendered their decision, that "the inhabitants are to rest silent and sett down satysfyed," who can still the tongue of an envious woman or an insulted man? Though they were Puritans, they were first of all men and women, and complaints and revolts were frequent. Judge Sewall records that one indignant dame "treated Captain Osgood very roughly on account of seating the meeting house." To her the difference between a seat in the first and one in the second row was immeasurably great. It was not alone the scribes and Pharisees who desired the highest seats in the synagogue.

It was found necessary at a very early date to "dignify the meeting," which was to make certain seats, though in different localities, equal in dignity; thus could peace and contented pride be partially restored. For instance, the seating committee in the Sutton church used their "best discresing," and voted that "the third seat below be equal in dignity with the foreseat in the front gallery, and the fourth seat below be equal in dignity with the foreseat in the side gallery," etc., thus making many seats of equal honor. Of course wives had to have seats of equal importance with those of their husbands, and each widow retained the dignity apportioned to her in her husband's lifetime. We can well believe that much "discresing" was necessary in dignifying as well as in seating. Often, after building a new meeting-house with all the painstaking and thoughtful judgment that could be shown, the dissensions over the seating lasted for years. The pacificatory fashion of "dignifying the seats" clung long in the Congregational churches of New England. In East Hartford it was not abandoned until 1824.

Many men were unwilling to serve on these seating committees, and refused to "medle with the seating," protesting against it on account of the odium that was incurred, but they were seldom "let off." Sometimes the difficulty was settled in this way: the entire church (or rather the male members) voted who should occupy the foreseat or the highest pew, and the voted-in occupants of this seat of honor formed a committee, who in turn seated the others of the congregation.

In the town of Rowley, "age, office, and the amount paid toward building the meeting-house were considered when assigning seats." Other towns had very amusing and minute rules for seating. Each year of the age counted one degree. Military service counted eight degrees. The magistrate's office counted ten degrees. Every forty shillings paid in on the church rate counted one degree. We can imagine the ambitious Puritan adding up his degrees, and paying in forty shillings more in order to

sit one seat above his neighbor who was a year or two older.

In Pittsfield, as early as the year 1765, the pews were sold by "vandoo" to the highest bidder, in order to stop the unceasing dissensions over the seating. In New London, two women, sisters-in-law, were seated side by side. Each claimed the upper or more dignified seat, and they quarreled so fiercely over the occupation of it that they had to be brought before the town meeting.

In no way could honor and respect be shown more satisfactorily in the community than by the seat assigned in meeting. When Judge Sewall married his second wife, he writes with much pride: "Mr. Oliver in the names of the Overseers invites my Wife to sit in the foreseat. I thought to have brought her into my pue. I thankt him and the Overseers." His wife died in a few months, and he reproached himself for his pride in this honor, and left the seat which he had in the men's foreseat. "God in his holy Sovereignty put my wife out of the Fore Seat. I apprehended I had Cause to be ashamed of my Sin and loath myself for it, and retired into my Pue," which was of course less dignified than the foreseat.

Often, in thriving communities, the "pues" and benches did not afford seating room enough for the large number who wished to attend public worship, and complaints were frequent that many were "obliged to sit squeased on the stairs." Persons were allowed to bring chairs and stools into the meeting-house, and place them in the "alleys." These extra seats became often such encumbering nuisances that in many towns laws were passed abolishing and excluding them, or, as in Hadley, ordering them "back of the women's seats." In 1759 it was ordered in that town to "clear the Alleys of the meeting-house of chairs and other Incumbrances." Where the chairless people went is not told; perhaps they sat in the doorway, or, in the summer time, listened outside the windows. One forward citizen of Hardwicke had gradually moved his chair down the church alley, step by step, Sunday after Sunday, from one position of dignity to another still higher, until at last he invaded the deacons' seat. When, in the year 1700, this honored position was forbidden him, in his chagrin and mortification he committed suicide by hanging.

The young men sat together in rows, and the young women in corresponding seats on the other side of the house. In 1677 the selectmen of Newbury gave permission to a few young women to build a pew in the gallery. It is impossible to understand why this should have roused the indignation of the bachelors of the town, but they were excited and angered to such a pitch that they broke a window, invaded the meeting-house, and "broke the pue in pessis." For this sacrilegious act they were fined £10 each, and sentenced to be whipped or pilloried. In consideration, however, of the fact that many of them had been brave soldiers, the punishment was omitted when they confessed and asked forgiveness. This episode is very comical; it exhibits the Puritan youth in such an ungallant and absurd light. When, ten years later, permission was given to ten young men, who had sat in the "foure backer seats in the gallery," to build a pew in "the hindermost seat in the gallery behind the pulpit," it is not recorded that the Salem young women made any objection. In the Woburn church, the four daughters of one of the most respected families in the place received permission to build a pew in which to sit. Here also such indignant and violent protests were made by the young men that the selectmen were obliged to revoke the permission. It would be interesting to know the bachelors' objections to young women being allowed to own a pew, but no record of their reasons is given. Bachelors were

so restricted and governed in the colonies that perhaps they resented the thought of any freedom being allowed to single women. Single men could not live alone, but were forced to reside with some family to whom the court assigned them, and to do in all respects just what the court ordered. Thus, in olden times, a man had to marry to obtain his freedom. In Haverhill, in 1708, young women were permitted to build pews, provided they did not "damnify the Stairway." This somewhat profane-sounding restriction they heeded, and the Haverhill maids occupied their "pue" unmolested. Medford young women, however, in 1701, when allowed only one side gallery for seats, while the young men were assigned one side and all the front gallery, made such an uproar that the town had to call a meeting, and restore to them their "woman's rights" in half the front gallery.

Infants were brought to church in their mothers' arms, and on summer days the young mothers often sat at the meeting-house door or in the porch, — if porch there were, — where, listening to the word of God, they could attend also to the wants of their babes. I have heard, too, of a little cage, or frame, which was to be seen in the early meeting-houses, for the purpose of holding children who were too young to sit alone, — poor Puritan babies! Little girls sat with their mothers or elder sisters on "crickets" within the pews, or on three-legged stools and low seats "in the alley without the pues."

But the boys, the Puritan boys, those wild animals who were regarded with such suspicion, such intense disfavor, by all elderly Puritan eyes, and who were publicly stigmatized by the Duxbury elders as "ye wretched boys on ye Lords Day," were herded by themselves. They usually sat on the pulpit and gallery stairs, and constables or tithingmen were appointed to watch over them and control them. In Salem, in 1676, it was ordered that "all ye boyes of ye towne are and shall be appointed to sitt upon ye three pair of stairs in ye meeting house on ye Lords Day, and Wm. Lord is appointed to look after ye boyes yt sitte upon ye pulpit stairs. Reuben Guppy is to look and order soe many of ye boyes as may be convenient, and if any are unruly, to present their names, as the law directs." Nowadays we should hardly seat boys in a group if we wished them to be orderly and decorous, and I fear the man "by the name of Guppy" found it no easy task to preserve order and due gravity among the Puritan boys in Salem meeting. In fact, the rampant boys behaved thus badly for the very reason that they were seated together instead of with their respective families; and not until the fashion was universal of each family sitting in a pew or group by itself did the boys in meeting behave like human beings rather than like mischievous and unruly monkeys.

In Stratford, in 1660, a tithingman was "appointed to watch over the youths or disorderly carriage, and see that they behave themselves comelie, and use such raps and blows as in his discretion meet."

I like to think of those rows of sober-faced Puritan boys seated on the narrow, steep pulpit stairs; clad in knee-breeches and homespun flapped coats, and with round cropped heads, miniature likenesses in dress and countenance (if not in deportment) of their grave, stern, God-fearing fathers. Though they were of the sober Puritan blood, they were boys, and they wriggled and twisted, and scraped their feet noisily on the sanded floor; and I know full well that the square-toed shoes of one in whom "original sin" waxed powerful thrust many a sly dig in the ribs and back of the luckless soul who chanced to sit in front of and below him on the pulpit stairs. Many a dried kernel of Indian corn was surreptitiously snapped at the

head of an unwary neighbor, and many a sly word was whispered and many a furtive but audible "snicker" elicited when the dread tithingman was "having an eye-out" and administering "discreet raps and blows" elsewhere.

One of these wicked youths in Andover was brought before the magistrate, and it was charged that he "Sported and played and by Indecent Gestures and Wry Faces caused laughter and misbehavior in the Beholders." Those who laughed at any such misdemeanors were fined as well. Deborah Bangs, a young girl, in 1755 paid a fine of five shillings for "Larfing in the Wareham Meeting House in time of Public Worship," and a boy at the same time, for the same offense, paid a fine of ten shillings. Perhaps he laughed louder and longer. In a law book in which Jonathan Trumbull recorded the smaller cases which he tried as justice of the peace was found this entry: "His Majesties Tithing man entered complaint against Jona. and Susan Smith, that on the Lords Day during Divine Service, they did *smile*." They were found guilty, and each was fined five shillings and costs, — poor smiling Susan and Jonathan.

Those wretched Puritan boys whittled, too, and cut the woodwork and benches of the meeting-house in those early days, just as their descendants have ever since hacked and cut the benches and desks in country school-houses (though how they ever eluded the vigilant eye and ear of the ubiquitous tithingman long enough to whittle will ever remain an unsolved mystery of the past). This early forerunning evidence of what has become a characteristic Yankee trait and habit was so annoyingly and extensively exhibited in Medford in 1729 that an order was passed to prosecute and punish "all who cut the seats in the meeting house."

Few towns were content to have one tithingman and one staff, but ordered that there should be a guardian set over the boys in every corner of the meeting-house. In Hanover it was ordered "That there be some sticks set up in various places in the meeting house, and fit persons by them and *to use them*." I doubt not that the sticks were well used, and Hanover boys were well rapped in meeting.

The Norwalk people come down through history shining with a halo of gentle clemency, for their tithingman was ordered to bear a short small stick only, and he was "Desired to use it with clemency." However, if any boy proved "incoridgable," he could be "presented" before the elders; and perhaps he would rather have been treated as were Hartford boys by cruel Hartford church folk, who ordered that if "any boye be taken playing or misbehaving himself, he shall be punished presently before the assembly depart." Parson Chauncey, of Durham, when a boy misbehaved in meeting, and was "punched up" by the tithingman, often stopped in his sermon, called the godless young offender by name, and asked him to come to the parsonage the next day. Some very gentle and beautiful lessons were taught to these Durham boys at these Monday morning interviews, and have come down to us in tradition; and the good Mr. Chauncey stands out a shining light of Christian patience and forbearance at a time when every other New England minister, from John Cotton down, preached and practiced the stern repression and sharp correction of all children, and chanted together in solemn chorus, "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child."

One vicious tithingman invented, and was allowed to exercise on the boys, a punishment which was the refinement of cruelty. He walked up to the laughing, sporting, or whittling boy, took him by the collar or the arm, led him ostentatiously across the meeting-house, and seated him by his shamefaced mother on the women's side. It was as if one

grandly proud in kneebreeches should be forced to walk abroad in petticoats. Far rather would the disgraced boy have been whacked soundly with the heavy knob of the tithingman's staff, for bodily pain is soon forgotten, while mortifying abasement lingers long.

The tithingman could also take any older youth who misbehaved or "acted unsivill" in meeting from his manly seat with the grown men, and force him to sit again with the boys; "if any over sixteen are disorderly, they shall be ordered to said seats." Not only could these men of authority keep the boys in order during meeting, but they also had full control during the nooning, and repressed and restrained and vigorously corrected the luckless boys during the midday hours. When seats in the galleries grew to be regarded as inferior to seats and pews on the ground floor, the boys, who of course must have the worst seats in the house, were relegated from the pulpit stairs to pews in the gallery, and these square shut-off pews grew to be what Dr. Porter called "the Devil's play-houses," and turbulent outbursts were frequent enough.

The fashion of seating the boys in pews by themselves was slow of abolishment in many of the churches. In Windsor, Connecticut, "boys pews" were a feature of the church until 1845. As years rolled on, the tithingmen became restricted in their authority: they could no longer administer "raps and blows;" they were forced to content themselves with loud rappings on the floor, and pointing with a staff or with a condemning finger at the misdemeanant. At last the deacons usurped these functions, and if rapping and pointing did not answer the purpose of establishing order (if the boy "psisted") led the stubborn offender out of meeting; and they had full authority soundly to thrash the "wretched boy" on the horse-block. Rev. Dr. Dakin tells the story that, hearing a terrible noise and disturbance whilst he was praying in a church in Quincy, he felt constrained to open his eyes to ascertain the cause thereof; and he beheld a red-haired boy firmly clutching hold of the railing on the front edge of the gallery, while a venerable deacon as firmly clutched the boy. The young rebel held fast, and the correcting deacon held fast also, until at last the balustrade gave way, and boy, deacon, and railing fell together with a resounding crash. Then, rising from the wooden débris, the thoroughly subdued boy and the triumphant deacon left the meeting-house to finish their little affair; and unmistakable swishing sounds, accompanied by loud wails and whining protestations, were soon heard from the region of the horse-sheds. Parents never resented such chastisings; it was expected, and even desired, that boys should be whipped freely by every school-master and person of authority who chose so to do.

In some old church orders for seating, boys were classed with negroes, and seated with them; but in nearly all towns the negroes had seats by themselves. The black women were all seated on a long bench or in an inclosed pew labeled "B. W.," and the negro men in one labeled "B. M." One William Mills, a jesting soul, being asked by a pompous stranger where he could sit in meeting, told the visitor that he was welcome to sit in Bill Mills' pew, and that it was marked "B. M." The man, who chanced to be ignorant of the local custom of marking the negro seats, accepted the kind invitation, and seated himself in the black men's pew, to the delight of Bill Mills, the amusement of the boys, the scandal of the elders, and his own disgust.

Sometimes a little pew or short gallery was built high up among the beams and joists over the staircase which led to the first gallery, and was called the "swallows nest," or the "roof pue," or the "second gallery." It was reached by a steep, ladder-like staircase, and was

often assigned to the negroes and Indians of the congregation.

Often "ye seat between ye Deacons seat and ye pulpit is for persons hard of hearing to sett in." In nearly every meeting a bench or pew full of aged men might be seen near the pulpit, and this seat was called, with Puritan plainness of speech, the "Deaf Pew." Some very deaf church members (when the boys were herded elsewhere) sat on the pulpit stairs, and even in the pulpit, alongside the preacher, where they disconcertingly upturned their great tin ear-trumpets directly in his face. The persistent joining in the psalm-singing by these deaf old soldiers and farmers was one of the bitter trials which the leader of the choir had to endure.

The singers' seats were usually in the galleries; sometimes upon the ground floor, in the "hind-row on either side." Occasionally the choir sat in two rows of seats that extended quite across the floor of the house, in front of the deacons' seat and the pulpit. The men singers then sat facing the congregation, while the women singers faced the pulpit. Between them ran a long rack for the psalm-books. When they sang they stood up, and bawled and fugued in each other's faces. Often a square pew was built for the singers, and in the centre of this inclosure was a table, on which were laid, when at rest, the psalm-books. When they sang, the singers thus formed a hollow square, as does any determined band, for strength.

One other seat in the old Pilgrim meeting-house — a seat of gloom — still throws its darksome shadow down through the years, the stool of repentance. "Barbarous and cruel punishments" were forbidden by the statutes of the new colony, but on this terrible soul-rack the shrinking, sullen, or defiant form of some painfully humiliated man or woman sat, crushed, stunned, stupefied, by overwhelming disgrace, through the long Christian sermon; cowering before the hard, pitiless gaze of the assembled and godly congregation, and the cold rebuke of the pious minister's averted face; bearing on the poor sinful head a deep-branding paper inscribed in "Capitall Letters" with the name of some dark or mysterious crime, or wearing on the sleeve some strange and dread symbol, or on the breast a scarlet letter.

Let us thank God that these soul-blasting and hope-killing exposures, — so degrading to the criminal, so demoralizing to the community, — these foul, inhuman blots on our fair and dearly loved Puritan Lord's Day, were never frequent, nor did the form of punishment obtain for a long time. In 1681 two women were sentenced to sit during service on a high stool in the middle alley of the Salem meeting-house, having on their heads a paper bearing the name of their awful crime. This is the latest record of this punishment that I have chanced to see.

Thus, from old church and town records, we plainly discover that each laic, deacon, elder, criminal, singer, and even the ungodly boy had his allotted place as absolutely assigned to him in the old meeting-house as was the pulpit to the parson.

Much has been said in semi-ridicule of this old custom of "seating" and "dignifying," yet it did not in reality differ much from our modern way of selling the best pews to whoever will pay the most. Perhaps the old way was the better, since, in the early churches, age, education, dignity, and reputation were considered as well as wealth.

Alice Morse Earle.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XVIII.

AN ILLEGIBLE WORD.

EVERY morning there seemed to be some reason or other why I should anticipate with an animated interest the coming of my secretary, and on the morning after what I might call her "strike" the animation of said interest was very apparent to me, but I hope not to any one else. Over and over I said to myself that I must not let my nun see that I was greatly pleased with Walkirk's intervention. It would be wise to take the result as a matter of course.

As the clock struck nine, she and Sister Sarah entered the anteroom, and the latter advanced to the grating and looked into my study, peering from side to side. I did not like this sister's face; she looked as if she had grown unpleasantly plump on watered milk.

"Is it necessary," she asked, "that you should smoke tobacco during your working hours?"

"I never do it," I replied indignantly, — "never!"

"Several times," she said, "I have thought I perceived the smell of tobacco smoke in this sister's garments."

"You are utterly mistaken!" I exclaimed. "During the hours of work these rooms are perfectly free from anything of the sort."

She gave a little grunt and departed, and when she had locked the door I could not restrain a slight ejaculation of annoyance.

"You must not mind Sister Sarah," said the sweet voice of my nun behind the barricade of her bonnet; "she is as mad as hops this morning."

"What is the matter with her?" I asked, my angry feelings disappearing in an instant.

"She and Mother Anastasia have had a long discussion about the message you sent in regard to my keeping on with the story. Sister Sarah is very much opposed to my doing your writing at all."

"Well, as she is not the head of your House, I suppose we need not trouble ourselves about that," I replied. "But how does the arrangement suit you? Are you satisfied to continue to write my little story?"

"Satisfied!" she said. "I am perfectly delighted;" and as she spoke she turned toward me, her eyes sparkling, and her face lighted by the most entrancing smile I ever beheld on the countenance of woman. "This is a thousand times more interesting than anything you have done yet, although I liked the rest very much. Of course I stopped when I supposed it was against our rules to continue; but now that I know it is all right I am — But no matter; let us go on with it. This is what I last wrote," and she read: "'Tomaso and the pretty Lucilla now seated themselves on the rock, by a little spring. He was trying to look into her lovely blue eyes, which were slightly turned away from him and veiled by their long lashes. There was something he must say to her, and he felt he could wait no longer. Gently he took the little hand which lay nearest him, and' — There is where I stopped," she said; and then, her face still bright, but with the smile succeeded by an air of earnest consideration, she asked, "Do you object to suggestions?"

"Not at all," said I; "when they are to the point, they help me."

"Well, then," she said, "I would n't have her eyes blue. Italian girls nearly always have black or brown eyes. It is hard to think of this girl as a blonde."

"Oh, but her eyes are blue," I said;

"it would not do at all to have them anything else. Some Italian girls are that way. At any rate, I could n't alter her in my mind."

"Perhaps not," she replied, "but in thinking about her she always seems to me to have black eyes; however, that is a matter of no importance, and I am ready to go on."

Thus, on matters strictly connected with business, my nun and I conversed, and then we went on with our work. I think that from the very beginnings of literature there could have been no author who derived from his labors more absolute pleasure than I derived from mine; never was a story more interesting to tell than the story of Tomaso and Lucilla. It proved to be a very long one, much longer than I had supposed I could make it, and sometimes I felt that it was due to the general character of my book that I should occasionally insert some description of scenery or instances of travel.

My secretary wrote as fast as I could dictate, and sometimes wished, I think, that I would dictate faster. She seldom made comments unless she thought it absolutely necessary to do so, but there were certain twitches and movements of her head and shoulders which might indicate emotions, such as pleasant excitement at the sudden development of the situation, or impatience at my delay in the delivery of interesting passages; and I imagined that during the interpolation of descriptive matter she appeared to be anxious to get through with it as quickly as possible, and to go on with the story.

It was my wish to make my book a very large one; it was therefore desirable to be economical with the material I had left, and to eke it out as much as I could with fiction; but upon considering the matter I became convinced that it could not be very long before the material which in any way could be connected with the story must give out, and that therefore it would have to come to an end. How I wished I had spent more time in Sicily! I would have liked to write a whole book about Sicily.

Of course I might take the lovers to other countries; but I had not planned anything of this kind, and it would require some time to work it out. Now, however, a good idea occurred to me, which would postpone the conclusion of the interesting portion of my work. I would have my secretary read what she had written. This would give me time to think out more of the story, and it is often important that an author should know what he has done before he goes on to do more. We had arrived at a point where the narrative could easily stop for a while; Tomaso having gone on a fishing voyage, and the middle-aged innkeeper, whose union with Lucilla was favored by her mother and the village priest, having departed for Naples to assume the guardianship of two very handsome young women, the daughters of an old friend, recently deceased.

When I communicated to my nun my desire to change her work from writing to reading, she seemed surprised, and asked if there were not danger that I might forget how I intended to end the story. I reassured her on this point, and she appeared to resign herself to the situation.

"Shall I begin with the first page of the manuscript," said she, "or read only what I have written?"

"Oh, begin at the very beginning," I said. "I want to hear it all."

Then she began, hesitating a little at times over the variable chirography of my first amanuensis. I drew up my chair near to the grating, but before she had read two pages I asked her to stop for a moment.

"I think," said I, "it will be impossible for me to get a clear idea of what you are reading unless you turn and speak in my direction. You see, the sides of your bonnet interfere very much with my hearing what you say."

For a few moments she remained in her ordinary position, and then she slowly turned her chair toward me. I am sure she had received instructions against looking into my study, which was filled with objects calculated to attract the attention of an intelligent and cultivated person. Then she read the manuscript, and as she did so I said to myself, over and over again, that for her to read to me was a thousand times more agreeable than for me to dictate to her.

As she read, her eyes were cast down on the pages which she held in her hand; but frequently when I made a correction they were raised to mine, as she endeavored to understand exactly what I wanted her to do. I made a good many alterations which I think improved the work very much.

Once she found it utterly impossible to decipher a certain word of the manuscript. She scrutinized it earnestly, and then, her mind entirely occupied by her desire properly to read the matter, she rose, and came close to the grating, holding the page so that I could see it.

"Can you make out this word?" she asked. "I cannot imagine how any one could write so carelessly."

I sprang to my feet and stood close to the grating. I could not take the paper from her, and it was necessary for her to hold it. I examined the word letter by letter. I gave my opinion of each letter, and I asked her opinion. It was a most illegible word. A good many things interfered with my comprehension of it. Among these were the two hands with which she held up the page, and another was the idea which came to me that in the House of Martha the sisters were fed on violets. I am generally quite apt at deciphering bad writing, and never before had I shown myself so slow and obtuse at this sort of thing.

Suddenly a thought struck me. I glanced at the clock in my study. It wanted ten minutes of twelve.

"It must be," said I, "that that word is intended to be 'heaven-given,' — at any rate, we will make it that; and now I think I will get you to copy the last part of that page. You can do it on the back of the sheet."

She was engaged in this writing when Sister Sarah came in.

XIX.

GRAY ICE.

During the engagement of my present secretary, a question had frequently arisen in my mind, which I wished to have answered, but which I had hesitated to ask, for fear the sister should imagine it indicated too much personal interest in her. This question related to her name, and now it was really necessary for me to know it. I did not wish any longer to speak to her as if she were merely a principle; she had become a most decided entity. However harsh and gray and woolly her name might be, I wanted to know it and to hear it from her own lips. The next morning I asked her what it was.

She was sitting at the table arranging the pages she was going to read, and at the question she turned toward me. Her face was flushed, but not, I think, with displeasure.

"Do you know," she said, "it has seemed to me the funniest thing in the world that you have never cared the least bit to know my name."

"I did care," I replied, "in fact it was awkward not to know it; but of course I did not want to — interfere in any way with the rules of your establishment."

"Ah," she said, "I have noticed your extreme solicitude in regard to our rules, but there is no rule against telling our names. Mine is Sister Hagar."

"Hagar!" I exclaimed. "You do not mean that is your real name?"

"It is the name given me by the House

of Martha," she answered. "There is a list of names by which the sisters must be called, and as we enter the institution we take the names in their order on the list. Hagar came to me."

"I shall not call you by that," said I, "and we may as well go on with our work."

I was anxious to have her read, and to forget that she was called Hagar.

She was a long time arranging the manuscript and putting the pages in order. I did not hurry her, but I could not see any reason for so much preparation. Presently she said, still arranging the sheets, and with her head bent slightly over her work: "I don't know whether or not I ought to tell you, but I dislike to be called Hagar. The next name on the list is Rebecca, and I am willing to take that, but the rules of the House do not allow us to skip an unappropriated name, and permit no choosing. However, Mother Anastasia has not pressed the matter, and, although I am entered as Sister Hagar, the sisters do not call me by that name."

"What do they call you?"

"Oh, they simply use the name that was mine before I entered the House of Martha," said she.

"And what is that?" I asked quickly.

"Ah," said my nun, pushing her sheets into a compact pile, and thumping their edges on the table to make them even, "to talk about that would be decidedly against the rules of the institution; and now I am ready to read."

Thus did she punish me for what she considered my want of curiosity or interest; I knew it as well as if she had told me so. I accepted the rebuff and said no more, and she went on with her reading.

On this and the following day I became aware how infinitely more pleasant it was to listen than to be listened to, — at least under certain circumstances. I considered it wonderfully fortunate to be able to talk to such an admirable listener as Walkirk; but to sit and hear my nun read; to watch the charming play of her mouth, and the occasional flush of a smile when she came to something exciting or humorous; to look into the blue of her eyes, as she raised them to me while I considered an alteration, was to me an overwhelming rapture, — I could call it nothing less. But by the end of the third morning of reading my good sense told me that this sort of thing could not go on, and it would be judicious for me to begin again my dictation, and to let my secretary confine herself to her writing. The fact that on any morning I had not allowed her to read until the hour of noon was an additional proof that my decision was a wise one.

The story of Tomaso and Lucilla now went bravely on, with enough groundwork of foreign land for the characters to stand on, and I tried very hard to keep my mind on the writing of my book and away from its writer. Outwardly I may have appeared to succeed fairly well in this purpose, but inwardly the case was different. However, if I could suppress any manifestations of my emotions, I told myself, I ought to be satisfied.

A few mornings after the recommencement of the dictation I was a little late in entering my study, and I found my secretary already at the table in the anteroom. In answer to my morning salutation she merely bowed, and sat ready for work. She did not even offer to read what she had last written. This surprised me. Was she resenting what she might look upon as undue stiffness and reserve? If so, I was very sorry, but at the same time I would meet her on her own ground. If she chose to return to her old rigidity, I would accept the situation, and be as formal as she liked.

More than this, I began to feel a little resentment. I would revert not only to

my former manner, but to my former matter. I would wind up that love-story, and confine myself to the subject of foreign travel.

Acting on this resolution, I made short work of Tomaso and Lucilla. The former determined not to think of marriage until he was several years older, and had acquired the necessary means to support a wife; and Lucilla accepted the advice of her mother and the priest, and obtained a situation in a lace-making establishment in Venice, where she resolved to work industriously until the middle-aged innkeeper had made up his mind whether or not he would marry one of the handsome girls to whom he had become guardian.

To this very prosaic conclusion of the love-story I added some remarks intended as an apology for introducing such a story into my sketches of travel, and showing how the little narrative brought into view some of the characteristics of the people of Sicily. After that I discoursed of the present commerce of Italy as compared with that of the Middle Ages.

My secretary took no notice whatever of my change of subject, but went on writing as I dictated. This apathy at last became so annoying to me that, excusing myself, I left my study before the hour of noon.

It is impossible for me to say how the events, or rather the want of events, of that morning disturbed my mind. By turns I was angry, I was grieved, I was regretful, I was resentful. It is so easy sometimes for one person, with the utmost placidity, to throw another person into a state of mental agitation; and this I think is especially noticeable when the placid party is a woman.

As the day wore on, my disquiet of mind and body and general ill humor did not abate, and, wishing that other people should not notice my unusual state of mind, I took an early afternoon train to the city; leaving a note for Walkirk, informing him that his services as listener would not be needed that evening. The rest of that day I spent at my club, where, fortunately for my mood, I met only a few old fellows who could not get out of town in the summer, and who had learned, from long practice, to be quite sufficient unto themselves. Seated in a corner of the large reading-room, I spent the evening smoking, holding in my hand an unread newspaper, and asking myself mental questions.

I inquired why in the name of common sense I allowed myself to be so disturbed by the conduct of an amanuensis, paid by the day, and, moreover, a member of a religious order. I inquired why the fates should have so ordered it that this perfectly charming young woman should suddenly have become frozen into a mass of gray ice. I inquired if I had inadvertently done or said anything which would naturally wound the feelings or arouse the resentment of a sister of the House of Martha. I inquired if there could be any reasonable excuse for a girl who, on account of an omission or delay in asking her name, would assume a manner of austere rudeness to a gentleman who had always treated her with scrupulous courtesy. Finally I asked myself why it was that I persisted, and persisted, and persisted in thinking about a thing like this, when my judgment told me that I should instantly dismiss the whole affair from my mind, and employ my thoughts on something sensible; and to this I gave the only answer which I made to any of the inquiries I had put to myself. That was that I did not know why this was so, but it was so, and there was no help for it.

Walking home from the station quite late at night, the question which had so much troubled me suddenly resolved itself, and I became convinced that the change in the manner of my secretary was due to increased pressure of the rules of the House of Martha. I would

not, I could not, believe that a fit of pique, occasioned by my apparent want of interest in her, could make her thus cold and even rude. She was not the kind of girl to do this thing of her own volition. It was those wretched rules; and if they were to be enforced in this way, the head of the House of Martha should know that I considered the act a positive discourtesy, if nothing more.

I was angry, — that was not to be wondered at; but it was a great relief to me to feel that I need not be angry with my secretary.

XX.

TOMASO AND I.

The next day my amanuensis bade me good-morning in her former pleasant manner, but without turning toward me seated herself quickly at the table, and took the manuscript from the drawer. "Oh, ho!" I thought, "then you can speak; and it was not the rules which made you behave in that way, but your own pique, which has worn off a little." I glanced at her as she intently looked over the work of the day before, and I was considering whether or not it would be fitting for me to show that there might be pique on one side of the grating as well as on the other, when suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by a burst of laughter, — girlish, irrepressible laughter. With the manuscript in her hands, my nun actually leaned back in her chair and laughed so heartily that I wonder my grandmother did not hear her.

"I declare," she said, turning to me, her eyes glistening with tears of merriment, "this is the funniest thing I ever saw. Why, you have actually separated those poor lovers for life, and crushed every hope in the properest way. And then all the rest about commerce! I would n't have believed you could do it."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "You showed no surprise when you wrote it."

Again she laughed.

"Wrote it!" she cried. "I never wrote a line of it. It was Sister Sarah who was your secretary yesterday. Did n't you know that?"

I stood for a moment utterly unable to answer; then I gasped, "Sister Sarah wrote for me yesterday! What does it mean?"

"Positively," said she, pushing back her chair and rising to her feet, "this is not only the funniest, but the most wonderful thing in the world. Do you mean truly to say that you did not know it was Sister Sarah who wrote for you yesterday?"

"I did not suspect it for an instant," I answered.

"It was, it was!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in her earnestness, and stepping closer to the grating. "When we came here yesterday, and found you were not in your room, a sudden idea struck her. 'I will stay here myself, this morning,' she said, 'and do his writing. I want to know what sort of a story this is that is being dictated to a sister of our House;' and so she simply turned me out and told me to go home. You don't know how frightened I was. I was afraid that, as we dress exactly alike, you might not at first notice that Sister Sarah was sitting at the table, and that you might begin with an awfully affectionate speech by Tomaso; for I knew that something of that kind was just on the point of breaking out, and I knew too that if you did it there would be lively times in the House of Martha, and perhaps here also. I fairly shivered the whole morning, and my only hope was that she would begin to snap at you as soon as you came in, and you would then know whom you had to deal with, and that you would have to put a lot of water into your love-making if you wanted any more help from the sisters. But if I had known that you would not find

out that she was writing for you, I should certainly have died. I could n't have stood it. But how in the world could you have kept on thinking that that woman was I? She is shorter and fatter, and not a bit like me, except in her clothes; and if you thought I was writing for you, why did you dictate that ridiculous stuff?"

I stood confounded. Here were answers to devise.

"Of course the dress deceived me," I said presently, "and not once did she turn her face toward me; besides, I did not imagine for a moment that any one but you could be sitting at that table."

"But I cannot understand why," she pursued, "if you did n't know it was Sister Sarah, you made that sudden change in your story."

For a moment I hesitated, and then I saw I might as well speak out honestly. When a man sees before him a pair of blue eyes like those which were then fixed upon me, the chances are that he will speak out honestly.

"The fact is," I said, "that I 'm a little — well, sensitive; and when you, or the person I thought was you, did not speak to me, nor look at me, nor pay any more heed to me than if I had been a talking-machine worked with a crank, I was somewhat provoked, and determined that if you suddenly chose to freeze in that way I would freeze too, and that you should have no more of that story in which you were so interested; and so I smashed the loves of Tomaso and Lucilla and took up commerce, which I was sure you would hate."

At this there was a quick flash in her eyes, and the first tremblings of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"Oh!" she said, and that was all she did say, as she returned to the table and took her seat.

"Is my explanation satisfactory?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly," she answered; "and if you will excuse me for saying so, I think you are a very fortunate man. In trying to punish me you protected yourself, — that is, if you care to have secretaries from our institution."

As I could not see her face, I could not determine what answer I should make to this remark, and she continued as she turned over the sheets: —

"What are you going to do with the pages which were written yesterday?"

"Tear them up," I replied, "and throw them into the basket. I wish to annihilate them utterly."

She obeyed me, and tore Sister Sarah's work into very small pieces.

"Now we will go on with the original and genuine story," I said. "And as the occurrences of yesterday are entirely banished from my mind, and as all recollection of the point where we left off has gone, will you kindly read two or three pages of what you last wrote?"

Several times I had perceived, or thought I had perceived, symptoms of emotion in the back of my secretary's shawl, and these symptoms, if such they were, were visible now. She occupied some minutes in selecting a suitable point at which to begin, but when she had done this she read without any signs of emotion, either in her shawl or in her face.

The story of the Sicilian young people progressed slowly, not because of any lack of material, but because I was anxious to portray the phases as clearly and as effectively as I could possibly do it; and whenever I could prevent myself from thinking of something else, I applied my mind most earnestly to this object. I flatter myself that I did the work very well, and I am sure there were passages the natural fervor of which would have made Sister Sarah bounce at least a yard from her chair, had they been dictated to her, but my nun did not bounce in the least.

Before the hour at which we usually

stopped work I arose from my chair, and stated that that would be all for the day. My secretary looked at me quickly.

"All for to-day?" she asked, a little smile of disapprobation upon her brow. "It cannot be twelve o'clock yet."

"No," I answered, "it is not; but it is not easy to work out the answer which Lucilla ought now to make to Tomaso, and I shall have to take time for its consideration."

"I should n't think it would be easy," said she, "but I hoped you had it already in your mind."

"Then you are interested in it?" I asked.

"Of course I am," she answered, — "who would n't be? And just at this point, too, when everything depends on what she says; but it is quite right for you to be very careful about what you make her say," and she gathered her sheets together to lay them away.

Now I wanted to say something to her. I stopped work for that purpose, but I did not know what to say. An apology for my conduct of the day before would not be exactly in order, and an explanation of it would be exceedingly difficult. I walked up and down my study, and she continued to arrange her pages. When she had put them into a compact and very neat little pile, she opened the table drawer, placed them in it, examined some other contents of the drawer, and finally closed it, and sat looking out of the window. After some minutes of this silent observation, she half turned toward me, and without entirely removing her gaze from the apple-tree outside, she asked: —

"Do you still want to know my name?"

"Indeed I do!" I exclaimed, stepping quickly to the grating.

"Well, then," she said, "it is Sylvia."

At this moment we heard the footsteps of Sister Sarah in the hall, at least two minutes before the usual time.

When they had gone, I stood by my study table, my arms folded and my eyes fixed upon the floor.

"Horace Vanderley," I said to myself, "you are in love;" and to this frank and explicit statement I answered, quite as frankly, "That is certainly true; there can be no mistake about it."

XXI.

LUCILLA AND I.

A Saturday afternoon, evening, and night, the whole of a Sunday and its night, with some hours of a Monday morning, intervened between the moment at which I had acknowledged to myself my feelings toward my secretary and the moment at which I might expect to see her again, and nearly the whole of this time was occupied by me in endeavoring to determine what should be my next step. To stand still in my present position was absolutely impossible; I must go forward or backward. To go backward was a simple thing enough; it was like turning round and jumping down a precipice; it made me shudder. To go forward was like climbing a precipice with beetling crags and perpendicular walls of ice.

The first of these alternatives did not require any consideration whatever. To the second I gave all the earnest consideration of which I was capable, but I saw no way of getting up. The heights were inaccessible.

In very truth, my case was a hard one. I could not make love to a woman through a grating; and if I could, I would not be dishonorable enough to do it, when that woman was locked up in a room, and could not get away in case she did not wish to listen to my protestations. But between the girl I loved and myself there was a grating compared with which the barrier in the doorway of my study was as a spider's web.

This was the network of solemn bars which surrounded the sisters of the House of Martha, — the vows they had made never to think of love, to read of it or speak of it.

To drop metaphors, it would be impossible for me to continue to work with her and conceal my love for her; it would be stupidly useless, and moreover cowardly, to declare that love; and it would be sensible, praiseworthy, and in every way advantageous for me to cease my literary labors and go immediately to the Adirondacks or to Mount Desert. But would I go away on Saturday or Sunday when she was coming on Monday? Not I.

She came on Monday, surrounded by a gray halo, which had begun to grow as beautiful to my vision as the delicate tints of early dawn. When she began to read what she had last written, I seated myself in a chair by the grating. When she had finished, I sat silent for a minute, got up and walked about, came back, sat down, and was silent again. In my whole mind there did not seem to be one crevice into which an available thought concerning my travels could squeeze itself. She sat quietly looking out of the window at the apple-tree. Presently she said: —

"I suppose you find it hard to begin work on Monday morning, after having rested so long. It must be difficult to get yourself again into the proper frame of mind."

"On this Monday morning," I answered, "I find it very hard indeed."

She turned, and for the first time that day fixed her eyes upon me. She did not look well; she was pale.

"I had hoped," she said, with a little smile without any brightness in it, "that you would finish the story of Tomaso and Lucilla; but I don't believe you feel like composing, so how would you like me to read this morning?"

"Nothing could suit me better," I answered; and in my heart I thought that here was an angelic gift, a relief and a joy.

"I will begin," she said, "at the point where I left off reading." She took up a portion of the manuscript, she brought her chair within a yard of the grating, she sat down with her face toward me, and she read. Sometimes she stopped and spoke of what she was reading, now to ask a question, and now to tell something she had seen in the place I described. I said but little. I did not wish to occupy any of that lovely morning with my words, — words which were bound to mean nothing. As she read and talked, some color came into her face; she looked more like herself. What a shame to shut up such a woman in a House where she never had anything interesting to talk about, never anybody interested to talk to!

After the reading of half a dozen pages, during which she had not interrupted herself, she laid the manuscript in her lap, and asked me the time. I told her it wanted twenty minutes to twelve. She made no answer, but rose, put the manuscript in the drawer, and then returned with a little note which she had taken from her pocket.

"Mother Anastasia desired me to give you this," she said, folding it so that she could push it through one of the interstices of the grating; "she told me to hand it to you as I was coming away, but I don't think she would object to your reading it a little before that."

I took the note, unfolded it, and read it. Mother Anastasia wrote an excellent hand. She informed me that it had been decided that the sister of the House of Martha who had been acting as my amanuensis should not continue in that position, but should now devote herself to another class of work. If, however, I desired it, another sister would take her place.

I stood unable to speak. I must have been as pale as the white paint on the door-frame near which I stood.

"You see," said Sylvia, and from the expression upon her face I think she must have perceived that I did not like what I had read, "this is the work of Sister Sarah. I might as well tell you that at once, and I am sure there is no harm in my doing so. She has always objected to my writing for you; and although the morning she spent with you would have satisfied any reasonable person that there could be no possible objection to my doing it, she has not ceased to insist that I shall give it up, and go to the Measles Refuge. That, however, I will not do, but I cannot come here any more. Mother Anastasia and I are both sure that if I am not withdrawn from this work she will make no end of trouble. She has consented that I should go on until now simply because this day ends my month."

I was filled with amazement, grief, and rage.

"The horrible wretch!" I exclaimed. "What malignant wickedness!"

"Oh," said Sylvia, holding up one finger, "you must n't talk like that about the sister. She may think she is right, but I don't see how she can; and perhaps she would have some reason on her side if she could see me standing here talking about her, instead of attending to my work. But I determined that I would not go away without saying a word. You have always been very courteous to us, and I don't see why we should not be courteous to you."

"Are you sorry to go?" I asked, getting as close to the grating as I could. "If they would let you, would you go on writing for me?"

"I should be glad to go on with the work," she said; "it is just what I like."

"Too bad, too bad!" I cried. "Cannot it be prevented? Cannot I see somebody? You do not know how much I — how exactly you" —

"Excuse me," said Sylvia, "for interrupting you, but what time is it?"

I glanced at the clock. "It wants four minutes to twelve," I gasped.

"Then I must bid you good-by," she said.

"Good-by?" I repeated. "How can you bid me good-by? Confound this grating! Is n't that door open?"

"No," she replied, "it 's locked. Do you want to shake hands with me?"

"Of course I do!" I cried. "Good-by like this! It cannot be."

"I think," she said quickly, "that if you could get out of your window, you might come to mine and shake hands."

What a scintillating inspiration! What a girl! I had not thought of it! In a moment I had bounded out of my window, and was standing under hers, which was not four feet from the ground. There she was, with her beautiful white hand already extended. I seized it in both of mine.

"Oh, Sylvia," I said, "I cannot have you go in this way. I want to tell you — I want to tell you how" —

"You are very good," she interrupted, endeavoring slightly to withdraw her hand, "and when the story of Tomaso and Lucilla is finished and printed I am going to read it, rules or no rules."

"It shall never be finished," I exclaimed vehemently, "if you do not write it," and, lifting her hand, I really believe I was about to kiss it, when with a quick movement she drew it from me.

"She is coming," she said; "good-by! good-by!" and with a wave of her hand she was gone from the window.

I did not return to my study. I stood by the side of the house, with my fists clenched and my eyes set. Then, suddenly, I ran to the garden wall; looking over it, I saw, far down the shaded village street, two gray figures walking away.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE NEXT STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC PARKS.

A COMMUNITY must, in the existing state of our civilization, pass through many different stages and become populous and rich before the needs of those minds that have capacity for the higher sphere of professional labor can properly be answered. The log-cabin stage in the evolution of a city calls for a schoolhouse, and nearly always has one; but the wilderness must perforce furnish the young inquirer born near this schoolhouse with all the higher quality of mental food he is likely to get. In a large and growing city, even an elaborate school system, although supplemented by public libraries, colleges, and a university, has been found inadequate for the needs of its citizens. There have been added museums of natural history, art, historical, and archæological museums, and other institutions of similar exalted character, each testifying to the manifold and divergent mental development necessary for the successful growth of a centre of civilization.

It is while this complex growth of a city is going on that sanitary precaution and a due regard for the health and recreation of an increasing population demand more and larger spaces in the forest of chimneys than those furnished by the playgrounds of the early days; and in due time these considerations become so pressing that more or less extensive parks are planned and laid out. Although the rivalry of cities or the generosity of individuals may sometimes lead to an early provision for such open spaces in our newer centres of population, the park is really one of the latest signs of civilization. It is only after we have grown familiar with what museums can do that we arrive at any hearty appreciation of what Nature can also do for us, if we will wait upon her; and thus at last it comes about that no city can claim a high place until it has actually inclosed and guarded a good bit of the open country.

The improvement of sanitary conditions and the culture of the eye and mind through pleasing natural effects are not all that ought to be looked for in these parks. Their mission as instruments of public culture is not fulfilled until they are placed in correlation with the educational system of the city, to the end that both may be made more effective in their influence upon the citizen. Trees and shrubs in the public grounds should be billeted with their proper popular and scientific names, and exhibitions of plants should be arranged in their natural relations, or in accordance with their association and distribution in different climates and countries. So much will readily be granted as belonging to the park regarded as an aid in education, and so far we have already gone in our best parks and gardens. But this is only the beginning, and my object in this paper is to call attention to the higher possibilities in the use of city parks. Just as the park is to give to the denizen in the city that free intercourse with nature which he lost when he built the city, so the acquaintance with the creatures of pasture, woodland, and pond which the country boy enjoys is to be given to the city youth, in a necessarily more formal fashion, and with special reference to the serious study of these creatures.

In a word, the city park, if developed to its highest power, should give the necessary space for zoölogical gardens containing collections of living animals, — objects less known than plants, but capable of attracting the regard both of young and old. Such gardens furnish materials for the study of life, and supply the comparative anatomist with

examples otherwise very difficult to obtain. The artist, also, uses the collections for his studies of animal life, and in treating some subjects must rely on them as his only source of original information. The well-instructed teacher makes them available for exciting his pupils to more earnest attention and better comprehension of problems in physical geography and other studies. He knows that the direct way to a child's mind lies through its eyes, and that natural history is interesting to all if presented at a proper time in the development of the mind, when the budding senses are beginning to demand explanations of the impressions made by their surroundings.

Zoölogical gardens, as such, are of comparatively recent origin, and, as a rule, have limited their exhibits largely to the higher forms, those that have been called the vertebrates; that is, fishes, frogs, reptiles, birds, and mammals. We look vainly in some of the largest gardens for insects, creatures undoubtedly of humbler structure, but many of them of great beauty, and of so much consequence to the world that but for their activity in carrying pollen from flower to flower a large proportion of plants would bloom in vain, and soon cease to exist. There is the same erroneous neglect of myriads of other so-called lower organisms, whose functions in the economy of nature are so important that their sudden disappearance would fundamentally disturb all the relations of the plants and vertebrates not only to each other, but in large part to their physical surroundings. These branches of the animal kingdom, called by naturalists the invertebrates, have long seemed to be of less interest and importance because they were so far removed from the exalted personality of man, and were in part surrounded by traditions which more or less obscured their true relations to him.

Of late years, however, great attention has been given to the study of minute forms, resulting in a demonstration of the intimate association and probable causative relation existing between many microscopical organisms and a large proportion of human diseases. Modern governments have also assisted the advancement of knowledge in this direction by sending out expeditions to gather all the evidence that could throw light upon the nature and composition of the oceans and the characteristics of their beds, and have thus discovered new and surprising faunas living in the darkness of oceanic abysses. They have also supported researches upon the habits and food of edible fishes, in order to prevent their extinction; and these have been found to be largely dependent on coast faunas, which consist in great part of invertebrates. The water supplies of our great cities have often suffered contamination from the sudden death of abundant growths of these invertebrates, and even municipal governments have been forced to take into account dark problems of biology in which algæ and sponges play important rôles. The attention of mankind has been thoroughly awakened, and ideas have undergone a revolution which has placed nature in a new light. It has been demonstrated that life is continuous and unbroken, and that in the blood and tissue of man himself there are irrefutable proofs of the existence of organic bonds that link him to the lowest forms of living things. The invertebrates are, consequently, no longer subjects of remote importance to the public, and an intelligent man should be in some measure familiar with them and their life histories. When it is remembered that the bulk of invertebrates live in the water, it will be seen that for their proper exhibition and study we need scientifically equipped aquaria. Wherever these have been established it can hardly be said that the lower animals have been neglected; but it has often happened even in these institu-

tions that marine vertebrates, fishes and seals, have been permitted to occupy more space than was necessary.

There have been several respectable attempts in this country to maintain aquaria well stocked for popular exhibition with attractive marine animals; but although they prospered for a time, financial reverses finally overtook them, in spite of the effort to capture popularity with all sorts of sensational adjuncts and side shows. There is no more occasion for discouragement in the history of these enterprises than if an art museum or a natural history society should fail, as it most assuredly would, if it undertook to provide amusement mingled with instruction for the public, and expected to pay interest on its outlays and its running expenses with money taken at the doors. Such establishments should have high standards of excellence to maintain, and these cannot be lowered to the level of a show without loss of character. If, like an art museum, for instance, they have invested funds and receive assistance in voluntary labor from those interested in their work, they can count upon constituencies which will insure success; without such aid they would, we think, be generally regarded as somewhat hazardous investments. In reckoning, too, upon the real success of such an enterprise as an aquarium, its situation is an important consideration. The number of those who would visit it is not wholly determinable, as has been generally supposed, by the number who pass its entrance. The minds of persons on a populous street, for example, are not in harmony with such entertainments; these passers-by are too intent on business or absorbed with other cares to pause at a place of this kind after the novelty of its first announcements has disappeared. Such institutions are most favorably situated where there are other attractions, like the public parks, which bring a current of people past their gates, whose main object for the time being is recreation in the open air, a leisurely occupation predisposing them to observe what is curious in nature if it be placed in their way.

It is a common mistake, derived from the time when all collections were merely aggregates of natural curiosities, to think and talk about public museums and gardens as if their principal function were to amuse people rather than instruct them. The progress of science within the past few years has, however, made possible a kind of public exhibition which, while not losing its capacity to entertain the people, may be also in the highest degree instructive; it may readily be made to demonstrate some of those laws of general importance which have long been the common property of naturalists, but are not often mentioned, either in textbooks or other literature. The investigator, occupied with work on some particular problem or series of forms, seldom expresses his ideas with regard to such laws, and the public consequently hears little about them. They have been more or less used to govern the arrangement of collections in museums, and it is extremely desirable that the principle should be extended, and that zoölogical and aquarial gardens should adopt the results of modern research and illustrate them carefully. They deal with living things, and should endeavor to bring clearly before the eye and mind the dynamic agencies that have moulded the structures of organisms into what they are at the present stage of the world's history.

The usual modes of arrangement show what may be called the statical relations of organisms to each other. All mammals of a collection are marshaled in line, and all the birds and examples of other classes of the animal kingdom are assembled in adjoining inclosures. The most important subjects taught under these conditions of association are the characteristics of the class

or group to which the animals belong, the great range in modification of their structures and parts within any one group, and other interesting and instructive lessons of a similar fixed character. Their habits of life may also be shown, if the inclosures are large enough and attention is paid to this object, and in so far as this is done the garden deals with the dynamics of natural history. But, after all, the main aim of a systematic arrangement by groups is the exposition of the structural relations and classification of the organisms exhibited, and these are purely statical.

In museums, where only preservations of various kinds can be employed, such an aim is both commendable and appropriate, because lifeless things can be set up effectively, and can most appropriately be used in teaching such problems. With living things, however, this cannot be done with the same success; gaps continually occur through death and changes of various kinds, and the difficulty of obtaining and keeping certain important types of form and structure always on hand is almost insuperable. In aquaria, these obstacles are increased by the fact that every tank usually contains, in addition to the peculiar animal to which it may be appropriated, a host of plants and other organisms, which give a heterogeneous character to the exhibit, and cause the plan continually to be modified or abandoned. Living things, again, are more attractive than preparations, because they are all the while acting and doing something in accordance with their strange structures, and thus often excite curiosity by the contrast which they afford with more familiar creatures. This feeling of curiosity is a lever which ought to be used to the utmost in any institution having an earnest purpose in education.

Fortunately, there is no lack of dynamical laws of universal importance which can be demonstrated in collections of living things. The distribution of organisms upon the earth is limited by the four grand regions in which they live, — the salt waters, the fresh waters, the dry land, and the air. The structure of natural groups accords sufficiently with these, and with the many habitats into which these regions may be divided, to make it perfectly feasible to adopt the law of distribution, and the correlations of structure and habit with that law, as the guiding principle of arrangement. If animals are indigenous to the salt waters, they breathe, as a rule, by means of organs like those so familiar to us as gills, or else possess some other form of breathing organ, divided into floating plumes or plates; and they also have additional modifications which allow their bodies to be permeated by water. If they live in the fresh waters, they have similar organs for breathing; and there are among them many that can pass from salt water to fresh and back again without inconvenience. Others are confined exclusively to the region of fresh water, and salt water acts upon them like a strong poison, occasioning sudden death. Nevertheless, even these often possess certain characteristics which show that their ancestors came originally from the ocean. On the other hand, those that cannot pass from the sea to the fresh waters without similar disastrous effects, and most of those that can do so without injury, have originated in the salt waters. This region must therefore be considered the primitive home of the larger part of all water-breathers. If organisms live altogether on dry land, they are apt to possess baglike organs more or less similar to our lungs, which are suitable structures for breathing air. Their limbs and bodies also present definite modifications, as directly correlated to walking upon land as are the fins and paddles of fishes and whales to progression through the dense medium of waters. If they fly in the fourth region, the air, their wings, their curious air-

sacs, and often hollow bones assist in making their bodies lighter, and are plainly adaptations for active existence in this thinner medium. Many such structures are hidden within the body, but other characteristics are external, like the fins and outlines of the form in fishes, the legs and port of mammals, the wings and poise of the body in birds. It is evident, therefore, that collections of living animals, brought together and arranged to demonstrate such obvious correlations, would give intellectual value to all that could be shown with regard to their life histories.

A marine aquarium based upon these principles would include some things not usually admitted into such establishments. Besides the strictly marine vertebrates and invertebrates, there should also be provision for the exhibition of those birds that may be said to live habitually on the sea, and those that frequent the shores to feed upon marine animals or plants. Most of these would require exposure in the open air on the shores of suitable ponds, while some, like the guillemot and penguin, would be better shown in suitable aquaria. These birds do not swim in passing under water, but fly through that element. The motion of the guillemots' wings and also the paddles of the penguins, as they dart about in the waters of a glass tank, could be used to teach a most valuable lesson with regard to the causes which have probably produced this wonderful suitability for action in a medium so different from air. The guillemot, with its highly developed wings, is able to fly in both media; while the penguin, whose wings are really paddles covered by feathers which are reduced to the semblance of scales, has become so changed that it cannot fly in the air, and is graceful and thoroughly at home only when in the water.

There are insects, also, which live habitually upon and in the sea. These have remarkable modifications which make them of equal interest with the true water-breathers, and should be exhibited when they can be obtained. The plants which show obvious adaptations in their forms and structures to the necessities of existence under water should be ranked as coequal in importance with animals, and should have as much space as might be necessary. They would doubtless find accommodations most naturally in the tanks devoted to the exhibition of the animals, but in some cases it might be found advantageous to give certain forms tanks by themselves.

A fresh-water exhibition, either under the same roof as the marine or on a separate foundation, could be organized upon the same principles. The attempt to plan a distinct establishment of this nature, which would be approximately equal to the marine division in interest and attractiveness, seems at first hopeless; and indeed this would be the case if there were not an educational intention to work with, and educational principles at the basis of the whole design. A fresh-water aquarium should not, however, be limited to the strictly fresh-water fauna, but should include within its field of work all inland waters as distinguished from the open seas. With this enlarged scope it would be able to illustrate what we have considered one of its most important objects, the derivation of its flora and fauna from the salt waters. Many of the animals exclusively confined to fresh water have been derived from the seas, and the transformation of structures made in the passage of their ancestors from that denser medium through the intermediate brackish waters to the lighter one of fresh water can be shown in a proper series of aquaria. Thus it is entirely practicable to repeat the famous experiments of Schmankewitsch, who several times reproduced in his aquaria the series of forms through which a marine shrimp became transformed into a dis-

tinct species in the evaporated and dense salt waters of salt-pans, and finally transformed the same shrimps into a genus very different from either of these two in purely fresh water. Other experimental work could be carried on in such establishments which would harmonize with the plan, greatly increase the efficiency of the exhibits, and supply opportunities for research not as yet offered by any institutions in this country.

The inland rivers and lakes contain, besides, some forms which most nearly among living organisms approximate the armored fishes of geologic seas, and also a multitude of other fishes endowed with extraordinary structures. There is one fish which lives a divided life, often swimming with half of the head and part of the back exposed. It needs, therefore, to be guarded from being made the prey of some submerged hunter while itself watching the air. This double function is provided for by a double modification, the upper half of the eyes being divided from the lower half, so that their owner can use them equally well both above and below the surface.

Reptiles like alligators could be kept in large floor tanks, under cover during the winter, and in summer they would find congenial surroundings in suitable ponds. Frogs, with their host of allies in the tritons, mud-puppies, and other amphibia, have many forms remarkable in their coloring and habits, and are useful in illustrating the modifications of structure which occur in water-breathing animals during their migration from life under water to a habitat on the land. The huge hippopotamus, if exhibited in the summer time in a deep pond, would excite not less interest than the whale, and is much easier to secure as well as much hardier, even breeding in captivity, under favorable conditions. There are also many mammals, like shrews and muskrats, and especially beavers, which last, in proper inclosures, would build their dams and curious habitations.

Many salt-water fishes come into fresh water to lay their eggs, and the young are reared in the comparative shelter of inland lakes and rivers; artificial fish-hatching is therefore carried on for the most part in fresh water, and this is a most instructive subject for illustration.

An insectary is an important department, and should consist of aquaria in which could be shown the life histories of insects, like the dragon flies, that pass through their earlier stages in the water. At the proper season, the ugly, masked, water-breathing larvæ of these could be seen climbing up the plants, or in shallow places near the surface, preparing to burst their dark-colored armor; and at opportune moments one would be able to observe the casting off of the shells, and the slow emergence of the azure-winged dragon flies, one of the most rapid fliers among aerial animals.

The birds that frequent the shores of rivers and lakes, either habitually or for temporary breeding purposes, should be shown, and the fact that many of them were found in favorable situations on the seashore, and were represented in the marine aquarium, would add to their usefulness.

The fresh-water plants, or algæ, are not so favorable for exhibition in aquaria as their marine relatives, but they are always associated in the same tank with the animals; and the only change we would propose, from what is ordinarily done in such aquaria, would be to treat them as important parts of the exhibit, naming the species and describing the forms. The flowering plants, on the other hand, which grow in fresh water are not surpassed by any that adorn our gardens or conservatories. The pretty lilies of our own country, the superb floating flowers of the tropics, like the Victoria Regia, and others, not as large,

but equally beautiful in color, lying upon the reflecting surface of a pool, are doubly interesting on account of their strange surroundings. A pond like this is in successful operation in the Zoölogical Garden of Chicago, and is one of the most attractive of its exhibits. The area required for such an establishment as we have outlined would not be so extensive as that essential for a zoölogical garden, but would have to be large enough to afford room for several ponds, of different depths and sizes, and the out-of-door exhibits would be more important than in the marine aquarium.

A zoölogical garden containing the terrestrial and aerial animals arranged according to this plan, as an educational exhibition, would present greater difficulties than any mentioned above. The idea would of course be a faunal arrangement, the arctic and the great areas of distribution of the temperate and tropic zones being mapped out, and the principal animals of each of these assembled in distinct parts of the garden. A proper representation of the flora of each great area or country in the shape of some characteristic trees and flowers should be maintained in conjunction with the animals, in order to furnish them appropriate surroundings, and give scientific and artistic completeness to these illustrations of the faunas. This mode of carrying out the plan is open to serious objections on the score of expense. Extensive grounds would be required, and the number of houses for the protection of animals and plants in the winter necessarily would be large. These, together with the construction of drains, the water supply, and the cost of attendance, would require a larger capital than one could reasonably expect to obtain unless the garden were supported by the national government.

Such difficulties can, however, be successfully met, as has been suggested by a scientific friend, by illustrating mainly the fauna of one selected area of distribution, or country, and restricting the selection of animals from localities outside of these limits. If, for example, the northern temperate zone of America were chosen, we could admit only those animals "which in other faunas specially represent our indigenous animals. Thus, to instance one or two points, we would exhibit side by side with the Rocky Mountain goat the chamois, structurally allied, adapted for and dwelling in similar mountain regions, characteristic of the Old as our own is of the New World; beside the cougar, or American panther, we would display the jaguar of South America; beside the black, the brown bear; while, to correspond with the opossum, we would seek a relative, not in the more nearly allied marsupials of South America, but in the distinctive home of marsupials, among the strange forms which occur in Australia. As it would not be necessary to seek this counterpart for each animal, but in many cases only one for an entire series, as with the mice, hares, foxes, and so on, it will be seen that the collection would not be much enlarged, while its increase would be strictly limited and its educational value greatly enhanced." Within the zone of distribution or fauna which might be selected, it would be necessary, if such a plan were adopted, to give ample exercising space for each species, and make strenuous efforts to furnish them as natural surroundings as practicable, so that their peculiar habits might be shown.

The aerial animals, the birds, could be limited in the same way, and associated groups could be placed in inclosures of sufficient size containing trees and shrubberies. An insectary would form a more important department in this establishment than in the fresh-water aquarium, and would be exceedingly instructive. Colonies of bees and ants, although so familiar, are really not at all commonly understood, and if their habits were explained would seem

stranger to most visitors than the tiger or elephant. The transformations of many insects, like the butterflies for example, of which every one has heard in various ways, but with regard to which very few persons have definite ideas, could be easily shown, since insects breed readily in confinement.

A few fishes would be requisite to make a contrast between the strictly terrestrial and aerial animals and the inhabitants of the waters, but a sufficient number for this purpose would probably be kept in ponds on the ground, to serve as food for some of the animals and birds. In addition to these true water-breathers there should be a group of seals, for comparison with their nearest allies, the terrestrial carnivora; and also a small number of aquaria devoted to the exposition of a few of those forms among invertebrates whose terrestrial air-breathing ancestors migrated into the waters and became more or less modified, like the seals, until their existing descendants are at home only in that element. These limited exhibits would not be expensive, nor would they require much space; and their function in bringing the full relations of the terrestrial and aerial animals before the eyes of the visitor is obvious.

A criticism often made upon public museums and gardens in all parts of the world is that they fail to give any rational explanation of the interesting and instructive laws which govern the relations of animals to their surroundings. A short paragraph in a printed guide-book, perhaps, names the country to which a group of interesting forms belongs, and adds a few words about their habits; but no notice is taken of the wonderful adaptations of their structures to the work they have to do, and the effective parts they perform in the great drama of existence. Museums and gardens cannot afford, it is said, to print works giving such facts properly. Although not disposed to believe this to be wholly impracticable, we may still grant it for the moment in order to suggest a simple remedy. For a book, which at best can never adequately be kept up to an equality with a living collection, and whose pages can never be ample enough to make all the replies that every visitor looks for in its necessarily brief descriptions, we would substitute an educated man. This officer could not only satisfy all reasonable curiosity, but at the same time would awaken interests and make impressions that would be of permanent benefit.

This is no idle suggestion, but one based upon observations made in a museum where educated young men, who had been previously taught how to explain the collections, were placed in this position. The increased interest such guides excited was evident at the beginning, and experience has left us confident that good results can more easily be obtained than one is apt to suppose. Take, for instance, an earthworm: it is a very familiar and unattractive object; nevertheless, its life history, properly handled, makes it teach one of the most remarkable lessons in natural history, and finally shows it to be a tiller of the soil, whose labor man himself could not afford to lose. No popular lectures are so effective as a well-ordered series of talks made with the objects before the hearers; especially if, as in a garden, these should be living and acting in sentient demonstration of the lecturer's words. We believe, also, that an office of this kind would more than repay the salary of an educated young man to act as guide in any large public garden, by reason of the great additional interest such careful and intelligent exposition would create.

The scientific reader need not be told that all we have written in this article is simply a suggestive sketch of lines of work for the benefit of public education, and not a finished plan of operations; but a word or two more as to whether

it be worth doing seems to be needed. So far as the ordinary visitor is concerned, such gardens, while furnishing him with agreeable recreation, would hardly fail to turn his attention to the fact that natural history is a science full of thought, and with a mission in the world over and above his momentary amusement. The benefits to the schools would be of the most solid description. Natural history is beginning to be taught everywhere, and intelligent teachers often take their pupils to museums, even making excursions some distance by rail for that purpose. Whether persons regard this tendency as desirable or the reverse is not a question that one need consider. The fact cannot be safely denied that throughout the civilized world the study of natural history has been introduced into private and public schools. The benefit of this policy is shown by the constantly increasing demand for instruction of this kind, and the yearly increase in the number of pupils and teachers who visit museums. Gardens based upon such plans as the above would be very much more useful to them than those governed by the older modes of arrangement, especially if there were organic connection between them and the schools as integral parts of the educational system of the city in which they were situated. This connection could be acknowledged by definite privileges of admission to the collections free of expense on certain convenient days, together with other concessions, if necessary, to secure the fullest use of these privileges.

Books have occupied, and perhaps always will occupy, a very important place in education, but it must be remembered that all instruments with which humanity has done its work have suffered change, and have either been greatly modified or wholly replaced by others. Books are instruments for recording mental conceptions, and can, as a rule, convey only such ideas of the things they treat of as may be possessed by the author at the time of writing.

Possibly, having seen what he has described, he may have definite conceptions and write well; but the reader, on the other hand, has not had the same advantages, and the impressions made upon his mind are necessarily fainter, and these may be, owing to defects in the author's mode of treatment or his own inability, very slight and transient. Books used in the schools have long been considered unsatisfactory by many of the best teachers. They recognize that printed pages cannot convey knowledge in sufficiently definite and impressive form unless used in connection with pictures, or models, or, preferably, the things themselves. In other words, the visual element in education is becoming more and more important every day, and in many of the finest European and American schools objective methods are extensively used. Teachers, however, are not specialists, and cannot keep their knowledge abreast of the always advancing lines of research, especially in natural history. They lose in this way many advantages, or, if energetic enough to seek them, do so at great expense of time and labor, and often at the sacrifice of their holidays and consequent injury to strength and health.

Public museums and gardens should therefore aim to supply, as has already been done in some European countries, loan and consulting collections for the use of teachers, and possibly for other persons who may have proper claims for such assistance. It does not require prophetic insight to predict that these institutions will some day be required to do for the public much the same service as that now performed by libraries, but their circulating medium for the diffusion of knowledge will be things themselves, and not books. Natural objects are nature's books, the only ones that hold within themselves the infinite

sources of knowledge, and never need reissue in improved editions. They can furnish food for study to all minds, however large their capacity, and the time is coming when the advance of human learning will create even a greater demand for them than there is now for what is written about them.

Alpheus Hyatt.

HESTERNÆ ROSÆ.

BETWEEN the bounds of night and day,
Far out into the west they lie,
More sweet than any song may say,
The red rose-gardens of the sky.

Beyond the sunset wrack forlorn,
Of tower and temple overthrown,
Of fallen fort and banner torn,
Burns the red flame of roses blown.

Through jeweled jalousies ajar,
That ruddy lustre shines aslant
From terraced vistas stretching far, —
The mellow light of old romaunt.

'T is there the vanished roses blow
In splendor of eternal prime,
That graced the summers long ago,
The royal revels of old time.

The faded pageants' flush and bloom,
The pomp and pride of all things fair,
Like golden censers of perfume
Exhale upon that haunted air.

The rainbow fountains plash and play,
The falling water gleams and pales,
While echoes every cloistered way
With piping of the nightingales.

And who are they whose happy feet
May thread that petal-clustered maze,
Of all who found the roses sweet,
Of all who sang the summers' praise?

What fair and stately shadows stray
Between the blossoms dewy wet?
Omar or Ronsard? Who shall say?
Or Aucassin and Nicolette?

We know not of their name or kin,
So far those garden alleys seem!
For there no living man may win
Save on the light wings of a dream.

The brazen mountains tower between,
With crag, and peak, and sheer abyss,
And many a shadow-hung ravine,
And many an airy precipice.

Oh, deep into the west they lie,
Beyond the swiftest swallow's flight,
The red rose-gardens of the sky,
Between the bounds of day and night.

Graham R. Tomson.

JOHN RUTLEDGE.

The conditions of society in South Carolina during the latter part of the eighteenth century were well adapted to the nurture of a ruling class. A few families, some of them of superior English stock, had early acquired and continuously retained the richer lands near Charleston. On their large estates, by reason of the abundance of slave labor, they had been on the one hand relieved from the drudgery of agriculture, and on the other nourished by its fruits and disciplined in its management; while in their leisure they had turned readily to the various pursuits of social, religious, and political life. As lords of the soil they had naturally become upholders of the Church and rulers of the State; and it is not surprising that at the approach of the Revolution South Carolina discovered in her opulent planters such efficient versatile leaders as the Lynches, Charles and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and the Middletons, father and son.

From this class, the Charleston aristocracy, came also the brothers Edward and John Rutledge. Their father, Andrew Rutledge, was a physician in Charleston, who had emigrated from Ireland in 1735; and their mother, Sarah Hext, belonged to an old and wealthy colonial family. She was evidently a woman of extraordinary virtues; for, left a widow at the age of twenty-six, with seven children and a diminished fortune, she was able largely to retrieve her paternal estate without neglecting her household. Aided by her exertions and self-denial, John Rutledge was well prepared for his future career. He had not, indeed, the advantage of a liberal education. His early training, first with a clergyman and later with a master, was brief; but his subsequent study of the law was thorough and systematic. After several years in a law office, he passed three years in London, at the inns of court; and when, in 1761, at the age of twenty-two, he returned to practice at Charleston his success was already anticipated.

He surpassed all expectations. Even before he reached home he was retained in an important suit by the defendant, who, in his eagerness, had gone out in the pilot-boat to meet the ship. Rutledge conducted his case with so much skill and eloquence, says Ramsay, that

"he astonished all who heard him." He won a verdict for his client, and received a fee of a hundred guineas. He soon became attorney-general of South Carolina, and for ten years enjoyed a lucrative practice. Josiah Quincy, Jr., who visited Charleston in 1773, wrote in his diary that John Rutledge was then one of the three first lawyers in the province.

Such immediate and decided success was the more creditable because of the high character of the members of the bar among whom it was achieved. Many of his associates, like himself, had traveled abroad and studied at the inns of court. As a class, they were perhaps the best educated and the most influential men in the community. Their number at that time did not much exceed twenty; and they were not less dignified than select. Attired in wigs and gowns, they bore out well the strict formalities of the courts, whether they were engaged in dispensing justice, or were conducted by the sheriff in solemn procession from the court-house to hear the sessions sermon in the neighboring church.

Rutledge had not been long in his profession when his attention was drawn to politics. He entered the provincial legislature, and exhibited marked capacity in dealing with the pending disputes. In fact, he soon became the leader of the legislature. It was due to his exertions mainly that South Carolina was the first colony south of New England to elect delegates to the Stamp Act Congress; and in that Congress itself, though he was the youngest member, he was excelled by few in usefulness. He represented his province also in the Continental Congresses of 1774 and 1775, in each case acquitting himself with great credit. Indeed, the political situation more and more absorbed his energy, and finally rendered the practice of law impossible. By 1775 the people of South Carolina had become so exasperated at the attempts of Great Britain to exact a colonial revenue that they resorted to arms. The royal governor, Lord William Campbell, took refuge on a British man-of-war. The courts were closed, and royal government was at an end.

On hearing of this crisis, Rutledge obtained leave of absence from the Continental Congress, and hastened to Charleston. His arrival was timely. Since the departure of the royal authorities, the Whig, or patriot, party had attempted to direct public affairs through an improvised committee of safety and provincial congress, but with little success. They had summoned a convention, accordingly, to consider the emergency; and Rutledge, chosen a delegate in his absence, returned just in time to participate in its deliberations. He became the guiding spirit. Unlike Christopher Gadsden, he did not yet favor a total separation from the mother country. On the other hand, he would not oppose the institution of a popular government. Standing thus between the two extremes of opinion, with his long and varied experience in the Continental Congress, he naturally found great favor with the conservative aristocratic planters. Their ardent desire was, their grievances redressed and their rights acknowledged, to resume, under the British connection, that supremacy in provincial politics which they had from the first enjoyed. They would hardly tolerate the idea of a permanent rupture.

In accordance with this policy the convention fashioned the new government outwardly after the old, and declared, in the preamble written by Rutledge, that it should continue only "until an accommodation of the unhappy differences between Great Britain and America can be obtained." Yet practically the existing alienation necessitated radical and significant innovations. All political functions hitherto exercised by the Crown were now transferred to the people. Notably, the colonial governor,

who had usually been a favorite of the king, was superseded by an elective president, who should thenceforth be the agent and representative of the people. Thus South Carolina was the first of the Southern colonies fully to realize the idea of a popular government.

Evidently the most important officer in the new government was the president. He represented the power and dignity of the State, and possessed full executive authority, military as well as civil. In the great emergencies that were already apprehended, though but dimly foreseen, he would be the leader about whom the people would rally, whether to repel foreign invasion or to quell internal strife. It was, therefore, a great tribute to the character and talents of John Rutledge that, in a convention containing so many trusted patriots, he was the one selected to be the first president of South Carolina.

The action of the convention was enthusiastically ratified by the people. They made the day of the inauguration memorable in the history of the State. Marking as it did the beginning of the first government constituted and conducted throughout by the people, it was celebrated with extraordinary pomp and rejoicing. The occasion is graphically described by Drayton in his Memoirs of the American Revolution: "The two houses, preceded by the president and vice-president, and the sheriff bearing the sword of state, made a solemn procession from the State-House to the Exchange, in front of the line of troops; and on their arrival at the Exchange the president was proclaimed by the sheriff, amidst the heart-cheering plaudits of the people: which was immediately responded to by thirteen discharges from the cannon of the artillery, a *feu de joye* from the line of troops, and the cannon of the Prosper, ship-of-war, and other armed vessels in the harbor."

The anticipations of the people were not disappointed. Immediately the new government went into operation, order was enforced, justice administered, and confidence restored. The legislature, having enacted such laws as the circumstances required, presented to the president an address, congratulating him on the public welfare, and pledging to his support their fortunes and their lives. Rutledge replied in a tone equally spirited and patriotic. He urged them, on returning home, to acquaint their constituents with the rights and grievances in dispute, and with the necessity, nature, and benefits of the new government. In conclusion he said: "The eyes of all Europe — nay, of the whole world — are on America. The eyes of every other colony are on this, — a colony whose reputation for generosity and magnanimity is universally acknowledged. I trust, therefore, it will not be diminished by our future conduct; that there will be no civil discord here; and that the only strife amongst brethren will be, who shall do most to serve and to save an oppressed and injured country." This speech contained such a succinct, vigorous statement of the Whig views that the General Assembly ordered it, together with the constitution, to be published throughout the State. Then it adjourned to the next autumn, leaving the conduct of affairs in the hands of the president.

Rutledge soon found his hands more than full. Indeed, for a time there rested, as it were, within his grasp the fate not of South Carolina alone, but of the whole thirteen colonies. From the collapse of the royal authority, Lord William Campbell, the fugitive governor, and his Tory sympathizers had been urging upon the British ministry an invasion of South Carolina. Only a small British force was needed, they insisted, in addition to the royal adherents, to effect the capture of Charleston and to restore South Carolina to the Crown. At last the ministry were persuaded. About the

beginning of the year 1776, they fitted out land and naval forces sufficient in strength, they believed, to bring the American colonies to submission, and directed a large division to operate against the Carolinas. At the same time, General Howe, the British commander in America, dispatched Sir Henry Clinton with a small force from Boston, with orders to effect a union with the contingent from England, and to take command of the Southern expedition.

Meanwhile, rumors of these intentions and movements had reached Charleston, and President Rutledge had made strenuous efforts to fortify the city. All available laborers, including a large force of negroes from the country, were employed incessantly in strengthening the works. Expresses were sent throughout the State to urge forward the militia; and the scanty supply of ammunition was increased by stripping lead from the windows of dwellings and churches. All ranks of the people caught the bold and determined spirit of their president, and imitated his indefatigable energy. Believing in the justice of their cause, they awaited with confidence the impending attack.

They had not long to wait. Just inside the bar and at the entrance of Charleston harbor lies a long, low, narrow strip of land called Sullivan Island. At its southwestern extremity, commanding the narrow approach from the sea to the town, a fort had been hastily constructed of soft palmetto logs embanked with sand; and, rude and unfinished though it was, it constituted an insurmountable barrier to the advance of the British fleet. Its reduction was a condition precedent to the bombardment of the town. Accordingly, on the morning of the 28th of June, 1776, the hostile ships, weighing anchor, bore down upon the apparently insignificant structure.

In reality the fort was not much stronger than it seemed. Square in form, with a bastion at each angle, it was finished only on the two sides most exposed, and, situated at the bend of the island, it was exposed on the right flank to the fire of any ship that should round the point. This defect was deemed fatal by Major-General Charles Lee, who, entrusted by the Continental Congress with the Southern department, had hastened to Charleston and assumed command. He took great pains, therefore, to secure the retreat of the garrison to the mainland, and even gave orders that when the powder, of which the supply was scanty, should be exhausted they should spike their guns and retire to the mainland.

But Colonel William Moultrie, the commander of the fort, and his little band — four hundred and thirty-five in all — were not of the retreating sort. They had determined to hold their position or perish in the attempt; and in this they were encouraged by President Rutledge. The latter, in order to avoid any conflict of authority, had, with great moderation and discretion, relinquished to Major-General Lee the supreme command of the state militia, including the garrison, but he would not countenance a retreat. "Gen. Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort," he wrote to Moultrie. "You will not without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one." In the midst of the action he sent out to the fort five hundred pounds of powder, with the laconic suggestion: "Do not make too free with your cannon. Cool and do mischief."

The advice had been anticipated. Firing at longer intervals as the supply of powder ran low, and training their guns upon the larger ships, the plucky untrained militiamen not only maintained their position from morning till night, but also inflicted such damage that with the rise of the tide the hostile ships slipped their anchors and dropped out of range. The first victory at the South had been won, and Charleston saved. Nay, more: coming as it did at the be-

ginning of the war, the affair gave courage and confidence to the patriots everywhere; while it so disabled and dispirited the British that they abandoned the Southern expedition, and the Southern States enjoyed a period of repose.

Hardly had the British ships disappeared below the horizon when news reached Charleston of the declaration of independence. It was gladly received. The people, exasperated by the recent attack, were now prepared for this decisive step. It was celebrated in a noteworthy manner. An official proclamation of independence was followed by a public procession of the state officers, both civil and military, headed by President Rutledge; and later in the day there was a parade of the troops in a field adjoining the town.

The assertion of a common independence was soon followed by an assimilation of the forms and principles of government in the several States. The democracy, having severed all external bonds, now began to assert itself, and South Carolina early responded to the movement. In 1777 the constitution was greatly modified: the church establishment was abolished, the office of president was superseded by that of governor, and a senate elected by the people was substituted for the legislative council chosen by the Assembly. The people thus secured equality before the law among the different religious bodies, and a more direct, efficient control of their own representatives. But they antagonized the clergy, whose ancient privileges were revoked, and the aristocratic planters, whose political supremacy was threatened. Among the latter, both in association and in sympathy, was President Rutledge. When the new constitution was submitted to him, he returned it with his veto. He objected chiefly to its democratic spirit and tendency. "However unexceptionable democratic power may appear at the first view," he frankly stated, "its effects have been found arbitrary, severe, and destructive." Like Alexander Hamilton, Robert Morris, and other contemporary leaders, he had little faith in government by the masses. These men believed that what they had thus far accomplished was due largely to their bold assumption and ready exercise of liberal powers, encouraged by the generous confidence of the people. As for John Rutledge, he was ever impatient of restraint. He could not approve the new constitution, so he withdrew from the head of affairs.

His retirement was of short duration, for his services soon became indispensable for the safety of the State. Toward the close of 1778 the repose that South Carolina had been enjoying was seriously interrupted. After many efforts, the English armies had failed to subdue America by invading New England and the Middle States. Now they changed their plans. They resolved to conquer the colonies in detail, attacking first those more infused with Tory sentiment and less accessible to Whig support. Accordingly they attempted the subjugation of Georgia and the Carolinas; and at first with astonishing success. Three thousand men, dispatched from New York by Sir Henry Clinton, landing near Savannah, speedily routed the American forces and seized the town. Thence reinforced and commanded by General Prevost, they proceeded to capture Augusta and the stations along the Savannah River. Within a month they had conquered all Georgia and restored her to the Crown. Sir James Wright, the former royal governor, was reinstated, and, by kind treatment and liberal promises, the people were induced to enter the British service in large numbers.

In South Carolina, this invasion, so sudden, yet so decisive, reaching to her very borders, caused great alarm. Her delegates in the Continental Congress obtained the appointment of General Lincoln, who had distinguished himself at Saratoga, to the command of the

Southern department; and her legislature, which fortunately was then in session, exerted itself to the utmost to strengthen the public defenses. It provided for filling the Continental regiments, for impressing boats, wagons, and other conveyances, and for apprehending suspected persons. Above all, in its anxiety for the public welfare, it turned again to the man who two years before, as president, had done so much to ward off invasion and ruin. At this crisis it would trust no one but John Rutledge at the head of affairs. Having elected him governor, it voluntarily clothed him and his council with almost unlimited discretionary power. Once for all it authorized them "to do everything that appeared to him and them necessary for the public welfare."

Such confidence was no more than the emergency required. The State was menaced at once by a British fleet from the sea, by hostile Indians from the interior, and by the victorious General Prevost from the south; while in several quarters the Tories, encouraged by the English success, were organizing for active service. In order to be prepared in any event, Rutledge in person established a camp at Orangeburgh, in the middle of the State, making it a rendezvous for the militia and a centre of operations; while he entrusted the fortification of Charleston to the lieutenant-governor and the council. He also coöperated with General Lincoln, and promptly yielded him precedence when a conflict of authority arose.

Encouraged and strengthened by these vigorous measures, the patriots determined to act on the offensive. With a considerable army General Lincoln crossed into Georgia, in the hope of ejecting General Prevost and regaining the State. But the latter was too wary and alert. He eluded the attack by a counter invasion. Crossing the Savannah, he advanced boldly and swiftly in the direction of Charleston, driving before him General Moultrie, who, with an inferior force, had been left to cover the town. In a moment all was confusion and consternation. Aroused by expresses from Moultrie, Rutledge hastened to Charleston by forced marches and with all available troops, and Lincoln, already far on his way toward Augusta, began to retrace his course with all possible expedition. The latter could not overtake Prevost, but hoped to cut off his retreat should the town hold out.

An immediate assault was expected by the townsmen, and that with grave forebodings. Rutledge and Moultrie had barely brought their scanty forces into the terror-stricken place, and stationed them along its unfinished defenses, when the enemy were at hand demanding a surrender. Should the demand be refused and the assault be made, great loss of life and destruction of property must result, while victory seemed almost certain to the British. On the other hand, to give up the town without an effort to defend it would scarcely become the men who two years before, though poorly disciplined and equipped, had bravely faced superior numbers and achieved a glorious victory.

In this dilemma Governor Rutledge and his council tried to procrastinate. Could the assault be deferred, they believed that General Lincoln, who was already expected, might arrive and turn the scale. Accordingly they sent a flag to General Prevost, asking what terms he would grant in case of capitulation; and when he replied that such as should not accept his offers of peace and protection must surrender as prisoners of war, they sent again, objecting to the terms, and requesting a conference. Thus in messages and counter messages the day was nearly spent, but without any agreement. Finally, as a last resort, Rutledge and his council sent "to propose a neutrality during the war between Great Britain and America, and the question whether the State shall

belong to Great Britain or remain one of the United States be determined by the treaty of peace between these two powers." This proposition also being rejected on the one side, and capitulation being at last refused on the other, an assault now seemed inevitable. But at this point Prevost gained news of Lincoln's rapid advance, and, fearing capture, drew off his army and made his escape.

One would fain believe that this offer of neutrality also was made simply to gain time, and so it has been suggested by at least one historian, and by a distinguished descendant of Rutledge; but it is hard to find any evidence to support the suggestion. On the other hand, it would not be just to accuse Rutledge of treason. At that time the States were indeed acting in common, but they did so mainly on grounds of expediency, — in order the better to promote their common interests. As yet they did not admit an organic union by which they were indissolubly bound to one another, but each maintained the right to act independently of the rest, at least when necessary for self-preservation. For this reason, if for no other, the proposition of neutrality, which now appears heinous, may then have seemed justifiable. In effect, whatever was its intent, it added to the delay; and, however admirable was the spirit with which Moultrie, Gadsden, and others urged a vigorous defense, caution and procrastination were, under the circumstances, more expedient. Virtually they saved the town.

But the fate of Charleston was decreed, and no temporary delay could prevent its fulfillment. The expedition against Georgia had been an experiment, and it had, on the whole, succeeded so well that it warranted a more serious effort. In December, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton himself sailed from New York against Charleston with over five thousand men. At this time the legislature of South Carolina was in session. When it heard of the impending peril it turned again to Rutledge, and delegated, "till ten days after their next session, to the governor, John Rutledge, Esquire, and such of his council as he could conveniently consult, a power to do everything necessary for the public good, except the taking away the life of a citizen without a legal trial." Evidently, the proposition of neutrality had not diminished Rutledge's popularity. Probably it had increased it, as an evidence of his regard for life and property and of his devotion to the State.

His energy and resources were equal to the emergency. He ordered forthwith a general rendezvous of the militia; and when there was no considerable response, he made a proclamation, "requiring such of the militia as were regularly drafted, and all the inhabitants and owners of property in the town, to repair to the American standard, and join the garrison immediately, under pain of confiscation." But he met with discouragement at every turn. Within the town and the State were greater enemies than there were without. The smallpox in a virulent form had recently appeared, and from the terror that it caused was a serious obstacle to the assembling of the militia. Worse than all, food and other necessaries of life were both dear and scarce, and the paper currency was almost worthless. It is not strange, therefore, that when Sir Henry Clinton and his powerful armament appeared the people fell into much despondency, and Governor Rutledge was almost in despair.

Yet he made strenuous efforts to save the town. Before Clinton had completed his lines of investiture, Rutledge was induced by General Lincoln and others to go out into the country in order to rally the people and maintain the civil authority; and though he was unable finally to prevent the fall of Charleston, he performed most valuable services. They are best described by Gen-

eral Moultrie in his Memoirs. "It was very fortunate," he says, "for the province that the governor was not made a prisoner in town. His presence in the country kept everything alive; and it gave great spirits to the people to have a man of such great abilities, firmness, and decision amongst them. He gave commissions, raised new corps, embodied the militia, and went to Philadelphia to solicit reinforcements. He returned and joined the army. He stayed by them, enforced the laws of the province, called the legislature; in short, he did everything that could be done for the good of the country."

It is difficult adequately to describe or to estimate the services of Rutledge to the American cause at this time. Never was that cause in such desperate straits. During the two years succeeding the fall of Charleston the Carolinas were the principal theatre of the war; for here was put to a thorough trial the chief and final scheme for subduing America, and for a long time it seemed about to succeed. From Charleston as a base of operations the British forces pressed steadily northward, while far and near, on either side, the swift and daring Tarleton spread terror and desolation. Nothing availed to check the tide. When General Gates was overwhelmed in the disaster of Camden, the reduction of the whole South appeared inevitable.

But there now arose elements of resistance upon which the English had not counted. They had not reckoned on the indomitable spirit and manifold resources of the patriot leaders. Sumter, Pickens, and Marion! What visions of valor and romance attend the mention of their names! With their little bands of fellow-fugitives and refugees, miserably clad and poorly equipped, yet resolute and devoted, they crept stealthily from their hiding-places in swamps and morasses, and surprised now a detached body of regulars, now a roving company of Tories. If repulsed, they disappeared as suddenly into their mysterious retreats, and eluded all pursuit; but if successful, they supplied themselves with the arms and clothing of the fallen enemy, and pushed on to new enterprises. They inflicted so much damage and inspired so great terror that the British army was obliged not only to check its northward course, but also to secure its line of retreat.

With these men Governor Rutledge was in constant communication and cooperation. As commander-in-chief of the South Carolina militia, he exercised a general direction over their movements, and gave them assistance, encouragement, and reward. He made Sumter brigadier-general of militia in recognition of gallant attacks on Rocky-Mount and Hanging-Rock; and later he promoted Marion and Pickens to the same rank for similar services. His aid was equally constant and efficient to General Greene, who, as the successor of General Gates in the command of the Southern department, completed the work the militia had so well begun, and drove the British back to Charleston.

In thus promoting active military operations, Governor Rutledge exercised his dictatorial power with promptness and discretion. For example, he suspended for a time the act of the legislature making the paper currency a legal tender, and he authorized the impressment of specie and horses in extreme cases. His scrupulous care embraced small matters as well as great. "It gives me pleasure," he declared, "to restore every encroachment on the liberties of the people." He was unwilling to retain his extraordinary power any longer than was absolutely necessary. Accordingly, so soon as the state of hostilities would permit, he issued writs for an election; and when a new legislature assembled in January, 1782, he was able at last to say that all of the State, save Charleston and its vicinity, was rid of the invaders, and "the legislative, ex-

ecutive, and judicial powers are in the free exercise of their respective authorities." For three weary years, the most calamitous and eventful in the history of South Carolina, he had borne almost alone the weight and responsibility of the military and civil authority; and now, his term having expired, he gave back, neither lessened nor misused, that authority with which he had been so generously clothed.

The legislature was not willing to dispense with his services. Almost at the same time that it tendered him its "most sincere and unfeigned thanks" for his "persevering, unabated, and successful exertions," it elected him a delegate from South Carolina to the Continental Congress; and to this body he now returned after the lapse of seven years, with a reputation greatly enhanced by the conspicuous part he had taken in the brilliant defense of the South. Few men had rendered such varied and important public services, and his views received corresponding consideration. As usual, they were outspoken and decided. For example, he urged, though in vain, that the American commissioners should be freed from the necessity of consulting the French regarding the terms of peace; and when they eventually did as he had desired, but contrary to instructions, he stoutly defended their conduct. Instructions should be disregarded, he declared, whenever the public good required it. In pressing the payment of the public debt occasioned by the war, the price of freedom, he was equally decided; and when the power to lay taxes required by Congress for this object was persistently and selfishly denied by the States, he recognized the essential weakness of the existing Confederation and the imperative necessity of a new political system.

In the framing of the Constitution of the United States John Rutledge took a memorable part. Influenced, doubtless, by his own experience as chief executive of South Carolina, he agreed with Wilson that the national executive should be a single person. But he could not sympathize nor coöperate with him in his persistent efforts to found the general government more directly upon the people. Rutledge preferred to keep it, as it was, based on the States. Hence he urged that the state legislatures should continue to choose the national legislature, and the latter in turn should appoint the national executive; and he especially denounced the proposition, advocated repeatedly, though in vain, by Madison, that the general government should have a negative on the legislative acts of the States. "Will any State ever agree," Rutledge asked, "to be bound hand and foot in this manner?" It is easy to infer that his views on government were cast in an aristocratic mould. He did not hesitate to approve the proposition of his fellow townsman and delegate, Charles Pinckney, that the possession of a fixed amount of property should be required of all candidates for the national executive, Supreme Court, and legislature.

With thorough consistency and frankness he was also the champion of slavery. When Luther Martin and George Mason eloquently pleaded that the Constitution should prohibit the slave trade, Rutledge replied: "Religion and humanity have nothing to do with the question. Interest alone is the governing principle with nations." "If the Convention thinks that North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia will ever agree to the plan, unless their right to import slaves be untouched, the expectation is vain." In this resolution he was inflexible. It was fortified by his training, his temperament, and his experience; and, what most influenced the Convention, it certainly was, as he said, the sentiment of the extreme South.

Yet Rutledge was not intentionally narrow or bigoted. Slavery and state supremacy aside, he had a firm grasp and a broad view of political questions.

For example, foreseeing a wide extension of foreign commerce, he urged that the power given to Congress of regulating trade should be unrestricted, notwithstanding the suggestion that such power might be used to the relative disadvantage of the South. "As we are laying the foundation for a great empire, we ought," he declared, "to take a permanent view of the subject, and not look at the present moment only."

Though but little of the Constitution as it stands is traceable directly to Rutledge, nevertheless he greatly influenced its construction, and his work in the Convention materially increased his reputation. In the first election under the Constitution he was preferred to John Adams, in the choice of his native State, for the vice-presidency. He was the first of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States to be appointed by President Washington; but he soon resigned this position in order to accept that of chief justice of the court of common pleas and sessions in South Carolina; and he was not again drawn into national affairs till he was selected by President Washington, in 1795, to succeed John Jay as Chief Justice of the United States.

To have filled this position — in some respects the most eminent in public life — would fittingly have crowned his career; but such was not his destiny. The man that hitherto had uniformly been favored by fortune was now overtaken by misfortune and gloom; and the cause was partly in himself. About the time of his appointment by the President to the office of Chief Justice, the terms of the Jay treaty reached America. In Charleston they aroused great indignation and excitement; for they were thought to involve a surrender to England and an indignity to France. Jay and the treaty were burned in effigy, and the British flag was publicly insulted.

With the prevalent hatred of England and affection for France Rutledge deeply sympathized; and, notwithstanding his recent obligation to the federal administration, he allowed himself to be drawn into the popular demonstration against its obnoxious measure. At a public meeting in Charleston he gave full rein to his feelings, and denounced the treaty in severe terms. At once his speech was read throughout the country, and was hailed with delight by the party in opposition. Among the Federalists, on the contrary, it was received with surprise and indignation, and threats were openly made of preventing, in the Senate, the confirmation of Rutledge as Chief Justice.

But Providence now interposed, and turned all party passion into feelings of pity and regret. In the fall of 1795 Rutledge was suddenly attacked by a disease that affected his intellect and incapacitated him for the bench, and for this reason chiefly his nomination was rejected. "The Senate's refusal to confirm his appointment extinguished," it is said, "the last spark of sanity." After a lingering and pathetic illness, he died in July, 1800.

The conduct of Rutledge toward the Jay treaty illustrates his impetuous, impatient temperament. He was still bitter against England at the ravages of her arms in South Carolina, and it is not surprising. In the war he had lost his valuable library and a large part of his property, and his was a common misfortune. When, therefore, the Jay treaty, which he deemed to be infamous, recalled those outrages and calamities, he would not refrain from denunciation, even though he should sacrifice the honor of being Chief Justice of the United States.

Yet his impulses were generous, and his sense of justice was exact. On one occasion, when Charleston was anxiously awaiting an assault from General Prevost, Governor Rutledge observed that some militiamen were inattentive to duty. Impetuously riding up, he not only re-

primanded them severely, but actually struck one with his whip. On the following day he returned to the spot and gravely apologized for his act. Such qualities greatly endeared him to the people. Few public men in America have enjoyed in their day such uncloudeed, uninterrupted popularity. From the time when, a youth fresh from the inns of court, he began the practice of law at Charleston to the day when, at fifty-six years of age, selected for the highest judicial office in the United States, he became the victim of a melancholy disease, he was the favorite representative in intercolonial councils and the chief leader in local politics. For a considerable period he was the main, almost the only stay of public order and defense. He was repeatedly the dictator of South Carolina.

His power was not more ample than he desired, yet he uniformly exercised it with discretion and moderation; he often tempered it with clemency. It is difficult at the present time to realize the extent and bitterness of the fratricidal strife that divided and devastated the more southern colonies during the Revolution. American history at no other time affords any parallel, except in Indian warfare. Tories and Whigs assailed one another with almost savage ferocity, and the damage they mutually inflicted almost equaled what they received from invaders. The evil was so obstinate that it merited severe treatment, and such it did at times receive. But Rutledge was the rather inclined to conciliation. During intervals of repose he repeatedly offered pardon and protection to such Tories as should return to their homes and keep the peace. So far, indeed, did he carry his pacific policy that in several cases he was opposed by his friends.

Seldom, however, was his judgment or his conduct questioned, for he truly represented, while he ably directed, the ruling class of South Carolina. That class was high-spirited yet conservative, exacting of obedience but generous of favor, and such also was John Rutledge. At times, when he assumed his "gubernatorial air," he would brook no opposition nor denial. Had he not been clothed with dictatorial power, and was he not responsible for its exercise?

As in temperament, so in convictions, he was representative of the aristocracy of South Carolina. His political principles were drawn more from his own experience and environment than from either the observation of nations or the maxims and speculations of philosophers. Hence his limitations as compared with such men as Hamilton, Wilson, and Madison, who drew alike from all these sources. Within his range his knowledge was thorough and precise, for he excelled in acumen and force, if not in culture.

This fact was evident especially in his speech. As a writer he was neither fluent nor graceful, but as a speaker he possessed uncommon abilities. Terse, direct, and incisive, he delivered his thoughts with animation and skill. When his sympathies were evoked or his indignation aroused, he would win by his earnestness and sincerity, or he would overwhelm with his invective. In his manner at the bar he is said to have resembled Mr. Dunning, later Lord Ashburton, the most celebrated advocate of the time.

Perhaps the chief impression which he left upon the listener was that of earnestness, — an impression to which his personal appearance largely contributed. His form was tall, robust, and commanding, while his face wore an aspect of firmness and decision touched with severity. On the bench, his bearing shed dignity and exacted respect. His decisions evince a thorough and accurate knowledge of law, and also a tendency to control the absolute dictates of precedent by a liberal regard for justice. The fact most significant of his judicial

capacity is his successive promotions on the bench of South Carolina, and his selection at last by Washington to preside in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Nevertheless, his services as a judge came late in life, and occupied but a small portion of his career. His chief claim to distinction is as an executive. Above all else, John Rutledge was a man of action, and as such he impressed himself deeply upon his time. In the early awakening and final revolt of the American colonies he played a part secondary in importance to few, if to any, of the patriots; for it was he more than any other who first brought the South promptly to unite with the North in the Stamp Act Congress, and afterwards held her in support of the successive measures adopted in Continental councils. When the war, which, in spite of his impetuous temperament, he had constantly endeavored to avert, was at last precipitated, no man of equal prominence at the time in civil affairs entered more deeply and more devotedly into the conflict, or displayed greater energy and persistence in the common defense. There is reason to doubt if, without his efforts, the South would have escaped conquest. Had the South been subjugated, could independence have been achieved?

Though he had been educated and accustomed to civil pursuits, the smell of powder did not lessen his ardor, nor did his contact with arms diminish his reputation. Indeed, from military men have come some of the warmest encomiums of his genius and his work. He is, said General Greene, "one of the first characters I ever met with;" while General Lee writes in his Memoirs, "An accomplished gentleman, a captivating orator, decisive in his measures, and inflexibly firm, he infused his own lofty spirit into the general mass."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

FELICIA.

XIV.

The monotony of those November rains, dripping, dripping down the window, was broken at last, and one night the darkness was pervaded by indefinable murmurs, a vague sense of continuous movement, a soft, semi-metallic clicking as of crystal faintly responsive to crystal; and when morning broke, the ground was deeply covered with the first snow of the season.

Its advent was most welcome, to judge from the number of sleighs seen early on the streets. Toward noon these were even more frequent, and sleighing parties were rapidly organized, — on the principle, perhaps, of making hay while the sun shines. For so deep a "dry snow" was rare, and in this capricious climate the length of its continuance on the ground was a matter of the wildest conjecture.

On Kennett's return from rehearsal he brought suggestions of festivity. A certain Mr. Foxley, well known in social circles, ambitious to be considered particularly *au fait* in matters pertaining to music and the drama, and well up in worldly affairs in general, had invited the more notable members of the troupe to join him in a sleigh-ride and a subsequent refection, pledging himself to get them back to the theatre in time for the evening performance. Kennett had accepted the invitation, and hurried off before lunch.

Felicia consoled herself bitterly with

the reflection that a few lonely hours more or less were of little consequence, in a life made up of gradations of unhappiness.

After her solitary meal, as she stood at her window looking down at the street, she realized the tempting quality of the brilliant clear sunshine and the cheerful aspect of the thoroughfare. She glanced in indecision at the party-colored worsteds on the table, debating in her mind the value of fancy-work as a resource, this afternoon, in comparison with a stroll. Finally she put on her hat and wraps, and set out. Depressed as she was, the exhilaration of the air and the vivacity of the passing groups and vehicles had their tonic effect. Her mood lightened; she looked about with interest; she walked more briskly. The air was balmy, almost warm, although a thaw had not yet set in. The sky was intensely blue. Long shafts of yellow sunshine struck adown the street. The light clouds about the west were slowly growing crimson, and were flecked here and there with brilliant golden flakes. Much of this afternoon radiance, falling in a broad sheet upon the plate-glass windows, was reflected back in dazzling sheen; and as Felicia passed the establishment of a well-known dealer in pictures, she was only indefinitely conscious of something familiar in the look and attitude of a man who lounged against the nickel-plated railing and gazed at the engravings displayed within.

He turned suddenly, and as his eyes fell upon her he addressed her abruptly, making a somewhat negligent pretense of lifting his hat.

"You going to give me the cut, too?" he asked.

It was her natural kindly impulse to remove any discomfort he might experience because she had not recognized him. It was her grace of breeding that unluckily caused her apology to do this so efficiently and so cordially that Abbott, entirely placated, was moved to stroll along the sidewalk with her.

She found a certain bitterness in thus accepting his escort. She had always been fastidious as to her choice of associates. Under no circumstances would she have patiently endured his companionship, — to-day least of all; yet she was sensible of an excessive humiliation that she should experience so intense a panic lest her brother or his wife, or any of her few acquaintances in Chilounatti, should chance to meet her walking with her husband's most intimate friend. He was shabby, — shabbier than usual. His shoes were unblacked, his hat unbrushed. He had been drinking; his eyes were bloodshot. He was evidently in the state in which a man is both captious and plaintive.

"I 'll tell you what it is," he declared, thrusting his hands into his overcoat pockets, — "I 'll tell you what it is: if a man has got no money, he 'd better die. Prussic acid don't cost much, and the outlay for a coffin is a permanent investment. He don't have to be paying that every week, like the butcher's bill. There is no place in this world for a poor man. It 's a pretty big world, but there 's no room in it for the fellow with the empty purse. Look at that chap Foxley, for instance. What in the name of sense would he be without his money? And he knows it. He values himself for nothing but his money. He don't respect anything but money. What does he care for Kennett or Preston, do you suppose? But Preston is one by himself, and what he has he can afford to spend on himself, and wear good clothes, and cut a dash. And Kennett has married rich, and always looks about right. And Hallet is the manager, and makes money. That 's all Foxley cares for. He pretends to know something about music. He don't. He 's got no use for anything but money. And if a man 's got no money he may go hang, for all Mr. Henry Foxley cares."

Felicia understood his pitiful grievance. He had been neglected in the invitation to the afternoon festivity. It was hard for her to bear a part in a conversation like this. She attempted to evolve some commonplace to the effect that we have good authority for the belief that the love of money is the root of all evil. But he interrupted her, evidently valuing more the opportunity to air his woes than her consolation.

"I guess you don't know much about it," he said, sourly. "You 've had nothing but the soft side of life so far, — the roses, and the lilies, and all that sort of thing. It 's easy enough to be contented and smiling when you 've got everything heart can wish. But how do you suppose a man feels when he knows he 's looked down on and sat on by his inferiors? Oh, I tell you a man had better be dead than carry a flat pocket-book!"

He laughed, and scowled, and took out his purse, which was indeed rather flat, tossing it up and down and catching it with deftness as he walked.

"Bless you," he added, "sometimes I am actually minus a nickel for street-car fare."

She wondered if he were ever minus a nickel for a "schooner" of beer; she thought not, judging from the puffy appearance of his eyelids and cheeks, indicative of devotion to that sort of liquid consolation for the woes of life. She scorned herself that her heart should flutter as it did a moment later. She felt her breath come fast; her limbs trembled; her voice was unsteady.

"This is the library," she said, suddenly. "I am going in here." She turned sharply, and began to ascend the stairs. She had not intended to make a visit to the library an incident of the afternoon's excursion; but advancing toward her was one of the solid and stolid old gentlemen she had met at her brother's house. She felt almost sure that he would not remember her. She felt perfectly sure that she could not risk the possibility. To her chagrin, Abbott accompanied her into the building, and as they climbed the stairs together he remarked that he did n't know that strangers could go to this swell library. Apparently he considered the privilege very valuable, and seemed to felicitate himself on the accidental opportunity.

Felicia reflected in increased annoyance that it was more probable she would be recognized by the librarian or some of his assistants, as she had once been an *habitué* of the institution, than by the absent-minded old gentleman she had so anxiously avoided. Had it not come to a strange pass, she asked herself in extreme impatience, that she should skulk about; that she should seek to hide from the people she had once known, as if she had indeed something of which to be ashamed, — as if she merited the contempt that she feared?

She did not go into the reading-room, realizing that it would most likely be difficult to induce Abbott to comply with the regulations requiring silence. She threw herself into a seat in an alcove, and Abbott took the place beside her.

"Won't you catch cold here?" he asked. "Shall I close the window?"

The room had been overheated, and several of the windows had been put up, among them the one by which they sat. She replied that she preferred the air, reflecting that perhaps, on account of his voice, he would be alarmed by the possibility of taking cold himself, and leave her. He appeared, however, to have no such fear, as he lounged in his place and resumed his talk. It was much in the same vein as before, and she settled herself to endure it with what fortitude she might. Her absent eyes rested now on the silent, motionless figures, seen through the vistas of open doors, in the reading-room; now on the softly moving attendants coming and going; now on the pictures and groups of statuary near at hand; now on the

wall of the building across the street. In this building there was a window on a level with the one by which she was sitting, and its sash also was thrown up. Felicia listened mechanically when a few keys were struck on a piano, very audible across the narrow street and through the open windows. There ensued some rapid and showy phrasing, a few resolving chords, the restful, determining effect of a tonic chord, and then a man's voice arose, — a rich, sonorous, impressive voice, under masterly control. In another moment a mezzo-soprano, which she also recognized, full, sweet, and brilliant, took up the complement of the melody, and a duet that was new to her pulsated on the air.

Abbott stopped abruptly in what he was saying, and looked at Felicia in surprise.

"How did Kennett happen to give up the sleigh-ride?" he asked.

In the sharp confusion which suddenly seized upon her she had but one distinct idea, — that she should preserve her self-command. She summoned all her faculties; she controlled her voice; she met his inquiring look with a casual, unflinching glance.

"He said something about going," she replied, "but I suppose he changed his mind. I have n't seen him since luncheon."

Abbott accepted the answer. She had played her part so well that he merely turned his eyes speculatively upon the window opposite, and remarked reflectively that he supposed old Verney — who was the musical director — had decided to substitute that duet, after all, and they had to go to work to get it up at the last minute.

"I suppose so," she said.

"Just like him," rejoined Abbott, sourly; "changing his mind, and making singers take the risk of a new number without a rehearsal with the orchestra."

In a certain way Felicia was scrupulous. Under ordinary circumstances she would have taken herself to task. She would have asked herself if she, who esteemed herself highly, had by implication told a falsehood to this man whom she esteemed so slightly. In her moral problems the difference in valuation would have been an element of consideration. Certainly she had created a false impression. Now she was only glad that the false impression was so complete.

It was well for her that Abbott, absorbed in his grievance, took no thought of her manner. He did not notice that she offered no observation, and responded rarely and at haphazard to his remarks. She rose to go presently, saying, with a shiver, that she was cold, after all, and that the open windows were making the room very chilly.

"Don't you want to get a book or something?" asked Abbott, in surprise.

No, she said; she did not care for anything to read. She only came up here sometimes to rest when she was out walking.

"Want to hear him practicing his pretty little songs with Mrs. Branner, hey?"

He broke into a disagreeable laugh, wrinkling the corners of his eyes satirically as he bent them upon her. Surely she was becoming well versed in the intricacies of a world of thought and feeling heretofore far enough from her ken. Once it would have seemed strange to contemplate the possibility of meeting and baffling such an adversary as this on his own ground.

"Mrs. Branner is very handsome," she said, easily. "Are those pleasant rooms she has? I have never been to see her here."

He had noticed at the time the cessation of her intimacy with Mrs. Branner, and had explained it to his own satisfaction by the theory that Kennett's wife was too "stuck up" to associate even with the "*bon ton*" of the troupe.

Such as himself and his wife, he would say, with his bitter parade of humility, did n't expect any of her society, but Mrs. Branner ought to be "tony" enough for her. Men of his peculiar temperament, however, have no past and no future; his life had no perspectives, and the whole matter had slipped from his recollection along with many episodes, great and small. Thus it was that Felicia's management of a commonplace again effected the work of a prevarication. He only remembered that there had been an acquaintance, forgot that it had abruptly ceased, inferred that visits were often exchanged in other places besides "here," and relinquished as "no go" his vague idea of exciting a jealous distrust on Mrs. Branner's account.

"Well, moderately nice rooms," he said, diverted to another train of thought. "They would n't seem anything to you, you know, stopping at all the fine hotels and all that, as you do, but they are pretty well for Mrs. Branner; and, my Lord! they 'd be gorgeous to my wife and me."

In his curious aptness in being disagreeable, which almost amounted to a genius, was a certain capacity to make the possession of advantages and superior opportunities a lash for the lucky, — a sort of lash of two thongs; for he could lay on alternately his own deprivations and his friends' good fortune with such discrimination and acrimony that Kennett was often lost in doubt as to whether these friends would be more comfortable if less well off themselves, or if Abbott were more generously endowed with whatever he might esteem desirable.

He had drifted again into the wide current of worldly differences, — a felicitous subject enough, requiring little in the way of comment or reply. Thus Felicia was enabled to give her almost undivided mind to the consideration of the strange thing which had happened. In the very commencement of this episode of her life she had the strong support of a quality which, in her nature, took upon itself much of the high function of principle. To her intense pride of character she owed it that she was able to see and reason with a certain degree of fairness and composure. When she had collected her faculties sufficiently for consecutive thinking, she asked herself if it were possible that a man who possessed qualities which could secure and hold her heart was capable of trifling with her, deceiving her even in so slight a matter as this question of an afternoon engagement. Could *her* husband palm off an excuse upon her in order to conceal the fact that he desired to spend two or three leisure hours this afternoon in the society of another woman? Had she mistaken him like that? Did he care for her so little as that? She declared she owed it first to herself, then to him, to admit such a possibility only on the most irrefragable testimony; and the proof in this case was very flimsy. He had probably heard, after he left the hotel, that a new duet was to be substituted in the opera for a familiar one, or introduced, and felt compelled to relinquish the sleigh-ride in order to practice it. Nothing, she argued, could be more probable than this.

She had lost much, she said to herself, in worldly position, in opportunity, in peace of soul, but she was sure — and she dwelt on the stipulation with a sort of eager insistence — of her husband's good faith in every emergency, great and small; and she was sure of herself, — she could not harbor jealousy and suspicion on inadequate grounds. A moment later she was torn with humiliation, with unspeakable bitterness, that she should thus seek to reassure herself.

The attention she accorded Abbott became more and more perfunctory, but she could not get rid of him until she reached the ladies' entrance of the hotel.

He seemed to wish to be asked in, and was disposed to linger at the door and make conversation about small matters. She found it necessary to infuse into her formal "Good-afternoon" something of the spirit of a dismissal, which he accepted rather sulkily, and with another negligent pretense of lifting his hat he slowly dawdled down the sidewalk.

She found her room suffused with the red glow of the sunset, and along the golden shaft which slanted through the half-open blind the yellow motes were drifting and dancing. The sound of a canary bird's shrilling in the next room rose and fell unintermittingly, and the jingle of sleigh-bells came up from the street. Still in her hat and wraps, she sank upon a chair, and attempted to quiet the tumult at her heart, — a tumult which was a question, a protest, and an intolerable pain. She could only go over the ground again by exactly the processes she had followed before. She could only say it was impossible that her husband could deceive her in any matter, great or small, and that no doubt he would of his own accord explain, when he should return, the circumstances that had caused the change in his plans.

He did nothing of the sort. The sunlight faded. Twilight came on, and filled the still room with vague violet shadows. Presently the electric light outside cast a lividly white similitude of the window on the dark wall. A star looked in.

Kennett came at last; not hurriedly, — he never hurried, — but absorbed and inclined to silence. And yet, more absorbed, more silent than usual? — she demanded of herself, holding desperately to the theory she deemed endurable, and resolved to make every phase of circumstance conform to it. He was naturally serious and composed of manner; of late his gravity had increased. As to his making no mention of his afternoon engagement, she reminded herself, fighting her growing dismay, that little was ever said nowadays touching his professional life, — as little as in the early time of their marriage, when she had persistently kept from herself all knowledge of its every detail. It was natural that he should not speak of the duet, of the sudden necessity to practice it, of the possibility of its pleasing at the evening performance (when had he spoken of duets, or rehearsals, or performances?); that he should talk instead, in their usual desultory dinner-time *tête-à-tête*, on any casual subject that might arise, — the great cattle convention, for instance, the value of some of the badges worn by the delegates, the large number of people coming in on every train, the gigantic growth of the cattle interest, the immense fortunes achieved if a man had luck and pluck. This subject exhausted, they drifted into a slight discussion of some changes that had been made in the lighting of the dining-room since they were here last, and compared the house with others at which they had sojourned. They even spoke of the weather, and he remarked that the thaw had not yet set in. Their talk was very languid, and was broken by long silences.

After their meal Kennett left her at the elevator, saying that he had more than usual on hand, and was pressed for time.

And so back into her own room, to review word by word all that had been said, to speculate on what had not been said and why he was silent, to reiterate her assurances, alternately to rebel and wince because she found those assurances of less and less avail, — thus she passed the next three hours. Sometimes she felt that it was an inexpressible cruelty that she could not have had speech with him, and saved herself this ordeal of pain; she might at least have asked him about the sleigh-ride, and have judged if he had intentionally misled her. Then she pulled herself up sharply. Ask her husband in effect if he

had told her a lie? Ah, life was hard at best, but what an intolerable burden it would be when *that* should become a possibility!

Again she strung her will to its utmost tension. She forced herself to believe that she was glad she had not mentioned the matter. She might have lost her self-control. She might have made a scene, with tears and reproaches, and have earned with her own self-contempt his bitter contempt, even his aversion. He would not be to blame for aversion in such case, she said. She could never forgive herself if she had asked him a question which would imply even to herself a moment's doubt of him.

Yet ten minutes after his return from the theatre she asked this question, — carefully, judicially, coolly. With a sort of impersonal amazement, she heard herself speak the words she had resolved not to speak. Her will seemed as totally out of her own control as if it appertained to another entity.

"You did n't tell me about the sleigh-ride, Hugh," she said.

"I did not go with them," he replied.

It seemed to her that he spoke simply, naturally, without hesitation or reserve. But — he could act. She knew how well he could act.

"Old Verney flew into a rage this morning," continued Kennett, "because the trio in the finale did not go to suit him, and declared he intended to substitute a duo by Neukomm; it is rather rare and new here. Nobody believed him, but just as I was about to start with Foxley's crowd a messenger came, on a dead run, with the score, and I had to go to Mrs. Branner and get it up."

How simple, how reasonable, how perfectly credible! Her heart was growing light again.

"Was n't it dangerous to attempt it without a rehearsal with the orchestra?" she asked.

"Well, yes, rather risky; it is a difficult, crabbed piece of instrumentation. The flutes came very near getting into the woods several times. The whole thing would have been a fiasco with any soprano I know except Mrs. Branner. She fairly controlled those fools in the orchestra with her eye and her voice. Old Verney himself was scared."

There was a pause. Kennett had risen, and was standing looking down into the fire. He had a sort of retrospective contemplation on his face.

"Intelligence is a wonderful force," he said suddenly, with something like enthusiasm, "and what a voice she has! A lovely voice, — a very rare voice."

He seldom criticised any of his associates; it was still more seldom, actuated perhaps by professional jealousy, perhaps by the high standard of excellence of the artist, that he accorded praise.

Felicia said nothing. As he glanced down at her, he was struck by something in her face. Not an expression so much as an absence of expression, — a certain blankness; from intense feeling, or lack of feeling? from repression, or emotion, or indifference, or objection? He did not interpret it.

"I beg pardon for talking shop," he said, in deference to its possible meaning. "I know you don't like shop."

What was this new torture which beset her, this piercing, sudden pang that had resolved itself into a heavy pain, and would not relax its hold?

It appeared to her now that her terror of this afternoon that he had willfully deceived her was a small grief in comparison with what she felt when she remembered how his face had lighted as he spoke of that woman and praised her intelligence and her voice.

This was jealousy. On its indefinite, malevolent power she had speculated vaguely and pitifully as on some far-away calamity, in the nature of things infinitely removed from her lot, — as a pestilence, a fatal tide-wave, an earth-

quake in a foreign land, wreaking woe. Vaguely and pitifully, but an infusion of contempt had been admixed in her contemplation of that convulsion of the human soul. And now it was upon her with its terrors, its sense of irremediability, of inevitability, its intolerable pain, its humiliation, its despair.

Being what she was, she could not offer herself explanations, reasons, questions, now. The fact, the one insuperable, undeniable fact, remained, how his face had lighted when he spoke of that woman and of her voice, — a fact seemingly vast enough, predominant enough, to fill a universe; to exclude all other thought, all other care, all other considerations. Yet, vast as it was, presently there came to be room enough in her consciousness, being what she was, for an added realization to slip in, — the realization that they were all three of the operatic world, a shabby world from the standpoint of her previous existence; excluded, set apart from ordinary rules and traditions. It was perhaps meet, she said bitterly to herself, that in this alien world his wife should see his face light up at the name of this woman, — of such a woman!

This was the position in which she was placed, — she who had once been Felicia Hamilton, a cherished daughter, a loved sister, an admired heiress; so fortunately endowed as to be out of the reach of detraction or envy, out of the possibility of slight or supersedure. This was what it had all come to, — this absurd calamity, this most contemptible tragedy.

In the anguish of her wounded love and her writhing pride, in this first bitter experience of the torture of jealousy, she could still see the matter in its social aspect.

XV.

In the distribution of complex and delicate forces which combine to make up an intellectual entity, are the functions of certain faculties capable of only a fixed amount of work, or perhaps of work only in certain directions, precluding activity in other than accustomed channels? For instance, when an appeal was made to Kennett's carefully cultivated artistic sensibilities, they responded readily enough. Given a dramatic situation, elements of rage, despair, love, revenge, remorse, his consciousness was instantly imbued with an adequate realization of those emotions; alert to assume them as a habit; adroit to fix upon them the medium of word, look, and action appropriate for vivid portrayal. In this sense of a keen artistic susceptibility he did not lack imagination. From another point of view he did. In the simple and prosaic machinery of his life off the stage he was not quick to interpret complications of feeling; he was clumsy in the analysis of shades of manner. His experience had been of simple natures, — of soul developments that lay close to the surface, easily accessible.

In these days he misinterpreted Felicia in contradictory ways: sometimes he thought her cold; sometimes he thought her sullen; sometimes he was vaguely impressed with the idea that she was deeply and secretly unhappy, — a theory he rejected when her composed eyes met his, and her mechanically cheerful voice fell on the air. If it had been on the stage, he might have recognized it as bad acting; as it was, he did not recognize it as feigning at all.

Thus it was that the next morning, as he was about to start for rehearsal, he hesitated at the door, and turned back into the room in uncertainty.

"You don't have fresh air enough, Felicia," he said, abruptly. "I know you dislike dictation, but I think I ought to insist that you should be more in the open air. Keeping so closely in these hot rooms is enough to kill you. You look anything but well to-day."

"I have a headache," she said.

Her heart was thumping heavily; she was fighting with the emotion that strove to express itself in her voice, and so that voice seemed measured and cold.

"You would n't like to walk with me around to the theatre?" he asked, doubtfully, repulsed by her tone. "You need n't go in, you know, unless you choose."

"If you can wait a few moments," she replied, unexpectedly.

He came back into the room, threw himself into an armchair, still wearing his hat and overcoat, and resumed the morning paper.

She said to herself in scorn that it had come to a strange pass that a wife should be shaken, affected, agitated almost beyond control, if her husband condescended to notice that she was pale and asked her to walk with him; for as she adjusted her wraps her fingers were trembling with haste and eagerness.

An almost perfect physical organization, with its strong and subtle elasticity, its alert susceptibility to external conditions, has also intense endowments of hope and courage. It was strange to her that, under the influence of the sunshine, the air, and the motion, her heavy heart should grow lighter. She felt a sense of reassurance in the few words Kennett spoke; his very silence was all at once restful, so unstudied and natural did it seem. Her thoughts were slipping the leash of the subject which held them in thrall. She was half unconsciously noticing the circumstances about her, — the passing people, the vociferous English sparrows, the crisp sound of the crunching snow under their feet, the filmy lines of cirrus clouds drawing an almost imperceptible veil over the sky.

After she was seated in the semi-obscurity of the proscenium box, her thoughts went back to the efforts she had made six months before to share her husband's professional life. How hard she had tried! How completely she had failed! Was it her fault? In this unexpected lightening of her mood, she could review the stretch of time since she first sat looking on at a rehearsal with the determination to endure, to withstand, to concede. Was she right then? Was it a mistake to give up that resolve through fear of some ill to her precious ideals? Was not her happiness — and his — of more value than her standards? And if she could have done this, life would have been, perhaps, an easier thing; she would have been a happier woman. She could have taken her environment less tragically. She would have kept her hope, her spirit, her influence. In that case she might have met whatever charm was arrayed against her with conscious effort; with an intention to regain, to retain; with the potent countercharm of her own undismayed individuality. She looked across the stage at Mrs. Branner. She asked herself, Was a wife proposing the possible feasibility of entering the lists against another woman for the prize of her husband's heart, — of summoning the fascination of the coquette against another coquette? Under any circumstances, could she have so developed that that would be possible? Would it be well for her if she could? She said to herself, No. Love is a blessing or a curse, as fate wills; not a bauble to be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Never could she have come to such a pass as to truckle, to scheme, to bribe, to cajole.

Those members of the troupe whom she knew best came into the box, in the course of the rehearsal. Felicia noticed a certain change in their manner since the early days of her marriage, when she first visited the theatre. Then there had been a marked deference, even an evident awe, too sincere to be concealed. But she had become a familiar presence, and then had withdrawn herself. Perhaps something of

resentment was expressed in the sort of cavalier assertion she detected in them. Perhaps in her earlier acquaintance she had been too gentle, too conciliatory. She knew much of human nature through intuition, but she had not yet learned that the grace of concession is subject to misinterpretation. She had felt that she condescended in meeting them as on equal ground; they may have received her complaisance as admission of equality. Possibly it elicited in them, not appreciation, but self-aggrandizement; perhaps it had not lifted them, but had placed her on a lower plane in their estimation. *Après vous* is endurable only among social equals.

It may have been this feeling of resentment that influenced Mrs. Branner's manner when she too entered the box, with greetings and welcome. She in especial had been taken up on trial, as it were, in an effort to find her endurable, and dropped, — not an experience to be received patiently by a woman of pronounced vanity. The spark in her eyes, the ring in her voice, were not, however, so definite as to be distinctly discernible to normal sensibilities, but the delicate antennæ of Felicia's instincts, intensely on the alert, apprehended an antagonistic sentiment.

More vivacious than usual was Mrs. Branner; she had a fine color, and after the first few sentences of salutation she talked with fluency and eagerness, with lifting of her eyebrows and gestures of her ungloved hands, — large, soft, white, well-shaped, and delicately tended hands, that expressed some sort of supremacy and strength in their possessor, making merely pretty hands seem weak and ineffective.

A few moments after her entrance the conversation drifted from Felicia, and she found herself excluded, as she had no knowledge of the circumstances of which they spoke. She gathered that Mrs. Branner, having some time before received a small legacy, had invested it injudiciously, and was now disposed to sell out precipitately at a considerable loss. The others expostulated with varying degrees of earnestness. Once Felicia heard her husband quoted in Mrs. Branner's replies. She looked up quickly. Their eyes met. In that moment, replete with meaning, with the subtle forces of recognized and half-recognized emotions and antagonisms, whatever was the unexpressed thought that flashed from one to the other, it induced a sudden silence. The singer hesitated. Then, with a heightened flush and a quick change of expression, — a sort of indefinite lightening of look, — she went on: "Mr. Kennett says," and once, "Hugh thinks I had better take what I can get when I can get it."

Her lips were smiling, but there was a taunt in her eyes. The wife felt herself growing white; her eyes burned as they met that mocking glance. She rose slowly, saying nothing. To control her face; to make no sign which Abbott and Preston and Whitmore — all keen men, and alert by training to interpret minutiæ of manner as expressive of feeling — might detect; to remove herself from this plausible, mocking creature, with the smile upon her lips and cruelty in her eyes, — this was her one thought.

Rehearsal was over. The singers on the stage, invested with wraps and hats, lingered in groups, chatting or discussing the morning's work. The members of the orchestra were dispersing. Kennett was entering the box.

"You are ready to go?" he said to Felicia.

"Oh, Mr. Kennett, by the way!" cried Mrs. Branner, suddenly. "*Did* you stop at Cranlett's yesterday afternoon and get my photographs, as you promised? Of *course* you forgot. I *am* so sorry."

He thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat as if in sudden recollection.

"Of course I did not forget," he said. "Here they are."

He handed her the package, with a smile and a bow of exaggerated ceremoniousness. In the pleasantry was suggested much of the ease which characterizes two widely different states of feeling, — the superficial friendliness induced by a habit of constant and not disagreeable association, as well as the cordiality resulting from the more serious elements of congeniality.

Mrs. Branner was tall; her eyes were on a level with his. She looked straight at him with her own artless, dulcet smile.

"Oh, you dear boy!" she cried, vivaciously. "You never forget anything that *I* ask you."

He looked surprised. He moved away; he laughed constrainedly. As Mrs. Branner opened the package of photographs, he said again to Felicia, "You are ready to go? I am at your command."

"Wait one moment, only one moment," begged Mrs. Branner, "and see my pictures. Oh, how hideous!"

She distributed a number of cabinet photographs among the group, remarking that it was a shame to be so caricatured.

"What are you giving us?" said Abbott, scanning one of them. "It's perfectly dandy. You know you don't think they are hideous. You think they are particularly swell."

"Why didn't you get yourself taken in costume?" objected Preston. "You look like any other blonde woman in a black lace dress."

Felicia made no comment. Kennett observed that the likeness was good.

"I'll forgive you, Mr. Kennett," cried Mrs. Branner, coquettishly, as he was leaving the box, "if you have kept one of them! I don't intend to count them."

She tossed them gayly from one hand to the other.

"That's very good of you," declared Kennett, lightly.

Felicia looked over her shoulder as she went out. She it was who stealthily attempted to count them as they were shuffled by those smooth, shapely hands of Mrs. Branner's. How many did she hold? Preston had one; Whitmore held two, which he was comparing; Abbott had one; and had a dozen been taken, or half a dozen? Had Kennett one in his pocket? And the wife had caught herself trying to count them that she might know! The humiliation of it!

Added to those elements which had made her torture last night there had come to her now an ecstasy of anger that held her dumb. She might not speak lest she break all bounds of self-control.

As she and her husband retraced the way traversed only two hours ago with such different feelings, — with the dawning of hope, the possibility of courage, of endurance, of dispassionate reflection, — Felicia was perceiving vaguely that the most terrible phase of the passion which possessed her was its sharp alternations.

Kennett broke the silence as they neared the hotel.

"Did you notice," he said, with a reminiscent laugh, "how kittenish Mrs. Branner is to-day? Quite flirtatious."

He looked at her with smiling eyes, and she looked at him. Even her lips were white.

"I do not choose to talk about that woman," she said, icily.

He seemed at a loss. His smile faded, and his face wore an expression of surprise.

"Ah, well," he said, with a sudden depression of manner, "if you don't want to talk of her, I am sorry I mentioned her."

It was now Felicia's chief care to preserve her self-command. She looked forward with dread to the afternoon alone with Kennett. With her inflexi-

ble sense of what she deemed due to herself, what she felt life and others owed her, she shrank with inexpressible repugnance from the thought that she might lose her hold upon herself and betray the torment of jealousy that she was enduring. Justifiable or unjustifiable, she felt that nothing could lighten the degradation that she should go through such an experience, and that he should know it.

Chance intervened to spare her the ordeal of an afternoon's tête-à-tête. Kennett asked, just after luncheon, if she would not make a call on Abbott's wife, who was ill and "blue."

"He told me he wished you would come. His family live here, you know. You won't mind it if it is a little distasteful to you? They live rather shabbily, I believe. Their expenses are pretty heavy. He says they are as poor as Job's turkey this year."

His tone was apologetic and a trifle anxious. He looked at her in uncertainty.

"It will give me pleasure to go," she replied, gravely. "He did not mention it to me, either to-day or yesterday afternoon. I had a long talk with him yesterday. I am sorry I did not know before that his wife is ill."

Then she said to herself in much bitterness of spirit: "Hugh thinks I am a most consummate snob, and perhaps I am; but it seems to me that I don't object to Mr. Abbott's poverty as to pocket, but as to soul."

She rose, and took from the wardrobe her cloak and bonnet.

"If you will order a carriage," she said, "I will go at once."

He looked at her, with strong impatience in his face. He spoke sharply. He so seldom let go his self-control that that which in another man might have seemed only irritability seemed in him extreme anger.

"Felicia, do you *desire* to be so extravagant?" he asked. "Is it through perversity that you spend money so foolishly? I have remonstrated again and again. You know how I am situated. We can't afford carriages for casual afternoon outings and shopping. The livery bill is already unreasonably high. Why not go in the horse cars, like other people?"

She returned his look fixedly. There was something in her face, difficult of interpretation, which made him sorry he had spoken so abruptly. Yet she did not appear hurt, and in her expression came a sort of indulgence; a dawning softness contended with the underlying pain.

"I will go in the horse cars," she replied, quietly. "I did n't remember the expense of a carriage."

He walked about the room in perturbation. Apologies did not come very easily to him. He was used to being in the right. Still he made an effort.

"I don't intend to be cross," he said, penitently, "but you seem very thoughtless, and I am worried to death about money."

She made no reply for a moment; then, as she tied her bonnet-strings under her chin, she gave a bitter little laugh.

"How happy a human being must be," she said, "to have for a *bête noire* only — money!"

He accompanied her downstairs, hailed a car, assisted her into it, and gave the conductor directions where she was to stop and change cars. The vehicle trundled on drearily through the murky streets; for the clouded and dense air, permeated with the thick smoke from the bituminous coal of many factories, was almost a tangible medium; though still early in the afternoon, twilight seemed already close at hand.

A sort of lethargy had succeeded the vividness of Felicia's emotions; her thoughts dwelt with the heaviness and inelasticity of a fatigued mind on the subject which absorbed her. She was only indefinitely conscious that her feet

were cold; that she shivered in the biting draught, as the door was opened for the admission or exit of passengers; that the straw in the bottom of the dingy car was spotted with tobacco juice; that her companions were for the most part old women with market baskets, and middle-aged men who diffused the odor of garlic as they animatedly conversed in guttural tones, with many an "ach" and "Gott," and the wild gesticulation of unbridled argument.

When the car stopped, and the conductor opened the door and signified that she had reached her destination, she descended into a region unfamiliar to her.

"Your car 'll be along torec'ly, lady," he said, as he gave the driver the signal to proceed. When he reached the next corner, he suddenly thumped the rail of the platform with his big glove in recollection. "Bless the Lord, if I did n't put her out on the wrong street!" he exclaimed. "The cars go *down* that street and *up* the next."

He laughed a little at the thought of her discomfiture, and stopped the car for a fat Irishwoman with a basket, — clothes, this time.

Felicia stood for some minutes on the corner, waiting for a car. Several passed going down, none going up. So little were sundry practical phases of life familiar to her that she did not notice that the track was a single one, and that no car could of necessity go in the direction she wished to take. The wind whistled around the corner on which she stood. She shivered as it struck her, and finally began to walk up the street; pausing now and then, and looking over her shoulder, in the hope of being overtaken by the big, lumbering vehicle. Her thoughts had been diverted into a new channel, and she became, as she walked, more and more alertly conscious of the unaccustomed phases of life suddenly presented to her view.

It was no doubt a serious misfortune to Felicia that whatever she deeemd objectionable angered as well as repelled her. She could not endure with indifference that people should be stupid or ill-natured, boorish, foolish, overdressed or inappropriately dressed; that they should not know what to say, and when and how to say it; that they should not move with ease and have good manners. Her respect for the proprieties, the decorous and seemly in life, had been cultivated until it was almost a religion. With all her mental scope and avidity of imagination, she had not enough of the poetic gift to see anything picturesque in poverty through its repulsiveness. She had known so little of lowly lives and their surroundings that she had slight sympathetic insight or appreciation of the woes, the heroism, the struggles; she saw only the grotesque exterior. To-day she was brought into closer contact with those sorry conditions than ever she had been before. Her own deep absorptions gave way to the contemplation of this unlovely status. Her way took her through one of the humbler retail arteries of the city, which, while respectable, were in their shabbiness far removed from the well-to-do, fashionable pathways. She saw frowzy, anxious, peevish women; noisy, neglected children; whistling, quarreling boys; coarse-faced men; shabby tenement houses, — all repeated *ad infinitum* along the vistas of the side streets. It was a positive offense to her that the shop windows should be filled with tawdry finery, — absurdly imitating the fashions, — placarded with figures far beyond their value, but indicative of marvelous cheapness; that forlorn feminine gulls should chaffer over the counters attaining these, or covetously gaze at them from without; that in front of the huckster shops crates of vegetables and coops containing restless live chickens and ducks should impede her way; that she should pass saloons with rough men

lounging about. The din was deafening; great wagons laden with iron bars clanged by in continuous succession; the air was now and again pierced with the shrill tones of fruit-venders, the still more dissonant notes of the knife-grinder's bell, and the doleful cry of "Rags! rags! rags!"

By degrees she entered a quieter region. The shops were fewer and dwellings were more numerous. A series of vacant lots, with piles of ashes and tin cans, gave nevertheless a welcome sense of space and air, and in this vicinity she found the address that had been furnished her. It was a small brick dwelling, placed considerably back from the street, in a ragged front yard. The bell wire was broken, and it was only after a persistent knocking, which left her knuckles sore, that Felicia heard first a shrill voice calling peremptorily, then the sound of steps. They were strange, rattling, thumping, irregular steps, rising above a mingled chorus of loud exclamations, as of fright or anger, and convulsive laughter. After a few moments of fumbling at the bolt the door suddenly flew open, and revealed a tall, slim girl of twelve, wearing a dark calico dress and a white apron; she had a shock of curly brown hair, and was uncertainly balanced on a pair of roller skates. Two or three younger children, following her, had apparently impeded her progress. All were panting and flushed as if from a recent struggle.

"Mrs. Abbott?" she repeated, in answer to Felicia's inquiry, looking at her with a hard stare, at once curious and indifferent, from under her tousled bangs, and vigorously working her jaws upon an exceedingly obdurate piece of chewing-gum. "Come in," she added, shortly. Then she thrust her head into a door close at hand, and calling out, "Sister Jenny — lady wants to see you!" skated off; eluding the suddenly outstretched hands of her companions, balancing herself with her swaying arms, — she was evidently a novice, — and laughing wildly.

The sordidness, the shabby disarray, deepened Felicia's intense depression, as she stood hesitating in the dusty, unkempt hall, and she was not reassured when Mr. Abbott appeared at the open door. He was in his shirt sleeves; his waistcoat and trowsers were profusely and freshly wrinkled; his hair was tumbled, and his eyes were bloodshot and swollen. He was plainly just awake, and when, still somewhat dazed, he invited her in, she was sorry she had come. There was so evidently no preparation for the reception of visitors that, as she took the offered chair near the fire, she felt painfully that her call was an intrusion.

The woman in a faded calico wrapper, sitting in an easy-chair, supported by pillows and half enveloped in a blanket, wore on her sharp, thin features so many expressions that it was hard to say which predominated, — melancholy, physical suffering, discontent. The room was sparsely furnished, but in great disorder; the scattered articles giving it an overcrowded appearance.

Mr. Abbott did not have to be awake long to achieve his unreasoning perversity. With that sharp insight of hers, Felicia divined that he was pleased because she had come, and that, contradictory as usual, he resented it as patronage.

"You must take us as you find us," he said. "It 's not a very elegant way to live; but every man can't put up at the swell hotels, like Kennett. All of us were not so lucky as to marry heiresses."

He smiled with an air of amiable inadvertence, and reflected that this stroke would cut both Felicia and his wife, who was gazing at the visitor with a face of blank amaze.

Felicia realized that he had spoken to Kennett of the illness in his family in such a way as to make her husband feel

that she had been remiss in not coming before, but without the slightest desire that she should come at all. She usually had herself under good control, but now she was cruelly embarrassed. She had colored deeply; her voice faltered as she spoke to the wife. "I am sorry you are ill," she said.

"I never am well," returned Mrs. Abbott. "This is the meanest climate in the world."

She had a certain peculiar twang, caused apparently, to some extent, by pronouncing the letter *r* with a singular twist of intonation and in the roof of the mouth.

"The climate is very changeable," said Felicia, sympathetically.

"Say! you 're always putting it on something!" exclaimed Abbott to his wife, with sour jocoseness. "Yesterday 't was because the kids worried your life out."

"Well, they *are* a bother," retorted Mrs. Abbott.

"And none of them are worth the powder and lead 't would take to kill them, are you, Tom?" added Abbott, addressing a stout youngster of three years, who had come in from the back room and planted himself before Felicia, at whom he was gazing with sharp gray eyes. As his father spoke, he turned upon him for a moment his irregular, preternaturally intelligent features; then shaking off the half-caressing, half-teasing paternal hand from his head, which he had crowned with the remnants of an old blonde wig, that gave him an inexpressibly elfish and comical appearance, he again gravely addressed himself to staring at the visitor.

Felicia took the little boy's pudgy hand in hers and asked him his name, to which he vouchsafed no reply; then, as his attention was attracted to her muff, he passed his other hand along the fur, and looked up at her with a dawning smile.

"Are you going to take the rôle of Ludovic," said Felicia, "with your long lovelocks, like your papa?"

"No," said the child, promptly, "he sings ugly; he 's mean; I hate him."

Abbott burst out laughing. "That plucky little rascal ain't afraid of man or beast," he declared, pridefully. "Sometimes he is great friends with me. I don't know what ails him to-day."

He rose and went into the other room. "He 's got to have his snack," said his wife; "he always eats something when he wakes up. Nelly fixes it for him since I 've been sick so much."

Through the open door Felicia could see a young woman moving about; there was something vaguely familiar in her appearance, which presently was recognizable as the recollection of the chorus singer whom the manager had mimicked, on the occasion of that first attendance at rehearsal.

"Nelly 's my sister," said Mrs. Abbott, who seemed pleased with a new acquaintance, and glad of an opportunity to talk. "She stays with me when the troupe is here, and helps me a deal about my young ones. She 's in the chorus now, but she 'll get her chance some day. She 's quick an' smart, an' she 's understudied ever so many parts. I tell her to keep clear of marryin', if she knows what 's good for her."

The subdued roar of a gasoline stove was on the air, and presently the aroma of coffee arose, mingled with the odor of the burning gasoline and of broiling meat. The mantelpiece in the adjoining room, seen through the open door, was ornamented with a large assortment of tin tomato and fruit cans and some wooden butter-boats; a section of a table covered with a red lunch-cloth, and holding several plates, cups, and saucers, was also in full view. Soon there was heard the clatter of a knife and fork, above which was the sound of voices in subdued altercation. Suddenly, Abbott, tilted back in his chair, became visible in the doorway.

"Nelly wants me to ask you to have something. Come in, if you think you can stand such snide cooking as hers," he said with a grin, "but I don't promise you much."

Nelly also appeared in the doorway, all trace of her pertness gone, flushed and confused.

"I can bring you something, — you need n't move," she said, diffidently.

There is some merit in Madame Sevier's system, after all, — or perhaps it was only inborn instinct that prompted Felicia. "I have just had dinner," she said, — she realized that Abbott would consider it "frills" if she called the meal luncheon, — "but I should be glad of a cup of coffee."

They were all pleased that she should take it, and Mrs. Abbott was perhaps pleased as well that it should be taken here, and that the dishevelment of the other room was not also fully on exhibition. The coffee was very bad and very badly made, but Felicia drank it heroically; and it is possible that her assertion that she enjoyed it will, on the day of final reckoning, meet with leniency, in view of extenuating circumstances.

Nelly had placed a plate on the floor beside two little girls, who addressed to her not one word, but mechanically and absently devoured their meal, while they did not cease to carry their respective dolls through the various episodes that presented themselves to apparently redundant imaginations. The half-grown sister, still on skates, walked noisily through the room, and seated herself at the table in the inner apartment. The boy climbed up to his chair beside her, and calmly disposed of whatever pleased him, feeding himself unceremoniously with his chubby fingers.

It was evident that this was the usual family life in the queer home. Was it necessarily, she wondered, so forlorn a home? Did it require all their time, and thought, and effort merely to live, to the exclusion of neatness, of beauty, of comfort, of the becoming and appropriate? At any rate, a little gentleness and tender consideration might inhabit it with them, instead of the husband's jeering pleasantries, and the wife's weak complainings, and Nelly's pettish temper, aroused more than once by Abbott's mocking sallies.

Felicia brought the visit to a close as soon as possible, without making merely a duty call. This was, however, the way Abbott chose to regard the incident.

"I 'm glad Kennett sent you," he said, as he accompanied her to the front door. "Jenny don't have many pleasures. Why," he broke off, in simulated surprise, looking down the street, "where 's your carriage? You came in the street cars? I should n't suppose you 'd condescend to ride in them, like any ordinary person. Is Kennett gettin' stingy to you? Ah, well, love's young dream is not what it 's cracked up to be, is it?" His face was deeply wrinkled with his mocking smile, particularly intense at this moment.

Bearing away this last sarcasm as a sort of flavor, giving a biting character to her other troublous emotions, Felicia left the house and walked up the street. What mistaken impulse controlled her that, in this mood, she should, instead of signaling the car going down town, turn her face in the direction of her brother's house!

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

During the last year the National Civil Service Commission has been able to do a piece of work which seems to me to deserve particular attention as an object lesson in practical civil service reform. For the first time since the Commission fairly began operations in 1883, we have succeeded in getting such a number of applicants from the Southern States to enter our examinations that these States have now received their full share of appointments in the departmental service at Washington; and the most gratifying feature about this is that the great bulk of the men and women thus appointed to positions in the government service from these States are politically opposed to the party in power.

The purpose of the Civil Service Commission is to secure an absolutely non-partisan public service; to have men appointed to and retained in office wholly without reference to their politics. In other words, we desire to make a man's honesty and capacity to do the work to which he is assigned the sole tests of his appointment and retention. In the departmental service at Washington we have succeeded in putting a nearly complete stop to removals for political purposes. Men are retained in the departments almost wholly without regard to politics. But it has been a matter of more difficulty to get them to come forward and enter the examinations without regard to politics.

The task set us is very difficult. We have to face the intense and interested hostility of the great mass of self-seeking politicians, and of the much larger mass of office-seekers, whose only hope of acquiring office rests in political influence, and is immediately cut off by the application of any, even the most modest, merit test. We have to overcome popular indifference or ignorance, and we have to do constant battle with that spirit of mean and vicious cynicism which so many men, respectable enough in their private life, assume as their attitude in public affairs.

Our chief difficulty, however, arises from the slowness with which the popular mind takes to any new theory, and from its inability, by no means wholly unnatural, to discriminate between the branches of the service where the law does apply and those where it does not. For over sixty years American citizens have grown accustomed to seeing the public service treated as so much plunder, to be parceled out among the adherents of the victorious party for the time being. No other cause during these sixty years has been so potent in effecting the degradation of public life and in working a real and serious harm to the national character. In the course of the last few years a portion of the public service, that known as the classified service, with which alone the Commission has to do, has been withdrawn from the degrading and demoralizing effects of this patronage system; but the greater portion still remains outside the classified service, and therefore in the hands of the spoils-mongers. There are about thirty thousand places in the classified service, and in the neighborhood of four times that number outside of it. Now, the average citizen does not draw any fine distinctions between classified and unclassified places, and can with difficulty be made to appreciate that the systems of entrance into and retention in the two branches of the service have absolutely nothing in common. When he sees a fourth-class postmaster turned out for purely political reasons, and an employee of the Census Bureau appointed only because he has influential political friends,

it is hard for him to understand that politics has absolutely nothing to do with the appointment or retention of a government clerk in Washington or of a letter-carrier in one of the larger post offices. If political considerations enter into the one case, he cannot understand why they should not enter into the other. Of course there is a certain justification for this attitude. There can be no earthly reason for retaining the bulk of the civil service of the country under the old patronage system when the merit system has been applied to the remainder, including by far the most important places, and has been found to work admirably. There should be no more politics in the appointment of a fourth-class postmaster than in the appointment of a letter-carrier in a large city; and indeed I may go further, and say that there should be no politics in the appointment of any postmaster anywhere, or of any other governmental employee, save where his position is really political. However, at present we are confronted with a public service part of which is managed chiefly with regard to political considerations, and part of which is not, and the average outsider is inevitably somewhat confused by the contrast.

Again, the utter recklessness of the ordinary party newspaper and party orator, whether Republican, Democratic, or Independent, is a very serious drawback to creating a public belief in the honesty of the reform system. Each newspaper wishes to make a point against its foes, and so is loath to give the party to which it is opposed credit for honesty in anything. No matter what administration is in power, most of the newspapers politically opposed to it loudly proclaim that the civil service law is not faithfully observed; and they are always able to point to innumerable and flagrant instances where, outside the law, wholesale removals are being made for purely political reasons. Thus they create in the minds of the adherents of the party to which they belong a genuine disbelief in the honesty of the system, and a reluctance to come forward and take the examinations. When a man is told authoritatively by people of his own party that he will not have a fair show even if he does go into the examinations, he often believes the statement, and does not take the trouble to test it personally. To this cause more than to any other is attributable the difficulty of getting men who belong to the party out of power to come into the examinations.

All these and some other causes have been particularly active in the Southern States. Until very recently, the people in these States, as a whole, knew comparatively little about the workings of the law in Washington, while they have seen their local offices administered by every national administration purely on the patronage system. Moreover, the large majority of the men whose education and qualifications fit them for clerical positions at Washington belong to the party opposed to the present administration; and until a few months ago these men took it for granted that their political affiliations forbade them to hope for any appointment. Finally, there has been much less tendency among the Southerners than among the Northerners to try to enter the public service at Washington on any terms. Even during Mr. Cleveland's administration, when the Democratic party was in power, the Southern States fell steadily behind in their quotas.

When the present Commission took office, in May, 1889, it found that the Southern States stood at the foot of the list as regards the number of appointments they had received, the Gulf States in particular being very far behind. For over a year we worked in vain to remedy this inequality. We would hold examinations in the North for many hundreds of applicants, whereas in the

South it would be with the utmost difficulty we could gather a scant half dozen. At last a chance was given us which we seized eagerly. Congress passed a law authorizing the appointment of some six hundred additional clerks in the departments at Washington; and we took advantage promptly of this circumstance to get the Southern quotas level with the rest. Had we relied purely on the regular examinations advertised in the regular way, the North would have received an utterly disproportionate share of these six hundred appointments, and the South would have been left so far behind in the apportionment that it would have been practically impossible ever to get it up again. But as soon as the law was passed we arranged for two special series of examinations to be held in all the Southern States, notably the Gulf States. At the same time we advertised these examinations and the reasons for holding them in all the Southern papers; and, to call public attention to the subject, I held, at the office of the Commission, a meeting, at which a large number of the Congressmen from the different Southern States, together with many of the reporters of the various Southern papers, were present. To these Southern Congressmen and reporters I set forth the situation, laying especial stress upon the fact that a man's politics or creed had nothing to do with his entering the classified service, and adding that no "influence" of any kind would help an applicant, as I had requested the Congressmen to be present merely in order that they might advertise the facts in their several districts. I explained carefully that we could guarantee absolute impartiality as regards examining, marking, and certifying the candidates. I further explained that, under the law, the appointing officer had a certain liberty of rejection among the applicants certified which amounted to allowing him to reject two out of five, but that we were determined to get up the quotas of the Southern States to their proper level, and would certify these States first, and that I could therefore guarantee that of those standing highest on our lists from the Southern States sixty per cent. would be appointed. I added my firm belief that more than this number would be appointed, as my experience for a year and a half in the departments has convinced me that, in the great bulk of cases, the appointing officer knows nothing whatever of the politics of the men appointed from our lists, and even when he does know usually pays little heed to this consideration. He wishes a good clerk who will reflect credit on his office, and in most cases he is heartily glad to get rid of all political pressure in the matter.

Events made my guarantee more than good. The law was passed about midsummer, 1890. We began our examinations at the end of July, continuing them until the beginning of October. More men came into them from the Southern States than had come into the Civil Service Commission's examinations during any three years of its previous history. In July Louisiana was the farthest behind in its apportionment of all the States of the Union, having had only about half of the appointments she was entitled to. In November she stood among those States at the head of the list, having had two more than she was entitled to. In all, the South obtained nearly three hundred of the six hundred appointments, and the Southern States now stand almost exactly level with the Northern as regards their quotas. Every one was examined, marked, and certified without the least reference to anything but the record he himself made in the examination, and in nine cases out of ten the appointing officers chose the men in the order of their standing. Thus, among those entering the July, August, September, and early October examinations in the Southern States, of the two

hundred and sixty standing highest on the lists two hundred and thirty-one, or about eighty-nine per cent., were appointed, instead of the sixty per cent. which I had guaranteed. The men who were passed by were usually men standing practically on a level with the lowest of those who were appointed, the choice being evidently made for perfectly good and sound reasons. Not an instance of political discrimination came to our ears.

We of course knew nothing of the politics of any of the clerks until after they had been examined, marked, certified, and appointed; but since this was done much information has come to me as to the character and political leanings of the bulk of the Southern appointees. It had been freely asserted that we should not be able to get any but people of color and Northern emigrants to come into our examinations, but the direct reverse has proved true. Of the new appointees from the Southern States, a proportion — in the neighborhood of a fourth, I believe — were people of color; and indeed one merit of the system has been the utter disregard of color. The colored people thus appointed were mostly graduates of the different colored colleges; in very few instances did a colored politician of the stamp so well known to the ordinary dispensers of government patronage secure a place. Hardly any men who were Northern by birth got on the lists of these States, and over two thirds of the appointees were native-born Southern whites, who had lived practically all their lives in the districts from which they came. In the overwhelming majority of cases these native-born Southern whites were Democrats.

Recently I have talked with many of these new Southern appointees. Almost every one of the whites with whom I have come in contact has been a Democrat. So far as I could find out, they had never thought much about entering the civil service, until the facts were prominently brought to their eyes by the advertisements and interviews above mentioned. They had then decided to stand their chances. The successful applicant was, as a rule, some man trained in the common or high schools of the neighborhood, who did not see much opening for himself in his native town or village, and thought he should like to try the larger life at Washington. Often two or three came from the same town, or from the same small academy or agricultural college. They had talked the matter over among themselves, upon seeing the announcement of the examinations, and had decided to try their luck, though in most instances, as they frankly told me, they had little or no expectation of being appointed. They were usually people who had not taken any very active part in politics, and, moreover, they had no acquaintance or backing among politicians having influence with the administration at Washington. They rarely attempted to invoke any outside assistance whatever. My experience goes to show that those who did attempt to exert political influence were men of inferior ability, who, as a matter of fact, did not stand well in the examinations, and consequently were not appointed. Ordinarily, the first thing the successful applicants knew about their standing any chance for appointment was when they received the notice of the appointment itself. In almost every instance, among those I spoke to (and this applies to those from the Northern no less than to those from the Southern States), the appointee came on and took his position without having even mentioned the fact that he was an applicant for office to any politician in or out of Congress. Indeed, I have found it to be a general rule that those who rely on congressional influence are men whose abilities are too slender to give them any chance of getting the positions they seek, and who accordingly fail.

I am thus able to state authoritatively that, in a series of examinations for governmental positions at Washington, the bulk of the successful applicants — those who passed and were appointed — were men opposed in politics to the administration in power.

I have spoken of the Southern States in particular, because we know that most of the Southerners who came forward were Democrats, and therefore their appointment affords a striking instance of the good faith with which the law is being executed, and of the excellent results attained in consequence. I have every reason to believe that the appointments from the Northern States were made as absolutely without regard to politics, but the result is less striking as regards these States, because, so far as I can find out, the majority, though by no means all, of the applicants from them who entered our examinations were Republicans. Among the appointees from the great cities, however, there were plenty of Democrats. Thus, of the two hundred and fifty-eight applicants standing highest on the lists from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota, two hundred and forty-seven were appointed. These figures afford very nearly positive proof that there has not been the slightest political discrimination in making the appointments from these various lists.

It is noteworthy that the men and women appointed in this manner have given entire satisfaction. I have heard nothing but praise of them from the officers under whom they are serving. Many have already been promoted. Of seven I am able to speak from personal experience, as they were appointed to our own office, and it would be impossible to wish for more zealous and efficient clerks.

Be it observed that this result was accomplished quietly and smoothly, by natural operation of law, without friction or scandal of any kind. No politician had to be consulted, nor a particle of "influence" secured. We advertised the examinations and furnished blanks to all applicants. All they had to do was to go to the place nearest their home where the examination was held and be examined; they were then graded, and if their mark warranted it were certified, and nine times out of ten were appointed. The prizes were thrown open to honest, manly competition, and the best men won; feeling, moreover, that they won because they deserved it, and not because they had been able to render service to some party chief.

Contrast this with what would have occurred had these six hundred appointments been made under the old patronage system. In that case, the instant the law authorizing the making of the appointments was passed shoals of office-seekers would have swarmed to Washington, and every department would have been filled with a clamorous crowd of politicians of every grade, each demanding his share of the spoil. For every one place it is safe to say there would have been twenty applicants, and probably double that number. The appointments would have been given to the men having the most political influence, and until they were made not a cabinet officer who had them in his gift would have been able to do a stroke of the work which he was appointed to do, or in fact anything but listen to and balance the representations and recommendations of Senators, Congressmen, and local party chiefs. Instead of simply taking an examination, and then going on with his usual work until, if at all, he was appointed, the average applicant would have come to Washington, where he would have wasted two or three months, very likely have failed to get an appointment, and have gone back to his home out of pocket, out of temper, sore, dispirited, and embittered. The papers would have been full of the contests

between rival chiefs, engendered by the scramble for patronage. I am a strong Republican, and I say quite seriously that it is my belief that if, last summer, these six hundred appointments to office had been made under the patronage system instead of under the action of the civil service law, the already sufficiently slender Republican representation in the next Congress would have been still further decreased to the extent of at least half a dozen Congressmen. Half the factional fighting in any congressional district is due to squabbles over patronage. No matter how many places there are, they cannot begin to go around among the hungry expectants, and when they are all taken out of politics the benefit will be really immeasurable.

The quotas of the Southern States were thus raised by the appointment, under a non-partisan law, of nearly three hundred clerks, the majority of them being Democrats. The Commission did this at a time when the Republican party was absolutely dominant, the administration and both branches of the national legislature being under its control. It seems to me that no better proof could be desired of the honest non-partisanship with which the law is now being executed at Washington. We have been able to show clearly to the country at large that people can and do get appointments in the departmental service entirely without regard to politics. Incidentally, the vivid contrast between the methods that obtain in the classified departmental service and those that are followed in dealing with fourth-class postmasters offers an instructive commentary on the relative worth of the merit and spoils systems.

If the elections of 1892 retain the Republican party in control, I trust that, after the experience of last summer, applicants for departmental places from the Southern States will continue to come forward without regard to their politics. If in 1892 the Democratic party is reinstated in power, I trust that the Executive and Congress then elected, seeing that, at Washington, the law has been executed under a Republican administration so as to do justice to Democrats, will, from motives of pride no less than from every consideration of patriotic statesmanship, do all that is possible to keep the system on an absolutely non-partisan basis. At least those who desire the law to be upheld will be strengthened; for belief that such a law is not faithfully observed by one administration always renders it doubly difficult for the law's supporters to have it observed by the next administration.

In conclusion, I wish to state that all the proceedings of the Commission are open, and that any one who wishes can test for himself the truth of the statements I have made. Our registers are public. If any Democratic or Republican paper in the country wishes to look into the results of the examinations, the facts concerning which I have described, all it has to do is to instruct its Washington correspondent to come to the rooms of the Commission. We will at once show him our books, and he can see for himself who took the examinations from a given State, who passed, and who were appointed. In particular, the correspondent of a Southern newspaper can at any time get a list of all those appointed during the past few months, and can publish them in his paper, and thus the people of that locality can very easily find out whether partisanship has been shown in making the appointments. Many of the Southern newspapers helped us greatly by the interest they took in our efforts to get the quotas of their States up to the required level; the New Orleans Picayune especially rendering us very valuable aid.

Theodore Roosevelt.

A LONG-UNPAID DEBT.

At the last session of the United States Congress, an attempt was made to include in one of the appropriation bills a clause for the payment of a portion of what are known as the "French Spoliation claims." It was rejected by the House of Representatives, though favored in the Senate. The claimants are pressing their case again in the present session. They have behind them a public sentiment which demands the long-deferred payment of these debts, — debts which the nation has morally, if not legally, owed for ninety years.

Every child at school who studies American history is taught that the alliance with France was the turning-point of our War for Independence. What gave Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga its immense importance was the fact that it fixed the French king and his ministers in their determination to assist the revolting colonies, and by that means obtain revenge on England for the humiliating Peace of 1763. Two treaties of alliance and commerce between France and the United States were signed in 1778; and the astute statesmen who then directed the councils of Louis XVI. believed that they had virtually secured for France a dependent empire in America as valuable at least as that lost at the Peace of Paris. By these treaties, not only did the United States undertake to guarantee the integrity of the French possessions in America, but, as one element of the strict and perpetual alliance, admitted the French vessels to peculiar privileges in the ports of the United States in the event of a war with a third power.

So long as the reign of Louis XVI. lasted, and even into the early days of the French Revolution, these treaties had their sway, and the relations of the United States with France continued to be sympathetic and friendly, while those with England were proportionately hostile and uncomfortable. But with the rule of the Convention and the Jacobins an entire change took place. The impudent construction put by Genet on the treaty of alliance found no favor with Washington or his cabinet; and in the year 1793, when all law, municipal or international, was set at naught by the Convention, a variety of decrees were passed, by virtue of which American shipping was subjected to a series of outrages contrary not only to the treaty of alliance and commerce, but to any principles of maritime seizure recognized among civilized nations. Vessels were captured by French war-craft, often with circumstances of extreme insolence and cruelty; carried into port, on the most frivolous excuses, at a distance from any proper prize court; and the vessel and cargo disposed of without any proper adjudication, supposing they could have been fit subjects for a prize court at all.

There can be little doubt, if we read history as a whole, that these spoliations were part of that universal system of lawless plunder which characterized the whole career of the French Convention. In the terrific war that the Jacobins were waging, partly for national independence, partly for their fantastic theories of human rights, and partly to gratify their own malignity, they found themselves in a state of bankruptcy, in which they were bound to lay hands on anything and everything capable of filling their worse than empty treasury. Drawn as France was into a naval war with England, and straining every nerve to plunder British commerce, her sea-captains and admiralty judges, if such a name can be applied to those who pronounced judgment on American cap-

tures, were not likely to make accurate distinctions between English and American vessels. Many of them did not know the difference, and many of those who did were too rapacious or too corrupt, too eager to make a valuable capture or to be paid for releasing it, to exercise any intelligent or honorable discretion.

Moreover, the French Convention was both surprised and disgusted with the attitude which the United States was rapidly assuming toward England. That the old French alliance should have lost its force, that the recent English insolence should be forgotten, that the young republic could possibly be more inclined to friendship with her old enemy than her old friend, and should hesitate to join heart and soul with Saint-Just and Robespierre in a holy war for the rights of man, was probably an incredible puzzle to most of the Convention who thought on the subject at all. This is shown by the singular way in which it vacillated backward and forward as to the decrees which authorized the spoliations; now declaring that the ships of the United States should be subject to them, and now exactly the reverse.

From the beginning the spoliations which our merchants were undergoing attracted the attention of the United States government. It was all important that our commerce should be saved. The only revenue to speak of which we had wherewith to carry on the nation came from the custom house; and if our trade was to be at the mercy of every French privateer our treasury would be depleted. Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State, issued in 1793 a special address to the merchants of the United States, assuring them that the administration of Washington would exert itself to obtain reparation for past and security against future spoliations. Morris and Monroe tried in vain to get from the wayward, selfish, impracticable agents of France any satisfaction for what must be regarded as violations of all common as well as all treaty rights by any one who pretended to be a civilized negotiator at all. The French constantly fell back on the contention that the United States had failed to carry out the view which France held of the treaty of alliance, and particularly after the negotiation of Jay's treaty, which admitted the vessels of England and America to almost identical privileges with those secured to French and Americans in the treaty of 1778. The fact of the spoliations was too obvious, and their variance with all international law too undoubted, to be seriously denied. At one time a fanciful ground of seizure had been trumped up that most American vessels were unprovided with a species of register called in French a *rôle d'équipage*, even when they were equipped with all lists and manifests demanded by United States law.

The misunderstandings went on, — the spoliations went on; the two countries seemed drifting faster and faster into war. Yet no war was declared. *Prima facie* the treaties of 1778 still remained in force, even though it might be held, on one or the other side, that they had been violated by the conduct of the French, or abrogated by Jay's treaty. The commerce of the United States was getting seriously crippled. On every account it became necessary to bring matters to some settlement. The celebrated commission of Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry was appointed, and in their instructions it was most plainly mentioned that reparation was to be demanded for the spoliations by the organization of a proper body to review any complaints of the kind made by either nation.

It is well known how these commissioners were treated by the government of the Directory. Not only were they refused public recognition, but in the secret and tortuous communications which were opened with them it was put to them unmistakably that America could

obtain nothing from France except by bribery, — direct purchase both of the directors and of other persons.[1] Marshall and Pinckney soon returned in disgust; Gerry held out a little longer. The outrages continued. Congress in 1798 declared the treaty of 1778 abrogated by the action of the French; an army was organized, Washington was appointed lieutenant-general, letters of marque and of reprisal — not the same thing, though often spoken of as such — were issued to American merchantmen, and armed encounters, some of a very severe character, took place on the ocean between the ships of the United States navy and the predatory craft of the French. Still, war was not actually declared by Congress, the only power capable, by the Constitution, of such action. The specific and peculiar obligations of the treaties of 1778 might be at an end, so far as our own citizens went; but France had not recognized their termination, and not even that would have released her from the general obligations of international law. At last the advent of Buonaparte to power led to hopes of a peaceful and equitable settlement of difficulties, as it was well known that he was anxious to restore the international credit of France, so sadly shaken by the events of the preceding eight years. A new commission was sent, consisting of Oliver Ellsworth, William Richardson Davie, and William Vans Murray, to conclude some kind of a treaty that might arrest the course of a quarrel which had all the evil incidents of war with none of its open and definite character, and which it was clearly for the interests of both countries to stop.

The conferences were conducted intelligently enough, except when Joseph Buonaparte introduced some characteristically fatuous comment. But from the outset this alternative was pressed by the French commissioners: reparation for past injuries and the reinstatement of the old treaty, or a new treaty and a renunciation of all indemnity. Incidental propositions were made that sums of money should be paid on one or the other side, as a release from all obligations or claims, and limits of time were set within which these might be paid; but every such proposal fell through. With great difficulty a treaty was at last negotiated, making provision for future occurrences, including any possible spoliations on commerce after the signing and ratification, but containing as its second article a recognition that, certain points in dispute — namely, the treaty obligations and claims for spoliation — being yet undecided, their consideration should be transferred to a future date. The treaty in this form was signed by both parties, and understood to have the assent of Mr. Jefferson's administration, which had succeeded to that of Mr. Adams; but the Senate of the United States struck out the second article. The question of obtaining reparation from France for injuries to commerce before 1800 was thus silenced; and France seemed to sink forever all claims on the United States to carry out the tremendous obligations of the year 1778.

How did this action affect the position of those whose property had been destroyed by French vessels, and whose claims for indemnity the government of the United States has been constantly pressing? Washington, Jefferson, Morris, Monroe, Adams, Pickering, Pinckney, Marshall, Gerry, Ellsworth, Davie, Murray, had all pledged their energy, their intelligence, their honor, to secure to their countrymen reparation for millions of property captured, sold, lost, destroyed, at a time when the very existence of the United States and the prosperity of the citizens depended on commerce. They had been met by the corrupt and crafty managers of French diplomacy, not with denial, for that was

[1] "Mais, messieurs, vous ne dites rien de l'argent," was the oft-repeated phrase.

impossible, but by constant appeals to the tremendous obligations which the United States had entered into at a time when alliance with France was the salvation, one might almost say the creation, of national life. The country was again in a crisis, second only to that of the Revolution. A war with France had been, as far as might be, avoided even when Buonaparte was only the victor of Lodi, and Washington was alive; now he was the Buonaparte of Marengo, and Washington was gone.

A treaty must be had, a final, definitive treaty, closing the hopeless discussion of old obligations, contracted when the nation would have contracted anything. For the sake of burying forever the liens imposed by the old century, the Senate buried its claims in the same tomb, as far as indemnity from France was concerned.

It has been argued that France never had any intention of paying these claims, — that she never really acknowledged the obligations, and that no amount of future pressure would ever have got payment out of her; and the correspondence of some of Buonaparte's officials has been appealed to as proof. It is indeed difficult to assign any limits to what France would not have paid in the ten years preceding the Peace of Amiens. But throughout the negotiations of these years, abortive or successful, the pretext, real or fictitious, constantly held out by France was not that the claims were null, but that they were balanced or overbalanced by those under the treaty of 1778. The Senate, by striking out the article making the point one for further discussion, consented to buy the claims at the price of release from the treaty of 1778. Did this declare the claims worthless, or did it release them, and shut the mouths of the claimants? No; it transferred the responsibility of indemnity from France to the United States itself. The plundered merchants had a money claim on the French nation. The French nation pressed a claim on the United States government. The latter bought oblivion of its treaties; but it bought it not with its own money; it bought it with the property of the merchants. It owed them — it owes their representatives — compensation for taking their property, in accordance with the fundamental principles of public law, and, what concerns us still more deeply, with the fifth article of amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation."

In fact, the idea that such claims had no real money value because France did not intend to pay them is refuted by what actually happened with reference to the claims on France for spoliations of an entirely similar character, occurring later than 1800, and to the claims on Spain for those of the earlier period; for both of which compensation was finally obtained, the money which we paid for the Louisiana and Florida purchases working in very opportunely for that purpose.

The claims, being now against our own country instead of against France, were from an early date pressed upon Congress, and reports in their favor were made during the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, who had originally, when in Washington's cabinet, assured the merchants of the United States that the government would make special exertions for the protection of their commerce. Notable among these reports is one in 1807 by Francis Marion, the son of the Revolutionary hero, who had himself seen the beginning of the spoliations in 1793–95.

And at this point a possible difficulty should be cleared up as to the nature of the claim of individuals on Congress for the restoration of property taken for public purposes. No one at all conversant with law imagines that by general

public law the government of a country can be sued as an individual may in the courts, and that judgment can be obtained and executed against it. Compensation for such public seizure must be obtained, if at all, through a petition asking that right be done by the government to its subjects, or, in the phrase required by the change from monarchical to republican forms, to citizens. The law on this point is well shown in the Bankers' Case, in the reign of William III. The Cabal Ministry of Charles II. had, by a most infamous breach of public faith, appropriated £1,200,000 belonging to the bankers of London. As long as the Stuarts were on the throne it was impossible to obtain restitution. Under the Revolution settlement, the Barons of the Exchequer were petitioned to direct payment from the treasury; but Lord Somers held — and his judgment, though reversed by an intensely partisan House of Lords, has never had its authority disputed in calmer times — that the true remedy was by a petition of right to the king. If private property has been taken by authority of a king, a Parliament, a Convention, or a Congress, such bodies must be approached as by petitioners, and must be compelled to do right by the obligations of justice and equity and fundamental law, not because any process of execution can issue against them. But surely this makes the obligation only the stronger. It is preëminently a case of *noblesse oblige*. If ever right should be done because it is right, it is when those who by free choice of the people represent its whole power and sovereignty are approached by a number of the citizens pleading for restitution of that which the majesty of the nation cannot be made to restore because it is too great; but if too great to be compelled, for that very reason it should be not merely too great, but too good, to decline.

The days of Jefferson and Madison were unfavorable for granting such claims. The treasury was anything but full, and, as far as those in power cared for the sufferings of merchants at all, the operations of the Berlin and Milan Decrees and of the British Orders in Council were much more in their minds than those of the Convention of 1793. Various attempts were made to obtain justice, but none were properly organized; nor did they meet with any measure of success till prosperity was really restored; till the old debts were rapidly getting paid off; till the treasury was filling, and John Quincy Adams was directing the national councils as Secretary of State. Unquestionably, the activity of the claimants was then stimulated by the fact already mentioned, that out of the Florida purchase money the strictly analogous Spanish claims had been paid; and it is important that this point should be dwelt upon, because it is in connection with the claims on Spain that we find an opinion which cannot easily be overestimated as to the validity of those against France. In 1804, when Spain endeavored to resist the payment of claims against her, on the ground that there were French acts for which the United States had renounced indemnity, Mr. Madison wrote to Mr. Pinckney thus: "The claims, again, from which France was released were admitted by France, and the release was for a valuable consideration in a correspondent release of the United States from certain claims on them." This effectually disposes of an extraordinary argument against the payment of these claims, that the obligations of the United States to the claimants were not recognized by the generation contemporary with the spoliations, and that the claims were pressed only after the testimony of those who knew the circumstances could not be obtained. Mr. Madison's life was in many ways a blessing to his country, and especially in that it was prolonged to refute by his personal

testimony assertions made about the first twenty-five years of our national existence by those who neither saw them nor were a great part of them, like him.

It is, however, in a measure true that contemporaries were less disposed to pay the debts of the nation to its earlier sufferers than were the men of its second half century. No claims were better known to the men of the first fifty years, or more deserved appreciation, than those of the Revolutionary officers; and a half century was suffered to elapse after the Declaration of Independence before any effective means were taken for their relief.

Toward the end of Monroe's administration the claims of the victims of spoliation were presented anew to the Senate of the United States, that body which, by its striking out of the second article of Ellsworth's treaty, had transferred the burden of their payment to the government. They called on the President to furnish copies of all the diplomatic correspondence relating to the subject during whatever government happened to bear sway in France. These were duly furnished by President Adams, and threw a flood of light upon the whole subject.

An attempt has been made to show that all these documents were well known to the earlier generation, and especially to those who prepared the Senate Report of 1802. This is simply nugatory. Whatever papers may have been in the hands of the Senate in Jefferson's administration, the correspondence had never been made public, and when afterwards the Senate, called upon to redress a great national wrong, asked for this correspondence, it asked for a thing of which the people at large knew nothing. The fact that, whereas there had been more than one report adverse to the claimants between 1815 and 1825, the tenor of all such reports was immediately changed shows how the publication of the diplomatic correspondence had affected the whole issue.

This series of reports, extending over a period of thirty years, and rendered in both houses of Congress, is most remarkable for its almost unbroken approval of the claims, and the distinguished names that have been appended to it. Clay, Everett, Livingston, Webster, Cushing, Clayton, and Sumner are among them; and the number of the reports should be counted by tens, and not by units. It is true that the claims have not been unopposed, and counter arguments have been presented against them by men prominent in the national councils, such as Silas Wright and John A. Dix. But it may be questioned whether, among all the active opponents of payment, there has been any one, except Forsyth, entitled to the name of an international lawyer, and capable of considering the question with a thorough understanding of that noble science which was so entirely familiar to those whose names have been mentioned above.

Twice has a bill passed both houses of Congress appropriating money from the treasury for the payment of these claims. One of these bills was vetoed by President Polk, chiefly on the ground that the expenses of the Mexican War had left the treasury in no fit state for the payment. A later bill was vetoed by President Pierce, but the grounds of this veto have not made much impression upon subsequent discussions. Both these bills were passed over the vetoes by the houses of Congress, but not by the requisite majority of two thirds.

But though President Pierce's administration failed to do justice to the claimants, it passed a memorable act which ought to be the means of doing them justice. The establishment of the Court of Claims, whereby the United States has consented to enter the court as defendant against its citizens as plaintiffs, must be considered as marking a

real step in the science of government. The French Spoliation claims, belonging to a period long anterior to the establishment of the court, could of course come under its review only by a special act of Congress. Such an act was finally obtained in 1885, thirty years after President Pierce's veto of the bill for payment, sixty since the production of the diplomatic correspondence by President Adams, and more than ninety since the first depredations by the cruisers of the Jacobins. The reference to the court was carefully fenced by many provisos in the act. It was to pass on the validity of a large number of the claims, while others, about whose date and character there were modifying and invalidating circumstances, were withheld from its jurisdiction; and while its judgment might fairly be considered as decisive of the legal or equitable character of the claims, it was not to bind Congress to the appropriation of money for their payment.

Fenced by all these restrictions, the Court of Claims took up a large number of the most important cases presented to it. Its decision was delivered by Judge John Davis in 1886, and a supplementary one, covering various special points, was rendered in 1887. These rescripts go into a thorough and most masterly review of the whole subject, throwing out a variety of claims where the evidence was vague and insufficient, or where other peculiarities precluded a favorable judgment, but pronouncing on a great number of the more important cases, whether in the amount of damage claimed or the circumstances of the captures, *that they were fairly entitled to the compensation so long sought for.* It may be said that the history and rights of the subject are exhausted in the decision.[1]

One would think that after the natural tribunal, the chosen tribunal, had thus given judgment on the claims, there was nothing to do but for Congress to vote the money at once. But no! The claims have encountered opposition in the fiftieth Congress, and thus far in the fifty-first, characterized by a bitterness, a captiousness, a reviving of old and long-exploded doubts, an advancing of new and baseless charges, for which it is almost impossible to account without supposing some personal *animus* to be at work, which certainly ought never to enter into matters whose rights and wrongs belong to a period three generations removed from us. It is hard to see what element there can be in the case outside the merits of the claims themselves.

At one stage, indeed, in the history of the claims, — what may be called its middle period, — the question was made almost one of party, the Whigs advocating, and the Democrats opposing, the payment; but since the disappearance of the Whig party there can be traced no such division line. In the last and the present Congress, leading Republicans and leading Democrats have been found arrayed as prominent champions on either side of the question.

It would be more accurate, perhaps, to say that the strong feeling against the commercial interests of the Atlantic coast, and especially of New England, existing in some of the central States, which found its most pungent expression in Benton's speech on Foot's Resolution, has been at the bottom of much of the opposition to the payment of claims chiefly held in the Atlantic cities. It is hard to think that such an unworthy, such an un-American feeling should sway the minds of any considerable number of members of the national Congress. Whatever they may deem the shortcomings of New England and her capitalists in this century, they should remember how the proportions of the different sections of the Union have changed since the merchants of the

[1] Opinions of the Court of Claims delivered May 17 and 24, 1886, and November 7, 1887.

Atlantic seaboard were plundered by the French cruisers. If the seaboard States had been struck out of the Union in 1797, the remnant would have been weak indeed. These outrages on our commerce caused a loss of one seventh in that revenue whereby alone the national credit was sustained, and the then infant commonwealths of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio had a chance to develop themselves under the shield of their older sisters.

Some specious, but no effective arguments have been brought against these claims. Attempts have been made to show that they were worthless, because France never intended to pay them. The Senate of the United States, Washington, Jefferson, Morris, Pinckney, Ellsworth, Madison, did not consider them worthless when they balanced them against the enormous treaty obligations of 1778. There has also been an attempt to show that the two countries were in a state of war, and that the claims are ruled out on this ground. By no possible construction could war be held to exist before Congress repealed the treaties in 1798, and it is entirely misleading, to say no worse, to declare that the majority of the captures belong to the next two years. But no war ever was declared; the much-quoted opinion of Attorney-General Charles Lee that a general war existed was never acted on. The courts admitted the existence of a modified, limited state of war, in which outrages on one side had led to reprisals on the other; but the instructions and negotiations of Ellsworth and his brother commissioners with Buonaparte, Roederer, and Fleurieu are entirely incompatible with any theory of general, national war.

Most exaggerated statements, too, have been made of the amount of money which would be required to satisfy these claims. The opponents of them have piled up the estimates to thirty, forty, or even more, millions. Such statements cannot be called other than intentional perversions. The evidence of many of the original spoliations has been lost or destroyed; the fine sieve of the Court of Claims and the act which authorized a reference to it has still further excluded many which once swelled the mass. When the bill was before Congress, last year, it was in evidence that that court had adjudicated in favor of $1,600,000 only of $4,800,000 which had actually been judicially tried. There is not the least reason to fear that the payment would be any appreciable burden to the country.

It is said the claims are stale. They are stale if the Revolutionary War and the surrender of Saratoga are stale; if the alliance with France and the friendship of Vergennes and Lafayette are stale; if the rapacity and corruption of the Convention, repeated on the deck of hundreds of French privateers, are stale; if the dignity, the spirit, the patriotism, of Pinckney and Ellsworth, replying to the tricks and blusters of Talleyrand and Rewbell, are stale elements of our early national history. The evidence in the claims is as fair and fresh to-day as it was in 1800. The old documents, taken from the sleep of three generations, and laid before the Court of Claims, as indicating the rightful property of the great-great-grandchildren of the original claimants, are marked with a clearness and a precision, amounting to elegance, which no merchant of New York or Chicago can exceed in his last year's ledger. The charges of suppression or destruction of contrary evidence, not remotely hinted at before a committee of the House of Representatives, are baseless and cruel.

These claimants have waited long. Again and again the cup of justice has been held to their lips and snatched away. Statesman after statesman has studied their case and pronounced in their favor. One house after another,

twice both houses in united action, have voted to discharge the debt. Congress having referred them, as was every way fitting, to the Court of Claims, they have expended large sums in pleading at its bar, in full reliance on the national legislators to complete their work. That court has decreed for them. Their case has been attacked upon ever-shifting grounds. Payment has been evaded by every dilatory device known to our Congress, so well equipped for party legislation, so slow to execute right when party is not concerned. They are addressing Congress once more for justice. Shall they not have it? Shall not the property taken ninety years ago by the nation, in the time of its poverty and weakness, receive its constitutional compensation, and, to use the words of one of the most eloquent champions of the cause, "the last item in the debt contracted to secure our national independence be paid"?

William Everett.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

The life of Mr. Dana falls naturally into two divisions, to which a nearly equal importance is given in his biography.[1] He was a traveler and a lawyer; and, although the years spent in seeing the world were few in comparison with those of his professional career, the large extracts from his journal with which these volumes are filled bring the former into the foreground. The early success of his only well-known book, the account of his two years' voyage before the mast, won for him a reputation as an observer and describer which seems to have misled his biographer. Mr. Adams indeed refers more than once to Mr. Dana's natural gifts as a writer with an enthusiasm which it is impossible for every one at least to sympathize with; he speaks of them as in their sphere well-nigh unrivaled; and because he thinks these entries in a traveler's diary show the same spirit, interest, and vivacity as does the young sailor's log he has been profuse in publishing descriptions of places and scenes so well known that only the most masterly and fresh delineation of them can longer hold our attention. The accounts of the English visit and of the journey round the world, though not without some striking passages, are the feeblest portion of the work, and less attractive, to our mind, than the shorter chapters of travel in this country, — the vacation rambles at the Isles of Shoals, in the Maine woods, and in the Middle States. In particular, whenever Mr. Dana approaches the sea, he gathers vigor, and shows his own great delight in its company. It is not a poet's or a painter's delight, not one of sentiment, or of beauty, or of sensibility to grand effects of nature; it is a physical delight, — a pleasure in inhaling salt air, in handling an oar, in sailing a boat under stress of weather, in adventure and the sense of life and health; but on this ground he is at his best, and writes with an effect of "out-of-doors" which is wholly charming. Occasionally, too, as in his chance meeting with John Brown in the Adirondacks, there is an adventitious interest which helps the narrative. In his foreign journeys, on the contrary, he sees old things without freshness, and feels the emotions natural to an educated American, and long

[1] *Richard Henry Dana.* A Biography. By Charles Francis Adams. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

familiar to us; and besides, in England he exhibits too much of a sort of liking for things aristocratic, which is not creditable to an American, and is repugnant to the reader. Of Japan and China he had only a glimpse, of Egypt and Italy even less; and from so rapid a journey nothing valuable was to be expected. The only excuse for these long passages of traveler's notes, beyond the fact that they serve to relieve the annals of the bar, is that they show the vitality of Mr. Dana's personal feeling, and bring him before us more in the life than does any other part of the biography. A certain robustness is discernible here, an activity and at times an eagerness, which help to fill out the personal impression; but in themselves these descriptions of places are unimportant, and do not increase the author's reputation in the department of literature. As a writer he never went beyond his first youthful work, by which he is still known, and for which he has received such ample credit that the subject may be dismissed.

The really noteworthy half of his career was passed at the bar. He began life, in Mr. Adams's judgment, somewhat handicapped by being a member of a family which had distinguished itself. Family pride stood in the way of his success, and although its influence upon his character was at first partially neutralized by his taste of real life in the forecastle, it finally reasserted itself, and, as the biographer again says, unfortunately. At the beginning of his practice he had some business with poor sailors, but it was rather his political affiliations that made him the defender of fugitive slaves in Boston. Naturally he belonged with the conservative and aristocratic class which was opposed to the cause of the slave; and he always kept, in one way or another, some community with this section, although practically alienated from it in political feeling and action. He was by no means an abolitionist, or a friend to the group of antislavery agitators. He detested Garrison, and the methods and principles on which the reform was conducted. He stood between the two extreme sections, and such a position exposes one to injustice from both, as it also limits one's opportunity to make his convictions and life effective in great events. He was himself saved from the usual fate of the half-hearted by becoming the protagonist of the defense in the Fugitive Slave trials. That incident is the centre of this biography. Mr. Adams exhausts his eulogy in praising Mr. Dana's conduct on this occasion, and, fortunately, he is assisted by the admirable account of the circumstances surrounding the court-house at a memorable time. The narrative is at this point most picturesque and living. Merely as an episode of the work, it is to be regarded as a capital success. Here only, in the entire book, does Mr. Dana stand forth in the leading place, and he holds it and acts in it, wholly adequate to all demands. In the Constitutional Convention, to which much space is given, he was but one of several men, and did not so far surpass them as to convince the reader of his superiority either in mind or policy; in the later Prize cases, which are also described at length, he conducted what was an important matter, no doubt, but was also merely one incident of the great struggle, and without any marked distinction in history; in the Fugitive Slave cases his rôle fell in with a moment which will always be remembered in the history of the commonwealth itself, and in that of the cause of abolition. This was, consequently, his most distinguished service to his time. It is true that he afterward opposed the petition for the removal of Judge Loring, and that, with others of undoubted patriotism and political sense, he was willing to grant a fugitive slave law to the South on the eve of the civil war; but, without mentioning other matters that would

show the incompleteness of his convictions upon the main issue, it is enough here to agree with Mr. Adams in his strong commendation of Mr. Dana for his course at this critical and only memorable moment of his career.

Except in this instance, and in one or two others which have been alluded to above, Mr. Dana was not in public life; and in these there was rather a union of his professional with a semi-political life than anything of the statesman's or even the politician's true career. Mr. Adams says that Mr. Dana could never have succeeded in politics, though he also asserts that he was fitted to do well in the Senate if he could have reached the chamber. His attempt to enter the House in opposition to General Butler was a fiasco, and his nomination to be minister to England exposed him, when his own hands were tied, to the malignity of his political enemies. In what he did undertake of political work, whether in the Free Soil or the Reconstruction period, he showed no true capacity for affairs. It remains to characterize him in the limited sphere of a lawyer in ordinary practice, and here we will let Mr. Adams speak for himself: —

"No one who knew him would ever have sought him out as an adviser because of his skill or judgment in dealing with intricate business affairs. He was, above all else, a barrister, a lawyer of the forum; and he had small business capacity. He would fight a case for all there was in it before a jury or the bench; he had a fair knowledge of the books, and a strong grasp on legal principles; he was absolutely fearless, never hesitating to measure himself against any one; he did not know when he was beaten. His proper place, therefore, was at the bar. Up to 1848 he was exactly on the right path, — the path to distinctive professional eminence. Had he adhered to it, he not improbably would at last have attained, had he so desired, that foremost place in the judiciary of Massachusetts once held by his grandfather. Most assuredly he would have risen to the first rank of his profession as a jurist of national fame. . . . He was not what is known as a 'case-lawyer.' He had a clear head, a retentive memory, and a fair knowledge of the textbooks and reports; but his strength did not lie in that direction. It did lie in the activity and alertness of his mind, and especially in his imaginative faculties and power of copious illustration. The same faculty of seeing and describing which caused him to make his mark at the age of twenty-two enabled him to produce the effects on bench and jury which he indisputably did produce at forty. It was not his grasp of legal principles, though in this regard he was not wanting; it was not his command of authorities, for that he did not have; it was his combined courage and tenacity, and his faculty of seeing things clearly himself, and then making others see them as he saw them."

Mr. Adams also praises him for his hard application to his routine work, and ascribes to this cause, together with a certain disregard of a proper care of his health, the break-down of his constitution in 1859, from which he does not seem to have recovered. In whatever Mr. Adams has to say of the character of Mr. Dana, — and first and last he has a great deal to say about it, — one cannot fail to observe the mingling, as in the extracts given, of a cool and not too favorable judgment of what he was with an enthusiastic prophecy of what he might have been. It is plain, from more than one expression of opinion, that Mr. Adams regards Mr. Dana's life as largely a waste, a frittering away of real ability in the daily labor of a practicing lawyer.

Of Mr. Dana's more intimate life with those nearly related to him, of the side of his nature which was not turned to the world, we learn very little. There

are few private letters, and those which are given are not of a personal kind. His home is described only as a part of that monotonous repetition of hard work and hasty meals which, Mr. Adams says, made up a singularly barren daily life. One charming incident there is of his returning from a journey he had begun, in order to please his daughter, but this stands alone. If he had a friend, with the exception of his partner, Mr. Parker, the fact does not appear in these volumes, which are lacking to a remarkable degree in all the graces of private life. This absence of personality, of open and natural expression of human feeling, is the defect of the biography, from whatever cause it may spring. It is not compensated for by any large intellectual interests or liberal tastes. What is said of Mr. Dana's acquaintance with literature is really surprising. He read somewhat, principally on Sundays; and he read the most respectable books, such as Bacon in prose, and Spenser or Wordsworth in poetry. To his contemporaries, if we are to trust Mr. Adams, he was simply blind. He does not seem, his biographer says, to have had any acquaintance with Carlyle, for example; he did not give the compliment of a hearing even to Emerson or Hawthorne. Yet he had a familiar acquaintance with the literary men of Boston, being a member of the Saturday Club, and he apparently enjoyed their society. In England he saw many men of mark, among them Grote and Macaulay, but Mr. Adams calls attention to the absence, in his journal, of nearly all the literary and scientific names of the age. It is not surprising, in view of these restrictions on his intellectual range, that in his connection with Harvard College he opposed vehemently not only the election of President Eliot, but the introduction of the teaching of modern science and thought at every stage. His journals show attachment to the older school of religious thought, and here and there one comes upon a strain of pious feeling which exhibits the depths of his convictions. From a mind so constituted in itself, and so limited in its converse with the intellectual world, one does not expect any of those judgments by the way upon books and men, any of those insights into life and thought, which often make the private journals and letters of a cultivated man most charming.

After all, this work is a study of public and professional life, a memoir of the times and those who played their part in them. A large portion of it is occupied with characterizations of the leaders of the bar or of opinion whose names have only a local fame; and here Mr. Adams's command of the subject has stood him in good stead. The notices of the Boston bar and of its more eminent members add much to the value of the volumes, and in them many readers may find the more interesting share of the narrative. Mr. Adams has the habit of using decisive words, and of stating opinions with great clearness. His own view is never doubtful. This gives a finish to his work as a biographer which is very effective. Justice could be done to the admirable nature of this workmanship only by extracts, for which there is here no place; but readers will find out for themselves the importance of these characterizations, and the clearness of his interpretation of events. The utility of the biography as a memorial of the times cannot be too highly regarded, and in our opinion the author has shown no small skill in managing his materials in order to give the greatest interest to the subject-matter. There is some overweight of the traveler's journals, but, except for this fault, the work can be unreservedly commended; and it is indispensable in the records, which already are many, of a generation which made Boston in many respects the leading city of the country during its time.

SIR WALTER SCOTT BY HIS OWN HAND.

THE publication entire of the journal of Sir Walter Scott,[1] though liberal use of it was made by Lockhart, offers the great advantage that the reader, being interrupted by no comment save that of the elucidating footnotes, draws closer and closer to the character of Scott, and sees at last the full-length portrait of a great man, painted by himself in the day of his greatest strength.

To ask why a man writes about himself, and how he writes, is to go far toward an inquiry into the self-consciousness of the man. Scott once began an autobiographic sketch. "That I have had more than my own share of popularity," he writes, "my contemporaries will be as ready to admit as I am to confess that its measure has exceeded not only my hopes, but my merits, and even wishes. I may be, therefore, permitted, without an extraordinary degree of vanity, to take the precaution of recording a few leading circumstances (they do not merit the name of events) of a very quiet and uniform life, that, should my literary reputation survive my temporal existence, the public may know from good authority all that they are entitled to know of an individual who has contributed to their amusement."

When he penned these words, Scott was thirty-seven years of age. He was in the flush of a double success. He had witnessed the enthusiasm with which Marmion was received, and the publication of his Dryden had brought him a proposition immediately to undertake Swift at an increased compensation. He had achieved some fame, but still more he was conscious of his power. He was on the eve of that magnificent period of literary enterprises which began with his association with the Ballantynes, and continued until the fall of the combined interests of the Ballantynes, Constable, and Hurst and Robinson, in which his own fortunes were inextricably bound. The sketch which he wrote at this time carried his life only as far as his admission to the bar, and was written probably at one or two sittings. Its chief concern is plainly to account for himself, first by a reference to his honorable ancestry, and then by a description of the conditions under which he received his training for active life. There is little analysis of his own nature, but a very hearty recognition of his masters and companions, and a loving appreciation of the Scottish world upon which his eyes rested. Yet, underlying the whole of this brief sketch, there is a fine dignity as of a man who had a serene consciousness of his own worth, social and personal, which needed no demonstration to himself or to others. Eighteen years later he added a significant note to this manuscript autobiography, in which he says: —

"I do not mean to say that my success in literature has not led me to mix familiarly in society much above my birth and original pretensions, since I have been readily received in the first circles in Britain. But there is a certain intuitive knowledge of the world, to which most well-educated Scotchmen are early trained, that prevents them from being much dazzled by this species of elevation. A man who to good nature adds the general rudiments of good breeding, provided he rest contented with a simple and unaffected manner of behaving and expressing himself, will never be ridiculous in the best society, and so far as his talents and information

[1] *The Journal of Sir Walter Scott.* From the Original Manuscript at Abbotsford. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1890.

permit may be an agreeable part of the company. I have therefore never felt much elevated, nor did I experience any violent change in situation, by the passport which my poetical character afforded me into higher company than my birth warranted."

This was written by Scott not long after he had begun to keep his journal, and when, doubtless, as that journal shows, he was reflecting a good deal on his condition and brooding over his changed fortunes. In commenting thus on his early sketch he was plainly writing his judgment on himself for public view. Did he also, in his journal, have in mind posthumous publication? We think it probable that he expected a use to be made of the journal, but Scott's self-consciousness was not of the ignoble sort, and the frankness of his communication with himself is not the posturing of a man who never forgets that his greatness has spectators.

The journal was begun at a most significant point in its author's career. He was in his fifty-fifth year, at the height of worldly prosperity to all appearances, and not the least in his own eyes. Abbotsford was the outward sign of his inward ambition, and with the marriage of his eldest son he could look with still greater contentment upon the fortune and labor which had made him the founder of a name. He appears to have had no misgivings of the quicksand upon which his personal property rested. In his literary schemes he stood at the entrance of a new and most inviting field. Although he had not openly disclosed the secret of the Waverley novels, the only fact really needing the attestation of his voice was the fact that he was the sole wielder of the magic wand. But with the publication of Redgauntlet, though Woodstock had been commenced, he was contemplating a change of literary activity hardly less important than his passage from verse to fiction, namely, the abandonment of novel-writing for the more serious task of historical narrative.

The immediate impulse to journalizing was given by a sight of Byron's journal in the hands of Moore, and quite likely, also, by the pleasure which he had been taking in Pepys's Diary, wh[ich] was the only book Scott had [with] with him on his recent tour i[n]. The first entries intimate [the] use to which he designed [the] new industry. He was eag[er] his recollection of men a[nd] teresting to him; for his i[n] was in what we may c[all] narrative side of life. I[t] that almost the last ent[ry] his journal, when his cra[m]ing could scarcely be [re]the story of the captai[n] banditti, told him by [a] whom he fell in with at [Flo]is a slight suggestion a[s] transcript that Sir Wal[ter] as possible material for [a] fashioned some day at leng[th] he had more or less in[tent] which his journal mi[ght] storehouse of literary [ma]suspect this to have [ha] slight motive for th[e] which he kept his re[cord].

The working of h[is] respect is more intelli[gent] occurred, the journa[l] dant in the struggle [in] called to enter. H[e] November, 1825. [In] busy with it as a *memoire pour servir*. Then the storm burst, and in the months that followed one reads with keenest sensations the almost daily record of Scott's hopes and fears. The last illness of Lady Scott fell in this period, when he was battling with misfortune. It is profoundly moving to read such an entry as this under date of May 13, 1826: "As I must pay back to Terry some cash in London, £170, together with other matters here, I have borrowed

from Mr. Alexander Ballantyne the sum of £500, upon a promissory note for £512 10*s.*, payable 15th November, to him or his order. If God should call me before that time, I request my son Walter will, in reverence to my memory, see t Mr. Alexander Ballantyne does not for having obliged me in a sort of he cannot afford it, and God my son the means to repay l then, a few lines later: Received the melancholy in- t all is over at Abbotsford. ged, deprived of my fam- poor Anne, — an impov- nbarrassed man, I am de- harer of my thoughts and could always talk down ne calamitous apprehen- ak the heart that must be . Even her foibles were of e, by giving me things to th nd my weary self-reflections.'

The Lady Scott and the removal kharts to London, occurring ame time, threw Scott in upon He could not relieve his mind orries by talking with his wife; not the companionship of his son- He was, moreover, touched in h , and for a while kept himself aloof men, with the instinct of a wounded All these circumstances conspir ith his natural inclination to lead o talk with himself through the pag f his journal, and the habit once e lished grew a fixed one. More than ce Scott records, half jestingly, half seriously, the willfulness of his mind which left him obstinate in the presence of work, and ready to do anything but the task in hand. It was at such moments often that he fell upon his journal and took a wayward pleasure in gossiping with himself, very likely by this means getting his hand in for serious business.

From these several causes the journal is a pretty full reflection of Sir Walter's mind, and thus a special interest attaches to his silences. He is silent, for example, as to what people say and think of him. Once or twice, when he was suffering most keenly from the mortification of his losses, he lets a word escape which intimates that, with all his consciousness of rectitude, he shrinks from publicity; but the entire absence of a morbid self-consciousness is striking in so candid a revelation. Nor is there any repining or complaint of a hard world. Neither does the rough usage he endures shake his confidence in God, or render him bitter or morose. On the contrary, though he cries out in his suffering repeatedly, and smites his journal for relief, and registers his aches and pains, it is with an almost savage spirit, as though he scorned himself and his poor shattered body. There is a break in the journal between July, 1829, and May, 1830, and upon resuming his companionship with this dumb friend he notes: —

"About a year ago I took a pet at my Diary, chiefly because I thought it made me abominably selfish, and that by recording my gloomy fits I encouraged their recurrence, whereas out of sight out of mind, is the best way to get rid of them; and now I hardly know why I take it up again; but here goes. I came here [Abbotsford] to attend Raeburn's funeral. I am near of his kin, my great-grandfather, Walter Scott, being the second son or first cadet of this small family." Then follows a spirited account of a quarrel with his kinsman.

The reader who has followed the journal is perhaps better able than Scott to explain why it was resumed. The same nature which wanted a dog by him when he was writing, that friendly spirit which craved companionship and yet was sturdily independent, turned to the pages of his diary for solace. It was like patting a dog's head to set down thus the overflow of his communicative mind. We wonder often at the voluminous-

ness of Scott's work. His correspondence alone was no mean achievement in bulk, and his daily court duties are never counted in. Add his wholly voluntary journal, and we catch some notion of the wonderful flow of this great nature. He was giving, giving, the whole time. Think of him, as the journal bears testimony, when he was entangled in the net of his own misfortunes, and writing heroically for relief, not so much of himself as of his creditors, stopping in the most natural manner in the world to write articles for poor Gillies, to help that ne'er-do-weel out of his troubles!

Of course, the one mighty disclosure which the journal makes to the attentive reader is of the magnificent pluck which Scott displayed in facing his difficulties and setting about the removal of them. It brings tears to the eyes to see, as one may, the cheerful, not sullen resolution with which this giant wrought at his task, all the while sinking beneath the load he was bearing. The steady decay of his physical powers and the persistence of his energetic will confront one at every turn. While the world lasts, this noble spectacle will stir the hearts of men, and make many a poet exclaim: —

"I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind."

But there are other revelations of Scott's nature scarcely less affecting. The noble grief over his wife's death, and the entire absence of comment on the weak side of her character as it reveals itself to readers of Lockhart's life, is one mark of his generous affection; and another is to be found in the exquisite tenderness of all his expressions regarding little John Lockhart. He hangs over the fate of this appealing child with almost breathless concern, and the reserve which Lockhart naturally showed is here removed to make way for a most sweet demonstration. Doubtless Scott's own disability, which brought him increase of suffering in his decline, intensified his compassion for the pale little cripple. Incidentally, also, the character of Anne Scott stands revealed in a very lovable light.

The Journal is a book to last. No king in literature has such a chronicle, and as Scott in his novels has made his principal characters now and again serve as heroes of the tale without being conscious of their heroism, so here, without egotism, without pettiness, yet with minute detail, he has drawn his own superb figure with a strength which is ineffaceable. It is a cause for congratulation, also, that the editing of the work was entrusted to one so painstaking and so sure in his judgment and taste as Mr. David Douglas has shown himself to be.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Philosophy. The Principles of Psychology, by William James. In two volumes. (Holt.) This work belongs in a scheme of books for schools and colleges which provides advanced, briefer, and elementary courses in science, and is itself intended for the advanced course. The name might also be applied to the system presented; for Dr. James, if he has not in this treatise done actual pioneer service, has placed himself among the leaders in science who are pushing on over ground only lately opened. Here are fourteen hundred pages or so, and the reader who gets aboard the train with Dr. James for an engineer may well ask in advance what the chances are of arriving at any destination. We think he cannot go far without making up his mind that, at all events, he is to have a most agreeable excursion; and if he chooses to sleep over

some long sections of the road, he may count on being waked by the movement from time to time. In brief, Dr. James invites confidence by the candor of his speech and the unmistakable ring of honesty in his voice. If, sometimes, one suspects that he has been carried a long way round to reach a familiar point, one has at least the freshness of sensation when he comes unexpectedly upon the point itself. The irrepressible humor which attests the sanity and charity of this author makes his book entertaining reading even for the unelect. — The Time-Relations of Mental Phenomena, by Joseph Jastrow. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) A brochure in the Fact and Theory Papers, which collects a number of curious facts indicative of the relative speed, for instance, with which action responds to a stimulating impulse. If the readers of this paragraph desire to test one of the statements, they will please form a line, each holding his neighbor's hand. Let the line A B be one mile in length ; let A press the hand of his next neighbor ; let her, immediately upon receipt of the pressure, communicate it to her neighbor. In three minutes B will feel his or her hand squeezed. — Introduction to Philosophy, an Inquiry after a Rational System of Scientific Principles in their Relation to Ultimate Reality, by George T. Ladd. (Scribners.) Dr. Ladd has not aimed at making a textbook, but such a free essay as may aid the student and teacher as well who are engaged in the systematic study of philosophy. It is an accompaniment to such study, and represents the attempt of a teacher to discuss at large those riddles of reason which inevitably present themselves for consideration whenever one is engaged in more academic work in the field. — Essays in Philosophy, Old and New, by William Knight. (Houghton.) Mr. Knight, well known for his editorship of Wordsworth, here prints seven papers, in which the main contention may be said to be for the distinctest recognition of the element of an indestructible personality. Not that all his essays turn on questions involving this, but even in those, like the one on Classification of the Sciences, which are farthest removed from the theme there are intimations of the insistence of this doctrine. — Judaism and Christianity, a Sketch of the Progress of Thought from Old Testament to New Testament, by Crawford Howell Joy. (Little, Brown & Co.) After an Introduction on the General Laws of the Advance from National to Universal Religions, Professor Joy proceeds with an examination of Hebraic literature, Biblical and otherwise, and upon this basis inquires into the Doctrine of God, Subordinate Supernatural Beings, Man, Ethics, The Kingdom of God, Eschatology, and the Relation of Jesus to Christianity. This scheme intimates the sweep of the thought. We shall return to the book more deliberately.

Sociology. The Coöperative Commonwealth, by Laurence Gronlund (Lee & Shepard), is issued anew in paper, and is accompanied by a second work by the same author, entitled Our Destiny ; the Influence of Nationalism on Morals and Religion. This is not so important a book as the preceding, partly because it is little more than a restatement of the principles of the Coöperative Commonwealth in general terms, and a running criticism upon the literature of socialism since the first book was published. It is, however, an earnest plea for a reconstructed society on broad principles of Christian morality, and is of interest as showing some of the best thought of men who are actively engaged in this reconstruction by their economic doctrines. — Siberia and the Nihilists. Why Kennan went to Siberia, by William Jackson Armstrong. (Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.) A pamphlet giving the history of Mr. Armstrong's treatment of Nihilism and Russian despotism, including his lecture and his newspaper controversy with Mr. Kennan. Both writers are now on the same side, apparently. — The Suppressed Book of the Peasant Bondareff. (Pollard Publishing Company, New York.) The fact of suppression, being the important one, is first stated. The topic of the book is Labor, and is made known, augmented, and edited by Tolstoï. The translation is by Miss May Cruger. The book is interesting as containing the inspiration of Tolstoï in his religious belief, and the nakedness of the statements contained in it have thus a value which a more elaborate presentation would not have. The attempt of both men is to answer the demand which the Saviour whom they profess to interpret refused to answer : " Master, speak to my brother that

he divide the inheritance with me." — The Distribution of Wealth, or The Economic Laws by which Wages and Profits are determined, by Rufus Cope. (Lippincott.) Mr. Cope passes in review the facts which affect the distribution of the products of labor, and the forces that control production and distribution ; his survey is so broad and general that when he comes to ascertain the remedies for existing evils he writes temperately, and without undue confidence in any single remedial power. His book is therefore less impressive to some minds, for in economics we all of us have a sneaking faith in quackery when it relates to the body politic, though we may be ready enough to refuse the treatment when applied to our individual property. How many followers of Henry George would voluntarily release their own ten-acre lot ? — Sociology : Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (James H. West, Boston.) Seventeen lectures on such topics as Primitive Man, Growth of the Marriage Relation, Evolution of the State, Evolution and Social Reform, and the like. The application of the hypothesis of evolution to social law has this disadvantage, that the facts in sociology are of great number and variety, and not yet very fully classified ; the temptation is strong to select such as fit conveniently into a well-rounded evolutionary scheme, especially when one has only an hour to do it in. — The New Era in Russia, by Colonel Charles A. de Arnaud. (Gibson Bros., Washington.) The writer undertakes to show "that all the internal disturbances within the empire arose from the conflicts of the nobles or reactionary class in opposing the steadfast policy of the emperors in favor of liberal and popular measures."

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me downstairs ?"

Biography. Havelock, by Archibald Forbes. (Macmillan.) A number of English Men of Action Series. Mr. Forbes's training as a military reporter and his familiarity with Eastern life enable him to recount Havelock's career with skill and impressiveness. His presentation of the great general's character is involved in a record of his deeds rather than in more distinct and formal outline, and some will doubtless regret that the strong religious element should be, not ignored, but not made conspicuous. — Citizeness Bonaparte, by Imbert de Saint-Amand ; translated by Thomas Sargeant Perry. (Scribners.) A volume in the series of Famous Women of the French Court. By the clear use of the form of a sketch of Josephine, the author manages to tell the story of one part of Bonaparte's career with freshness and spirit. Not only the personality of Josephine, but her influence on Napoleon, are set forth with the vivacity of personal memoirs. — An opportune work is Henrik Ibsen, 1828–1888, a Critical Biography, by Henrik Jaeger ; translated from the Norwegian by William Morton Payne. (McClurg.) The author includes reference to all of Ibsen's writings save the Lady from the Sea, which appeared after the book was written. There is a specially interesting autobiographic sketch of Ibsen furnished the author for his work, and the minute study which Mr. Jaeger makes of Norwegian society and politics is of great value to the student who wishes to account for the particular turn which Ibsen's art takes. — Alexander Hamilton, by William Graham Sumner. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Sumner has written a very interesting study of Hamilton's place in the political and financial development of the Union out of its colonial stage. He has not attempted a life of Hamilton, for that was not needed, but he has applied with great acumen the principles which he holds to an analysis of the doctrines which prevailed, in a more or less confused form, at the close of the eighteenth century as to the functions of the state, especially in reference to its dependencies. The survey which Mr. Sumner finds himself obliged to make at the outset of features of American public life is very interesting and instructive. It strikes us, however, that in his own way he is as much a doctrinaire as Hamilton, and that if Hamilton's opinions are open to criticism in the light of modern experience, Hamilton's service in consolidating the Union against external force and internal dissension cannot well be overrated.

History and Politics. The October, 1890, Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, besides its customary lists of accessions to the library, contains an interesting account of the copy of the Columbus letter now in the possession of the Library, with heliotype copy and a translation, so that

the student who cannot see the original has really before him what answers just as well for purposes of study, even though the heliotype will not thrill him, probably. (Boston Public Library.) — Races and Peoples, Lectures on the Science of Ethnography, by Daniel G. Brinton. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) A useful book if one would know in brief form the latest results in a science which is pretty comprehensive in its scope. Dr. Brinton has no charm of style, but he does not err by giving the reader hasty and seductive generalizations. Indeed, his learning is almost too fragmentary to satisfy the ordinary reader. The caution, however, and reserve which characterize the author's definite statements give one confidence that, so far as the book goes, it may be followed.

Hygiene and Domestic Economy. Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking, adapted to Persons of Moderate and Small Means, by Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. (American Public Health Association, Rochester, N. Y.) This little work, which is a prize essay, raises our expectation when, after plunging into one of those learned analyses of food properties with which all scientific women begin their cook-books, we come upon the encouraging words: "A pinch of pepper, a cup of coffee, a fine, juicy strawberry, — what of these? They may contain all five of the food principles, but who cares for the proteid action or carbohydrate effect of his cup of good coffee at breakfast, or what interest for us has the heating effect of the volatile oil to which the strawberry owes a part of its delicious taste?" That is just what we were getting ready to say, and now we can go on and praise the good sense and surprising ingenuity of this brochure, which winds up with bills of fare which give not only the number of ounces of proteids, fat, and carbohydrates in a particular dinner, but the cost in cents of the several ingredients. Mrs. Abel, who is by no means a vegetarian, as her husband's name suggests, tells us how to provide three meals a day for a family of six at the average price of seventy-eight cents for the three. — Dust and its Dangers, by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D. (Putnams.) A sensible little book on the perils which spring from the germs of disease, especially tuberculosis, hidden in the dust of our cities. The writer points out certain general remedies which look toward cleanliness; we notice that he fails to mention the remedy earnestly proposed by some German physicians, that every one touched with tubercular diseases should carry a rubber cuspidor slung to his side, as he walks the streets. — Home Exercise for Health and Cure, translated from the German of D. G. R. Schreber by C. R. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse.) An interesting manual, which not only does not require a gymnasium, but even dispenses with Indian clubs, wands, and dumb-bells. The original treatise has had a wide circulation in Germany. It suggests the principles of the Delsarte system. — Good-Living, a Practical Cookery-Book for Town and Country, by Sara Van Buren Brugière. (Putnams.) The author has produced a big, comprehensive book: the bigness resulting from her care to be explicit in trifles and to assume inexperience in the user; the comprehensiveness from the wide range taken in the origin of the receipts, and the inclusion of very simple and very complex dishes. There is a full index. — Household Hygiene, by Mary Taylor Bissell, M. D. (N. D. C. Hodges, New York.) A little volume containing suggestions regarding sanitary house-building and housekeeping. Thus, it begins with the site and the soil, and takes up such enticing subjects as Sanitary Furniture and Roof Gardens. We are surprised that under the former heading the writer does not frighten her readers by a reference to the arsenical character of many wall papers and other hangings. The book has no waste of words, but goes straight at its subjects.

Literature-Craft. The Trade of Authorship, by Walstan Dixey. (The Author, 73 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.) The title hints at the grade of the book. It is a good-natured, lively piece of practical advice to the multitude of persons, endowed with a little mental ability and a good deal of ignorant ambition, whom this age of print calls upon to listen to the great economic law of supply and demand. Mr. Dixey must have something of a contempt for the miscellaneous crowd, whom he badgers with his words much as a drillmaster at work upon the awkward squad. — Newspaper Reporting in Olden Time and To-Day, by John Pendleton. (Armstrong.) A volume in the Book-Lover's Library. Of English

origin, its gossip is quite exclusively of English newspapers. We fancy some of our American reporters could have given Mr. Pendleton points. — Periodicals that pay Contributors, to which is added a list of publishing houses. Compiled by Eleanor Kirk. (The Compiler, 786 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.) A revised and enlarged edition of a book which may be useful to beginners who propose to themselves a regular system of approaches to the intrenchments of literature. The information is rather general.

Essays. A neat volume in the Riverside Classics Series (Houghton) is that containing a selection of Dr. John Brown's papers, under the title Rab and his Friends, and Other Dogs and Men. Besides the title paper, the other bright, affectionate dog papers are included, Marjorie Fleming also, the noble reminiscence of his father, and a few of the quaint, sympathetic short sketches which have endeared this writer to his readers. The selection is prefaced by a charming little recollection of the writer by one who uses the initials E. T. McL. — On Making the Best of Things, and Other Essays, Idle Musings, by E. Conder Gray. (Putnams.) A volume modeled on the once famous Country Parson's Essays, and remarkably like its model, full of second-hand wit, airy commonplace, and views of life as seen through the glass of literature. The wise saws which one meets in its pages are only better men's wisdom less the original wit. — Love and Lore, by Edgar Saltus. (Belford.) A baker's dozen of papers and poems on such subjects as The Courts of Love, The Canons of Pure Courtesy, The Future of Fiction, What Pessimism is Not, Morality in Fiction, and the like. There is an alertness of movement and occasionally a penetration of life which interest one, but the light cast on the subject is mainly a cigarette light. — Brampton Sketches, Old-Time New England Life, by Mary B. Claflin. (Crowell.) A dozen chapters descriptive of life in a Massachusetts village about twenty miles from Boston, as it is remembered by a matron who could draw also upon the recollections of the interesting old people whom she knew in her girlhood. The homeliness of the sketches is not the least of the charms of the book, for it is an attestation of their truthfulness. What a pity that more such memories should not be preserved! But it takes not only a retentive memory, it requires a willingness to keep in the background, to produce as good results. Mrs. Claflin has given herself a little more liberty, but she has also secured a certain immunity from self-criticism, by writing so entirely in the third person. — Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago have been making some exceedingly pretty books, reissues of classics, which may be grouped on this score. An edition of Bacon's Essays, edited by Melville B. Anderson, is one of them. The text is edited with apparent care, and the Introduction has some very sensible words upon the Bacon-Shakespeare craze. Mr. Anderson wisely relies upon the internal evidence for disputing the title of Bacon to Shakespeare's plays, and says effectively, "How refreshing and liberalizing, after dwelling in this dry light of intellect purged of human feeling, to emerge into the warm sunlight of Shakespeare's genius!" Another of these pretty books is an edition of Saintine's Picciola. The name of the translator is not given, but the English style is rapid and free. After all, the kernel of Picciola is all that one cares for. The third is The Best Letters of Lord Chesterfield, edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Gilpin Johnson. The editor seems to make good his claims to have treated these letters with such discrimination as to render the book really serviceable, not only as a piece of literature, but as a textbook in politeness. — The Story of my House, by George H. Ellwanger. (Appleton.) A pretty little book, in spite of its too heavy paper and its unleaded and bizarre type, befitting the pleasant fancies of a writer who plays about the real or fanciful building, furnishing, and decorating of a house. The reader need not fear that he is to be invited to a conference with the plumber or drain-maker. Mr. Ellwanger's guests are presented rather to a great number of poets and writers of all ages, who have something apposite at every turn. The house is a Spanish castle, at the door of which the host stands bowing and making a gift of it with fine Spanish courtesy to each new-comer.

Fiction. Walford, by Ellen Olney Kirk. (Houghton.) Like all of Mrs. Kirk's stories, this has a touch-and-go which commends it to the novel-reader. The characters, the incidents, the plot, have a way of

engaging the attention and holding it so that one does not find himself analyzing the causes which produce effects, but pursuing the theme as it is unfolded, and curious to know how the story is to turn out. — Wanneta, the Sioux, by Warren K. Moorehead. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The writer of this book has had a training as an archæologist, not as a novelist. What would he think of a novelist who, treating the Indian subject, should rely for his knowledge of Indian manners and customs upon Peter Parley, say? Yet this is what he has done as a novelist, taking for his model in fiction the most conventional and artificial tellers of tales. — Thy Name is Woman, from the French of Dubut de Laforest, by Frank Howard Howe. (Belford.) A cheap sort of Manon Lescaut. There are some vulgar Americanisms in the translation, as where two of the personages are said to have "lit out," which register the literary and moral tone of the work. — Dr. LeBaron and his Daughters, a Story of the Old Colony, by Jane G. Austin. (Houghton.) Readers of A Nameless Nobleman, one of the best historical romances we have, will take up this book with alacrity when they see its name, for Dr. LeBaron figures as the son of the nameless nobleman. The story lacks, however, the unity of its predecessor. The web of life has become more complex, and what is gained in a study of old colony social life is lost in the concentration of interest. Mrs. Austin is saturated with the legends and fireside tales of Plymouth and its neighborhood, so that not only are historic names freely used, but incidents and adventures not to be found in the graver histories, yet not invented by the romancer, rise to the surface of print, and serve to give the chronicle an air of lifelikeness. — The Doctor's Dilemma, by Hesba Stretton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) For purposes of story-telling an intricate plot has been woven, and some liberties have been taken with human nature. It can hardly be said that the story tells itself or is unfolded by a natural process of development, but the reader is reminded at every turn of the author's dilemma rather than the doctor's; for the tying and untying of knots is the business of the book. — Christie Johnstone, by Charles Reade. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A tidy edition of this famous story, though when we come to look more closely at type and binding, we think the former a fashion which will soon tire the eye, and the latter somewhat meaningless in decoration. — Dorothy's Experience, by Adeline Trafton. (Lee & Shepard.) A bright, winning story of how a woman of true religious nature, who had drifted away from her moorings, came back through unselfish work for others, reëstablishing her creed by deed. There are some skillful lines in the drawing of a very unlovely class of girls, — those who in mind, as in dress, display cheap finery, — and much genuine feeling in the effort put forth to show their true nature. If one occasionally mistrusts Miss Trafton's closeness to fact, and suspects she has supplied both sub and super structure from her imagination, one does not doubt her sincerity. — George Sand's The Gallant Lords of Bois-Doré, translated from the French by Steven Clovis (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a new translation, and is in two fair volumes. We cannot highly praise the English, which is rather formal and angular. — Timothy's Quest, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin may be thought to be in some doubt how this book should be classed when she adds to her title the words, "A story for anybody, young or old, who cares to read it;" but we prefer to take this sweeping phrase to indicate that, though the chief characters in the book are two children, the story appeals not to children necessarily, but to all who can be attracted by such figures. In truth, there are children who will not care for the story, and mature readers who will. The scene is laid in New England, apparently, though there is a singular Californian flavor about the book, as if it had ripened under more generous skies. The genuine humor and sincerity of feeling constantly save it from an artificiality which suggests a refined and remote descent from the humanitarian literature inspired by Dickens. There are passages which read as if they were the result of sympathetic observation; there are others which echo the voice of the story-teller who tells not the simple, but the affected annals of the poor. Yet after we have said our sour words, we hand the book to our neighbor with advice to read it.

Books for the Young. Zigzag Journeys in the Great Northwest, or A Trip to the

American Switzerland, by Hezekiah Butterworth. (Estes & Lauriat.) The Canadian Pacific runs through the book, but whenever a picture, or a story, or a poem offers a good stop-over the author does not hesitate to abandon his trip; and the result is that the reader who accompanies him to the end of the journey will very likely think he would have got there sooner, and would have seen quite as much of the American Switzerland, if he had trusted himself to an ordinary guidebook. — St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. (The Century Company.) The bound volumes which collect the numbers for the past year give one a very good notion of the variety which passes before the reader of the monthly parts. It is interesting to note how many names of contributors are as yet unknown to fame. Such a magazine clearly offers a field for new writers; but we doubt if inexperienced draughtsmen find the same hospitality. — Harper's Young People for 1890. (Harpers.) A survey of a year of this weekly journal gives a good notion of the wide range taken by it. It seems to us to have a little closer relation to actual life than St. Nicholas. There is not, perhaps, so much fancy in it, and it has a somewhat more masculine temper. If both were weeklies, one would not go far astray who took them alternately. — The Story Hour, a Book for the Home and the Kindergarten, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin's Introduction, in which she discourses on the art of story-telling in the school-room, is a delightful piece of work, full of freshness and good suggestion. The stories, to our thinking, clever as they are, would gain much from the telling. They have, in a word, a decorative style which is little likely to be criticised as the words fall from the lips of a friendly story-teller, but is, somehow, rhetorically rather than constructively lively when read from the printed page. But the book offers itself most effectively to one who is to read aloud to a young child, or, better still, to tell the stories over again. — King Tom and the Runaways, the Story of what Befell Two Boys in a Georgia Swamp, by Louis Pendleton. (Appleton.) A lively story of boy life in the South before the war. The writer, whether he tells a true narrative or not, writes with intelligence regarding boy nature and a Georgia swamp; and if there is a little mechanical treatment, we doubt if a boy would notice it, for he would be too much interested in the story. It is the purblind critic who sees such things — and speaks of them.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. The Portfolio for November (Seeley & Co., London; Macmillan, New York) has an etching, Faithful Hearts, from the picture by P. H. Calderon, which is interesting as an illustration of the hold which domestic subjects have on the English mind. Mr. Calderon is not the painter one would suppose likely to paint a British farmer laying flowers on his wife's grave, while his little child looks shyly on, but this is the subject, and somehow one is not greatly touched by it. There also is an engraving of Holbein's Ambassadors and what we take as the completion of Charing Cross to St. Paul's, with the admirable pen-and-ink drawings by Pennell. — The numbers of L'Art for October 15 and November 1 (Macmillan) are less interesting than usual, for they are devoted largely to a survey of the engravings at the 1889 Exposition, and process copies of lithographs are not very satisfactory. There are, however, heliogravures after Van der Meer and De Vriendt. — The fortieth volume of The Century (The Century Company) covers the months May to October, 1890. We have been interested, in running through these six numbers, to note how far the magazine is dependent for its interest and value on its illustrations. Such a series, of course, as Italian Old Masters owes its importance to Mr. Cole's remarkable engravings. Now and then there are articles which could not be read intelligently without the accompanying designs, as Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings and Chickens for Use and Beauty; there are others which gain decidedly by the use of pictures, as the paper on Wells Cathedral and The Women of the French Salons; one series, that of Mr. Lafarge's Letters from Japan, appeals to the reader with peculiar interest because the writer uses in the series both his modes of expression, that with the pen and that with the pencil. But aside from such papers as we have hinted at, we are disposed to think that the marriage of literature and art tends to divorce.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Custom-House Comédienne.

THE comedy of the custom house which was set forth by a Contributor last month is always strong in female characters. The grim, perplexed seriousness with which the customs officers play their part makes a delightful foil (for the spectators) to the nimble, elusive mental movements of their adversaries, and it is in the conflict between aggressor and aggrieved, between invader and invaded, that the humors of our great national institution develop their choicest bloom. The fortunes of war which recently delayed my own boxes and my hoped-for escape gave me, by way of compensation, an easy opportunity of observing and enjoying the experiences of other people, and I was encouraged in my diversion by the too evident glee of one of the minor actors in the strife. She was a very pretty girl, this gay young combatant, not more than sixteen years old, and she sat kicking her heels on somebody else's trunk, while she watched with enviable composure the overhauling of her own. I had seen her often during the homeward voyage, and had spoken to her once or twice, as she tripped endlessly up and down the deck in company with every man and boy on board ; taking them impartially one by one, and seeming to be on the same mysterious terms of intimacy with all. She had a traveling companion in the shape of a mother who adored her fretfully, and whom she treated with finely mingled affection and contempt. She never spoke of this relative without the prefix "poor." "Poor mother is awfully sick to-day," she would say in her shrill, high-pitched voice, with a laugh which showed all her little white teeth, and sounded a trifle unsympathetic in our ears. But five minutes later she was helping "poor mother" to her steamer chair, wrapping her up skillfully in half a dozen rugs and shawls, bullying the deck steward to bring her some hot bouillon, bullying her to drink the bouillon when brought, listening to her manifold complaints with an indulgent smile, and flatly refusing to obey when entreated to put on a warmer jacket. "Poor mother is always worrying about wraps," was her only acknowledgment of the maternal solicitude ; and even this remark was made, not to her prostrate parent, but to the youth who was waiting to bear her away.

The pair had been traveling alone all summer, but were met on the docks by a person whom they both called "cousin Jim," and who assured them in a hearty, off-hand manner that he would have them safe through the custom house in five minutes ; a miscalculation, as it turned out, of quite three quarters of an hour. Malignant fate assigned them an inspector who settled down to his search like an Indian to the war trail, and who seemed possessed with the idea that the wealth of the Indies lay secreted somewhere in those two shabby, travel-worn boxes. Whether this man was really enamored of his disagreeable task, whether he conscientiously believed that the United States would be impoverished and her industries crippled by the contents of that modest luggage, or whether he had been too pliable on former occasions, and seized this chance to assert his general incorruptibility, it would be hard to determine ; but while older and less ardent officials lifted out trays and turned over corners in a purely perfunctory manner, seeing nothing, and seeking to see nothing, of what lay beneath, this red-hot zealot went thoroughly and exhaustively to work upon the limited materials before him. Now the particular irritation of the custom house lies, not in the fact of your trunk being searched, but of your neighbor's trunk escaping ; and the sharpest sting is when you chance to know that your neighbor is carrying in unmolested ten times the value of your dutiable articles. If Miss Maisie, kicking her heels and smiling affably, did not realize the hardship of her position, Miss Maisie's mother — she never had any other name, her sole claim to distinction resting on her daughter — felt it very keenly. She stood, anxious and angry, by the side of the inspector, protesting fretfully at each new inroad, and appealing for sympathy to her companions. "It 's a perfect shame, the way he has rumpled your dresses, Maisie, and upset that tray you packed so nice and close. You will never be able to get the things back again in the

world, and, if you do, one half of them will be broken before we reach home. And there 's your new fur cape all out of fold. I told you to wear it, or carry it in on your arm. No ! that 's not a present ; at least I think not, is it, Maisie ? " as a small brown paper parcel, carefully tied, was held up by the inspector for scrutiny.

" I can't tell till I open it," said the girl, reaching over, and very deliberately unfastening the string. " You don't remember what this is, do you, mother ? Oh ! I see, — a piece of camphor. No, it 's not a present. We brought it from America. Lasts beautifully, does n't it ? " returning the parcel with a smile. " Would you mind wrapping it up again ? It 's so very hard to tie anything in gloves."

Apparently the inspector did mind, for he jerked the lump of camphor unwrapped into the trunk, and made a vicious scoop among the layers of neatly packed clothing. " Is this a present, then ? " he asked, drawing to light a flat oblong white box, and snapping the cord that bound it. Inside, resting on pink cotton wool, was a small silver-backed hand-mirror of fine workmanship. " Surely this must be a present ? " he repeated, with the triumphant air of one who has dragged a secret crime to justice.

Maisie's mother looked nervous, and fidgeted visibly, but Maisie herself was imperturbable. " You are mistaken ; it is not," she said, without a tremor.

The man glanced at her sharply, and shrugged his shoulders. " You keep it very nicely put away for an article in use," he hinted, turning over the box once or twice with manifest doubt and reluctance. " And these, — are all these your own, too ? " unearthing from some secret receptacle six little card-cases of blue leather, and spreading them out jeeringly in a row.

" I told you not to get so many, Maisie, but you would do it," said her mother, in the hopeless tone of a convicted criminal.

" They were such bargains I could n't resist them," answered the girl sorrowfully. " Yes, they are presents ; at least five of them are. I guess I will keep one for myself, and save that, any way. Just put one of them back, please. And oh, dear ! do you have to lift out that heavy tray ? There is nothing but clothes at the bottom of the trunk."

" Nothing at all but clothes," interposed her mother peevishly. " I don't see why you have to go through everything in this fashion."

" Nothing at all but clothes," repeated cousin Jim, who had hitherto stood staring silently at the confusion before him. " Can't you take the ladies' word for it, when they assure you there is nothing underneath but clothes ? "

" My dear sir," said the inspector, exasperated into insolence, " I should be very glad to take any lady's word, but I can't. I 've learned a great deal better."

Maisie's mother colored hotly with the righteous indignation of a woman who lies easily, and is accused of falsehood ; but Maisie, screwing her pretty head on one side, winked at me in shameless enjoyment of the situation. " He 'll find I 'm right this time," she whispered ; " but was n't it lucky he got it into his stupid brain that the glass must be a present ! If he had said ' commission,' now, I should have been caught, and the friend I bought it for would be simply furious if I had to pay duty on it. Poor mother insisted that I should not take a single commission this summer, so I only have very few : just that glass, and some gloves, of course, and a feather collar, and half a dozen pairs of stockings, and a little silk shawl from Rome. One girl did ask me to buy her a dress in Paris, but I would n't do it ; and another wanted a pair of red slippers, but fortunately I forgot her size ; and another " —

" Maisie, dear, do put back your things now," interrupted her unhappy parent, who by this time was on the verge of tears. " The inspector has finished with your trunk, and is going to mine. And please be careful of your cape ! I wish you had worn it instead " —

" Instead of my old one ? " said the girl hastily, smoothing down, as she spoke, a very handsome and palpably new piece of sealskin on her shoulders. " Poor mother is so blundering," she sighed softly in my ear. " I am wearing this cape for Dr. Hunsdale. He is bringing it home to his sister, and of course would n't have any shadow of a chance with it himself. Indeed, he intended to declare it, which would have been a dreadful shame. So I just offered to pack mine and wear this one. Lots of girls do, you know. I 've got a watch here

for another man, too," lightly touching the châtelaine by her side. "Not a gold one. Only a little silver thing he bought for *his* sister, who is a child. Poor mother does n't know about that, or she would be more miserable still; and she is pretty miserable now, is n't she?" contemplating her perturbed relative with gentle disfavor. "You see, she worries so, she makes that man believe we have something tremendously valuable somewhere, and he is bent on finding it out. There, he 's after our Roman blankets; but those are for ourselves, and what is more," raising her voice, "we have had them in use for nearly three months."

"Three months is n't long enough," returned the official surlily. "You must have had them in use a year, to bring them in free."

"A year!" echoed Maisie, opening her round eyes with innocent amazement. "If you knew much about Roman blankets, you would n't expect anybody to use them for a year, and then think them worth bringing home. What a thrifty lot the custom-house people must be! Poor mother! She never expected to pay for those, and it does seem a little hard on her. But what 's that he 's got now? Oh! *do* look!" for the inspector had grabbed something loosely wrapped in white tissue paper, and was holding it aloft with an exultant shake and an "I 've tracked you at last" expression. Down fell a rubber shoe, of unmistakable American manufacture, but richly crusted with layers of foreign mud. It flopped modestly into the bottom of the trunk, and was greeted with a ringing laugh of genuine uncontrolled delight. "That 's a present," sobbed the girl, literally choking with mirth, "and very valuable. We brought it from the South Kensington, and are going to send it to the Metropolitan Museum as soon as we reach home."

"Maisie, how can you be so foolish!" protested her mother, roused by desperation to some faint semblance of authority, and visibly anxious to propitiate the inspector, who looked ominously angry. "If you will wrap such absurd things in white tissue paper, naturally people think they are of some value."

"But we had so much tissue paper in London, and nothing else to wrap with," was the very reasonable reply. "Fifteen sheets the tailor sent home with my one frock, and I am keeping most of it to use at Christmas time. Poor old shoe!" lifting it tenderly out of the trunk; "if mud were a dutiable article, — and I only wonder it is n't, — you would come very expensive just now. Swiss mud, too, I do believe, never brushed off since that day at Grindelwald, and quite a relic. Don't you think," turning suddenly to me, "don't you really think all this is fearfully funny?"

In one sense I did, though the fun was of a strictly esoteric character, not appealing broadly to the crowd. But then Mr. Saintsbury assures us that real fun seldom does. Poor mother's sense of humor was plainly unequal to the demand made upon it; cousin Jim, who had not spoken since his first repulse, looked more bewildered than amused; and even the inspector did not seem vastly entertained by the situation. The trunks had been examined, and their contents sadly disarranged; the handbags, searched and found to contain only toilet articles and underwear; the steamer rugs, unrolled, revealed nothing more precious than an old magazine and four battered French novels. As a result of over half an hour's inquisition, the authorities had possessed themselves of two well-worn Roman blankets, a pretty, inexpensive little fan, painted on brown linen, a beer mug of Munich ware, and those five blue card-cases that had been so cheap in Paris. It hardly seemed as if the spoils were worth the conflict, or as if the three dollars and ninety cents duty charged on them could be a serious addition to the revenues of the United States. But the home-coming of one poor woman had been marred, and no salt-tax of ancient France was ever paid with more manifest reluctance and ill will.

"It 's the burning injustice of the thing I mind, Maisie," was the vehement protest hurled at the inspector's back. "There were plenty of people all around whose trunks were hardly touched. I watched one man myself, and he never lifted out a single thing, — just turned the corners a little, and smoothed all down again. He was examining the Hardings' luggage, too, and I know they have five times as much as we have, — really costly, beautiful things, — and they never paid a cent."

"But we did n't pay a great deal," returned the girl cheerfully. She was down on her knees now, deftly rearranging the

disordered trunks. "Think of all our man might have found, and did n't."

"Think of the shameful condition he left our clothes in!" said her angry mother. "It is an outrage. And those blankets! Everybody brings them, and nobody but ourselves has to pay. The Hardings had them, I know, and so did Miss Rebecca Chambers, and Mrs. Starr; and they all came in free."

"Yes, but Mr. Maitland was charged four dollars duty on a pair he bought for twenty shillings in London, and he presented them to the custom-house officers rather than give their value over again," said Maisie triumphantly.

"Did he really!" cried her mother, brightening up wonderfully under the beneficent influence of other people's misfortunes. "What a shame! Four dollars duty on twenty-shilling blankets! I never heard of anything so preposterous."

"Yes, and Dr. Carson gave them a silver watch he had brought over for his little boy, rather than pay the duty on that, it was so high," continued Maisie, who seemed to know the fate and fortunes of every passenger on board.

Her mother's face relaxed from fretfulness into smiles. "I wonder he does n't sue the government, or something," she remarked, with feminine vagueness. "I am sure I should. It is a good thing, Maisie, we had no watches to bring."

The girl chuckled softly, and shook the little châtelaine by her side. "Yes, it *is* a good thing," she said, with an air of simple conviction. "After all, we did get off pretty cheap. And it was almost worth the money to see the delicious flourish with which that muddy old overshoe tumbled on the scene. Don't *you* think," turning once more appealingly to me, "that three dollars and ninety cents was little enough to pay for such a sight?"

Perhaps I did. A laugh is always worth its price, and in these serious days grows rare at any figure. Besides, when a great republic condescends to play an active part in even an indifferent comedy, it is ill-timed to grumble at the cost.

An Apology for the Fallow Field.

— The other day, watching the incessant activities of an ant-hill, I thought I discovered an idler. His fellows fretted and fumed around him, and often seemed to be expostulating on his indifference and slothfulness in the midst of so busy a world. But I found my sympathies singularly awakened in behalf of the slothful one: he might be a simple "striker," but more probably was solving some problem in formic sociology, — a true peripatetic philosopher. At any rate, there was something of dignity in his reserved attitude, if I may so express myself, that contrasted not unfavorably with the perpetual restless action of his neighbors, — action for the greater part impressing the looker-on as being unconsidered and effective of nothing. A perversion of the old proverb occurred to me, — "Go to the sluggard, thou ant." The idea that these bustling little citizens might be arraigning the idleness of my philosophical friend became more and more a humorous one, and in its train followed the reflection that all the vehement endeavors and doings of the human family might, in some larger overlook, appear no more significant than those of the ant-hill; nor would the refraining from industry of a single member appear more culpable than to me appeared the behavior of the dissenting and inoperative ant.

It is true that a score of years ago anything that I could have said regarding time would have been to emphasize the necessity of its improvement rather than to advocate its discreet waste. But now, in the frank undeploring and unaffected spirit which does not as a rule characterize early youth, I am ready to admit that, instead of being the prudent husbandman of time I once supposed myself, I am an incorrigible prodigal thereof. Nor do my fits of remorse with regard to my spendthrift proclivities fall as frequently as formerly. On the contrary, I am fast becoming reconciled to the idea that I must sacrifice what to many would seem a fortune in time, in order that I may avail myself of some few fragments, — desultory, accidental, but to me incalculably precious fragments of time. Happily or unhappily, it cannot be otherwise arranged with my perverse "demon of the study." "If you would work, you must play. If you would do anything to the purpose at any time, you must needs be irrelevant and inconsequent as much of the time as it pleases me to dictate," is the insistent argument of this perverse demon. Apparently, it cannot be helped that my

field lies fallow through whole seasons, while that of my neighbor, the soil being deeper and richer, can be persuaded to rotate crops. My ground is not his, and so the method of tilth must be different. To change the figure, — I should be as unreasonable to censure too much the tardigrade performance of this native demon of mine as I should be, had I undertaken a journey with kind old Dobbin, to lash that leisurely paced animal because he did not bear me along at race-course speed. How much this tranquilized view of the subject is due to an increasingly modest estimate of human accomplishment in general, and of my own in particular, I am not able to determine ; but it seems wise to escape the goad of an irritable restlessness by reflecting that one may finish one's work if his day holds out ; otherwise, the unfinished work, if of use in the world, will find a completing hand when his own has ceased from its activity. I am of the mood to agree with the Spaniards when they sombrely observe, "There is more time than life," and also when they plead *mañana, mañana*, to any exhortation urging dispatch.

It is not to be denied that from the habit of undervaluing opportunity and squandering time one goes from bad to worse. The tragic Story of a Day Lost would usually read thus : Morning slips away, stealing, as she was wont to do, the beautiful youth of one's spirit and resolution ; then the loser, becoming discouraged, throws after her both the noon and the evening, and thereupon goes into bankruptcy. I own that I envy such as have the happy faculty of improving their time and yet of making pastime of it, — possessors of a vitality so keen and enduring that they can pass readily from one piece of work to another, and so on; in the succession and variety of employment finding the rest or recreation which others obtain only in cessation from all effort.

An acknowledged idler, I yet hope I wear my idleness "with a difference," and that I shall never find myself in the needy strait of the average idler, who never has any time to spare. The "sales-lady" in the bakery who declares that she "hates cakes ;" the old lady (of my rural reminiscences) whose third dish of hot maple sugar tasted *bitter;* the minister's young sons who each evening came ruefully to their dose of card-playing (their excellent father wisely considering that home surfeit would forestall appetite abroad), — none of these is so ludicrously burdened by the compelled and inalienable possession of a good thing as is the human creature with too much time at disposal ! Perhaps there is no better test than this whereby to discover an idler of the least hopeful order : observe who protests, "Oh, no, I do not wish to rest ! I should be miserable if I had nothing to do even for a day !" None but an inveterate idler so dreads confronting a clean leisure hour. The same is proverbially in a hurry. A physician tells me that, of a number of patients awaiting their turn at his office, it is only the habitually unoccupied person (suffering from *maladie du faire rien*) who cannot abide the necessary delay. The really busy man or woman can even spend a little more time than was anticipated, the indolent person never.

There are all degrees of idleness. I have two idle friends. The one replies to the question whether he has time for this or that, "Certainly, I have all the time there is." His remark, if not highly original, still induces in me a pleased sense that this young man is the favorite legatee of old Father Chronos, and I am affected as cheerfully as though I heard him jingle in his pockets the twenty-four hours converted into so many gold pieces, or their minutes into so much small silver ! Idler though he is, he is a *leisurely* idler, and much enjoyed by his friends. Of a very dissimilar class is my other idle friend, whose fugitive and uneasy figure is faintly shadowed in the sketch *ut infra.*

TOO MUCH } TIME.
TOO LITTLE }

She 'd so much time it hung upon her hands!
She caught the glass, and shook its lazy sands.
When would the loitering, listless hour be done ?
Its slow cascade seemed ever just begun!

She had so little time ! bid her delay
To solace give or grace a holiday, —
Ah, but the sands abrupt ran swiftly through, —
The hour 's at ebb, and still so much to do!

She 'd so much time (God wot !) she 'd little time !
As notes that lag or hurry in a chime,
So through her every motion, mood, and plan
A little dissonance pervasive ran.

Longevity and Fame. — If all generals had died at Alexander's age, all poets at Marlowe's, all statesmen at Pitt's, all philosophers at Spinoza's, how many men would have missed reputation! Hannibal, indeed, was only 29 when he invaded Italy, Condé but 22 when he won Rocroi, and Napoleon, according to the alleged date of his birth, 27 (more probably 29) when he started on his Italian campaign; but Cæsar was 45 when he commenced the conquest of Gaul, Gustavus Adolphus 37 when he defeated Tilly at Leipsic, and Cromwell 45 when he gained Marston Moor. Frederic II., though only 28 on overrunning Silesia, was 43 when he embarked in the Seven Years' War. Washington was 43 on his appointment to the command of the army. Wellington, had he died at 39, would have been known merely as a promising Indian officer. Keats, dying at 25, Shelley at 30, Byron at 36, had achieved fame; but these are brilliant exceptions of precocity. Had Goethe been as short-lived as Marlowe, he simply would have been the author of Götz von Berlichingen and of Werther, works which cannot compare with those of the men just named. Even Shakespeare, early as he began to write, would not, had he died young, have bequeathed us Othello, Hamlet, Macbeth, or Lear, but merely his minor plays, some of them remodeled rather than original works. Spenser was 37 when he began publishing the Fairy Queen. Milton was 52 when he set himself to writing Paradise Lost. Dante was 37 when banished from Florence, and he had scarcely commenced his great poem. Virgil was 34 when he began the Georgics, and 44 when he began the Æneid. Tennyson, though only 21 on his first appearance in print, was 41 on the publication of In Memoriam; but Browning at 30 had issued examples of nearly all his varied work, ranging from Pauline to some of his most famous dramatic lyrics, and including Pippa Passes. Schiller, it is true, produced his Brigands, the work of fervid youth, at 22, but he was 40 when he commenced with Wallenstein his series of masterpieces. Burns, again, was famous at 27, but Scott was 37 when Marmion appeared, and Wordsworth was 44 when The Excursion saw the light, though it may have been years in preparation.

Statesmanship and youth cannot be expected to go together. Pitt, indeed, was prime minister at 24, Burleigh was Elizabeth's minister at 38, and Walpole was premier at the same age; but Walpole's long lease of power did not commence till he was 44. Fox was 56 when he became foreign secretary. Palmerston did not reach the highest post till he was 70, his long premiership not beginning till he was 75. Gladstone was not premier till 59. Beaconsfield, albeit premier for a few months at 62, was 68 when he entered on a six years' term of office. Cavour was 50 when he undertook the liberation of Italy. Bismarck was 48 when he gained power.

Philosophy also implies mature years. Pascal, indeed, died at 39, but Bacon was 59 when he published the Novum Organum; Descartes 48 when he fully expounded his doctrines in his Principles of Philosophy; Hobbes 54 when he appeared in print; Kant 57 when he issued the Critique of Pure Reason. Rousseau, only 37 when he wrote his paradoxical defense of barbarism, was 50 when he published his Social Contract.

Historians likewise require experience of life and years of research. Buckle, it is true, died at 39, and Froude began his history at 38; but Hume and Prescott were 43 and Macaulay 48 when their first volumes appeared.

Even novelists are sometimes of tardy development. Scott was 43 when, renouncing poetry, he wrote Waverley. Manzoni, inspired by his example, was of exactly the same age when he issued I Promessi Sposi. Cervantes was 53 when Don Quixote saw the light. Thackeray was 35 before he made his first hit with Vanity Fair, and George Eliot 36 when she essayed fiction. Washington Irving was only 26 when he produced Knickerbocker, and Richter only 31 on the appearance of Hesperus; but Rabelais was probably 40 when Gargantua made him famous. Swift wrote Gulliver at 41, and Sterne Shandy at 46.

The greatest of pamphleteers, Courier, was 43 before circumstances called forth his latent gift.

For founders of sects no rule can be laid down. George Fox, in the ferment of the civil wars, began his career at 23, and Wesley commenced itinerant preaching at 35; but Mahomet was 40 when he found his vocation, and Swedenborg, had he died

at 60, would have been known only as a scientist.

Great as have been some men who died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged! Might not Marlowe have rivaled Shakespeare? Yet possibly Byron had already given us his best, and Shelley and Keats might not have surpassed their early efforts. Had the author of Festus died at 23 there would have been lamentation as over Keats, but Mr. Bailey has lived half a century longer without producing a second poem. Tasso, though he lived twenty years after Jerusalem Delivered, never equaled that epic written at 31. Still, there are men whose longevity has certainly stood for much. Michel Angelo showed astonishing precocity, but he owes to his 89 years his great renown as painter, sculptor, and sonneteer. Voltaire's fame, again, rests on the entirety of his writings, not on any single work, and on the literary dictatorship with which age invested him. Cut off twenty years of his life, and his fame would perceptibly shrink. Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Dumas, all had the advantage of fullness of years, so as to be judged by bulk as well as quality. Humboldt, too, owed to his 90 years a portion of his reputation. The true comparison would obviously be between works produced at the same age, or between men dying at about the same age; but it is much easier to test achievement than capacity. Perhaps the best books (*in posse*) have never been written, and we often feel that the men were greater than their works. Who knows, moreover, what geniuses have died in childhood!

The Oldest English Lyric.

— Two poems stand like warders at the gates of English song. One of them, unquestionably the oldest piece of our early literature, is the versified experience of some "metre ballad-monger" of that day, — a minstrel who calls himself Widsith, the Far-Wanderer, and tells what races he has visited, and what valiant kings and fair, gold-decked queens he has charmed with his singing. The other poem shows its antiquity not so much by its contents as by its form. True, it is purely heathen in its sentiment, and therefore belongs to that "colonial" period when all the stuff of which poetry was made had to be imported from the older England. But it is the poetic form which stamps it with its best quality, the old strophic arrangement which once characterized all Germanic poetry, and lingered longest in the songs of Scandinavia. Moreover, the minstrel of this second poem, Deor, is a much more interesting person than the shadowy and somewhat ineffectual Widsith. The latter gives us a catalogue of tribes, a bit of sleepy epic; Deor tells us his wrongs, his sorrow and his comfort, — in a word, he sings us the first English lyric. The quality is not that of the Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples; but to have stanzas — real stanzas, too, my masters! — setting forth the dejection of an English poet who lived long before King Alfred is something to be thankful for. But who reads Deor, — who knows that Deor ever existed? Let us try to bring him before modern readers as nearly as possible in his habit as he lived.

How shall we translate this waif of early poetry; how put in English of to-day the spirit, the manner, and the rhythmic form of an English lyric written over a thousand years ago, and, before that, passed down from mouth to mouth through countless generations? The manner and the form of it we must reproduce faithfully, as by a tracing: only so shall we come at all near the spirit of it. Anglo-Saxon poetry is almost meaningless when separated from its peculiar diction and metre. The spirit of a poem needs the environment of its form, and will not be transplanted. It is vile anachronism to put the Saxon into later costume; what comfort is there in seeing a morion under an opera-hat, or a hauberk smothered by a dress-coat? But this will be the fate of Deor so soon as the general scent a translatable bit of lyric; it has been the fate of other Anglo-Saxon poems, of the Wanderer and the Ruin. Perchance the translator will come and see this lyric of Deor's, and muse about it, and say, "Go to, now, let us put this into Swinburnian Villonese!" A neat little bridge from the ninth to the nineteenth century! To write in the manner of Villon is to strike that introspective, personal note, fatally familiar to us, but unknown to the generation of Deor. Alas, any fine morning we may see Deor thus Villonized in the London Academy, — perhaps the deed has been done already, escaping a careless eye,—and

modern readers will say, "How graceful!" and picture Deor lolling in doublet and trunk-hose at a Mercian tavern. But this is flat burglary on the manly old fellow who saw his ale and skittles in peril, after a hard struggle for them, too, and comforted himself with a bit of verse sung straight into the north wind! No: if our translator must have the modern taste, and yet has conscience to desire some fidelity to his original, let him give his days and his nights to the study of William Dunbar. Haply, however, there be those who would fain see old Deor as he was, and hear him somewhat as he sang. For such is meant the following translation. Be it remembered (avoiding intricate and minor questions) that all Germanic poetry of the early period was written in a rhythm which relied on the agreement of initial accented sounds, — an arrangement for which neither the word "alliteration" nor Worcester's definition of it is correct; and that Anglo-Saxon metre counted four accented syllables to the verse, two in each half, of which the third accented syllable set the sound. With this third accented syllable must agree one of the first two, and may agree both of them; the fourth and the third never rhyme in good poetry.

The poet is in low estate. He comforts himself by recounting the misfortunes of divers personages, all belonging to the cycle of old Germanic sagas.

WAYLAND often wander'd in exile,
doughty earl, ills endur'd,
had for comrades care and longing,
winter-cold wandering; woe oft found,
since Nithhad brought such need upon him, —
laming wound on a lordlier man.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

In Beadohild's breast, her brothers' death
wrought no such ill as her own disgrace,
when she had openly understood
her maidhood vanish'd; she might no wise
think how the case could thrive at all.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

We have heard enough of Hild's disgrace;[1]
heroes of Geat were homeless made,
and sorrow stole their sleep away.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

Theodoric held for thirty winters
Mærings' burg,[2] as many have known.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

We have also heard of Ermanric's
wolfish mind; wide was his sway
o'er the Gothic race, — a ruler grim.
Sat many a man in misery bound,
waited but woe, and wish'd amain
that ruin might fall on the royal house.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

Sitteth one sighing, sunder'd from happiness;
all 's dark within him; he deems forsooth
that his share of evils shall endless be.
Let such bethink him that thro' this world
mighty God sends many changes:
to earls a plenty honor He shows,
ease and bliss; to others, sorrow.

Now I will say of myself, and how
I was singer once to the sons of Heoden,
dear to my master, and Deor was my name.
Long were the winters my lord was kind,
happy my lot, — till Heorrenda now
by grace of singing has gained the land
which the "haven of heroes"[3] erewhile gave me.
That pass'd over, — and this may too!

So much for honest Deor. When every singer of lyrics follows the example of this our oldest song-maker, and keeps his own personality out of sight until the last stanza, criticism may certainly chant its *nunc dimittis*.

Is the Taste for Nature acquired?

— In his story of A Boy's Town, after a very discerning paragraph as to the root of the mischievous activity of boys, Mr. Howells says:

"I have often read in stories of boys who were fond of Nature, and loved her sublimity and beauty, but I do not believe boys are ever naturally fond of Nature. . . . The taste for Nature is as purely acquired as the taste for poetry or the taste for tomatoes. I have often seen boys wondering at the rainbow, but it was wonder, not admiration, that moved them; and I have seen them excited by a storm, but because the storm was tremendous, not because it was beautiful."

Now I do not find this discerning. I am sure it is mistaken. It is perhaps the result of an antagonism to sentimental traditions, with which I can sympathize; or it may be that Mr. Howells feels these views obscurely but logically imposed upon him by fidelity to some of those fixed theories of his to which he is continually making sacrifice. Hard-and-fast theories are more dangerous to truth than simple emotional reactions, and facts are the final test, — when we can get at them.

[1] By another reading, "We have heard of many a household war."

[2] Sc. "in exile."

[3] "Haven of heroes," metaphor for "king," "chieftain."

Though I never was a boy, as a member of the human race I lift up my voice, Carlyle fashion, "as one solitary individual," to assert that my love neither for poetry, nor for nature, nor for tomatoes was acquired. From a good deal of reminiscent conversation with non-sentimental grown people on these very points (barring the matter of the tomatoes), and some similarly directed observations of children, — not as an attorney since reading A Boy's Town, but for years past, — I am convinced that my infantine tastes were not highly exceptional. Taking the human race at large, a taste for nature and for poetry is always rather exceptional, is it not, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race?

I doubt not it is more exceptional with adults than with children. The tomatoes *are* an illustration, though the analogy is not complete. The grown people, who had established ideas of what they liked and what they did not when tomatoes were first introduced among them, resented the novelty of their flavor, and the noise they made in reconciling themselves to it echoes still in Mr. Howells's mind. Now, a little direct observation would have shown him that in these days children, most things being alike strange to them, generally accept tomatoes as readily as they do turnips, or onions, or parsnips. So I believe children often possess a susceptibility to the charms of nature and of poetry that disappears when they grow up in a prosaic society. Then, if they come to have a volitional desire to enjoy these things, I dare say they must — if you like the word — "acquire" a taste for them.

But let me descend from these glittering generalities, and tell a few little significant facts for which I can vouch. I have often said that, in looking back, I felt my love of nature to be the strongest thread of identity connecting my early childhood with my mature self. I can see absolutely no difference in my joy in moving, whispering green branches, in sunshine, in sky and water, now and when I was three years old, and had, so far as I know, never heard a word about their beauty. No difference? Yes, alas! I too have suffered somewhat from contact with interests hard and gross, and now there is never quite the keenness of exaltation, the transcendent absorption, in my joy that I used to feel when scarcely more than a baby. I dare say many persons whose memories do not reach quite so far back did, nevertheless, have lovely experiences with nature when they were three years old.

My recollection of literary delights is equally ancient. I was less than three when I had my first great literary sensation, and it was a genuinely poetical one. I had before taken great pleasure in the little stories read to me, but when I heard William Allingham's poem, beginning,

> "Up the airy mountain,
> Down the rocky glen,
> We dare n't go a-hunting
> For fear of little men,"

I had a "good joy," never, in kind, surpassed since. Nay, I am again constrained to go further, and say that it is more years than I care to count since it was equaled. That little poem had then for me a bewildering music and enchanting magic that I fear I never shall find again in any poetry. A greater number of such experiences must atone now for a certain inevitable decline in the quality.

After all, is not Mr. Howells inconsistent in his own statement of his skepticism? If the boys were joyfully excited by the storm because it was tremendous, what is that statement but another (and better) way of saying they loved nature's sublimity? And if they wondered at the rainbow, how superior in feeling for nature they were to those numerous grown people who do not wonder at it!

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FELICIA.

XVI.

Felicia walked rapidly, as if with definite purpose. By degrees she entered a region that gave evidence of more prosperity and comfort. Still going westward, she came at last into a fashionable neighborhood of showy dwellings, ambitious in architecture and finish, the abodes of the wealthy class of the city.

The quick-coming winter twilight was already at hand. Snow was again falling, sifting delicately down, incidentally as it were. Lights had sprung into many windows; the round dimpled faces of children looked out sometimes. In front of one of the large houses a florist's wagon had drawn up to the curb, giving suggestions of impending festivity. Before a great stone church stood a number of carriages; and presently there was a stir among the expectant groups on the sidewalk, as a bridal party emerged from the arched doorway. And at the next corner was a procession returning from the cemetery: a hearse with sombre plumes, and vehicles containing black-robed figures with chilled, grief-marked faces. The muffled drivers urged their tired horses. Darkness was gathering fast. The still, snow-covered city of the dead lay miles away in the dusk.

She had no sympathies, no reflections, no deductions, half acquiescent, half philosophical; no "*bonheur, malheur, tout passe*," as a mental comment. In certain states of feeling one's own grief dwarfs the universe, annihilates joy and sorrow, save as factors in one's own fate.

She had reached that very desirable corner and the new big double house. She paused suddenly. The window shades had not been drawn, but the gas was lighted. She seemed to have stood thus in front of the building many times, and looked in at the glowing room, so vividly had she imagined the situation. It was all exactly as she had pictured it, — the chandeliers, the paintings, the upholstery. And here was John; just in from dinner, no doubt, for he threw himself into an easy-chair, and caught up the paper with his own inimitable, long, visible, post-prandial sigh. And here was Sophie, sinking into her rocking-chair, with the baby in her arms. The baby — no, another baby. Ah, changes of which she was never apprised came in their family life, from which she was excluded. The old baby, the superseded baby, her namesake, little Felicia, was walking sturdily across the floor in her dainty white dress, with her soft fair hair about her brow, holding out her dimpled hands toward — Oh, why had she come, — why had she come! Suddenly she saw her father, unchanged, save perhaps that his hair had a more silvery gleam. He stooped and took the child in his arms; he kissed the delicate cheek. Did he call her "little daughter"? Did he say in his old, tender, peremptory tone, "Felicia"? Did he never remember another Felicia, whose heart was breaking?

She got back to the hotel as best she could. She was so white, so rigid, with the effort at self-command that, as she met Kennett in the hall, near their room, he looked at her in alarm.

"Has anything happened?" he exclaimed.

She entered the room, and he followed her. Then, as she closed the door, she confronted him with haggard eyes.

"Can I endure it longer?" she cried, wildly. "Can I live like this? Live! Am I living? And yet I am not dead. I could not suffer so if I were dead."

He saw it at last. She was suffering poignantly. He attempted to soothe her.

"Don't try to comfort me!" she said. "Don't tell me it does n't matter. We must face it; we must meet it."

"Now be calm, Felicia," he said, in that reasonable voice of his which could once control her, but which now, in some moods, irritated her beyond endurance. "Tell me what you mean. I promise beforehand to do anything possible that you desire."

She tried to control herself, to subdue her heavy panting and the strong trembling that had seized upon her, to steady her shaking fingers as they convulsively unfastened her wrap and removed her gloves. One of her rings was accidentally drawn off and fell upon the floor. As her husband bent to recover it she stopped him.

"What does it matter!" she cried. "It is only a bauble. But when our happiness, our priceless happiness, slips away from us, you make not the slightest effort to get it back. You never see it. You never stoop for it. You don't even know it has gone. You never miss it."

Her slim fingers tightened on his arm. Her agitation communicated itself to him. There was a responsive tremor in his voice.

"Are you reproaching me?" he asked.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "I will not reproach you."

Again she put a strong constraint upon herself. She removed her hands from his arms, and crossed the room. She laid aside her wrap and bonnet, and as she came back she stooped, picked up the ring, and placed it on her shaking finger. With marked deliberation of gesture she seated herself, and when she looked up he saw how much her forced calm was costing her; her strength was spent.

"Don't be angry," she said, piteously.

"I am only distressed," he replied, gently.

"I want to be reasonable," she went on, more firmly, "and I will try not to distress you."

"What is it?" he asked, as he seated himself.

"Hugh, it is the life we live. It is a terrible fate to be excluded from everything of value, from all the world, from all appropriate surroundings; cut off, exiled, interdicted, denied, yet tantalized with the sight of it, so close to it! Is there nothing — is there nothing we can do?"

He looked at her in silence.

"It is such a false position," she went on passionately, her meagre stock of calmness already giving way, "that you, with your nature and your talents, should have for your best friend that — that — venomous man! He is your equal in station, and yet he is *not* your equal any more than a drunken tramp; and his wife is not my equal."

"I ought not to have asked you to go there," he said. "Yet what does it matter to us? Why do you care for Abbott's manner? He can be very disagreeable, but he has some good qualities. At any rate, he is nothing to us."

"Oh, facts are — facts! He and his wife are our friends, our circle, — the only circle we have. Think of it! That is the only woman with whom I have exchanged a dozen words since — since Mrs. Morris was so kind and polite, last summer."

She broke into a bitter laugh that ended with a gush of tears. She brushed them away hastily.

"And such a home! so ignoble, so grotesque! such rudeness, such unkindness, such loutish indifference! too stupid to be even unhappiness. It is not the poverty; it is the dreadful, dreadful tone; it is almost disreputable. And there are other homes so different. I see them through the windows as I go along the streets. Homes where husbands respect their wives, and children love their parents; where I see serenity, and security, and tenderness, and veneration. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, I passed John's, and — oh me — papa — papa!"

Her voice broke into cries; her figure was shaken by convulsive sobs; the tears trickled through her fingers. He could only look at her miserably, forlornly, helplessly.

By degrees the violence of her emotion expended itself, and she leaned back in her chair, holding her handkerchief to her eyes. He took her other hand, cold and nerveless, in his, but he said nothing.

"I did not intend to tell you that," she went on, after a long pause. "I only wanted to tell you what I was thinking on my way back. I went over the whole ground. I reasoned it out calmly. I feel that we must get out of this false position, away from this odious association with unendurable people. If we would, we could take the place we ought to have in the world, — a solid, valuable place. We would not be rich, perhaps not more than comfortable; but we could live, we could be very happy, and very — very" —

He stared at her in such unfeigned amazement that she faltered. Was she seriously proposing that he should relinquish his career because Mr. Abbott was ill-natured, and lived shabbily, and had a commonplace family, and because she had given up, as she had expected to do, the associations of her girlhood?

"It seems to me that you are talking very wildly," he said, with coldness.

"Hear me out, Hugh!" she cried, placing her other hand on his with a firm grasp, and looking at him with earnest eyes. "You would n't mind it after a little. You were satisfied last summer. We were very happy. We could be everything to each other; could we not, Hugh? Once we were. Oh, you know we were once! As it is, I do not share your life. I have none of my own. I merely exist, like a parasite, — a poor, useless, insignificant appendage. And you, — are you not worthy of a better niche than that which Mr. Abbott and Mr. Preston aspire to fill? You could get into something intrinsically valuable. A man of your capacities can do anything."

He marveled that she could be at once so quick and so dense.

"Capacities count for nothing in any line," he said, "without special training. I have had training in only one direction."

She looked at him vaguely. "Is n't there *something?*" she asked.

"If I should give up the stage," he went on, — "the mere idea is preposterous, — how could we live? Do you think it would be well for me to devote my life and talents to giving music lessons because you consider that more genteel?"

"Are you going to be sarcastic to me — *again?*" she cried, with a sharp ring of pain in her voice.

His sense of irritation had been asserting itself over his dismayed surprise. Now it received a check. He resolved that, say what she might, he would speak no words that could rankle as those words which he once spoke in his wrath had rankled.

"My only opportunities lie in the line of music," he continued. "I might do something in the way of composing songs, but in my case that would be too precarious to be considered. A man

could not rely for a living on lucky inspirations which would sell. They might not present themselves."

Was this all? Could life hold out to him, with his mind and his character, no other fate than such a meagre uncertainty as writing songs, or the ill-paid drudgery of music lessons, or the opportunity of singing in tights and with a painted face for the well-to-do, well-placed people who held themselves immeasurably his superiors?

She spoke suddenly, with a new firmness.

"You *can* give up the stage," she declared. "We can live perfectly well on my property that my mother's father left me. You remember, when I finally decided to be married, my brother sent a lawyer with settlements for you to sign, and you signed them, and the income is to be put aside for me. Why can't we live on that property? Why need you do anything? How can two people who love each other say about money, 'This is yours,' or 'This is mine'? Will you weigh my happiness against your pride?"

He made no reply, but his face expressed strong displeasure. She broke again into entreaties. Her loss of self-control was rare. With perfect health and strong will, she was intolerant of nerves, and tears, and weakness. The utter relinquishment of her wonted composure added to his difficulties.

"It is not that I am a snob," she persisted. "I don't want you to misunderstand me. I don't value the opinion of rich and great people. I don't care for their money or their approval. I don't care for poverty; that is not what I fear. I don't want a fine house, and carriages, and horses, and *carte blanche* to spend as I choose. Once I thought I did, but I know myself better now. I did myself injustice. That is not what I value."

He looked at her vaguely. "Then what is it you value?" he asked.

"My pride, — my sacred pride."

He said nothing.

"It is stabbed every day, — every hour. My portion in life is humiliation. It is not because the people who have a valuable position think ours an unendurable position; it is because I myself think it unendurable. And so I want to give up this life which offers nothing that is truly of worth, — nothing but the praise of your singing from a foolish public which does not know anything about singing. I want to go to the plantation, and live there unostentatiously, and quietly, and suitably. Promise me, Hugh. We could have a home. It would not be fine, but it would be our own home." She glanced at her little belongings, that so vainly simulated that altar before which every woman's heart prostrates itself, sooner or later. "We could live for each other there. We should not need to have these odious misunderstandings as part of our lives. Promise me, Hugh."

There was a long pause while she sat clasping his hands, her eloquent eyes on his face.

"The thing is impossible," he said at last, "even if I were to consent, which nothing would induce me to do."

"Why is it impossible?"

Again he hesitated. "I prefer not to tell you."

"But I insist, — I insist."

"I hope you will not force this upon me," he said, rising and walking in indecision about the room.

"I do force it. I will know."

"Why, Felicia, you evidently don't understand that the income of that property would not support us in even the plainest style. The property is at present utterly unsalable. Much of the land is heavily wooded; much of it has been denuded of trees, and is covered with cypress stumps, and besides is cut up by bayous and is under water nearly half the year, — it is unfit for cultivation. The rents of the small portion

that has been cleared are not enough, I should judge, after the taxes are paid, to do more than compass your dressmaker's bills. The property may have a future, when railroads are built and the country is developed, but at present it is unavailable from many points of view. I would not live as you propose if it were possible; as it is not possible, you had better dismiss the idea from consideration."

She looked at him blankly.

"I never was there, but I thought it was a fine plantation. I thought we might go there and live quietly, — as happily as we did last summer."

"There is no house on the place except a few negro cabins; and if there were a house, we should die of malaria. Neither of us is acclimated to the swamp. And there is practically no income."

A long pause ensued.

"But I have always been called an heiress," she said, piteously.

"You have been called an heiress more on account of your expectations from your father than because of what you actually possess," he replied.

She was bitterly disappointed; in surprise he saw that she was bitterly humiliated. She had sunk in her own estimation.

It was not, perhaps, to his credit that he stood on higher ground in certain regards than she. He owed it rather to his Bohemian method of living than to any innate nobility that he cared for money because of what it would buy. While she did not sufficiently prize, in one sense, money, she definitely prized wealth, its subtler as well as its practical values. Her fortune, her consequence, her expensive social training and education, and her position had all been a part of herself; she had adequately, perhaps unconsciously, appreciated them; she had appreciated herself much because of them.

She lifted her dismayed eyes to his. All at once she held out both hands with an expressive gesture of despair.

"If I am not rich," she said, in a tense, low voice, "what am I? I have no talents, no occupation, no hopes, no friends, no home. And no money as well? I am indeed a poor thing, — a parasite, mean and insignificant."

In some respects hers was the stronger nature; under her influence he saw her sorrows with her eyes. It might have occurred to a different man to suggest that she was, instead of this, a wife, who held in trust her husband's happiness as well as her own.

Suddenly she cried out sharply: —

"And we have no choice? You are sure? We must live on this way, in this repulsive atmosphere — with these men we know, and these — these women? Can't you see that it is killing me? I am dying by inches! I am torn to pieces! I am broken on the rack! To breathe the same air that she — that they do! To see you — to see you look as you did last night when — when — you spoke of — Oh, what am I saying! And she calls you — calls you 'Hugh'! She dares to call you by your name! And last night — when you spoke of her you looked — you looked — Oh, how can I remember it and live!" She rose and walked wildly about the room, striking her hands frantically together. He sat motionless, staring at her, the amazement in his face canceling all other expressions. For the moment he was possessed by the idea that she had lost her senses. Then there flashed into his mind the thought that there was something deeper than the grievance of their mode of life, — something more bitter than merely external conditions, bitter though he knew they were to her. In his surprise and agitation he had hardly followed what she was saying.

"I — I don't understand you" — he began.

In a moment there came to him a vague realization of her full meaning.

He rose and confronted her. "Tell me," he said, catching both her hands in his, and bringing her irregular progress to a stop, — "tell me what it is you mean."

She stood panting, and looking at him with dilated, terrified eyes. For all at once she was afraid of him. That latent ferocity which was so seldom called to his face expressed itself now in the stern eyes, the strong lower jaw brought heavily forward, the set teeth, the intent frown. She shrank away from him. "I don't know what I meant!" she cried, piteously. "It is all folly. I am ill. I am nervous. I don't mean anything!"

"What did you mean by what you said?" he persisted. "Look at me, Felicia. Tell me what you meant."

His deep gray eyes, lit by that unwonted fire, constrained her. In what broken words she could command she told him what had been in her thoughts for the last twenty-four hours. She interrupted herself sometimes by cries and hysterical sobs, and more than once declared wildly that she had been nervous and ill; she had not been herself; she had been frantic with a delusion. In her agitation she did not see that she had taken all the blame to herself; she only saw that he was intensely angry, and her arraignment seemed to her now strangely inadequate.

He heard her through without a word of reply. When she had concluded, he stood motionless a moment; then he threw her hands from him. It might have been a sarcastic commentary upon the habit of mind which had, through years of training, come to be his second nature that, at this moment of supreme earnestness, the gesture was one suggestive of finished feigning, — the accepted stage expression of renunciation. He caught up his overcoat, tossed it over his arm, and looked about for his hat, still ominously silent.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh," she cried, catching at his hand, "you are not going without a word to me?"

"Such discussions do no good," he said. His voice was cold, but it trembled; his hands were shaking.

"You are angry with me! You will say nothing — give me no assurance" —

"You want your husband to assure you that he is not a scoundrel? I cannot find words for that."

He opened the door and made his way along the hall, striving to quiet his nerves and master his agitation. He walked downstairs instead of ringing for the elevator. As he passed through the office, the current of his thoughts was sharply altered. His eyes chanced to fall upon the big clock. He took out his watch, and hurriedly compared the two timepieces. There was no mistake.

These complicated family discussions require time. It was past eight o'clock.

He encountered a messenger in red-hot haste, as he neared the theatre. When he arrived, he met black looks, swift reproaches, and eager injunctions. He heeded nothing. He absorbed himself, mind and body, in the feat of changing his clothes in the least possible time, and, without an instant's intermission, he who had so ordered his life that for twenty years he had not permitted himself to be hurried, or agitated, or derelict, who accounted serenity of soul and mastery of the physique the first elements of artistic excellence, walked upon the stage into the presence of a large and critical audience, dazed, panting, breathless, dinnerless, — prosaic consideration, but of primal importance to a singer, — his limbs trembling, his nerves shattered, his memory and his voice at the mercy of the accidents of the evening.

It seemed as if the long anguish of that performance would never drag to its conclusion. His previous habit of self-command was as if it had never existed; it had prepared him for no such emergency, no such tumult of feeling,

as this. During the waits he struggled frantically for composure. "You 're all right now, dear old boy," Abbott said to him again and again; and was that the voice so often heard in bitter satires, and in taunts that stung like the lash of a whip? Venom? It was so gentle and mellifluous, so fraternal and cordial, that Kennett found himself relying on it as he had never before relied on any power outside of his own control. While he was on the stage, he would, without warrant or precedent, change his place that he might feel the strong support of a friendly proximity; a sympathetic hand laid on his shoulder when it might be; a few words in an undertone; the glance of eyes that he had often known as mocking, often quizzical, but now kind — kind.

This influence helped him to regain in some degree his tranquillity. To the general public there was as yet nothing unusual. To those versed in the minutiæ of theatrical matters a hurry was perceptible, an eagerness; the lack of polish, assurance, control, that usually characterized him. Perhaps his modicum of self-possession came to him a little too early, bringing with it a relaxation of the intense strain that had served him in lieu of his wonted calm equipoise.

In the last scene of the last act he had a solo, through which ran, as an accompaniment, a series of pianissimo phrases by a chorus of female voices, — a nice effect and very popular. It occurred at an important moment, — the culmination of the act, and indeed of the whole work. What was the matter with it? Was the orchestra to blame, the chorus? In another instant the fact was evident. The voice of the soloist was not only faulty of intonation, but false, — glaringly, grotesquely false; by turns flat and sharp, completely out of tune. The most unmusical auditor could not fail to notice it; it was an affliction to connoisseurs. The volume and robustness of tone only intensified the discord; the anguish on the singer's face pointed the disaster.

"This is the beginning of the end," said Abbott to Preston, off at the right wing.

"Fee, fo, fi, fum,
I smell the blood of an American man,"

returned Preston, smothering his laugh.

The English tenor also smelt the blood of an American man; he kept, with what decency he might, his elation out of his face, but his eyes were gleaming.

Kennett was calm enough at last; the worst had happened. He dashed aside the icy drops that had started upon his brow; he moved with ease; his voice was itself once more. There was little after this for him to do. He did it smoothly and mechanically enough. As he took his way to his dressing-room, he passed, near one of the wings, the manager, who did not look toward him, and whose face wore a certain absolute neutrality more expressive of intense anger than the most indignant glance.

"Go and get drunk, Kennett," said Abbott, bitterly, — "go and get drunk. That 's the only thing for you now."

He made no reply. He composedly changed his clothes, and took his way to the hotel.

He hardly looked at Felicia. In his preoccupation, he did not notice, as he entered the room, that she was coming toward him with outstretched hands, — that her face was eager, her eyes appealing. She stopped abruptly as he spoke.

"Does it never occur to you," he said, crossing his arms on the back of a chair and leaning on them, "that you undertake a serious responsibility when you use your influence on a man to frustrate his ambition and nullify his talents?"

"What has happened?" she asked, tremulously.

"I made a bad failure to-night, for the first time in my life." After a pause, he added, with a short laugh, "A few

more such unnerving scenes as we had this evening, and it will not be a question of *relinquishing* the stage."

He had intended to say much in reproach; he did not relent, but in a moment all the fire of his indignation seemed spent. He was leaning heavily on the chair, his tired eyes on the floor, his listless hands hanging before him.

She took one of them in hers: it lay unresponsive in her clasp for a moment; then he withdrew it.

"I must get into the air!" he exclaimed, abruptly.

He went out without another word.

He walked far that night, — at first irregularly, spasmodically; his heavy feet hardly dragging along in obedience to his languid will; his deadly fatigue a trifle less potent than the torture of restlessness that had taken possession of him. Gradually the reserve force of his splendid physique began to assert itself; his step grew more firm and rapid; he made his way doggedly through the thickly falling snow, which stung cruelly as it fell, for a blizzard was blowing. And from the vague haze of his mental processes consecutive thought came to him, — dreary thinking. He went back over many years of toilsome endeavor and patient purpose. It had been hard to compass his present place; he had expected to go much further; he had felt that the end justified every labor and relinquishment. If it were indeed ungenteel, according to superficial standards, what did that matter? Little points of spurious worldly value were not to be considered. It was his calling, for which he was fitted by the gift of nature and half a lifetime of effort, — a possession of intrinsic value, æsthetically and practically.

And now, what of the result, — what of his future?

That he should retrace lost ground, bitterly won; retrieve his prestige; recapture the favor of the exacting public, easy to offend, hard to propitiate; overcome the eager and insidious disparagement which follows so hard upon failure or partial failure, and fatally difficult to confute when the point at issue is anything so intangible as purity of tone, pitch, quality, — this was his immediate future. And for the rest, — his ultimate future? In one brief interval to-night he had been grieved by his wife's grief; his heart had been more cruelly stabbed by the affront of her jealousy. Now these considerations were in the background; already they had taken their place only as an element affecting the development of his ambition and his capacities. So it was that he asked himself what, if hampered by the influence of an unhappy domestic life, was to be his future. It was to enter into a race handicapped; to essay to soar with clipped wings; to drag down to the plane of mechanical, unlighted drudgery the delicate and ethereal achievements of inspiration and talent, and a most artistic school. It was to convert his life's ambitions into a life's failure, — not tame, inconspicuous failure, but public, absolute, ludicrous, pitiable, egregious.

XVII.

One of the distinctive qualities of a woman's grief is its possibility of duality. During Kennett's absence at the theatre, Felicia, reviewing the scene between them, feeling vicariously all that he had felt, the pain, the repulsion, the amazement, the shocked realization, was also acutely conscious that he had not uttered one word of vindication, of denial. She endured for him as well as for herself: the poignancy of his wounded pride and affection as a wronged and insulted man; her doubts and despair as a wretched and jealous woman.

And when he returned, instead of the reproaches she feared, the reconciliation she hoped, he told her of his failure. That seemed a minor matter until she

noted the change in his face. The expressions he had formerly worn were as foreign to it now as if that other happier, more fortunate entity he once was had been the inhabitant of another planet. Sharp Care had registered itself in strong, definite lines between his brows and about his mouth; the muscles of his face seemed to have relaxed; it was strangely heavy, inert; beneath his eyes was that indescribable yet unmistakable imprint left by a stupendous nervous shock. His expression was as if he had received a mortal blow.

She heard, with a sort of anguished incredulity, slowly resolving itself into dismayed realization, those bitter words of his which imputed to her the responsibility of his failure. And she had done this thing? Was it through her that this calamity had come upon him?

It was like murder, she said to herself, in her terror and abasement and tumult of anxiety, to interfere with a man's life work, to obliterate his ambitions, to frustrate his achievement, to be the cause, direct or remote, which brought him to a crisis affecting him like this.

Then, when he again left her suddenly, declaring that he must get out into the air, she had these thoughts for company. Her grievances, her disappointments, even her doubts of him, were far from her now. Had she done a cruel thing? Was it irreparable? Had the elements which had been at work in her character during the last year — since, in fact, she had, with her eyes open and aware of her peril, dared the conventionalities and married him — been in insidious and deadly conflict with the only possibilities which made life of value to him? She had been afraid of her marriage for her own sake, — what if it had ruined him? She had attempted to conserve all that she deemed of value, — what if she had wrested from him all that he deemed of value? Their ideals were as far asunder as the poles. Had she arrogated to herself the office of judge as to which should survive?

As to that other responsibility which she had assumed toward this art of his, her thoughts lingered vaguely about the theory which was to him so real a fact, — that the development of certain tendencies in art is a great power in intellectual growth. Had she interfered to rob the world of some subtle, far-reaching possibility of achievement which might have ennobled and sanctified other minds and ambitions in a sordid age, sorely in need of eyes that lift themselves to the stars? The world? Well, with her limitations, it was hardly within her horizon to comprehend what it meant to say that the world should be robbed. But since it was he who so tensely held his eager ambition to bestow upon it his "great future," she might seek to realize what throes were his in relinquishment, what desolation for love of the thing itself.

And now the woman whose heart ached for him must endure with what fortitude she might the knowledge that in his hour of disaster it was his impulse to escape from her, and be alone with the winter wind and his griefs.

The wind was high. She could see through the window that it was sweeping across the sky vast masses of black clouds that held cavernous depths, defined sometimes by illusive pallid gleams and mysterious swirls and rifts; strange of contour, suggesting the volcanoes and mountains and gigantic remnants of continents that appertain to some burnt-out world, still obeying the great uncomprehended law which set it in motion and sent it revolving through space. The snow had ceased to fall. Once was visible for a moment a dim, veiled moon, with a yellow aureola about it. The chaos of black vapor was bathed in a pale radiance; and suddenly it had vanished, save for fugitive flecks of white light that gleamed a moment longer, then one by one were gone. And

ever the strong wind, with its sense of resistless motion, and the inexplicable suggestion of impending calamity which comes with the implacable rising and falling of that mighty voice, swept along the sky, and over the vast plains of the prairies, and through the corridor-like streets of the city.

Kennett came at last, with a heavy tread. There was deadly fatigue in his face. He spoke in a stern voice.

"If you want to ruin me, now is your chance," he said. "It is necessary that I sleep; so only talk to me with excitement, and the game is up."

It is one of the tragic elements of intense feeling that it can make no compact with policy. The faculty to cajole, to palliate, to deplore, to predict good fortune for next week, for to-morrow; assuming the guise of partisanship, to resent calamity as an affront, — this adroit management in arrogating the office and functions of ally is a most potent factor in the art of consolation. Perhaps it is too much to assert that this is possible only when sympathy is lukewarm, but certainly the heart that feels another's disaster as a supreme calamity prompts few pat phrases. These same pat phrases, — how welcome, how healing, how indispensable! Kennett, strong as he thought himself, expected them, longed for them, felt that he could not exist without them. He glanced wistfully — his inconsistent bitter words still vibrating on the air — at her face; white it was, and tense. In the utter collapse of his powers, he could only feel indefinitely that it held deep meanings; he could not now comprehend the expression in her eyes, as she lifted them mutely to him.

He sighed heavily as he walked across the room. "I don't want to be waked till the last moment before rehearsal, to-morrow," he said.

For all her alertness of interpretation in the trivial crises of life, she did not understand the feeling underlying his words and his stern, almost cruel tone; she, who had so many tactful devices at command when nothing was at stake, was helpless now, her faculties paralyzed in the realization that a calamity had through her come upon him, and in the thought of his anger. Long after he had fallen into a sleep so profound that he seemed to have passed into the vague border lands that lie between life and death, she still sat motionless, staring with a white face out of the window at the dark, tempestuous night, striving definitely to realize what had happened in all its relations to his life and to hers.

By degrees the wind sank; the clouds broke slowly apart; stars looked through the rifts, icy and aloof; the pale gibbous moon stole into view, sending long shafts of spectral light into the room.

After all, does much of our woe come about because we have no mental system of appraisement? If we had such a formula, — simplest of processes, — if, for instance, we should definitely consider as a set-off against possible bliss, valued, let us say, at 90, the joy actually in possession, should we not write against it also 90, even 100? In its deep subconsciousness, overswept by the turbulent, superficial emotions of daily life, does the soul distinctly realize its possession, while lighter values drift along lighter currents, or gleam prismatic on the surface? And is it these which, in our careless habit of thought and speech, we call precious?

She had often said to herself in the past year that life was worthless without appropriateness, dignity, embellishment. It had not occurred to her to weigh against these potent forces that strong element which had come to be a part of her very existence, until she feared that its possession was threatened. Now, so distinctly did it assert itself in this vigil of hers that the terror of losing her hold upon her husband's heart was of more moment than the terror of menace to him.

The theory that she was losing her

hold upon his heart received, apparently, the fatal corroboration of accident. He came back the next morning from rehearsal gloomy, absorbed, with no words of greeting for her as he entered. He stood silent before the fire for some moments, then suddenly crossed the room and seated himself at the piano.

She summoned her composure. She made a strong effort to overcome the timidity and anxiety that had taken possession of her. She too crossed the room, and stood beside him. She placed her hand on his shoulder. But her hand was trembling; her face was pale; tears were in her eyes.

He glanced up, with a palpable shrinking. He feared her, she said to herself, — that was evident. He thought she was on the verge of another scene; he deemed her a weak, hysterical, jealous creature, ready for wild criminations and ecstatic reconciliations, which would tear his nerves and exhaust his strength when he most needed the full mastery of his faculties. Yes, it was evident. He feared her.

The thought controlled her. She stood motionless for some moments; then, after a few casual words when she could trust her voice, she turned away. His face expressed relief, — she could not mistake it, — and she could only say to herself again that he feared her; he could hardly look at her; he dreaded that she should even speak to him.

As the long day wore on she became an adept in self-torture. She believed that her reproaches and exactions had borne fruit in his indifference, even his aversion. Her sense of justice was as if annihilated; she no longer recollected that she too had been severely tried; she only saw the years stretching before her in which she would slip further and further out of his life, and become, indeed, only its unlucky incident, with which it might well have dispensed. In her despair she humbly kept in the background, that she might not in an unguarded moment say something which would agitate him and again place him at a disadvantage.

He was silent and absorbed throughout the afternoon. His manner was evidently unstudied, unintentional; it was not designed as punishment, to mark his displeasure because of that ill-timed outbreak of hers; it was not the luxury of wreaking on another something of his own suffering. He gave her little thought, — that was the simple explanation. With his somewhat blunt perception of actual in contrast with imaginary emotion, he did not compass the tumult of feeling in which she was involved. He considered her not at all; he remembered only his own troubles, and that this was a determining crisis in his career.

But as he was about to leave the room for the theatre he turned back suddenly. It was only an impulse. He had noticed nothing of the white despair in her face, so absorbed was he, and so still a presence had she become. He took her in his arms and looked into her eyes. His own were still anxious and haggard. His very soul seemed to gaze from them. Under that long, tender look her heart began to beat heavily; the slow tears welled up. He kissed her as he turned away. "Good-by, dear," he said.

It was only an impulse. It was not because he forgave her; he had forgotten that he had something to forgive, — he loved her much. It was not a plea that she should forgive his reproaches last night; these too he had forgotten, — he knew she loved him much.

For her it was a benignant impulse; it gave her back, as it were, to life. The throbbing of her heart and her tumultuous rising tears seemed to pulverize and wash away the heavy, numbing, poignant pain she had endured.

As he opened the door and started out of the room, he turned again and closed it.

"Surely, surely," he said, in the insistent tone of one who would fain constrain what he desires to believe, "my voice *must* be all right now."

He drew himself up, inflated his lungs, and began to sing. The opening phrases of the unlucky solo which had come to grief rose in smooth, mellow resonance, — delicately accurate in pitch and modulation, indescribably rich and effective in quality. The anxiety and intentness on his face faded; he drew a long sigh of relief, looked at her with a half smile, and was gone.

He loved much, too, what he called his art.

"Art" is a word of elastic significations. Just now all its vast systems of science and presentation, its potentialities, its ramifications, its possibilities, were merged into the personation that night of Prince Roderic.

His Highness was Felicia's rival, with his powder, and his paint, and his curls; with his attitudinizing and his triumphs of facial expression; with his robust metrical defiances and his languishing love ditties, — he and such as he.

And her only rival?

She was sure of that now, because, she said to herself with conviction, his eyes could not look into hers with truth in them while his heart held a lie. Her doubts had not been very logical; perhaps her reasoning now was as inconsequent, but to her it was certainty, and it sufficed.

As she sat alone that night, she had no prevision of the fate coming so fast. Her reaching thought, that would fain have pierced the future and foreseen its promise, and in anticipating its menaces annulled them, lifted no fold of the veil which hid the next hour. When she roused herself, it was with the realization of an unusual commotion on the street. Then a heavy rattling invaded the air, and the sharp strokes of a gong rang out peremptorily. She drew up the shade, opened the window, and looked out.

A strong wind was blowing; the night was bitterly cold. The stars glinted frostily above the snow-covered roofs. There was a deep red glow against the horizon, extending to the zenith; it was strong enough to pale the lamps, and cast a roseate light along the façade of the buildings that lined the street. A number of men on the pavement below were hurrying in that direction; several had stopped, and were speaking excitedly to others.

It was a strange thing for her to do, — she was not consciously alarmed, a fire was such a usual incident, — but, obeying some imperative inward demand, she leaned out of the window and called to them.

"Where is the fire?" she asked.

They looked up as her silvery tones split the air suddenly. Then the answer floated back to her: —

"The Opera House is burning."

For one instant they thought she was about to throw herself from the window, she swayed so violently forward. The next moment she was running along the dimly lighted hall, down the stairs, and out into the street.

Strangely enough, she was not conscious of terror, — she was only unnaturally conscious of the external conditions: that more snow had fallen; that the pavements were covered; that the hurrying crowd of excited men was constantly increasing; that the sullen red glare was intensified; that another engine, and then a hose carriage, sharply turned a corner as she was about to cross the street. She was caught by strong hands and held in a firm grasp, as she would have dashed in front of the madly plunging horses; the driver's loud, hoarse cries of warning and anger resounded above the unceasing clamor of the gong. Then they had passed, and she wrested her arm from the detaining hands and hurried on. Now in the crowd were gentlemen, with wild eyes and white faces, hatless, their gala at-

tire crushed and torn. Soon she was meeting women as well, frantically agitated, many screaming piteously. And always the crowd was denser, until it was difficult, with all her preternaturally alert faculties, deftly and swiftly to edge her way through it. When at last she turned a certain corner, the scene revealed might have been Pandemonium.

From the roof and windows of the great building flames were shooting, — red and deeply orange, sometimes veined with purple gleams, and again shading into amethystine banners that waved fantastically. Where streams of water were thrown columns of steam and of black smoke ascended, and through them played fiery jets of sparks, that floated high into the air, and traveled far on the wings of the wind. That bitter north wind had already done strange, effective work. Gigantic icicles, growing momently more massive under its arctic influence, hung, glittering and splendid, from every projection on which the streams of water chanced to fall. The firemen were encased in gleaming mail that rattled with a loud sound. As they appeared for an instant within the glassy arches surrounding the windows, or moved about on the roof, the red light, falling upon their sparkling vesture and their ice-covered hair and beards, was reflected back with prismatic gleams. Suddenly, a loud, peremptory command rang out, and a moment later, above the roar of the flames, and the heavy panting of the engines, and the continuous swash of the water, there arose a long, loud, hideous crash, as a portion of the eastern wall gave way.

Felicia was swept with the retreating crowd out of the rain of cinders that drifted downward. Mechanically she dashed the burning fragments from her hair, her hands, her face; then, as she looked up, she stood as if turned to stone.

Many other eyes were fixed on Kennett. Never had drama more effective stage setting; never had actor more intent audience. In the background, high above the high roofs of the building, rolled dense clouds of black smoke, permeated through and through with upward-drifting sparks, and elusive scarlet and orange plumes of flame that capriciously waved, and shot swiftly out, and vanished, to flare anew on a higher level of the cloud.

When he had sprung suddenly upon the roof, it was as if he had emerged from that chaos of fire and smoke. He stood for a moment gazing about him; then he walked to the edge of the building. At that great height he seemed to move with consummate grace and lightness. He was dressed in the costume he wore in the last act of Prince Roderic. The blue and silver vividly accented his figure against the darkly rolling clouds. He stood motionless a moment, looking at the sea of upturned faces; at the building across the alley; at the fiery gulf into which the eastern wall had fallen; at the firemen on the lower roofs of the building, separated from him by that maelstrom of flames; at those other flames, each moment fiercer, more implacable, more assertive, shooting out of the windows below him; then he looked again at the mass of human beings on the streets. There rose to him incoherent murmurs, breaking into frantic exclamations. The intense terror, inherent in human nature, of that most frightful fate, death by fire, manifested itself in quick, wild cries, uttered by men ordinarily sane enough, of insistence that he should jump. Then in a breath came counter cries, — "Wait!" "Wait!" — then loud calls for the hook and ladder companies, then assertions that there was no time to wait; and again desperate injunctions to jump rose into a loud chorus inexpressibly shattering to the nerves in its quality of uncontrollable terror.

Presently he turned slowly, and retraced his steps toward the scuttle.

Already the space along the flat roof was greatly lessened; fire and smoke were bursting out in many places.

There was a pause of uncertainty and speculation. Would he try to go down the stairs, in the hope of finding egress through some door or window not yet essayed? Such an effort was manifestly futile.

In another moment it was apparent that his intention was to leap across the alley and reach the opposite building, an achievement barely within the limits of possibility.

He stooped and tightened the straps that bound his light sandals about his feet. Then he placed his hands upon his hips, and ran so swiftly, so lightly, so elastically, that the effect was as if he were miraculously destitute of weight. It was an infinitesimal interval of time before he reached the edge of the roof. He threw his hands in front of him as he leaped and launched himself into mid-air. For one second the swift figure — a gleam of white and blue and silver — was visible in transit across the sheer space between the two buildings; and for that wild instant the realization of the deadly danger was annulled in the exultant sense of the stupendous achievement. How high he was, how light, how strong! Inexorable physical laws, — how airily he waved them away! And did he leap or fly!

In one second more a huge dun-colored cloud of smoke, with its fiery embroidery of sparks, drifted down and hid him from view. There had been tense silence until this instant; now arose a clamor of ejaculations and eager questions. Had he made it? Had he missed it? Had he fallen? And "Ah! God help him!" cried many.

A moment later they saw what had happened.

At the foot of the wall lay a mass of blue and silver, blood-stained and contorted, and a face and figure mutilated past recognition. There was a quiver of unrealized agonies, and then — problems solved? ideals attained in higher fruition than the paltry human mind conceives? values estimated with the clear cognition of the immortals? What strange, wise presence, set free in one tremendous moment, went forth into the darkness!

The events of that night wrought radical changes where Kennett had been closely concerned. Judge Hamilton discovered he held the opinion that a tragedy can dignify even an absurd situation, and that, under the circumstances, it was not unseemly for him to forgive his daughter. He took her home with him shortly, and thus she was restored to the appropriateness, the dignities, the embellishments, of life. These were not of so much worth to her as once they had been.

Does it take the mighty problems of life and death to elucidate the lesser problems of relative values? Can we discriminate fairly as to relative values when vast and complicated forces, extraneous conditions in unnumbered combinations, inherited tendencies, the tyranny of tradition, the tyranny of training, the implacable, exacting human heart, are elements of the problem?

Is the artificial entity which we labor to endow with strong and subtle qualities, which we ambitiously call Character, and which we bestow on our inmost selves, saying, "Soul, this is thy twin. Walk hand in hand through life," — is it, after all, the stronger, more subtle, more uncontrollable, of the two? May it not prove even antagonistic, and in the end destroy its dedicated companion?

This chronicler is no Œdipus to solve these riddles.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE whole life of Richard Grant White was passed in New York. He was born there and he died there, and in all the intervening years his absences from the town were few and brief. He was already a man of fifty-five when, for the first and only time, he crossed the ocean to make a visit of three months to England exclusively. Eight years before, he had defended his right to call himself a Yankee by saying that "for more than two hundred years my forefathers, on both sides, have been New England men; and, besides, not one of us, myself included, has ever been across the water." His knowledge of his own country from personal observation was also unusually limited for an American of any condition. Yet, long as he lived in New York, he never conceived any real affection for the great commercial capital. He was as a stranger in a strange city. New York, as he viewed it, was a mere mining camp, the resort of adventurers seeking fortune only; and out of such material the construction of a tolerable society seemed to him impossible. "Living in New York," he used to say, after the building of the elevated railways, "is like living in a boiler factory, with rattle and roar above and below." He had no sympathies in common with its prevailing spirit, and few social ties outside of his immediate family. "I can hardly say that I knew this accomplished man of letters," wrote Mr. Richard H. Stoddard soon after Mr. White's death, "though I was acquainted with him for a quarter of a century and upward." Yet the homes of the two were separated by two streets only. Even Mr. Stedman, who was his next-door neighbor in Tenth Street, might have made the same remark, pleasant as the relations between them were. Mr. George William Curtis and he were literary workers side by side, in their earlier days, but their contact was never more than superficial. During Mr. White's life he had as contemporaries in New York, Bryant, Bigelow, Godwin, Greeley, Dana, Bayard Taylor, Willis, Fitz James O'Brien, Edgar Allan Poe, and other men of letters who gave distinction to the period, and nearly all of them of about his own age, and workers with him for newspapers and magazines; but he was not on terms of intimacy with any one of the number.

From first to last he had no intimates among the writers of his day. Until the establishment of the Authors' Club, a short time before his death, he belonged to none of the associations of his craft. He was not of the company of writers and artists whom Mrs. Botta and the Cary sisters gathered at frequent receptions, and he was unknown to the Bohemian crowd over whom Henry Clapp presided in the beer cellar of Pfaff on Broadway. He lived wholly apart from the ways and the sympathies of the literary class around him. He went to them neither for applause nor for intellectual stimulus. Probably he was never conscious of the need of any such support, for throughout his life he was strong in his self-reliance, and felt capable of estimating properly his own abilities. He was not subject to moods of self-depreciation, when he craved the encouragement of his fellows, but, with perfect bodily health and thoroughly sound nerves, his intellect moved with the precision and certainty of a well-balanced machine; as he had need that it should work, for of necessity Mr. White was a laborious man during all his career, and the more so as he disdained to use arts which might have lightened his load. He was keenly sensitive about the dignity of his profession and the conduct

becoming a gentleman. He prided himself on never having been an applicant for any place or favor. He would not elbow his way to a superior seat; for, of all God's creatures, the being now described as a "hustler" was most odious in his eyes.

When, in 1866, he was applied to for information as to himself, to be used in the Cyclopædia of American Literature, edited by the Duyckincks, he responded thus decidedly and even contemptuously: "I particularly desire that, should the authors of the Cyclopædia have intended to do me the honor of noticing me in their work, they will not do so. I neither claim nor desire a place in 'American literature,' so called, and I would rather be omitted." Of course, this might imply only that, if he were to have a place in literature at all, he wanted it to be a literature not circumscribed by the boundaries of a single country, and limited to a mere branch of the English race; but the answer exhibits also a carelessness of literary distinction which was more than whimsical. Many years before, at the time when he won his first recognition as a Shakespearean critic, he declared to Dr. Allibone that he would not write a single page to achieve all the reputation of all the Shakespearean critics that ever lived. He received the distinction that was infinitely more grateful to him when he was described in England as "the most accomplished and the best bred man that America had sent to England within the memory of the present generation;" and when it was said of him there that he "spoke like an Oxford man, and looked like a guardsman." He was also pleased with the description of him published at the beginning of his literary career, as "evidently a thoroughbred man of the world." In other words, he prized more highly recognition of the distinction in himself, in his character and individuality, than any distinction conferred by mere literary reputation.

In 1881, his friend, Mr. Chandler Wayland, of New York, having written to President Arthur suggesting his appointment as a foreign consul, Mr. White made haste to assure Mr. Arthur, with whom he had served in the New York custom house, that he "never was an applicant for anything." Yet he desired the appointment greatly. Nearly thirty years before, when he was a young man connected with the New York Courier and Enquirer, his delicacy and sense of propriety were offended because that journal spoke in praise of his article on Shakespeare in Putnam's Magazine; and accordingly he wrote to the editor, begging that "the paper shall never laud me or my doings while I am part of it and above ground." In 1878, when the Evening Post included him among those applying to be appointed librarian of the Astor Library, as successor to Mr. Carson Brevoort, he assured the editor that he had "never at any time made application in any quarter for any position whatever, public or private."

Yet that Mr. White was sensible of the practical advantages of professional publicity is shown in his reply to a proposition from Henry J. Raymond that he should come upon the editorial staff of the New York Times, then only recently established. "I should expect," he said, "that my connection with the Times would be announced and my position acknowledged. I think this right in the case of any person, and particularly in mine, as I have suffered and am still suffering from the lack of such a simple act of justice on the part of the Courier and Enquirer. The public regards me as one whose chief object in life is to write musical reports, puff conjurers, and the like. I need not tell *you*," he added, "that I am thus placed in a false and injurious position;" for he had worked with Raymond on the Courier and Enquirer, and though generally supposed to be confined to musical criticism, was also the author of many

of the most important leading articles on subjects of politics and international relations. At the same time he wrote to General Watson Webb, the proprietor of the Courier and Enquirer, asking that, "at a proper time and in a proper manner, my connection with it shall be acknowledged on just terms. I do not ask for praise of my abilities, I do not wish indorsement of my character," he explained, "but merely such an announcement as will give the public a correct idea of my position and the nature of my occupation. You will easily see that as a matter of business this is of vital importance to me." He wanted his exact professional standing to be made known to everybody; for he was not a shy and retiring man, by any means, and he resented then and always afterwards any classification of him with the ordinary run of writers. He had stepped at once into a high place in journalism while yet a very young man, and the anonymity of the newspaper had not altogether swallowed up his individual reputation. Because of that difference of fortune, too, he stood apart from many of the writers about him, for they were still struggling to escape from such submersion. The Bohemian, happy-go-lucky lives so frequent among them he knew nothing about from personal experience. He had been brought up after the straitest and most conventional fashion, and the serious struggle of life had come to him early, with burdens that repressed extravagant tendencies. He had neither convivial tastes nor the easy-going habits favorable to the formation of quick intimacies.

Therefore Mr. White was looked upon, by the younger writers more especially, as an arrogant and conventional man, starched, affected, and supercilious, incapable of other emotion than self-admiration, — vain, conceited, and a coxcomb. This impression was strengthened by the formality of his manners, the precision of his speech, and the suggestion in the cut of his garments and the character of his utterance that he was an Anglomaniac, who felt himself above his calling and his colleagues. As he was two inches upward of six feet in height, and carried himself with remarkable erectness, he did overtop them physically. Hence some of the bright young fellows of the newspapers took delight in stinging him with little arrows of witticism, to "take him down;" and they found their opportunity in occasional slips into inaccuracy, natural enough in a writer so voluminous and treating of so large a variety of subjects. But the shafts penetrated his thin skin; for he was a sensitive man withal, and perhaps proportionately to his self-esteem. Why those irreverent youngsters singled him out for annoyance he could never imagine. He did not suspect the provocation to their mirth and malice, and thereby showed that he was not the self-conscious and affected man they supposed him to be. He was incapable of malice himself, — as incapable as he was of jealousy, — and though he had a keen sense of humor, as he demonstrated very conspicuously, he never resorted to its use as a cloak for envy and malignity. He could not accuse himself of any lack of courtesy to those with whom he came in contact, for he was always courteous and considerate to the last degree. If he never permitted obtrusive familiarity, neither did he himself fail in showing due regard for others. However much he might hold himself above the mere crowd of money-grubbers, he had a sincere and hearty respect for the men of his own calling, and he was quick to discover their ability, and generous in estimating and acknowledging it; all the more so because he could never look upon himself as a competitor with anybody or a rival of anybody.

The peculiarities of Mr. White so frequently denounced as sheer affectation came to him honestly by inheritance, though they were intensified by his man-

ner of life. He had not rubbed them off in the rough friction of the world, but had brought down the formal courtesy and courtliness of the past to a generation which sometimes carries real or affected simplicity of manner to the verge of positive ungraciousness. His carriage and his speech and address were the outward indications of an interior quality; and hence they were natural to him.

In 1821, at the birth of Grant White (as he was called in England, and preferred to be called), his father was a prosperous though not affluent South Street merchant, and one of the aristocracy of New York commerce in the days before the decay of our American shipping. White was brought up amid surroundings of the strictest conventionality and greatest conservatism. His father was careful in his regard for all the proprieties of life, a rigid Episcopalian of the Low Church school, punctilious in his deportment, fastidious in his dress, tenacious of his dignity, and unbending in his convictions. His interest in the Episcopal Church was so strong and his standing as a layman so high that he sat in the Diocesan Convention of New York year after year; and as he was one of the main pillars of the Evangelical party, his house was frequented by clergymen in sympathy with his views. These were the home influences under which White grew up. It was not a household to develop spontaneity of manner, though it cultivated the graces of courtesy and consideration.

The great object of his admiration, in both his youth and maturity, was his grandfather, the Rev. Calvin White, a stiff-necked Connecticut Tory, to whom he bore a striking resemblance in some of his own most marked characteristics. In 1884, or not long before White died, he wrote a biographical sketch of this remarkable old gentleman, intended for private circulation, but never printed; and in dedicating it to his two sons, Richard Mansfield White and Stanford White, he described the paper as a "brief memorial of their great-grandfather, whose virtues and graces I cannot expect them to equal, but which I hope they may emulate." The Rev. Calvin White was a descendant, in the fifth generation, of John White, who came from London to Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in the year 1632, and founded a family of some distinction in both the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies. He was born at Middletown, in Connecticut, in 1762; and as he lived to the great age of ninety-one years, the span of his life stretched from the period before the Revolution to within a few years of the civil war. Yet during all that time he remained an implacable Tory and a rigid aristocrat, in his boyhood, his youth, and his age. He never voted, and he never performed any act which recognized the lawfulness of the new government except the unavoidable obligation of paying taxes. As late as the year 1850, when he was driving with some friends in the vicinity of Orange, in New Jersey, and a place through which he was passing was pointed out to him as having been so strong a Tory neighborhood during the Revolution that it was still called Tory Corners, the old man uncovered his head and bowed in reverence. For him the sole sovereign was still the sovereign of England. The sovereignty of the American people was usurpation only, in his eyes, no matter how successful it might have been.

The Rev. Calvin White was graduated at Yale in 1786. He entered the Congregational ministry, but soon passed over to the Episcopal Church. In 1822 he made a further and a final change, and landed in the Church of Rome, whither he was led logically by his devotion to authority. It was an almost unheard-of step in the New England of those days, and it astounded his neighbors as much as if he had gone into downright heathen idolatry. But he was not a man to commit his conscience to other

people's keeping, and he was always straightforward and uncompromising in whatever he did. He was no more afraid of becoming a Roman Catholic in opposition to the sentiment prevailing about him than he had been afraid to declare his loyalty to King George before the cowboys of the Revolution. Yet he was a studious, refined, and courteous man, who did not obtrude his new faith even on his own family, for they continued to worship in the Episcopal Church. He went over to Roman Catholicism simply through the action of his own mind and his independent considerations of the facts of ecclesiastical history. Though he was a man of sixty years at the time, in the full vigor of his intellect, and the Roman Catholics would have been glad to make much of him, he declined every proposal for his advancement in their ranks. He remained at his Connecticut home ever after he was displaced from the Episcopal ministry, a simple layman. He never weakened in his new faith. He had sacrificed to it his position, his prospects, all his worldly interests, but he would not draw back.

Something of the character of this stubborn old Tory is rather amusingly revealed by his experience as rector of Grace Church at Jamaica, on Long Island, soon after he entered the Episcopal ministry. Before he had been there long he began to complain bitterly of the dilapidation of the rectory. Instead of remedying the evil, the vestry put off the repairs to a more convenient time, and then they proceeded to give utterance to their own complaints. They found fault with him as an uncompanionable man, haughty and exclusive. He "neglects visiting his people in a friendly way," they said, "and more so in visiting the sick." As the terms of the settlement were that it should last only "during such time as both parties live in good fellowship and peace," and because he deemed the criticism of him impertinent, the Rev. Mr. White left Jamaica abruptly. He would endure no offense against his dignity; "for," as his grandson says of him, "with great simplicity of character, and a kindness of heart that won the loving respect of all who knew him, he had in a very marked degree one trait which may possibly be out of place in a parish priest, — the personal pride of a high-minded gentleman." Elsewhere in the same memorial White declares that he had never seen "in any country his equal in the combined simplicity, grace, and courtliness of his manners;" and the respect he gave to others he demanded from them in return. "Throughout his long career he would have nothing to do with those who treated either him or others without proper respect and consideration. With such persons his intercourse ceased abruptly and at whatever cost."

This description of the grandfather fits equally the grandson; for in many respects White was his grandfather over again. He was not a Tory, like him, but only because he came at a later and a different period. He was no more in sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of his day than his grandfather had been, and he was no less uncompromising. He did not even vote at elections after he was thirty years of age, though from that time onward the republic passed through the ordeal of the slavery agitation, the civil war, and the period of reconstruction. Though of New England descent, both he and his grandfather were far away from New England convictions and influences. They looked more admiringly on England than on their own country; and they were proud of their English descent rather than of their American citizenship. This does not imply that the younger White was disloyal to the Union, for he proved his hearty loyalty by his "Yankee" letters to the London Spectator during our civil war, and by his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the Union from first to last. By those letters, as the Spectator said

without exaggeration, after his death, "he did as much as any single man to prevent the cultivated public of this country [England] from drifting into hopeless error concerning the true issues involved in that momentous controversy." Yet White's sympathies were not democratic; they were altogether aristocratic. He cared no more for the opinion of the majority than his grandfather had cared before him. He preferred to be in the minority, even if it consisted of himself alone. As to his religious views he was far apart from the elder White, whose change of faith was to him incomprehensible. "I cannot understand," he says in his memorial, "how an intelligent, educated man, capable of 'discourse of reason,' can go *from* Protestantism to the Church of Rome (a very different matter from a resting in that religion, or any other, into which he has been born, and in which he has been bred)." He seems to have agreed with John Van Buren that it is "unbecoming in a gentleman to change either his religion or his politics." Therefore, when White himself passed into agnosticism, he made no outward break with the Church in which he had been reared. He kept the religion of his fathers as an inheritance of which he was proud, though he had ceased to believe in it.

In his early life he conformed strictly to Church usages. While he was still a lad, his family crossed the East River, and took up their residence in Brooklyn, which was then a mere village. It was also as village-like in the ways and tone of its society as if it had been in the centre of agricultural New England instead of a suburb of bustling New York. The prevailing influences were strongly religious. Not until many years afterwards were there any public amusements in the town. Church-going, little "teas," a few dances of the most unobjectionable sort, choir-meetings, sewing-circles, and the various gatherings which church activity calls out furnished the staple and substantially the only social relaxations. It was a sober and God-fearing community, very conservative, intelligent, though possibly tinged with Philistinism, Puritanical, with no great wealth, but much comfort and no little self-complacency. The only means of communication with Manhattan Island were the ferries; slow and inconvenient as compared with those of this day. Hence Brooklyn was totally distinct from New York socially, though its population was made up chiefly of people who spent their days in the activities of the greater town, and their nights only in Brooklyn. Early to bed and early to rise, twice a day to church on Sunday, and observe all the proprieties were the prevailing rules of conduct among the good people in whose society White passed the years from youth to early manhood.

In the morning he crossed the river to New York to attend Dr. Anthon's famous grammar school, and, as he grew older, to attend the university in Washington Square, and at night he returned to Brooklyn. Naturally, as he had a taste for music and a good bass voice, he sang in the choir of St. Ann's Church; but as he wore his hair long, with the auburn locks falling over his shoulders, and was looked upon as a genius by the simple community, the steady-going Brooklyn people were a little shy of his eccentricity and doubtful of his future. His father's severe notions as to the gravity of life were shocked by the boy's devotion to music. Singing in the choir of St. Ann's was proper enough, in the paternal opinion; but when his son went further, and sought to acquire technical facility as an instrumental performer, and even essayed musical composition, he was much troubled in spirit. At that time, and not in Brooklyn only, by any means, a fiddler was regarded as a trifling sort of fellow, of unmanly tastes and useless for serious affairs; and young White was a fiddler. His father was

the more distressed because his ambition for his son was that he should become a clergyman, and these tastes seemed to him worldly, unprofitable, and unbefitting the dignity of a youth destined for the holy profession.

Young White was obstinate in following out his natural tendency. He clung to his music with increasing persistency; his friendships were based on harmony of tastes with reference to it, and he found his most delightful association and occupation in an amateur string quartette in Brooklyn, which he joined when he was a college lad. The first violin of this quartette was Mr. M. H. Meyer, the father of Mrs. Jeannette Meyer Thurber (who has won so much deserved distinction by her enthusiasm and practical efforts for the encouragement of a school of American music); the second violin was a brother of Bishop Cleveland Coxe; a Mr. Rankin played the violoncello, and Mr. White the viola, or tenor.

It was a very earnest company, and a very rare one of its kind, at that period especially. These enthusiasts undertook the interpretation of a high class of musical compositions. White also studied the art and science of music with a thoroughness unusual for an American of his day and for a youth of his years; and he acquired a certain facility as a composer himself. Some of these early compositions of his still remain (a circumstance that shows the interest he retained in them, for he was remarkably careless about preserving his writings); but the great bulk of them were destroyed by him when his critical ability became keener and his taste more fastidious. Mr. Meyer speaks of him as having been a player of much promise, in those early days, — patient, cheerful, earnest, and untiring. He describes him as distinguished also by the unvarying gentleness of his disposition and his careful regard for the feelings of others, — qualities which are sorely tried by the experiences of an amateur quartette. This is the tribute to him of his musical friends generally. Among them he had his closest intimacies, so far as he had any intimacies at all, and to them he revealed himself as very different from the man he was supposed to be even by most of the people who thought they knew him well. He was unusually susceptible to beauty in woman or in art, and his delight in it was almost boyish in the enthusiasm of its manifestations. Underneath his external formality was a charming *naïveté*, which remained to the very last, but which he exhibited only to those to whom he was drawn by congeniality of tastes or temperament. He was quickly interested in people, or was utterly indifferent to them.

The knowledge of music, upon which his father and his associates generally looked with so much contempt, soon proved of substantial value to him; and it was the more profitable because its possession was then unusual in this country. His early passion determined his career. After having entered upon the study of medicine, its practice became distasteful to him, and he took up the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. Shortly before that time his father died, after having hopelessly wrecked his fortune. White therefore was forced to earn his own living; and as he had two sisters dependent upon him, he required a more immediate income than it was possible for him to get from his profession. Happily, Henry J. Raymond, then the manager and editor of the Courier and Enquirer, had heard of his musical ability, and invited him to become the musical critic of that journal. White's criticisms commanded attention at once. They were more intelligent and more thorough and independent than any which had appeared before in this country. They even provoked comment abroad; and soon he was a conspicuous man in New York, for his authorship of the criticisms could not be long concealed. This was before he was twenty-

five years old; and ever thereafter he remained a notable personage.

While he was a writer on this journal Preston Brooks made his assault upon Charles Sumner, in May, 1856. The Courier and Enquirer, in a leading article written by White, denounced the outrage in terms of the greatest severity. Thereupon Brooks demanded the name of the author from General Watson Webb, who was then in Washington. Webb telegraphed: "Will the writer of the leader in Monday's C. and E. hold himself personally responsible for that article, and respond by meeting Mr. Brooks, or am I to assume the responsibility?" White, without hesitation, replied thus to Brooks directly: —

COURIER AND ENQUIRER OFFICE,
NEW YORK, *May* 27, 1856.

SIR, — Having learned that you have made the leading article in the Courier and Enquirer of Monday the subject of inquiry addressed to General Webb, I beg to say that that article was written by me, and that I am responsible for it.

Your obedient servant,

R. G. WHITE.

White remained unperturbed; but the matter was carried no further by the South Carolinian.

Like nearly all New York writers, whatever their distinction, White pursued his literary career amid the distractions of exacting journalistic labors and actual participation in business affairs. From 1854 to 1859 he was regularly on the staff of the Courier and Enquirer, a daily newspaper. Then he was associated with the New York World for a year after its first establishment. From 1861 to 1878 he held the place of head of the revenue marine bureau in the New York custom house; and it was no sinecure. It called for the constant exercise of the method and administrative skill which marked him to an unusual degree. These qualities were also displayed by him when he did arduous voluntcer service as the secretary of the famous Metropolitan Sanitary Fair in New York, the great bazaar kept open for three months, and which earned nearly two millions of dollars for the sick and wounded of the war. During all this time he was also at work on magazine papers, reviews, and books; and his literary production was both enormous and various.

His first publication, in 1845, was a pamphlet containing a close legal argument against the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk, and it is interesting as suggesting White's concern about religious affairs at that period of his life. The same year, also, he sat as a delegate in the Diocesan Convention at St. John's Chapel. In 1846 his first magazine article was published in the American Magazine. It was on Beethoven, and was remarkable as being the first critical estimate of the great composer that had appeared in this country, and it was really the most notable discussion of the subject that had yet appeared in the English language. Its style shows marks of youth occasionally, for White was then in his twenty-fourth year only, but it has the directness and perspicuity which afterwards distinguished him. His articles on Shakespeare in Putnam's Magazine followed in 1853, his first book, Shakespeare's Scholar, in 1854, and his critical edition of Shakespeare's works during the years 1857–63. Then came his four years' series of "Yankee" letters to the London Spectator, his New Gospel of Peace (which earned more money for him, with its sale of more than one hundred thousand copies, than all the rest of his books combined), his Words and their Uses, and other volumes. Yet meanwhile journalistic and custom-house duties required from him an amount of labor which alone seemed to be enough for his energies; and it would have been enough for a man of ordinary capacity and endurance. Be-

sides all this, he wrote steadily for magazines. Even after he ceased to be connected with any particular newspaper, he was a frequent contributor to journals; and he was distinguished throughout his career for the punctual performance of his literary engagements, and also for his freedom from the irascibility and touchiness sometimes displayed by his craft. He was never on the lookout for slights, for he could not conceive it possible that anybody would slight him.

For more than thirty years after the breaking up of the stringed quartette in Brooklyn White was obliged to cast aside his musical instruments entirely. He did not touch the violoncello during all that time, bitter as the deprivation was to him; but, chancing to meet Mr. Meyer in Printing House Square one day, the old passion was aroused in him anew, and he proposed at once that they should get up a new quartette. The result was that in December, 1877, the quartette was formed; and it began weekly practice, which lasted almost without interruption, save in the summer, until March, 1885, or until within a few days of White's death. It consisted of Mr. Meyer as first violin; Mr. Chandler Wayland, second violin; Mr. D. T. Wade, viola; and Mr. White, violoncello. With few exceptions, its meetings were on Thursday, and at Mr. White's house. They afforded him the occupation in which he took his intensest delight and found his most satisfying resource. "If any disappointment or vexation comes up during the day," he used often to remark, "I think, Ah, well! we shall have our quartette next Thursday; and peace comes back to me." He was so urgent about punctuality that the other members usually arrived at the door at almost the same moment, eight o'clock exactly. Then music began promptly, for White had everything prearranged, with his customary method, and it continued until half past ten, when the company left as promptly as they came, well knowing that their host's working hour had come; for his writing was done almost wholly late at night. The programme of the evening was two quartettes, as a rule, beginning with a Haydn or a Mozart, and ending with one of the first six of Beethoven. Mozart was White's favorite among composers; a heaven-inspired and true musician, as he described him, with less of his own personality in his music than any other. He felt and admired the rugged power and grandeur of Beethoven, but to him they seemed to be more colored by the sadness of the life, and the irritable disposition and the physical defects of the man. White found never ceasing delight in the sunny cheerfulness of Haydn; whose compositions, moreover, can be played with much facility by amateurs. His idea of Wagner was a little like the Frenchman's, — that his music is still the music of the future. He respected Wagner's ability and his scholarship, but mourned his lack of rhythm; White's fancy being more for the music of complete rhythm and cadences. The new fashions in music never took hold of him. He believed thoroughly in form and a rigidly conventionalized style, and therefore was altogether outside of the influence of Wagner.

Of course, the work of amateurs is trying to the patience. It must be gone over again and again, for it is always more or less tentative; but White's patience and gentleness were inexhaustible. "Never mind, gentlemen," he would say; "it will go better next time." When he enjoyed a passage especially, his countenance would take on a rapt expression, and he would be entirely unconscious of his surroundings. As a player, he was much above the average of amateur performers, though he had taken up the violoncello comparatively late in life. He had studied earnestly under the tuition of Frederick Bergner,

the well-known violoncello virtuoso, and his knowledge of music was precise and extensive. Literature was his work, music his pleasure and his passion.

He was also fond of tinkering at musical instruments, and their history and mechanism had a curious interest for him. He had a workshop for their repair at his house. Here he delighted to tinker at violins. He would take them to pieces, to see whether, by some little alterations, he could not improve their tone; and when he was puzzled as to what to do, he would bring violin makers and experts into consultation, or would go to them himself with huge violoncellos in his arms. Hardly a day passed that he was not in their shops. They were his favorite resorts. It was amusing to see this tall and stately man taking the wounded parts of instruments in a big green violoncello case to a violin doctor on the Bowery; gliding down side streets in ghostly fashion to escape observation. Everybody in New York who had anything to do with the making or repairing of violins knew Richard Grant White, and had an affection for him. It was a scene for a great picture to see him take a violin in his hands and study it intensely, to discover the secret of its tone-producing capacity. Usually, when the quartette sat down to play, he had by him his whole collection of five favorite violoncellos, and he changed from one to the other at different movements, with a view to studying and comparing the peculiar qualities of each. Among them were an Amati, a Bergonzi, and a Gagliano.

The meetings of the quartette continued until late in March, 1885; and White died on the 8th of the next month. He was not willing that they should cease because of his illness, but craved them all the more for that very reason. He played himself when the mark of death was already on his features. He sat by his much-beloved 'cello a gaunt and spectral figure, illumined by the vitality of his absorbing passion. The late Joseph W. Drexel was an equally enthusiastic violoncello performer, and he organized another string quartette of amateurs, which met at his house during part of the same period. When he, too, was mortally ill, a few years after, and death was close at hand, as his fellow-players could see by unmistakable signs, he was wheeled in by his servant to take his post at the 'cello. The great banker and the hard-worked man of letters each turned to music for comfort in his dying hours. Not the touch of death itself could chill that passion.

White's correspondence with Mr. Chandler Wayland, who is a man of fortune and of affairs, was frequent; but it was of the most informal kind, consisting usually of brief reminders of the meetings of the quartette, perhaps with some humorous remark added, or a grateful acknowledgment of a courtesy extended. If the letter reached any length, it almost invariably concerned White's hobby of tinkering violins. Here, for instance, is part of a letter written in May, 1883: —

"*Of course* you are curious to see, or rather to hear, the result of my manipulation of your fiddle; and so am I. But that sort of thing is not to be hurried. I shall, however, send you the fiddle in a day or two; telling you nothing about it, and leaving you to discover what the change is, if any has been accomplished. I hope for the best, or at least for a betterment of the quaint, dainty old thing. We shall see.

"You must, however, no longer call it your Amati, for its authorship has been discovered, positively and without the slightest doubt. You will remember that I told you that it puzzled me; but that I was sure it was an old Italian work, of the Cremona school, and more like that of the *eldest* Amati (Andreas) than that of any other maker known to me, but that the *Nicolas* Amati label

was ridiculously out of place on it. Now it proves to be by Pamphilon, a maker little known, and whose violins are very rare. He is reckoned by some as an English maker, and by others as Italian; the fact being, I think, that he was a Frenchman, who learned his trade with the Amatis at Cremona, whence he got the secret (or rather receipt, for it was no secret) of the varnish, and who, after making violins somewhere in Italy, went to London, and set up business on old London Bridge, when the bridge was really a cross-river street, with houses and shops on each side of it. He imitated Andreas Amati; and hence, you will see, my conclusion. Your violin was made about 1670 to 1680, and probably before he went to London. It is as surely by Pamphilon as my great 'cello is by Carlo Bergonzi, and as my *pet* 'cello is *not* by any one of the Amatis. Possess your soul (and your fiddle) in patience; the question is settled."

In a brief card written a few months afterwards, he says: "I hear that Wiffen praises Tubbs [a violin maker] highly for the improvement in your fiddle. Don't undeceive him."

In August, 1880, writing to Mr. Wayland, who was then abroad, he gives his estimate of Adelina Patti in a very striking way: —

"The pleasure of both of us was in the passage about the Scotch Sah-bath keepers; their approval of the criticism of Adelina Patti. I have not heard Patti since I was a young fellow, and she was a little girl running about behind the scenes in short clothes, chirping and running roulades like a little canary bird. She and her elder sister (a swarthy hussy) had, as you say she has now, voices like a flute, with no more soul, no more vibration; and their style was merely that of highly finished vocalism, — not the first indication of the grand style. This was the more remarkable as their mother was a great artist of the grand school, with a large and simple style, who would sing a grand cantabile or declamatory passage in a way that would lift you right out of your boots. I heard her sing Romeo in one of the old Italian operas. Phœbus, how she did make love! and such legs! I shall never forget it. These girls got their voices and their style from their father, a piping tenor named Patti, of course. When he got fat I called him Patti de foie gras, at which people laughed. The joke was afterwards stolen from me, and appropriated by a set of writers for the press of New York, who said that I was a surly, uncompanionable fellow, without any humor, which perhaps I am.

"What you say about the tone of the violins in England is true, too. The tone is richer and fuller there. I am glad to see that you have been enjoying your trip. Europe is a great place, — great all over, and great in spots. Would that I might reasonably hope to see England again, and the Continent, which I have never seen!"

In the February before his death he writes: "Do come to see a poor fellow. I have become imbecile, — feel like an invalid oyster, or a new-born baby feebly fumbling its way toward an individual consciousness."

White's correspondence was not great, and none of it consisted of the letters to friends which so many obliging persons of his standing compose for the benefit of their biographers, and to go down to history as a part of their literary remains. He made no preparation whatever for his biographer. He does not seem to have thought about that functionary at all. He left no papers concerning his personality. The views and opinions he had had to express for the public he had published himself. Few men of his distinction die leaving so little evidence of a desire to court posthumous fame. But his music and his violoncellos, his bows and the tools of his workshop as a violin mender, were watched and kept with loving care to the very end!

Richard Grant White was a man whose individuality stood out prominently among American writers, — a man of force and distinction. His literary style represents and expresses his true character in its virile strength and its simplicity and perspicuity. There is no affectation about it. It is the style of a writer who has no other aim than to make clear his thought and to elucidate his subject; to inform and influence his reader rather than to display himself. If he put his personality forward, as he did sometimes under the provocation of criticism, it was done boldly and frankly, and not through literary trick and artifice.

He was also a thoroughly independent thinker; and he wrote invariably with a serious purpose, never for the mere exhibition of literary dexterity. His work has no trace of imitation in it; his style is wholly his own, formed by his individuality and shaped and colored by the peculiarities of his own mind, not modeled after any other.

Francis P. Church.

CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE NEW ENGLAND MILITIA.

I.

The Peace of Utrecht left unsettled the perilous questions of boundary in North America, and they grew more perilous every day. Yet the quarrel between the rival powers was not quite ripe, and though the French governor, Vaudreuil, and perhaps also his successor, Beauharnois, seemed willing to precipitate it, the courts of London and Versailles still hesitated to appeal to the sword. Now, as before, it was a European, and not an American, quarrel that was to set the world on fire. The war of the Austrian Succession broke out in 1744. The news of its declaration reached Louisbourg some weeks before it reached New England, and Duquesnel, the French governor of the fortress, thought he saw an opportunity to strike an unexpected blow for the profit of France and his own great honor.

One of the inhabitants of Louisbourg has left a short sketch of Duquesnel,[1] whom he calls "capricious, of an uncertain temper, inclined to drink, and when in his cups neither reasonable nor civil." He adds that he had offended nearly every officer in the garrison, and denounces him as the "chief cause of our disasters."

The first thought of Duquesnel, when he heard of the declaration of war, was to strike the English before they were warned of danger. The fishing station of Canseau was a tempting prize, being a near and inconvenient neighbor, at the southern end of the strait which separates the Acadian peninsula from the island of Cape Breton, or Isle Royale, of which Louisbourg was the place of strength. Nothing was easier than to seize Canseau, which had no defense but a wooden redoubt, built for the fishermen, and occupied by eighty Englishmen suspecting no danger. Early in May Duquesnel sent Captain Duvivier against it, with six hundred, or, as the English say, nine hundred, soldiers and sailors, escorted by two armed vessels. The English surrendered on condition of being sent to Boston, and the miserable hamlet, with its wooden citadel, was burned to the ground.

[1] Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg, contenant une Relation exacte et circonstanciée de la Prise de l'Isle Royale par les Anglois.

The governor next addressed himself to the capture of Annapolis, which meant the capture of all Acadia. Duvivier was again appointed to the command. His heart was in the work, for he was a descendant of La Tour, feudal claimant of Acadia in the preceding century. Four officers and ninety regular soldiers were given him, and three or four hundred Micmac and Malecite Indians joined him on the way. The Micmacs, commanded, it is said, by their missionary, Le Loutre, had already tried to surprise the English fort, but had succeeded only in killing two stragglers in the adjoining garden.

From the neglect and indifference of the British ministry, Annapolis was still in such a state of dilapidation that its sandy ramparts were crumbling into the ditches, and the cows of the garrison walked over them at their pleasure. It was held by about a hundred effective men under Major Mascarene, a French Protestant, whose family had been driven into exile by the dragonnades. Shirley, governor of Massachusetts, sent him a small reinforcement of militia; but as most of them came without arms, and he had few or none to give them, they were of no great value.

Duvivier and his followers, white and red, appeared before the fort in August, made their camp behind the ridge of a neighboring hill, and marched down to the attack; but being met by a discharge of cannon shot, they gave up all thought of an immediate assault, began a fusillade under cover of darkness, and kept the garrison on the alert all night.

Duvivier had looked for help from the Acadians of the neighboring village, who were French in blood, faith, and inclination. They would not join him openly, fearing the consequences if his attack should fail; but they did what they could without committing themselves, and made a hundred and fifty scaling ladders for the besiegers. Duvivier now returned to his first plan of an assault, which could hardly have failed if made with vigor. Before attempting it he sent Mascarene a flag of truce, to tell him that he hourly expected two powerful ships of war from Louisbourg, besides a reinforcement of two hundred and fifty regulars, with cannon, mortars, and other enginery of a siege. At the same time he proposed favorable terms of capitulation, not to take effect till the French reinforcement should have appeared. Mascarene refused all terms, saying that he would consider what to do when he saw the French ships, and meanwhile would do his best to defend himself.

The expected ships were the Ardent and the Caribou, then at Louisbourg. A French writer says that when Duquesnel told their captains to sail for Annapolis and aid in its capture they refused, saying that they had no orders from the court. Duvivier protracted the parley with Mascarene, and waited in vain for the promised succors. At last the truce was broken off, and the garrison, who had profited by it to get rest and sleep, greeted the renewal of hostilities with three cheers.

Now followed three weeks of desultory attacks, but Duvivier did not make the threatened assault. He waited for the ships which did not come, and kept the Acadians at work making ladders and fire arrows. Instead of help from Louisbourg, two small vessels arrived from Boston, bringing Mascarene a reinforcement of fifty rangers. This discouraged the besiegers, and towards the end of September they suddenly decamped and vanished. "The expedition was a failure," writes the Habitant de Louisbourg, "though one might have bet anything on its success, so small was the force of the enemy."

This writer thinks that the seizure of Canseau and the attack on Annapolis were sources of dire calamity to the French. "Perhaps," he says, "the English would have let us alone if we

had not first insulted them. It was for the interest of the people of New England to live at peace with us, and no doubt they would have done so if we had not taken it into our heads to waken them from their security. They expected that both they and we would merely stand on the defensive, without taking part in this cruel war that has set Europe in a blaze."

Whatever might otherwise have been the inclination of the "Bastonnais," or New England people, the attacks on Canseau and Annapolis alarmed and exasperated them, and engendered in some heated brains a wildly audacious project. This was no less than the capture of Louisbourg, reputed the strongest fortress in French or British North America, with the possible exception of Quebec, which owed its chief strength, not to art, but to nature. Louisbourg was a standing menace to all the northern British colonies. It was the only French naval station on the continent, and was such a haunt of privateers that it was called the American Dunkirk. It commanded the chief entrance of Canada, and threatened ruin to the fisheries, which were nearly as vital to New England as the fur trade was to New France. The French government had spent twenty-five years in fortifying it, and the cost of its powerful defenses, constructed after the system of Vauban, is placed by Raynal at thirty million livres, while others reckon it still higher.

This was the fortress which William Vaughan advised Governor Shirley to attack with fifteen hundred raw militia. Vaughan was born at Portsmouth in 1703, and graduated at Harvard College nineteen years later. His father, also a graduate of Harvard, was for a time lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire. Soon after leaving college, the younger Vaughan, a youth of restless and impetuous activity, established a fishing station on the island of Matinicus, off the coast of Maine, and afterwards became owner of most of the land on both sides of the little river Damariscotta, where he built a garrison house, or wooden fort, established a settlement, and carried on an extensive trade in fish and timber. He passed for a man of ability and force, but was accused of a headstrong rashness, a self-confidence that hesitated at nothing, and a harebrained contempt for every obstacle in his way. Once, having fitted out a number of small vessels at Portsmouth for his fishing at Matinicus, he named a time for sailing. It was a gusty and boisterous March day, and old sailors told him that such craft could not carry sail. Vaughan would not listen, but went on board, and ordered his men to follow. One vessel was wrecked at the mouth of the river; the rest, after severe buffeting, came safe with their owner to Matinicus.

Being interested in the fisheries, Vaughan was doubly hostile to Louisbourg, their worst enemy. He found a willing listener in William Shirley, the governor. Shirley was an English barrister, who had come out to Massachusetts in 1731, to practice his profession and seek his fortune. After filling various offices with credit, he was made governor of the province in 1741, and had discharged his duties with both tact and talent. He was able, sanguine, and a sincere well wisher to the province, though gnawed by an insatiable hunger for distinction. He thought himself a born strategist, and was possessed by a propensity for contriving military operations, which in the next war cost him dear. Vaughan, who knew something of Louisbourg, told him that in winter the snowdrifts were often banked so high against the rampart that it could be mounted easily, if the assailants could but time their arrival at the right moment. This was not easy, as that rocky and tempestuous coast was often inaccessible. Shirley therefore preferred a plan of his own; but nothing could be

done without first persuading his Assembly to consent.

On the 9th of January, 1745, the General Court of Massachusetts, a convention of grave city merchants and solemn rustics from country villages, were astonished by a message from the governor to the effect that he had a communication to make to them, so critical that he wished them to swear secrecy. The request was novel, but, being on good terms with the representative of the Crown, they took the oath, and sat with closed doors. Then, to their amazement, Shirley invited them to attempt the reduction of Louisbourg. The idea of an attack upon that redoubtable fortress was not new. Since the past autumn it had been proposed to petition the British ministry to attack it, under a promise that the colonies would give their best aid. But that Massachusetts should undertake the adventure alone, or with such doubtful help as she might get from her neighbors; at her own charge, though already insolvent; without the approval or consent of the ministry, and without experienced officers or trained soldiers, was a startling suggestion to the sober-minded legislators of the General Court. Yet they listened with respect to the governor's reasons, and appointed a committee of the two houses to consider them. The committee deliberated for several days, and then made a report adverse to the plan, and so also was the vote of the court.

Meanwhile, in spite of the oath, the secret had escaped. It is said that a country member, more pious than discreet, prayed so loud and fervently at his lodgings for light to guide him on the momentous question that his words were overheard, and the mystery of the closed doors was revealed. The news flew through the town, and soon spread over all the province.

After the defeat in the Assembly, Shirley returned, disappointed and vexed, to his house in Roxbury. The merchant James Gibson says that, a few days later, he saw him "walking slowly down King Street, with his head bowed down as if in a deep study." "He entered my counting-room," pursues the merchant, "and said abruptly, 'Gibson, do you feel like giving up the expedition to Louisbourg?'" Gibson replied that he wished the Assembly would reconsider their vote. "You are the very man I want!" exclaimed the governor. Gibson then drew up a petition for reconsideration, which he signed, promising to get the signatures of other merchants of Boston, Salem, and Marblehead. In this he was completely successful, as all New England merchants regarded Louisbourg as an arch-enemy. The petition was presented, and the question came again before the Assembly. There had been much intercourse between Boston and Louisbourg, which had largely depended on New England for provisions. The soldiers captured at Canseau, too, who had been sent to Boston as agreed at the capitulation, had made good use of their opportunities, and could give much information concerning the fortress. It was reported that the garrison was mutinous, and that provisions were falling short, so that the place could not hold out if not succored from France. Such relief, however, could be cut off only by blockading the harbor with a stronger naval force than all the colonies together could supply. The Assembly had before reached the conclusion that to take Louisbourg was beyond the strength of Massachusetts, and that the only reasonable course was to ask help from England.

The reports of mutiny, it was urged, could not be relied on; raw militia in the open field were no match for disciplined troops behind walls; the expense would be enormous, and the credit of the province, already sunk low, would collapse under it; we should fail, and instead of svmpathy get nothing but

ridicule. Such were the arguments of the opposition, and there was little to answer except that, if we waited for help from England, Louisbourg would be reinforced and made impregnable. The irrepressible Vaughan put forth all his energy, and the plan was carried by a single vote.

The die was cast, and now doubt and hesitation vanished. All alike set themselves to push on the work. Shirley wrote to all the colonies as far south as Pennsylvania, to ask for aid. All excused themselves except Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island. These, and Massachusetts above all, blazed with patriotic and religious zeal; for, as the enterprise was against Roman Catholics, it was supposed to commend itself in an especial manner to Heaven. There were prayers without ceasing in churches and families, and all was order, energy, and confidence, while the other colonies looked on with distrust and derision. When Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia, heard what was afoot, he wrote to his brother in Boston: "Fortified towns are hard nuts to crack, and your teeth are not accustomed to it; but some seem to think that forts are as easy taken as snuff." It has been said of Franklin that, while he represented some of the New England qualities, he had no part in that enthusiasm of which our own time saw a crowning example when the cannon opened at Fort Sumter, and which pushes to its end without reckoning chances, counting costs, or heeding the scoffs of ill wishers.

The prevailing hope and faith were, it is true, born largely of ignorance, aided by the contagious zeal of those who first broached the project; for, as usual in such cases, the initiate force of the enterprise was supplied by a few individuals. Vaughan rode express to Portsmouth with a letter from Shirley to Benning Wentworth, governor of New Hampshire. That pompous and self-important personage admired Shirley, who far surpassed him in talents and acquirements, and at the same time knew how to soothe his vanity. Wentworth was ready to do his part, but his province had no money, and the king had ordered him to veto the issue of any more paper currency. The same injunction had been laid upon Shirley; but, with sagacious forecast, he had persuaded his masters to relent so far as to permit the issue of what were called bills of credit to the amount of £50,000 in case of any pressing military exigency. He told this to Wentworth, and succeeded in convincing him that New Hampshire might stretch her credit like Massachusetts, should a similar necessity arise. This enabled her to raise a regiment of five hundred men out of her scanty population, with the condition that a hundred and fifty of them should be paid and fed by Massachusetts.

Shirley was less fortunate in Rhode Island. The governor of that little colony called Massachusetts "our avowed enemy, always trying to defame us." There was a grudge between the two neighbors, due partly to notorious hard treatment by the Massachusetts Puritans of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, and partly to one of those boundary disputes which often produced bad blood among the English colonies. The Rhode Island Assembly forgot past differences, and voted to raise a hundred and fifty men for the expedition, till, learning that the project was neither ordered nor approved by the home government, they prudently reconsidered their action. They voted, however, that the colony sloop Tartar, carrying fourteen cannon and twelve swivels, should be equipped and manned for the service, and that the governor should be instructed to find and commission a captain and a lieutenant to command her.

Connecticut promised five hundred and sixteen men and officers, on condition that their commander, Roger Wolcott, should have the second rank in the

expedition. Shirley accordingly commissioned him as major-general. As Massachusetts was to furnish above three thousand men, or more than three quarters of the whole force, she had a natural right to name a commander-in-chief. It was not easy to choose one. The province had been at peace for twenty years, and, except some grizzled Indian fighters of the last war and a few survivors of the Carthagena expedition, nobody had seen service. Few knew well what a fortress was, and nobody knew how to attack one. Courage, energy, good sense, and popularity were the best qualities to be hoped for in the leader. Popularity was indispensable, for all the soldiers were to be volunteers, and they would enlist only under a commander whom they liked. Shirley's choice was William Pepperell, a merchant of Kittery. Knowing that Benning Wentworth thought himself the man for the place, the governor made an effort to placate him, and wrote that he would gladly have given him the chief command but for his gouty legs. Wentworth took fire at the suggestion, forgot his gout, and declared himself ready to serve his country and assume the burden of command. Shirley's position was awkward, and he was forced to reply: "On communicating your offer to two or three gentlemen in whose judgment I most confide, I found them clearly of opinion that any alteration in the present command would be attended with great risk, both with respect to our Assembly and the soldiers being entirely disgusted."

The painter Smibert has left us a portrait of Pepperell, — a good *bourgeois* face, not without dignity, though with no suggestion of the soldier. His spacious house at Kittery Point still stands, curtailed in some of its proportions, yet sound and firm. Not far distant is another noted relic of colonial times, the not less spacious mansion built at Little Harbor by the disappointed Wentworth. I write these lines at a window of this curious old house, and before me spreads the scene familiar to Pepperell from childhood. Here the river Piscataqua widens to join the sea, holding in its gaping mouth the large island of Newcastle, with attendant groups of islets and island rocks, battered and worn with the rack of ages, half clad with patches of whortleberry bushes, sumac, and wax myrtle, green in summer, red with the touch of October. The flood tide pours strong and full around them, only to ebb away and lay bare a desolation of rocks and stones buried in a shock of brown, drenched seaweed, broad tracks of glistening mud, sand banks black and rough with mussel beds, and half-submerged meadows of eel-grass, with myriads of minute shellfish clinging to its lank tresses. Beyond all these lies the main or northern channel, more than deep enough, even when the tide is out, to float a line of battle ship. On its farther bank stands the old house of the Pepperells, still wearing an air of dingy respectability. Looking through its small, quaint window panes, one saw across the water the huts of fishermen along the shore of Newcastle, and the neglected earthwork called Fort William and Mary that feebly guarded the river's mouth. In front, the Piscataqua, curving southward, widened to meet the Atlantic between rocky headlands and foaming reefs, and in dim distance the Isles of Shoals seemed floating on the pale gray sea.

Behind the Pepperell house was a garden, probably more useful than ornamental, and at the foot of it were the owner's wharves, with buildings for salt fish, naval stores, and imported goods for the country trade. Pepperell's father was a Welshman, who had migrated in early life to the Isles of Shoals, and thence to Kittery, where, by trade, shipbuilding, and the fisheries, he made a fortune, most of which he left to his son William. Young Pepperell learned what

little was taught at the village school, supplemented by a private tutor, whose instructions, however, did not perfect him in English grammar. In the eyes of his self-made father, education was of no value except so far as it helped to make a successful trader; and on this point he had reason to be satisfied, since his son passed, for many years, as the chief merchant and landowner in New England. He dealt in ships, timber, naval stores, fish, and miscellaneous goods brought from England; and he also prospered greatly by successful land purchases, becoming owner of the larger part of the towns of Saco and Scarborough. When scarcely twenty-one he was made justice of the peace, whereupon he ordered from London what his biographer calls a law library, consisting of a law dictionary, Danvers' Abridgment of the Common Law, the Complete Solicitor, and several other books. In law as in war his best qualities were good sense and good will. About the time when he became a justice he was commissioned captain of militia, then major, then lieutenant-colonel, and at last colonel, having command of all the militia of Maine. The town of Kittery chose him its representative in the General Court; Maine, it will be remembered, being then a part of Massachusetts. Finally he was made a member of the governor's council, a post which he held for thirty-two years, during eighteen of which he was president of the board.

These civil dignities served him as educators better than tutor or village school, for they brought him into close contact with the chief men of the province; and in the Massachusetts of that time, so different from our own, the best education and breeding were found in the official class. At once a provincial magnate and the great man of a small rustic village, his manners are said to have answered to both positions: certainly they were such as to make him popular. But, whatever he may have become as a man, he learned nothing to fit him to command an army or besiege a fortress. Perhaps he felt this, and thought, with the governor of Rhode Island, that "the attempt to reduce that prodigiously strong town was too much for New England, which had not one officer of experience, nor even an engineer." Moreover, he was unwilling to leave his wife, children, and business. Being of a religious turn of mind, he was partial to the ministers, who, on their part, held him in high favor. One of them, the famous preacher George Whitefield, was a guest at his house when he heard that Shirley had appointed him to command the Louisbourg expedition. Whitefield had been the leading spirit in the late religious fermentation called the Great Awakening, which, though producing bitter quarrels among the ministers, along with other unedifying results, was still thought by many to make for righteousness. Pepperell, perplexed and hesitating, turned to his guest for advice, and got but cold comfort. Whitefield told him that the enterprise was a doubtful one, and that if he undertook it he must do so "with a single eye," prepared for obloquy if he failed, and for envy if he succeeded.

Henry Sherburn, commissary of the New Hampshire regiment, begged Whitefield to furnish a motto for the expedition. The preacher, who, zealot as he was, seems to have cared little to mix himself with so madcap a scheme, at last consented, and suggested the words *Nil desperandum Christo duce*, which, being embroidered on one or more of the flags, gave the expedition the air of a crusade. It had, in fact, something of the character of one, emphasized by the lingering excitation of the Great Awakening. The cause was thought to be the cause of Heaven, crowned with celestial benediction. It had the fervent support of the ministers, not only in prayers and sermons, but in one case by a sugges-

tion wholly temporal. A certain pastor, much esteemed for his benevolence, proposed to the new general a plan, unknown to Vauban, for confounding the devices of the enemy. His advice was to send two trustworthy persons to walk, under cover of night, along the front of the French ramparts. One of them was to carry a mallet, and hammer the ground with it at short intervals; while the other laid his ear against the surface, which, as the clerical adviser thought, would sound hollow if the enemy had laid a mine under it. Whenever such secret danger was detected, a mark was to be set on the spot, to warn off the soldiers.

Equally zealous, after another fashion, was the Reverend Samuel Moody, commonly known as Father Moody, or Parson Moody, minister of York, and senior chaplain of the expedition. Though about seventy years old, he was amazingly tough and sturdy. He still lives in the traditions of York as the spiritual despot of the village, and the uncompromising guardian of its manners and doctrine, ruling it like a little rustic pope. The comparison would have kindled his utmost wrath, for he abhorred the Holy Father as an embodied antichrist. Many are the stories told of him by the descendants of those who lived under his rod, and sometimes felt its weight; for he now and then corrected offending parishioners with his cane.[1] When some one of the congregation, nettled by his pastor's personalities, was walking in dudgeon towards the church door, Moody would shout after him, "Come back, you graceless sinner, — come back!" Or if any of his flock ventured to the alehouse of a Saturday night, the strenuous shepherd would go in after them, collar them, drag them out, and send them home with rousing admonition.[2] Few dared gainsay him, by reason both of his irritable temper and of the thick-skinned insensibility that cased him like armor of proof; and while his pachydermatous nature made him invulnerable as a rhinoceros, he had, at the same time, a rough-and-ready humor that supplied keen weapons for the war of words, and made him a formidable antagonist. This commended him to the rude borderers, who also relished the strong and sulphurous theology of their spiritual dictator, just as they liked the fiery potations that would have scorched more susceptible stomachs. What they did not like was the unconscionable length of his prayers, which sometimes kept them afoot above two hours, and were followed by sermons no less enduring; for the old man's lungs were of leather, and his nerves of hammered iron. Some of the sufferers ventured to remonstrate, but this only exasperated him, till one parishioner, more worldly-wise than the rest, accompanied his modest petition for mercy with the gift of a barrel of cider; after which, it is said, the pastor's ministrations were perceptibly less exhausting than before. He had a restless and eccentric conscience and a highly aggressive sense of duty. Whether from these, or out of an underlying kindness of heart, he was apt to forget that charity begins at home, and sometimes drove his household into vain protest against the excess of his almsgiving. He had a full share of the old Puritan fanaticism, and when he sailed for Louisbourg took with him an axe to hew down the altars of antichrist and demolish his idols.[3]

Shirley's choice of a commander-in-chief was, perhaps, the best he could have made, as Pepperell joined unusual

[1] Tradition told me at York by Mr. N. Marshall.

[2] Lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson, quoted by Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, i. 10.

[3] The worthy Moody found sympathizers in his iconoclastic zeal. Deacon John Gray, of Biddeford, wrote to Pepperell: "Oh that I could be with you and dear Parson Moody in that church [at Louisbourg] to destroy the images there set up, and hear the true Gospel of our Lord and Saviour there preached!"

popularity with as little military incompetence as anybody else who could be had. Popularity was indispensable, and even company officers were appointed with an eye to it. Many of them were well-known men in rustic neighborhoods, who had raised companies in the hope of being commissioned to command them. Others were militia officers recruiting under order of the governor. Thus, John Storer, major in the Maine militia, raised, it is said, in a single day a company of sixty-one, the oldest being sixty years of age, and the youngest sixteen. They formed about a quarter of the fencible population of the town of Wells, one of the most exposed places on the border. Volunteers everywhere offered themselves readily, though the pay was meagre, especially in Maine and Massachusetts, where, in the new provincial currency, it was twenty-five shillings a month, then equal to about fourteen shillings sterling, or less than sixpence a day,[1] the soldier clothing himself and bringing his own gun. A full third of the Massachusetts contingent, or more than a thousand men, is reported to have come from the hardy population of Maine, whose entire fighting force was then but 2855. Perhaps there was not one officer among them whose experience of war extended beyond a militia drill on muster day, and the sham fight that closed the performance, when it generally happened that the rustic warriors were treated with rum at the expense of their captain, to put them in good humor, and so induce them to obey the word of command.

As the three colonies contributing soldiers recognized no common authority nearer than the king, Pepperell received three several commissions as lieutenant-general, — one from the governor of Massachusetts, and the others from the governors of Connecticut and New Hampshire; while Wolcott, commander of the Connecticut forces, was commissioned as major-general by the governors of his own province and of Massachusetts. When the levies were complete, it was found that Massachusetts had contributed about 3200 men, Connecticut 516, and New Hampshire 304 in her own pay, besides 150 paid by her less impoverished neighbor. Rhode Island had lost faith, and disbanded her 150 men; but afterwards raised them again, too late to take part in the siege.

Each of the four New England colonies had a little navy of its own, consisting of from one to three or four small armed vessels; and as privateering — which, where Frenchmen and Spaniards were concerned, was sometimes a euphemism for piracy — was a favorite occupation, it was possible to extemporize an additional force in case of need. For naval commander Shirley chose Captain Edward Tyng, who had lately signalized himself by capturing a French privateer of greater strength than his own. Shirley authorized him to buy for the province the best ship he could find, equip her for fighting, and take command of her. Tyng soon found a brig to his liking on the stocks. She was fitted rapidly for her new destination, changed into a frigate, mounted with twenty-four guns, and named the Massachusetts. The rest of the naval force consisted of the ship Cæsar, of twenty guns; a vessel called the Shirley, commanded by Captain Rous, and also carrying twenty guns; another, of the kind called a snow, carrying sixteen guns; one sloop of twelve guns, and two of eight guns each; the Boston Packet, of sixteen guns; two sloops, hired in Connecticut, of sixteen guns each; a privateer of twenty guns, hired in Rhode Island; the government sloop Tartar, of the same colony, carrying fourteen carriage guns and twelve swivels; and,

[1] Gibson, Journal, Records of Rhode Island, v. Governor Wanton, of that province, says with complacency that the pay of Rhode Island was twice that of Massachusetts.

finally, the sloop of fourteen guns which formed the navy of New Hampshire.

It was said, with apparent reason, that one or two heavy French ships of war — and a squadron of such was expected in the spring — would outmatch the whole colonial navy, and after mastering it would hold all the transports at their mercy; so that the troops on shore, having no means of return and no hope of succor, would be forced to surrender or starve. The danger was real, and Shirley felt the necessity of help from a few British ships. Commodore Peter Warren was then at Antigua with a small squadron. Shirley sent an express boat to him with a letter stating the situation and asking his aid. Warren, who had married an American woman, and who owned large tracts of land on the Mohawk, was known to be a warm friend of the provinces. There is no doubt that he would gladly have complied with Shirley's request, but, when he laid the question before a council of officers, they were of one mind that, unless ordered by the Admiralty, he would not be justified in supporting an attempt made without the king's approval. He therefore saw no choice but to decline. Shirley, fearing that his refusal would be discouraging, kept it secret from all but Pepperell and General Wolcott, or, as others say, Brigadier Waldo. He had written to the Duke of Newcastle, in the past autumn, that Acadia and the fisheries were in great danger, and that ships of war were needed for their protection. On this the duke had written to Warren, ordering him to sail for Boston, and concert measures with Shirley "for the annoyance of the enemy and his Majesty's service in North America." Newcastle's letter reached Warren two or three days after he had sent back his refusal of Shirley's request. Thinking himself now sufficiently authorized to give the desired aid, he sailed at once for Boston with his three ships, the Superbe, Mermaid, and Launceston. On the way he met a schooner from Boston, and learned from its officers that the expedition had already sailed, on which, detaining the master as a pilot, he changed his course, and made directly for Canseau, the place of rendezvous of the New England fleet; sending orders at the same time by the schooner that any king's ships that might arrive at Boston should immediately join him.

Within seven weeks after Shirley issued his call for volunteers, the preparations were all made and the unique armament was afloat. Transports, such as they were, could be had in abundance; for the harbors of Salem and Marblehead were full of fishing vessels thrown out of employment by the war. These were hired, and insured by the province for the security of the owners. There was a great dearth of cannon. The few that could be had were too light, the heaviest being of twenty-two-pound calibre. New York lent ten eighteen-pounders; but the adventurers looked to the French for their chief supply. A detached work near Louisbourg, called the Grand, or Royal, Battery, was known to be armed with thirty heavy pieces, and it was proposed to capture these and turn them against the town; which, as Hutchinson remarks, was like selling the skin of the bear before catching him.

Clearly the expedition must run for luck against risks of all kinds. Those whose hopes were highest based them on a belief in the direct intervention of Providence; others were sanguine through ignorance and provincial self-conceit. As soon as the troops were embarked Shirley wrote to the ministry what was going on, telling them that, accidents apart, four thousand New England men would land on Cape Breton in April; and that, even if they should fail to capture Louisbourg, he would answer for it that they would lay the town in ruins, retake Canseau, do other good ser-

vice for his Majesty, and then come safe home.[1] On receiving the governor's dispatch, the ministry resolved to aid the enterprise if there should yet be time; and several ships of war were ordered to sail for Louisbourg.

The sarcastic Dr. Douglas, then living at Boston, says that the expedition had a lawyer for contriver, a merchant for general, and farmers, fishermen, and mechanics for soldiers. In fact, there was in it something of the character of broad farce, to which Shirley himself, with all his ability and general good sense, was a chief contributor. He wrote to the Duke of Newcastle that, though the officers were without experience and the men without discipline, he would take care to provide against these defects; meaning that he would give them precise directions how to take Louisbourg. Accordingly he drew up copious instructions to that end. These seem to have undergone a process of evolution, for several distinct drafts of them are preserved.[2] The complete and final one is among the Pepperell Papers, copied entire in the neat commercial hand of the general himself.[3] It seems to assume that Providence would work a continued miracle, and supply the expedition on all occasions with weather suited to its wants. "It is thought," says this singular document, "that Louisbourg may be surprised if they [the French] have no advice of your coming. To effect it you must time your arrival about nine of the clock in the evening, taking care that the fleet be far enough in the offing to prevent their being seen from the town in the daytime." He then goes on to prescribe how they are to land after dark at a place called Flat Point Cove, in four divisions, three of which are to march forthwith to the back of certain hills west of the town, where two of the three "are to halt and keep a profound silence," the third continuing their march "under cover of the said hills till" they come opposite the Grand Battery, which they are to attack at a concerted signal; while one of the two divisions behind the hills assault the West Gate, and the other follow to support them.

While this is going on, the fourth division are to march with all speed along the shore till they come to a certain part of the town wall which they are to scale; then proceed "as fast as can be" to the citadel and "secure the windows of the governor's apartments." Then follows page after page which must have stricken the general with stupefaction. The rocks, surf, fogs, and gales of that tempestuous coast are left out of the account; and so, too, is the nature of the country, which consists of deep marshes, rocky hills, and hollows choked with evergreen thickets. Yet a series of complex and mutually dependent operations, involving long marches through this rugged and pathless region, was to be accomplished in the darkness of one April night by raw soldiers who knew nothing of the country. This rare speci-

[1] Shirley to Newcastle, 24 March, 1745. The home government was not wholly unprepared for this announcement; Shirley having before reported to it the vote of his Assembly consenting to the expedition. Shirley to Newcastle, 1 February, 1745.

[2] The first draft is in the manuscript volume lettered on the back "Siege of Louisbourg," in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The paper is entitled Mem° for the attacking of Louisbourg this Spring by Surprise. After giving elaborate instructions for every movement, it goes on to say that, as the surprise may possibly fail, it will be necessary to send two small mortars and twelve cannon carrying nine-pound balls, "so as to bombard them and endeavour to make Breaches in their walls, and then to storm them." Shirley was soon to discover the absurdity of trying to breach the walls of Louisbourg with nine-pounders.

[3] It is printed in the first volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Shirley was so well pleased with his plan that he sent it to the Duke of Newcastle, inclosed in his letter of 1 February, 1745. (Public Record Office.)

men of amateur soldiering is partly redeemed by a postscript, in which the governor sets free the hands of his general thus: "Notwithstanding the instructions you have received from me, I must leave you to act, upon unforeseen emergencies, according to your best discretion."

On the 24th of March, the fleet, consisting of about ninety transports escorted by the provincial cruisers, sailed from Nantasket Roads, followed by prayers and benedictions, and also by toasts drunk with cheers in bumpers of rum punch.[1]

Francis Parkman.

MY SCHOOLING.

PASSAGES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC FRAGMENT.

Until I was ten years old, I received most of my tuition from my grandfather Freeman.[2] After breakfast, each morning, he taught my elder brother and sister and me Latin, Greek, and mathematics. I did not know at the time what a wonderful teacher he was. He anticipated, sixty years ago, the best methods of modern instruction. In the first place, he made our studies interesting to us. Next, he removed all unnecessary difficulties, and required us to learn only what was essential. The Latin grammar which we studied was but twenty or thirty pages in length. It was called Latin Accidence, and contained the parts of speech, the declensions and conjugations, and a few of the principal rules of syntax. The larger grammar was not to be committed to memory, but to be used like a dictionary, for consultation. The more im-

[1] The following extract of a letter of John Payne, of Boston, to Robert Hale, colonel of the Massachusetts regiment from Essex County, while it shows no sign of the prevailing religious feeling, illustrates well the ardor of the New England people for their rash adventure: —

Boston, *April* 24, 1745.

Sir, — I hope this will find you at Louisbourg with a Bowl of Punch a Pipe and a P—k of C—ds in your hand and whatever else you desire. We are very Impatiently expecting to hear from you, your Friend Luke has lost several Beaver Hatts already concerning the Expedition, he is so very zealous about it that he has turned Poor Boutier out of his House for saying he believed you would not Take the Place. — Damn his Blood, says Luke, let him be an Englishman or a Frenchman and not pretend to be an Englishman when he is a Frenchman in his heart. If drinking to your success would Take Cape Briton, you must be in Possession of it now, for its a standing Toast. I think the least thing you Military Gent[n] can do is to send us some arrack when you take ye Place to celebrate your Victory and not to force us to do it in Rum Punch or Luke's bad wine or sour cyder.

Colonell Robert Hale.
at (or near) Louisbourg.

I am indebted for a copy of this curious letter to Robert H. Bancroft, Esq., a descendant of Colonel Hale.

[2] "Almost my first recollection as a child is of one who seemed to me then to be old, who was the friend of us all. In the morning he worked in his garden, and we played by his side; in the forenoon, while he read and wrote, we children studied our lessons under his guidance; as the twilight darkened, he gathered us around him to tell, during successive evenings, the story of Ulysses, of Sir Heron, of Kehama and Thalaba. As we grew older, we learned to understand the quality of his benignity, his generosity, his manly independence, his sagacious wisdom, his purity, humility, and loyalty to all truth and right. Surely those who have come in contact with such an influence may well love to come together, and, for an hour, communicate to each other what they remember of this remarkable life." (J. F. C. at Centennial of James Freeman.)

portant Latin words we learned by heart from a vocabulary, and the more important Greek words from a small book called Greek Primitives. Thus provided, we began immediately to translate some interesting story in Nepos or Ovid. He kept up our interest by talking to us about it, explaining the difficult passages, and, when it was in verse, repeating it so as to bring out the rhythm and melody. When we came to a word we did not understand, he would tell us the meaning, but required us to repeat it again and again till he was sure we remembered it. To those who thought that this method made study too easy, and that it did not discipline the mind, he answered: "The study of a foreign language can never be made too easy. There are always difficulties enough in it. But what mental discipline is there in turning over the pages of a dictionary? I tell these children the meaning of the word, just as the dictionary does, but I save them the time lost in the merely manual operation of turning over the leaves. Real discipline comes to the mind when it acts, not languidly, but with its full energy, and it acts with energy only when it is interested in what it does. Therefore, as soon as I am unable to keep up their interest in what they do, I turn their attention to something else, or send them out to play." The excellence of this method may be seen from the fact that before I was ten years old I had read a good deal of Ovid, some Odes of Horace, a little of Virgil, the Gospel of Matthew in Greek, and had gone as far as cubic equations in algebra. I also had read through a history of the United States, Hume's England, Robertson's Scotland, Ferguson's and Gibbon's Rome. I can repeat to-day, after sixty years, many passages of Ovid, and at least three Odes of Horace, which I committed to memory before I was ten. Nor was I aware that I was doing a great deal, for the study was made almost as entertaining as play. Problems in arithmetic and algebra were treated as a kind of game. I once met with the word "trigonometry," and asked my grandfather what trigonometry was. "Trigonometry," said he, "is a wonderful science. It is all about triangles." "What is a triangle?" said I. "I will show you," he replied, and proceeded to draw on a slate a number of triangles, showing me that each had three sides and three angles, and explaining that if we knew three of these (one being a side) we could find the other three. He told me that by that law we could tell the distances of the planets and the moon. Then he took me out upon the lawn and showed me a tall tree, and explained how, by trigonometry, I could tell the height of the tree. Thereupon I made myself a little quadrant out of a shingle, and proceeded to measure the height of the trees and houses around me. Though the actual results were probably far from accurate, yet, by this little experiment, I obtained a very clear notion of the great foundation laws of mathematical astronomy. And I learned this in play. Such studies left plenty of time for outdoor exercise. With my brothers and cousins I learned to ride on horseback, with and without a saddle, to swim, to skate, to make bows and arrows and slings, and shoot with them, and to practice all the other athletic sports which boys love. We went to find distant ponds and rivers in which to catch perch and pickerel, and we even rediscovered the speckled trout in some brooks whence they had been thought to have disappeared long before. What happy hours we passed roaming through the woods, clambering over ledges of gray rock, or floating in boats on the omnipresent Charles River, which nearly encircled Newton! Amid these studies and amusements there was still time enough for reading. First, when young, we had Miss Edgeworth; her stories not being bound together under the forbid-

ding title of Parent's Assistant, but in separate tales, each to be read by itself, and read again, — Simple Susan, The Little Merchants, Old Poz, Eton Montem, etc. Then, too, Walter Scott was writing his novels, and whenever a new one appeared it was brought from Boston, and read aloud in the family circle. I recollect that, when Ivanhoe came, I eagerly seized it, and became so absorbed in the story of the tournament that I hid under a bed, and refused to hear the call to study till I had seen the Black Knight and Ivanhoe triumphant in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. I still think that there are no novels like those, — so full of character, adventure, picturesque incident, and with such an atmosphere of sunshine and good health throughout. Under that magic pen history became living, and the past was present. We were the Crusaders, we the outlaws, we the hesitating heroes, of the Waverley novels, who always seemed in an interesting dilemma, not quite able to decide between the two ways. Each Waverley novel was a new joy. And so Scott's poems were full of delight and cheer. Their lyric flow, their manly tone, their generous sentiment, lifted us into a blessed region of ideal beauty. I remember, when I was at the Latin School, I spent my half holiday one Saturday reading Marmion for the first time. As the sun was setting I reached the end of the poem, and in the farewell verses read with astonishment these lines : —

> "To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
> Has cheated of thy hour of play,
> Light task and merry holiday;"

and it seemed as if Scott were close beside me, talking to me in person.

There was an old chestnut-tree in the pasture, in which I had arranged a seat, and there I often sat, surrounded by the thick, shady branches, and read the most interesting books I could discover in my grandfather's library. As this consisted largely of books of theology, Latin and Greek classics, or learned works in Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, I found it difficult to suit myself. There was Rasselas, which pretended to be a story, but was only a long string of moralizing. But among some numbers of The Monthly Anthology I found the translation, by Sir William Jones, of the Hindoo play Sakoontala, and there was an old edition of Shakespeare in a number of duodecimo volumes. The tradition in the family was that these volumes came ashore when the English man-of-war Somerset was wrecked on Cape Cod. Some of the volumes were missing; but this, on the whole, was an advantage, for it gave a certain aspect of infinity to this author. For aught I knew, there might be a hundred more plays of Shakespeare; and as we think more of the lost books of Tacitus than of those we possess, because the contents of these unread pages fill the imagination with conjectures, so the plays of Shakespeare which I did not have made an ideal penumbra of beauty round those I was reading. There was also a volume of Elegant Extracts in verse, by Vicesimus Knox, which contained very good reading. From that volume I learned something of Spenser and Dryden, Swift and Pope. I even found some entertainment in Bailey's English Dictionary, which often gave little historic and biographic anecdotes about the words, expatiating in a delightful way while illustrating their meaning. I learned from it a little of everything, and can still repeat the names and descriptions of the "Ten honorable Ordinaries" in heraldry as I there learned them for my amusement. It also contained tables for making Latin hexameters by a mechanical process; and other like matters, which are far below the dignity of a modern dictionary.

I confess to a weakness for such old-fashioned textbooks, which condescend a little to the infirmities of beginners. Schoolbooks now are composed by scholars who wish to show off their learning

to other scholars, and who scorn what is elementary. A school treatise on algebra is composed as if intended for profound mathematicians. A Latin grammar prepared for boys ten years old goes into the mysteries of philology. A new edition of Virgil shows that the editor has ransacked all the studies on etymology and syntax in order to make a show of recondite learning in his footnotes. How much better for boys the old Delphin editions of the classics, which, fortunately for me, were still in use in my days! There the words were arranged in the margin in the order of construction, and the footnotes gave us explanations which made the matter clear; and at the end what a copious index, which gave us words and phrases! Besides this we had other helps, such as the Gradus ad Parnassum, and for some books an interlined translation. Instead of the modern astronomies, which bristle with mathematical formulas, we had The Young Gentleman's Astronomy, in which the author announces that it is written, "not to advance learning, but to assist learners," and boldly declares his intention to begin at the beginning.

The English classics in Dr. Freeman's library were of the Queen Anne era. Thus I became quite familiar with the Spectator and Guardian, and writers of that period. If we had not many books to read, we possessed some of the best. It did us no harm to read over again and again Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Man, The Vicar of Wakefield, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver's Travels. In my good aunt Sally Curtis's rooms I found some of the novels popular in her time: Cecilia and Evelina, by Miss Burney; The Scottish Chiefs; Thaddeus of Warsaw; Thomson's Seasons, also; Falconer's Shipwreck and Shenstone's poems. The poems of Prior, Gay, and Peter Pindar were in the Freeman library, in old editions.

I am glad that I early came to know and love Pope. I obtained his complete works as a prize when at the Latin School, and in the same way came into possession of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, and the poems of Scott, Burns, and Cowper. I am indebted to my aunt Swan for one source of pleasure and culture. When I was a child, recovering from a long illness, she brought to the house, for my amusement, the large engravings from Hogarth, and a folio volume of engravings from the Orleans Gallery.

The Boston Latin School was the first and only school I ever attended. All my early teaching, as I have said, I received at home; and when I entered the Latin School, at the age of ten, I had already acquired a considerable amount of knowledge under that genial home instruction. Every difficult step had been made so easy for me that I enjoyed reading the pleasant stories of Ovid, and even the melodies of Horace; and algebra had been a game full of interesting problems, the solution of which gave a thrill of satisfaction. So that I might seem to be thoroughly prepared for the studies of the Latin School. But one thing I had not learned to do: I had not been taught to commit to memory the uninteresting and unintelligible rules, exceptions, notes, and remarks of which the school grammar was full. It was the Latin School system, in those days, to have the first year wholly occupied in committing to memory the most abstract formulas of Adams's Latin Grammar. There might be a dull kind of discipline in this, but it was, I think, an injurious one. It was a discipline of the power of cramming the memory with indigestible facts and sounds. It taught us to make a strenuous effort to accomplish a disagreeable task. But is not life full enough of such tasks? Is there ever a day in which we do not have to do them? Why then take the time which might be occupied in learning something interesting and useful in learning as a mere *tour de force* that which we may never

use? It had a benumbing effect on the mind. It stupefied our faculties. It gave a distaste for study. Latin, Greek, and mathematics taught in this way inspired only dislike.

What is mental discipline? Every faculty of body and mind is best disciplined by exercise. Now, only that which we enjoy doing fully exercises our powers. We do disagreeable tasks by a strenuous effort, feebly; we do agreeable ones without an effort, with energy. What greater exercise than playing chess? This tasks observation, memory, foresight, the power of combining means to an end, patient, continued effort. If chess were drudgery, no one could ever do all it requires; but the pleasure which attends it tides us over its difficult mental operations.

The joy which children take in play is an ingenious device by which Mother Nature communicates to them the first and most indispensable knowledge. The playroom and playground are her primary school. There children, intent on ball, top, kite, games of tag, puss in the corner, and so on, are really learning how to exercise their limbs, balance their bodies, quicken their perceptive organs, and learn obedience to the immutable laws of the physical world. While playing they become acquainted with the nature of things, — gravitation, motion in direct lines and curves, the laws of elasticity, action and reaction, equilibrium, friction, and the like. They also learn, by playing in company, how to command and obey, to give up their own wishes for the common good, and to unite with others for a common end. From this varied, delightful, and thorough system of education we take them to a school, and teach them what? The dull memory of words! And we think this is education!

Of course I do not mean that children should spend all their time in play; but I mean that we should study the method of nature, and make what we call work as interesting as play. It can be made even more interesting.

It was a well-established tradition in our family that the boys should all go to the Boston Latin School. My father went to it; my grandfather Clarke went to it; my grandfather Freeman went to it; and all my brothers, as well as I, went to it: and no doubt, notwithstanding its grievous defects of method, it did us all great good to go there.

First, it taught us social equality. There is no aristocracy in a public school, but the natural leadership of superior ability. The public schools of England have saved the nation from that separation of class from class which has brought revolution to the kingdoms of the Continent. Public schools teach boys the true equality of human beings; not an equality of powers, of function, of position, of possession, but of human and social rights. The young aristocrat, born in the purple, finds he must get the son of a ploughman to help him in his studies; finds himself surpassed in his classes by the son of a poor widow; finds himself on the playground obeying, as his chief, the bright-eyed, quick-footed plebeian who is the natural captain of the little regiment. Thus he learns to subordinate position to faculty, outward rank to native power.

In my division in the Latin School there were the sons of the most eminent citizens, and also of mechanics. They studied, recited, played together, and were thus educated to a true democracy. One of these boys, whose father was a man of limited means, became afterward an eminent engineer. Some forty years after we left the Latin School I happened to meet a relative of his, and asked after my old classmate. "He is chief engineer," she answered, "to the Emperor of Brazil. In his last letter he described a reception he had given at his villa to the Emperor and his court."

On entering the Latin School I was

put into a division of ten or twelve boys in the lowest, or fifth, class, and began to commit to memory the first pages of the Latin grammar. How well I remember the first sentence! "Grammar is the art of speaking and writing correctly."

Having thus defined it as an art, the book went on to teach it as though it were a science. Instead of practical rules and examples of correct and incorrect speech, it gave a minute philological analysis of the linguistic forms. How do children learn to speak their own language? By being taught the difference between a noun and pronoun, an adverb and conjunction? By analyzing language into moods and tenses, number and person? Not at all. They learn by imitation and repetition. They learn thus the use of the most essential words and forms, and come gradually to the less essential. That is, they learn by practice and observation. They first acquire the phrases which are most necessary for common use, and these they retain because they have to use them so often. Their vocabulary extends itself by degrees to an outer circle of less used terms, and so, by regular expansion, they become familiar with all that they need to know.

If grammar be the art of speaking and writing a language correctly, it should follow this method of nature instead of that of the schools. Fortunately, the superstition of grammar is rapidly disappearing. Another superstition remains, however, — that of the dictionary. Sensible and practical teachers are now generally aware that, in learning a language, all the knowledge of grammar needed at first is that of the declensions and conjugations, and a few rules of syntax. Having acquired these, the pupil is to keep his grammar by his side as a book of reference, turning to it when a difficulty appears which he is unable otherwise to remove. He learns his grammar by practical application, and thus will remember it better. But how about the dictionary?

Great objection is made by teachers to the use of translations. But what mental discipline comes from turning over the pages of a dictionary? Does knowledge enter our minds through the ends of our fingers? Does the mere bodily exercise of thumbing the leaves tend to fix the word in the memory? The dictionary tells the boy the meaning of the term. The translation does exactly the same thing, only saving the time lost in searching for it. A tutor, sitting by his side, if wise, would do the same. The point, in each case, is to have him remember the meaning after he has been told it. That can be accomplished by making him go over his exercise repeatedly till he can remember it, without referring to dictionary, translation, or tutor.

When I entered the Latin School, as I said, I was put into a small class who were set to committing to memory Adams's Latin Grammar. In this exercise I was very imperfect, and I went at once to the foot of the class, and there remained. For it was the custom, and I think it a very good one, to excite the emulation of the boys by having each boy who made a mistake change places with any boy who was below him and could correct him. Thus it happened that the position and rank of the pupil might change several times during a single recitation. At the beginning of each recitation the boys occupied the places they held at the close of the previous one. No record was kept of this rank, and no reward or honor was obtained by it. Thus there was no undue stimulus exercised, and yet enough to arouse the ambition of the scholars. The excitement subsided at the end of each recitation.

From this experimental class the pupils were transferred, according to their apparent merits, into different divisions of the fourth and fifth classes. Finally there remained only one boy beside my-

self who had not been thus transferred. He was John Osborne Sargent, who has since become a distinguished man. He had been always at the head of the class, and I at the foot. To my intense surprise, he and I were both transplanted to a higher position than any of the rest, namely, into the second division of the fourth class. That Sargent should thus be promoted seemed only just, but on what ground was I sent up with him? It looked like pure favoritism. Or did Mr. Gould have prescience by which to discern the result? For no sooner was I thus promoted, and, instead of committing the grammar to memory, set to translating Cornelius Nepos, than I became one of the two best scholars in the class, my companion Sargent being the other. My previous instruction at home began to tell. It had taught me to use my faculties freely; it caused me to take pleasure in my studies. I took great delight in the music of Ovid, which followed Nepos; and when we came to Virgil, the lovely pastoral pictures in the Eclogues had a charm which still remains. The Æneid I never liked so well. It was very easy reading, but seemed less original and more superficial. The "pius Æneas" I thought a cold-blooded humbug, and I think so still. Virgil's heroes are hardly more than lay figures, or shells of men, with no substantial humanity within. What a poor creature is Æneas compared with the high-spirited, generous Hector! The episode of Æneas and Dido is far inferior to that of Ulysses and Calypso, from which it was copied, and even to the subsequent *replica* of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso.

There was one book used in the Latin School, when I was there, in which the true method of instruction was fully realized. This was Warren Colburn's First Lessons in Arithmetic. It exercised the mind, not the memory; it began with what was easy, and went on to what was difficult; it interested us by perpetual problems, which tasked, but did not tax, the mind. We had not to commit to memory unintelligible rules, but made rules for ourselves as we went on. We never played a game with more pleasure or more excitement than we had in seeing which would be the first to get the answer to a proposed question. Of course, this admirable book was soon banished from the schools by the pedants, who thought that whatever was interesting must be bad. It combined the best training with the best instruction, enabling a boy or girl to solve any mathematical question likely to arise in the business of life. But though it thus fully attained the end of arithmetic, it did not teach the students to call the processes by the old names, and so it was first mutilated, and then very generally discarded.[1]

I recollect an incident which illustrates its value. One of the best teachers I ever knew, Francis E. Goddard, of Louisville, Kentucky, had a little boy committed to his care by his father, Mr. Garnet Duncan, of that city. The boy, who has since become somewhat famous as a politician, was walking with his teacher through the main street of Louisville, when they came to a store, in front of which two or three of the principal merchants of the city were engaged in animated discussion. "Here comes Mr. Goddard," said one of them; "let us ask him. We have a mathematical question, which has arisen in the course of our business, which we cannot answer." So he stated the difficulty, and asked Mr. Goddard to write down the problem, take it home, and when he had leisure see if he could solve it. Goddard turned to the little boy by his side, and said, "Here, ——, do it in your head."

[1] Since Dr. Clarke wrote these words, Colburn has been recovering its ascendency, both through the use of the First Lessons itself, and through the acceptance by other bookmakers of the principles contained in it. — Ed.

And the boy gave the right answer on the spot. He had been thoroughly trained in Colburn's First Lessons.

One of the most curious literary deceptions I remember occurred when I was at the Latin School. One of my class, whose father was a highly respectable citizen, but not very wealthy, suddenly appeared to have plenty of money. He would hire horses and take us to drive, and indulge in other expenditures. Years after, he gave me the explanation. John Pierpont had just prepared his reader for schools, called The First-Class Book. It was published by William B. Fowle, and had great success. Its selections were far superior to those of any reading-book then extant. The author and publisher had found it very profitable. The boy to whom I refer wrote to Mr. Fowle, in the character of a retired literary gentleman, who did not wish his name to transpire, offering to prepare a companion volume to that of Mr. Pierpont, containing extracts suitable for declamation. Mr. Fowle answered the letter, saying he would like a specimen of the work, sufficiently copious to enable him to judge of its value. Thereupon my young friend associated a companion with himself, and together they wrote out extracts from speeches, plays, and poems, suitable for elocutionary purposes, and enough in quantity to make the first quarter of the volume. Mr. Fowle accepted the manuscript, and sent his check for I think at least a hundred dollars. They prepared and sent another quarter, and received another hundred dollars. By this time they had become a little careless, and the third quarter was so inferior that Mr. Fowle refused to pay for more, and finished the book himself. But the boys received between them two or three hundred dollars; and I presume that Mr. Fowle never knew who were the compilers of the volume.

James Freeman Clarke.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA.

Higher education has long been growing more rational. Yet there is a widespread feeling of discontent with the present ideal of academic culture which sometimes degenerates into downright pessimism. It must be conceded that education costs too much time and too much money for the kind. The college curriculum should be still further transformed in order to bring it into harmony with the requirements of modern life. Our average standard of attainment is very low, and the reason is plain, — we have wasted our resources. But happily we are ceasing to be proud of the fact that we have "four hundred colleges and universities." With us, as in England, the conviction is deepening that the founding of a college is not necessarily a blessing to the community. Accordingly, the two most recent proposals for university reform have had in view a shortening of the undergraduate course to facilitate an earlier entrance on the professions, and a general elevation of the standard of culture for the whole country through a proper division of labor. The earnest discussion drawn out by President Eliot's recommendation to reduce the course of Harvard to three years has called attention to the arbitrary barriers still set up between the so-called "disciplinary" and the professional studies; while President White's suggestive plan for relegating most of our colleges to the rank of gymnasia, intermediate between the public schools and a small group of real

universities, places before us in unmistakable terms the wastefulness and the inherent vices of petty endowments, — the imperative need of large revenues in order to meet the demands of modern science. But in its details Dr. White's classification is impracticable, it seems to me, because it ignores organic and historical differences in the character of American schools. The smaller colleges and the smaller universities, whether sectarian or secular, whether resting on private endowments or created and supported by the State, will in due time, it is hoped, through a process of evolution, directed by "right reason" and wise "educational effort," take their places in the lower rank assigned them in this scheme. The differentiation of a class or classes of real universities as opposed to a more numerous body of intermediate colleges, frankly acknowledging themselves to be such, will indeed, there is reason to believe, be the result of social evolution. But that evolution must necessarily express, not ignore, the deeper lines of historical development. It must have as its vital principle a powerful social idea, a national sentiment. Now, as a matter of fact, is not such an evolution really in process, — an evolution whose roots are in past generations, which is sustained by national policy, and which needs only more conscious direction to enable it to produce the requisite concentration and a standard of academic culture which shall at any rate prove satisfactory to the people? Such an evolution may be seen, I think, in the rise of a close relation between the State and higher education. I venture to suggest that any hopeful plan for a division of labor among collegiate institutions must begin with the state universities. Even the oldest of these have had but a brief experience; yet so uniform and rapid has been their development that already two facts are plainly revealed: first, the state university is the latest and noblest product of the same tendency in American thought which has produced the common school; secondly, through its novel and close relation to the State, it has differentiated a distinct organism and a distinct character which entitle it to be regarded as the American type. These propositions will now be discussed in the order named.

I. The rise of a national sentiment and a national policy in favor of the public support of lower education preceded and prepared the way for a like development in case of the higher, and therefore it will be first noticed. The genesis of the American free school system must be sought in the early town records of New England. In the old home, popular education had been looked upon as the proper function of the clergy aided by private benevolence. Neither public nor local taxation was thought of for this purpose. In the New World, the conception of the proper sphere of local and state action was broadened. Just as the celebration of marriage was handed over to the justice of the peace and the probate of wills to the county court, so the supervision of primary and secondary education was taken from the church and vested in the civil community. Before the middle of the seventeenth century the Massachusetts towns were supporting free schools by local rates voted by themselves, and long before the Revolution primary education had been made practically compulsory throughout the greater part of New England. An ordinance of the Dorchester town meeting in 1645 contains all the essential features of our present school district organization. In 1647, the General Court of Massachusetts required every town of fifty families to establish elementary schools; and soon after grammar schools were provided for in larger towns. A great epoch in the history of social progress was thus made when our New England ancestors recognized the support of popular education as the proper function of local government.

The introduction of the school rate as a legitimate item of public taxation deserves a memorable place in American annals. The event is all the more remarkable because it anticipated the development of thought in the mother country by two centuries and a half; for, on account of religious strife and the dread of secularizing education, it was not until 1890 that a general system of free public schools was established in England. Our forefathers, it is true, in this instance, as on some other occasions, builded more wisely than they knew. It was probably not imagined, in 1647, that public education was really being taken out of the hands of the church. Indeed, the primary motive of the Massachusetts statute of that year was to promote religious knowledge, — to circumvent the wiles of "yt ould deluder Satan," and prevent the true sense of Scripture from being "clouded by false glosses of saint seeming deceivers." But before the Revolution the theory of state support of popular education was consciously accepted, with a good understanding of its inevitable consequences. It is difficult to exaggerate the gift of New England to the American people; for though elsewhere, in the middle colonies and in the South, free public schools were planted, and sometimes were encouraged by legislation, to the New England colonies chiefly is due the honor of having created an American system of secular common schools, and of having fostered into vigorous life the American political sentiment that the State should educate her children as a safeguard to herself. With the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787 this idea found expression as a distinct policy, which has been acted on consistently ever since. Not only does the compact declare that in the territory northwest of the Ohio "schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged;" but already in the Ordinance of 1785, for the survey and sale of Western lands, it had been provided that lot number sixteen in every township should be reserved for the support of public schools. A similar provision was made in the grant to the Ohio Company in 1787. Here also Congress, like the Puritans of 1647, did not fully appreciate the importance of its acts. Dr. Knight has shown that the gift of Congress "was not made with the sole thought of promoting education," but rather was wrung from it, as a necessary inducement to customers in the sale of Western lands. Nevertheless, a national policy was established. Every State since admitted into the Union has received one or two sections in each township for the support of common schools. Thus the national government joins hands with the State, and the State with the local communities, in the support of popular education. The common school as a political institution is already thoroughly affiliated with other members of the social body. It no longer sustains merely a relation to the social organism; it has become a part of it. It is a township in miniature, whose meeting votes taxes and makes by-laws as naturally as does the town meeting itself. Apparently, it is nearly as well grounded as if, like the township, its roots were planted in the ancient German forest. So firmly has the idea of a completely secularized public school laid hold of popular sentiment that any sectarian attack upon it is sure to call forth general and indignant resistance, as an assault on one of the most sacred of American principles.

The secularization of higher education has been a matter of much slower growth, and the causes are not far to seek. In method, organism, and sometimes in spirit, the foundations of the colonial era were reproductions of Cambridge or Oxford colleges. The principal defects of the English system were perpetuated. The English universities were modeled directly upon the University of Paris, and therefore were domi-

nated by monastic traditions. They were state institutions placed in subordination to a church establishment. Most of the early American colleges were intended practically to be the same. In fact, if not always in theory, they represented the union of church and state. They were created primarily to provide a learned ministry, and next for the general public good. The idea of the age is well expressed in the charter of Yale, whose foundation was entrusted by the Assembly to ten "reverent ministers of the gospell" who, out of their "zeal for the upholding and propagating of the Christian protestant religion, by a succession of learned and orthodox men," had petitioned for the establishment of a school in which youth may be "fitted for publick imployments both in church and civill state." Thus the ecclesiastical tradition, though weakened, entered into the life of the American college, — the idea of a necessarily close relationship between the professorial and the priestly office; and this tradition has been very difficult to overcome. The narrow sphere assigned to higher education in the early college is also a part of our English heritage. Divinity, mathematics, and the dead languages — the principal elements of the traditional "classic" course, until a few years since the only honorable part of our curriculum — were the chief subjects of study. A premium was put upon the acquisition of Latin and Greek at the expense of the mother tongue. In short, from the English universities of the seventeenth century — then just entering upon that era of decline which reached its lowest point in the time of Gibbon and Adam Smith — we have inherited that mediæval spirit which has prevented our schools from entering into their proper relations to society. Still, the germs of our present system of state schools were planted in the colonial period. In nearly every instance the college was aided by the legislature, through taxation, exemptions, grants of land, and appropriations of money. Harvard, in particular, was in all these ways drawn into close connection with the State. Indeed, before the Revolution, she appears to represent the nearest approach to the modern idea of a state college. Fortunately, also, her charter was surprisingly liberal. It contained neither sectarianism nor dogma. By it the college was not placed in dependence on the Puritan clergy. So that Harvard, without violating the letter of her charter, has at last become a foremost leader in the secularization of American culture; and in these days, naturally enough, like the state university, she has to endure the assaults of sectarianism on the alleged ground of irreligion.

The colonial era was therefore a time of preparation; but the conception of the completely secularized state university did not yet exist. Its rise was made certain by that event, so full of significance for the entire institutional history of this country, to which I have already referred, the adoption of the Ordinance of 1787. Ten days after that instrument had declared the encouragement of education to be a public trust, two townships were reserved by Congress, in the grant to the Ohio Company, for the endowment of a "literary institution," to be applied to the intended object by the legislature of the State. Soon after, a third township was set apart for a similar purpose in the Symmes tract. Thus was the first step taken in the development of a national policy. Tennessee and every State admitted into the Union since 1800, except Maine and West Virginia, which had no public lands, and Texas, which was abundantly able to take care of herself, have received two or more townships for the endowment of higher education. To these so-called "seminary" grants many flourishing institutions owe their origin.

A second and more important step

was taken in 1862. By the Morrill act of that year, one of the noblest monuments of American statesmanship, every State is given thirty thousand acres of land "in place," or its equivalent in "scrip," for each of its Senators and Representatives in Congress, for the purpose of endowing "at least one college, where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, . . . in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." Here the central thought is utility, to do something for society which the existing colleges are not doing. In his own words, the fundamental idea of Senator Morrill was to assist "those much needing higher education for the world's business." This magnificent gift has been the means of aiding about fifty colleges and universities; and of these, according to Professor Blackmar, at least thirty-three were called into existence by it. Moreover, it is strong evidence that the educational policy of the national government is gaining popular sanction that Congress has felt justified in supplementing the gift of 1862 by two later endowments. The Hatch bill of 1887 gives to each State fifteen thousand dollars a year, for the purpose of establishing "experiment stations" in connection with the colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts; and the act is especially noteworthy as a legislative attempt on a wide scale to render science useful to the people. Already many stations have been organized and much good work has been done. Thus, not only is an organized host of trained scientists led to extend helping hands to every branch of agricultural industry, but the influence of all this new activity on the general academic life is stimulating in a high degree. Finally, by the Morrill act of 1890, each State is granted an additional sum of fifteen thousand dollars, to be increased until the annual amount reaches twenty-five thousand dollars, to further the general educational objects of the endowment of 1862.

Here, then, is a fact of the greatest historical significance. Almost before society is aware of it there has come into existence an American system of public universities, at once the complement and the crown of an American system of public schools. In its creation, as in the creation of the latter, the State has joined hands with the nation. The gifts of Congress have been administered solely by the State, which, be it well noted, has supplemented them by liberal taxation and generous appropriations. In the West and Southwest, which have profited both by the seminary and agricultural grants, the state university is already the great educational fact, the educational heart, of the community. In its history, if I read the signs of the times aright, is involved the history of higher education in the United States.

II. If we now fix our eyes on the six or eight foremost schools of the Northwest, whose development has been guided mainly by the University of Michigan, — not forgetting that some of our best institutions elsewhere, from Vermont to the Carolinas, are state schools, — we shall see that the differentiation of the state university has been determined by its peculiar relation to society. Governed usually by a board of regents, whose members are either appointed by the governor or elected by popular vote, organized under the laws of the State, often dependent on the legislature for present means of support, it touches the general body politic at every point, and its pulse beats in sympathy under every influence which affects the commonwealth for good or ill. It is in an important sense itself a political body, and in this fact lies its permanent strength, and

sometimes its temporary weakness. Thus its growth has been retarded by a lack of public sympathy. In 1787 it was the zeal of Pickering, Cutler, and their associates which forced the adoption of the new educational policy upon a reluctant Congress. Thought was in process of transition. It was dimly foreseen that the proposed seminaries must be secular schools; hence, in the case of Ohio, religion received a separate endowment; and even this experiment was not repeated. But the growth of a popular sentiment in favor of the state university was long hindered by two powerful forces. One was the tradition that religious instruction ought always to constitute an essential part of higher education; and this idea was not weakened by the dread of rivalry on the part of the private colleges. A second influence was the belief, also a survival, that higher education is a luxury for wealth and leisure to enjoy, not a necessity of life for the industrial and political callings. There are still men of culture and liberal views, warm friends of the free school, who are opposed, on principle, to the public maintenance of higher education. The writer has known the support of the state university to be seriously imperiled, and even its accumulated revenue partially withheld, on this ground; with how little justification will, it is hoped, presently be made clear. Public apathy and lack of foresight have had their worst consequences in the management of the "seminary" lands. The pitiful tale has been twice told, and need not be repeated. Suffice it to say that Ohio, after a century, receives from her sixty-nine thousand acres the wretched pittance of some thirteen thousand dollars a year. Indiana has fared a little better. Illinois simply flung her lands away at one dollar and a quarter an acre, and then for nearly thirty years her legislature misappropriated the slender income of the fund to other uses in order to decrease taxation. In this case, at least, the jealousy of private colleges was in part responsible for the selfish course pursued. Wisconsin has been the rival of Illinois in bad management. Her endowment was squandered chiefly as an inducement to immigration. It reveals the state of public sentiment that some of her lands were offered by the legislature at a less minimum price than that for which the common school lands at the same time were sold. Even those States which, like Michigan, Minnesota, and Nebraska, have been most prudent in the management of their endowments have come far short of an ideal policy; and this applies also to the grant of 1862. Everywhere the heritage of posterity has been discounted. Wherever practicable, all college lands remaining unsold should at once be taken from the market and leased, subject to reappraisement at short intervals. Moreover, a second serious error has been committed. In several cases, instead of using the proceeds of all the government grants for the endowment of one institution, two or more schools have been established. This is a wasteful policy, a repetition of the disastrous blunder of the religious denominations. The income from all the national gifts, however liberally supplemented by taxation and special appropriations, can never become a dollar too much for the support of one real university. Other things being equal, those States which, like Nebraska, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, have centralized their resources in the upbuilding of a single institution have the most prosperous future before them.

It was inevitable that the state university, like the public school, should become thoroughly secularized. Formal religious instruction has no place in an institution supported by general taxation. Yet a principle which seems so clear to the impartial judgment and so entirely in harmony with American ideas has been by no means silently

admitted. On the contrary, in more than one instance its acceptance has been gained only after years of bitter controversy, and then under protest. In fact, the state university is still assailed by sectarianism with stock charges of irreligion and immorality. Nevertheless, it is evident that Christian influences prevail in the academic life. Probably in every faculty the great majority of the instructors are church members; and they are often acknowledged leaders in the work of their respective denominations. Active Christian associations are everywhere maintained by the young men and women. In Ann Arbor, guilds for "religious and social culture," composed chiefly of university students, have been organized within the various churches. Theoretically it seems clear that the moral tone of the state university will remain in harmony with that of a society whose cardinal principle is entire separation of church and state. There must be full toleration. Hence religious tests in appointments have been abandoned by the foremost institutions. There are thoughtful men who believe that the moral atmosphere has become purer as the secularization has become more complete. Various influences, however, have coöperated to this end. No competent observer can doubt for an instant that the modern revolution in academic methods has effected a revolution for good in academic morality. Manliness, sincerity, and conscientiousness are the legitimate fruits of the present way of "teaching by investigation." The spirit of comparative science is more likely to foster honesty and truthfulness than is a regimen of conduct, and the laboratory is the best academic police system ever invented. Beyond question, the state university is a great moral power in the community. Nay, though the statement may prove startling to some, she tends in various ways to exert a salutary influence on the denominational schools. As she grows in strength and prestige her methods are imitated, and she becomes a standing rebuke to show and pretense, the vices to which the weaker colleges are particularly exposed, and to which they sometimes succumb.

But there are certain features of her policy which may have much to do with determining the moral character of the state university. Of these the most important is coeducation. It was perhaps to be expected in the democratic West that women should enjoy the same privileges as men in schools sustained by the public bounty. Yet it was not until 1870 that the University of Michigan ventured to open her doors to both sexes on equal terms. Her example has been followed by every state university in the West, and by most of the denominational schools. It would doubtless be rash, at so early a day, to predict the ultimate consequences of coeducation. It may, however, be stated that, in the opinion of almost every Western educator qualified by experience to form a judgment, its present results are good, and it is likely to remain a permanent element of public education.

Finally, it may be mentioned that the dormitory does not generally flourish in connection with the state universities. With the abandonment of this survival of the ancient English "halls" and "hostels," the problem of discipline is greatly simplified. Hazing and vandalism are seldom seen in the West. There is little dissipation. The student, while devoting himself mainly to the special objects of his academic life, remains a member of the social body. He strives to put away childish things, and does not forget that his chief business is to prepare himself for the performance of social duty. He learns that the best way to fit himself for active life is to remain a part of it. There really does not appear to be any good reason for lamenting the decay of those much-lauded associations which college life in community is said to fos-

ter. With that other fond superstition, "class spirit," let this one also be relegated speedily to its proper place among the traditions of the past; for is not the development of a healthy civic sentiment a far nobler object of university education? It may prove also that the weakening of the somewhat artificial bond of the class leads to the strengthening of those more natural affiliations which exist wherever there is a freer commonalty.

In the evolution of her educational policy, the state university has from the very beginning looked to Germany for guidance. Only in that nation did there exist a state system of higher education which could be studied with profit. By a fortunate circumstance, the University of Michigan was brought directly under the influence of German ideas at the time of her organization, in 1837, through the adoption by the legislature of a report of Mr. J. D. Pierce, superintendent of public instruction, who had made a careful study of the Prussian schools. But there has been no servile imitation. Outwardly, the state university, with its group of separately organized schools, colleges, or departments, each comprising a constantly increasing number of parallel courses, follows in broad outline the German model. German methods have been adapted to American conditions, while the vitalizing influence of the free spirit of German inquiry is a safe guarantee that a worthy standard of culture will be attained. Indeed, the rapid growth of some, even of the younger, state universities in recent years is very largely due to the extraordinary number of their professors who have received their training at Leipzig, Berlin, or some sister school. Nevertheless, the founding of a state university has usually been no easy task. The problem of administration, in particular, has often, in the formative period, been the source of much misdirected effort and unseemly strife. Briefly stated, the fundamental reason therefor is failure to appreciate the really public character of such an institution. Very naturally, the influence of the old denominational college, with its narrow range of prescribed studies and its ecclesiastical traditions, has perpetuated itself in the faculties and governing bodies. Modern science and specialization have come tardily, under pressure of public criticism. Slowly it has become clear that the state university professor holds a novel position. He stands in full view of a public which pays his salary, and is therefore little disposed to show indulgence for pedantry or incapacity. To be really successful, he must be a man of broad sympathies and lofty ideals; he must keep in touch with humanity.

The state university cannot be said to have been very fortunate in the matter of the chief executive. Many a man of culture and good intentions has failed in the president's chair, because he has been unable to rid himself of old ideals and adapt himself to new conditions. It has been impossible for him to perceive that, in a state university, professor, president, and regent hold each a public office which must be recognized. Hence he has played the part of "universal doctor," which is incompatible with modern specialization, and leads to insincerity; or that of autocrat, which is an encroachment on the functions both of faculty and regents, and leads to revolution. Public sentiment in the West seems to favor a strong executive. But the old notion that the president should be "chief educator" is happily passing away. It is beginning to be realized that what is needed in the executive, at any rate in the present phase of state universities, is not profound learning, but administrative skill and capacity for public affairs. In short, the office of university president is becoming a business profession, in which only he who is specially fitted for it by nature or by training need hope for success. The University of Michigan

has had her full share of trouble, but the remarkable development of the last twenty years is owing largely to the fact that she has had at the helm a man able to grasp the idea of the American state university. Under his guidance the institution has kept pace with social progress. To her is due in no small measure the liberalization of higher education in the United States. She has been a pioneer in various important reforms which have eventually found their way into other Western schools, sometimes into those beyond the Alleghanies; and during the past two decades has been developed the system of accredited high schools, by which students are admitted to the University on diploma. This has already been carried from Michigan into several other States; and it is a fact of great historical interest, for thus the American public school and the American public university have joined hands. In consequence, the latter is already taking deeper hold on the affections of the people; and this result seems likely to be furthered by the movement for "university extension," already promising so well in Wisconsin.

One important element of a real university is inherent in the very nature of a university supported by the State; she must, when fully developed, aim at the *universitas* of knowledge; for her curriculum must satisfy the demands of a complex and progressive society, whose creature she is. First of all, a helping hand must be extended to the industries. The natural and physical sciences hold, and must continue to hold, a very high place in the academic life. Costly laboratories filled with expensive appliances are rapidly appearing. These challenge public appreciation, and money therefor is freely supplied. Nor are studies sometimes regarded as less practical neglected. Classical and modern philology have found a congenial home in the West. Sanskrit has gained zealous votaries beyond the Missouri. There, also, a laboratory of psycho-physics has just been erected by a disciple of Wundt. Colleges of medicine and law are likewise coming in response to popular demand. For in few things is the State more deeply concerned than in the growth of medical science; and in an age of social revolution, when every part of our legal and constitutional system is being probed to the bottom, when legislation is resorted to more and more as a heal-all for every public ill, real or imaginary, the State surely has urgent need of an educated bar as a safeguard to herself.

But in no way does the state university discharge her public trust more faithfully than in the study of those questions which directly concern the life and structure of our social organization. Administration, finance, constitutional history, constitutional law, comparative politics, railroad problems, corporations, forestry, charities, statistics, political economy, — a crowd of topics, many of which, a few years ago, were unheard of in the schools, are being subjected to scientific treatment. Unless I greatly misapprehend the nature of the crisis which our nation has reached, it is in the absolute necessity of providing the means of instruction in these branches that we may find a very strong, if not unanswerable, argument in favor of the public support of higher education. The bare statement of several well-known facts will enable us to understand the crisis of which I speak.

We have fairly entered upon the third great phase of our national development. The first phase closed with the Revolutionary War and the birth of the nation. The second was the creation and settlement of the Constitution, terminating with the civil war and the reëstablishment of self-government in the South. During this period our material resources were explored, population and wealth increased, and society became complex. We now find ourselves face

to face with the momentous and difficult questions of administration. Henceforth the State must concern herself with the economics of government and with the pathology of the social organism. The fact is that in the science of administration, municipal, state, or central, we are as a nation notoriously ignorant. Beguiled by the abundance of our resources, we have allowed ourselves to become awkward and wasteful in nearly every department. But the growing discontent and misery of the people admonish us that the time for reform has come. Hereafter taxation and finance, the tariff and corporations, labor and capital, social evils and the civil service, must absorb the attention of statesmen. Now, all these things are precisely the problems which can be solved successfully only by specialists. No amount of experience or general information will enable the legislator who does not know how to gather and classify social and economic facts, or at least who does not comprehend the nature of the evidence afforded by such facts, to frame wise or even safe laws on these subjects. In future, only men carefully trained in the schools can safely be placed at the head of state departments. Yet as a matter of fact the ignorance of the average American law-maker in statistical, administrative, economic, and political science is incredibly profound. How really formidable is the danger which threatens us on account of unskillful tinkering with the delicate mechanism of society we cannot fail in some measure to appreciate when we reflect that the biennial volume of legislative enactments is constantly being enlarged; while at the same time a greater and greater portion of such enactments relates to what has hitherto been regarded as the proper sphere of individual liberty, to the most complex interests of commerce and other industries. Undoubtedly there is a growing tendency, for good or ill, to extend the domain of state interference and regulation. The State, therefore, has urgent need of citizens carefully trained in the science of politics. If she be justified in the maintenance of common schools, in order that every man may be fitted for the intelligent use of the ballot, she is also justified in the support of higher education, for her very existence may depend upon it. This may prove to be the safeguard of our republic. Indeed, it would seem that the statesmanship of the future must proceed from the school of political science. To study society itself, to afford the most ample means for the acquirement of a thoroughly scientific political education in every department, is the primary duty, the highest office, of the state university.

Such, then, is the tendency of American public education. Surely the outlook is full of promise. I do not believe that in the end the ideal of culture will be lowered by a too fierce utilitarianism. True, a new standard of culture may be established, one which shall adjust itself from generation to generation, according to the conceptions of an advancing civilization; and a new definition of culture may be constructed, one which shall embrace the industries and the mechanic arts. This will be well. It is no longer safe to set up an aristocracy of studies. From Germany even now comes the cry of over-education. An "educated proletariat," we are assured, is seriously threatening the security of the State. It behooves us well to heed the warning.

It seems probable, from what has been said, that the work of higher education in this country will in future be divided among three classes of institutions whose differentiation is well under way. From a national point of view, the group of state universities appears to be most important; for eventually nearly every new State, as well as some of the original thirteen, will have a university which, as a rule, will outrank every other school within its borders. Here there can be

no fixed or arbitrary standard of admission. The opportunities for continuation of study may indeed be very large; but the state university must begin where the average high school leaves off. There will also be a small group of richly endowed private foundations, situated principally in the older States. For these the minimum requirement may safely remain very high; and, from present indications, they will tend more and more to restrict their activity to graduate instruction. They will offer the best opportunity for specialization and the pursuit of culture for its own sake. There remains the formidable body of denominational colleges, having for the most part very slender resources, and consequently a very low average standard of attainment. For this class centralization is urgently needed; and it seems as if it were likely to be realized through the sharp rivalry of the universities. The first result of that rivalry is very suggestive. The denominational schools are themselves becoming secularized. The appointment of a layman as president of Amherst, of another as president of the Northwestern University at Evanston, and the choice of laymen as trustees of the new Baptist University of Chicago have recently attracted public attention as striking illustrations of this fact. Again, it is unquestionably true that leading churchmen are more keenly alive than ever before to the need of consolidation. There are indications of a movement in this direction which may become general. Already in some instances weak colleges have been discontinued, in order to build up strong central institutions. Without doubt these tendencies will receive the hearty encouragement of all thoughtful men. So it may happen in time that we shall have a class of good intermediate colleges; while many foundations now bearing the name of college or university may be abolished, or relegated to the rank of training schools.

George E. Howard.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXII.

I CLOSE MY BOOK.

By the rarest good fortune my grandmother started that afternoon for a visit to an old friend at the seashore, and, in the mild excitement of her departure, I do not think she noticed anything unusual in my demeanor.

"And so your amanuensis has left you?" she remarked, as she was eating a hasty luncheon. "Sister Sarah stopped for a moment and told me so. She said there was another one ready to take the place, if you wanted her."

I tried to suppress my feelings, but I must have spoken sharply.

"Want her!" I exclaimed. "I want none of her!"

My grandmother looked at me for a moment.

"I shall be sorry, Horace," she said, "if you find that the sisters do not work to suit you. I hoped that you might continue to employ them, because the House of Martha is at such a convenient distance, and offers you such a variety of assistance to choose from, and also because you would contribute to a most worthy cause. You know that all the money they may make is to go to hospitals and that sort of thing."

"I was a little afraid, however," she continued, after a pause, "that the sister you engaged might not suit you. She

was so much younger than the others that I feared that, away from the restraints of the institution, she might be a little frivolous. Was she ever frivolous?"

"Not in the least," I answered; "not for an instant."

"I am very glad to hear that," she remarked, — "very glad indeed. I take an interest in that sister. Years ago I knew her family, but that was before she was born. I remember that I was intending to speak to you about her, but in some way I was interrupted."

"Well," I asked, "tell me now, who is she?"

"She *is*," said my grandmother, "Sister Hagar, of the House of Martha. She *was* Sylvia Raynor, of New Haven. I think that in some way her life has been darkened. Mother Anastasia takes a great interest in her, and favors her a good deal. I know there was opposition to her entering the House, but she was determined to do it. You say you are not going to engage another sister? Who is to be your amanuensis?"

"No one," I answered. "I shall stop writing for the present. This is a very good time. I've nearly reached the end of — a sort of division of the book."

"An excellent idea," said my grandmother, with animation. "You ought to go to the sea or the mountains. You have been working very hard. You are not looking well."

"I shall go, I shall go," I answered quickly; "fishing, probably, but I can't say where. I'll write to you as soon as I decide."

"Now that is very pleasant," said my grandmother, as she rose from the table, "very pleasant indeed; and if you write that you will be away fishing for a week or two, I shall stay at the Bromleys' longer than I intended, — perhaps until you return."

"A week or two!" I muttered to myself.

Walkirk had sharper eyes than those of my grandmother. I am sure that when he came that evening he saw immediately that something was the matter with me, — something of moment. He was a man of too much tact to allude to my state of mind; but in a very short time I saved him all the trouble of circumspection, for I growled out that I could not talk about travels at present, and then told him that I could not write about them, either, for I had lost my secretary. His countenance exhibited much concern.

"But you can get another of the sisters," he said.

What I replied to this I do not remember, but I know I expressed myself so freely, so explicitly, and with such force that Walkirk understood very well that I wanted the secretary I had lost, that I wanted none other, and that I wanted her very much indeed. In fact, he comprehended the situation perfectly.

I was not sorry. I wanted somebody to whom I could talk about the matter, in whom I could confide. In ten minutes I was speaking to Walkirk in perfect confidence.

"But you can't do anything," said he, when there came a pause. "This is a case in which there is nothing to do. My advice is that you go away for a time, and try to get over it."

"I am going away," I replied.

"You could do nothing better," Walkirk remarked. "I am altogether in favor of that, although of course such counsel is against my own interests."

"Not at all," said I, catching his meaning, "for I shall take you with me."

After a considerable pause in the conversation Walkirk inquired if I had decided where I would go.

"No," I answered, "that is your affair. My desire is to get away from every place where there is any chance of seeing a woman. I wish to obliterate from my mind all idea of the female

human being. In fact, I think I should like to take lodgings near a monastery, and have the monks come and write for me, — a different one every day."

Walkirk smiled. "Since you wish me to select your retreat," he said, "I am bound to have an opinion regarding it. I might advise a visit to the Trappists of Kentucky, or to some remote fishing and hunting region; but it strikes me that a background made up of exclusive association with men would be very apt to bring out in strong relief any particular female image which you might have in your mind. I should say that the best way of getting rid of such an image would be to merge it in a lot of other female images."

"Away with the idea!" I cried. "Walkirk, I will neither merge nor relieve. I will go with you to some place where we shall see neither men nor women; where we can hunt, fish, sail, sleep, read, smoke, and banish the world. I don't wish you to take a servant. We can do without service, and if necessary I can cook. I put the whole matter in your hands, Walkirk, and when you have decided on our destination let me know."

The next afternoon Walkirk found me at my club in the city, and informed me that he had selected a place which he thought would suit my purposes.

"No people?" I asked.

"None but ourselves," replied he.

"Very good," said I. "When can we start?"

"I shall be ready to-morrow afternoon," he answered, "and will call for you at your house."

XXIII.

RACKET ISLAND.

We traveled all night, and early in the morning alighted at a small station, on the shore of a broad bay. Here we found moored a cat-rigged sailboat, of which Walkirk took possession, and we stowed therein the valises, guns, and fishing tackle which we had brought with us. I examined the craft with considerable interest. It was about twenty feet long, had a small cabin divided into two compartments, and appeared to be well stocked with provisions and other necessaries.

"Is it to be a long cruise?" I said to Walkirk; "and do you know how to sail a boat?"

"With this wind," he answered, "we should reach our destination in a couple of hours, and I consider myself a very fair skipper."

"Up sail, then," I cried, "and I am not in the least hurry to know where I am going."

Walkirk sailed a boat very well, but he did it in rather an odd way, as if he had learned it all out of a book, and never had handled a tiller before. I am not a bad amateur sailor myself, but I gave no consideration to the management of our craft. Walkirk had said that he knew where he was going, and was able to sail there, and I left the matter entirely to him; and whether or not this were his first essay in sailing, in due time we ran upon a low beach, and he exclaimed: —

"Here we are!"

I rose to my feet and looked about me. "Now, then," said I, "I shall ask you, where are we?"

"This is Racket Island," he replied, "and as soon as we get the boat pulled up and the sail down I will tell you about it."

"Racket Island," said Walkirk, a short time afterwards, as we stood together on a little sandy bluff, "was discovered two years ago by me and a friend, as we were sailing about in this bay. I suppose other people may have discovered it before, but as I have seen no proof of this I am not bound to believe it. We named it Racket Island, having found on the beach an old tennis

racket, which had been washed there by the waves from no one knows where. The island is not more than half a mile long, with a very irregular coast. The other end of it, you see, is pretty well wooded. We stayed here for three days, sleeping in our boat; and so far as solitude is concerned, we might as well have been on a desert island in the midst of the Pacific. Now I propose that we do the same thing, and stay for three days, or three weeks, or as long as you please. This is the finest season of the year for camping out, and we can moor the boat securely, and cook and sleep on board of it. There is plenty of sand and there is plenty of shade, and I hope you will like it."

"I do!" I cried. "On Racket Island let us settle!"

For two days I experienced a sort of negative enjoyment. If I could not be at home dictating to my late secretary, or, better still, looking at her, as she sat close to the grating, reading to me, this was the next best thing I could do. I could walk over the island; I could sail around it; I could watch Walkirk fish; I could lie on the sand, and look at the sky; and I could picture Sylvia with her hair properly arranged, and attired in apparel suited to her. In my fancy I totally discarded the gray garb of the sisters of the House of Martha, and dressed my nun sometimes in a light summer robe, with a broad hat shading her face, and again in the richest costumes of silks and furs. Sometimes Walkirk interrupted these pleasant reveries, but that, of course, was to be expected.

In several directions we could see points of land, but it did not interest me to know what these were, or how far away they were. Walkirk and I had Racket Island to ourselves. My grandmother was happy with her friends, and where the rest of the world happened to stow themselves I did not care. Several times I said this to myself, but it was a mistake. I cared very much where Sylvia stowed herself. Philosophize as I might, I thought of her continually in that doleful House of Martha; and as I thought of her there I cried out against the shortcomings of civilization.

We had pitched a small tent in the shelter of a clump of trees on the higher part of the island; and near this, on the morning of our third day, I was sitting, smoking, and trying the effect of Sylvia's face under a wide black hat heavy with ostrich plumes, when Walkirk approached me, carrying a string of freshly caught fish.

"I am sorry to say," said he, "that in coming here to escape the society of women we have made a failure, for one of them is sitting on the beach, on the other side of the island."

I sprang to my feet with an abrupt exclamation.

"How did the woman get here?" I cried. "I thought this place was deserted."

"It is; I know every inch of it. No one lives here, but this female person came in a small sailboat. I saw it tied up, not far from where she is sitting."

"If women come here," I said, "I want to go, and you may as well get ready to leave."

"I think," remarked Walkirk, "that it would be well not to be in too great a hurry to leave. I know of no place where we are less likely to be disturbed, and so long as these dry nights continue there can be no pleasanter camping place. She may now be sailing away, and the chances are we shall never see her again."

"I'll go and look into the matter," said I.

I walked over the ridge of the little island, and soon caught sight of a female figure sitting on the sandy beach. Near by was the boat which Walkirk had mentioned. As soon as I saw her I stopped; but she must have heard my

approach, for she turned toward me. I had come merely to make an observation of her, but now I must go on. As I approached her I turned as if I were about to walk along the shore, and as I passed her I raised my hat. She was a lady of middle age, of a reddish blonde complexion, and her hair was negligently put up under a plain straw hat. Her large blue eyes, her slightly uplifted brows, and the general expression of her rather thin face gave me the idea that she was a pleasantly disposed woman, who was either very tired or not in good health.

"Good-morning, sir," she said. "On desert islands, you know, people speak to each other without ceremony."

I stopped, and returned her salutation. "Excuse me," I remarked, "but this does not seem to be a desert island. May I be permitted to ask if it is a place of much resort?"

"Of course you may," she answered. "People sometimes come here; but would you like it better if they did not? You need not answer; I know you would."

This was a very free and easy lady, but if she liked that mood it suited me very well.

"Since you will have it," I replied, "I will admit I came here because I thought my companion and I would have the island to ourselves."

"And now you are disappointed," she said, with a smile.

She was surely a person of very pleasant humor.

"Good lady," said I, "you must not corner me. I came here because I thought it would be a good place in which to stop awhile and grumble undisturbed; and as you say it is proper to be unceremonious, may I ask how you happen to be here, and if you sail your boat yourself?"

"I am here," she answered, "because I like this island. I take an interest in it for two reasons: one is that it is a good island, and the other is that I own it."

"Really!" I exclaimed, in sudden embarrassment, "you must pardon me! I assure you I did not know that."

"Don't apologize," she said, raising her hand. "Scarcely any one knows, or at least remembers, that I own this island. I bought it a good many years ago, intending to build upon it; but it was considered too remote from the mainland, and I have established a summer home on the island which you can just see, over there to the west; so this island is perfectly free to respectable seekers after solitude or fish. I may add that I do not sail my boat, but came here this morning with my brother and another gentleman. They have now gone up the beach to look for shells."

"Madam," said I, "I feel that I am an intruder; but to assure you that I am a respectable one, allow me to introduce myself," and I presented my card.

"No, thank you," she replied, with a smile, as she gently waved back my card; "we don't do that sort of thing here; as far as possible we omit all ordinary social customs. We come here to rid ourselves, for a time, of manners and customs. My other island is called the 'Tangent,' because there we fly off from our accustomed routine of life. We dress as we please, and we live as we please. We drop all connection with society and its conventions. We even drop the names by which society knows us. I am known as the 'Lady Who Sits on the Sand,' commonly condensed to the 'Sand Lady.' My brother, who spends most of his time in his boat, is the 'Middle-Aged Man of the Sea,' and his scientific friend is the 'Shell Man.' When we have stayed on the Tangent as long as the weather and our pleasure induce us, we return to our ordinary routine of life. Now, if you have any title which is characteristic of you, I shall be glad to hear it, as well as that

of your companion. We consider ourselves capable of forming unbiased opinions in regard to what is generally known as respectability."

It struck me as a very satisfactory thing to look upon this pleasant lady solely and simply as a human being. It is so seldom that we meet any one who can be looked upon in that light.

"Madam," I said, "I greatly like your plan for putting yourselves out of the world for a time, but I find it difficult properly to designate myself."

"Oh, anything will do," she said; "for instance, your reason for desiring to seclude yourself."

"Very well, then," said I, "you may call me a 'Lover in Check.'"

"Excellent!" she exclaimed, — "just the sort of person for this place; and what is the other one?"

"Oh, he is an Understudy," I replied.

"Delightful," she said; "I never saw one. And here come my brother and the Shell Man."

I was now introduced formally by my new title to the Middle-Aged Man of the Sea, a hearty personage, with a curling beard, and to the Shell Man, who was tall, and wore spectacles.

When my presence was explained, the brother was as cordial as the lady had been, and proffered any assistance which I might need during my sojourn on the island. When they took their leave, the Sand Lady urged me to inhabit her island as long as I pleased, and hoped that I and the Understudy would sometimes sail over to them, and see what it was to be on a Tangent. At this I shook my head, and they all laughed at me; but it was easy to see that they were people of very friendly dispositions.

When I reported my interview to Walkirk, he remarked, "It is impossible to get away from people, but in all probability these folks will not come here again."

"Perhaps not," I answered, and dropped the subject.

XXIV.

THE INTERPOLATION.

"They did not seem in the least surprised to find us here," I said to Walkirk, as we were eating our dinner.

"Who?" he asked. "Oh, the people who came over this morning? Quite likely they saw us when we were sailing this way. We passed their island at no great distance. There is no reason why they should object. Your soft hat and flannel shirt would not prevent them from seeing that you were a gentleman."

I nodded, and sat silent for a time.

"Walkirk," said I, "suppose we sail over to those people this afternoon? It might be interesting."

"Very good," he answered, turning suddenly to watch a sea gull, which had made a great swoop toward us, as if attracted by the odors of our meal; "that will be an excellent thing to do."

In making our way, that afternoon, in the direction of the Tangent, our course was not mathematically correct, for the wind did not favor us, and it was impossible to sail in a right line; but the sun was still high when we reached the larger island, and made the boat fast to a little pier.

This island was much more attractive than the one on which we were camping. The ground receded from the beach in rolling slopes covered with short grass, and here and there were handsome spreading trees. On a bluff, a few hundred yards from the pier, stood a low, picturesque house, almost surrounded by a grove. The path to the house was plainly marked, and led us along the face of a little hill to a jutting point, where it seemed to make an abrupt turn upward. As we rounded this point, we saw on a rocky ledge not far ahead of us a lady dressed in white. She was standing on the ledge, looking out over the water, and apparently very

much engaged with her own thoughts, for she had not yet perceived our approach.

At the first glance I saw that the figure before us was not the Sand Lady. This was a tall and graceful woman, carrying no weight of years. She held her hat in her hand, and her dark hair was slightly blown back from a face which, seen in profile against the clear blue sky, appeared to me to be perfect in its outline. We stopped involuntarily, and at that moment she turned toward us. Her face was one of noble beauty, with great dark eyes, and a complexion of that fine glow which comes to women who are not quite brunettes.

Walkirk started, and seized my arm. "Good heavens," he whispered, "it is Mother Anastasia!"

As we now advanced toward the lady, I could scarcely believe what I had heard; certainly I could not comprehend it. Here was one of the most beautiful women I had ever beheld, dressed in a robe of soft white flannel, which, though simple, was tasteful and elegant. She had a bunch of wild flowers in her belt, and at her neck a bow of dark yellow ribbon. I particularly noticed these points, in my amazement at hearing Walkirk say that this was the Mother Superior of the House of Martha.

As we approached, she greeted us pleasantly, very much as if she had expected our coming, and then, addressing Walkirk, she said, with a smile: —

"I see, sir, that you recognize me, and I suppose you are somewhat surprised to find me here, and thus," glancing at her dress.

"Surprised, madam!" exclaimed Walkirk. "I am astounded."

"Well," said she, "that sort of thing will happen occasionally. The people on this island have been expecting a visit from you gentlemen, but I really do not know where any of them are. It is not always easy to find them, but I will go and see if the Sand Lady is in the house, and if so I will tell her of your arrival. Of course," she continued, now turning to me, "you both will remember that in this place we put ourselves outside of a good many of the ordinary conventions, and are known by our characteristics instead of our names."

I assured her we understood this, and considered it an admirable idea.

"As you, sir," turning to Walkirk, "have met me before, I will immediately state that I am known on this island only as the 'Interpolation.'"

She turned to walk toward the house, but stopped. "We are all here to enjoy ourselves, and it is against the rules to worry each other with puzzles. I therefore will at once say, in explanation of my name, that I have briefly thrust myself into the life of my friends; and of my appearance, that the Middle-Aged Man of the Sea, who is a very self-willed person, caused the costume which I ordinarily wear, and in which I arrived, to be abstracted and hidden, so that I am obliged, while here, to wear clothes belonging to others. Now, you see, Mr. Understudy, everything is as plain as daylight."

"They have been talking about us," I remarked, as the lady rapidly walked away, "and of course, having recognized you, she must know who I am."

"Know you? There is no doubt of it," he answered. "She must have seen you often in the village, although you may never have noticed her."

"I certainly never have," said I; "in fact, I make it a point not to look under the bonnets of those gray-garbed women."

"When you meet them in the street?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"She knows us both," said Walkirk, "and she has now gone to the house to tell the people who we are; and yet I am surprised that she met us so serenely. She could not possibly have known

that the two men on that little island were her neighbors in the village of Arden."

I made no answer. I was strangely excited. I had flown to an uninhabited island to get away from Sylvia, and, if my conscience could be made to work properly, to get away from all thoughts of her; and here I had met, most unexpectedly and suddenly, with one who was probably the most intimate connection of the girl from whom I was flying. I was amazed; my emotion thrilled me from head to foot.

"It is just like women," remarked Walkirk, as we slowly walked toward the house, "to put on disguises to conceal their identities, but they have no respect for our identities. Without doubt, at this moment Mother Anastasia is telling the lady of the house all about you and your grandmother, your position in society, and the manner in which you were furnished with a secretary from the House of Martha."

Still I did not reply. "Mother Anastasia!" I said to myself. "Here is a gray-garbed sister transformed into a lovely woman. Why should not another sister be so transformed? Why should not Sylvia be here, in soft white raiment, with flowers and a broad hat? If one can be thus, why not the other?" The possibility fevered me.

We found the mistress of the house — her who was called the Sand Lady — upon a broad piazza. Her demeanor had been pleasant enough when we had seen her before, but now she greeted us as cordially as if we had been old friends. It was plain enough that Mother Anastasia had told her all about us. Her brother and the Shell Man were also there, and the first was friendly and the latter polite. The Mother Superior was on the piazza, but keeping a little in the background, as if she felt that she had had her turn.

"And now, Mr. Lover in Check and Mr. Understudy," said the Sand Lady, "I present you with the freedom of this island, as I have already presented you with the freedom of the other. If what we happen to be doing interests you, join us. If it does not, interest yourselves as you please. That is our custom here."

The mention of the name which I had applied to myself gave me a little shock. Under the circumstances I did not like it. It was possible that the Mother Superior of the House of Martha might know what it meant; and whether she knew it now, or ever should come to know it, I did not wish the knowledge to come to her in that way.

"There is still another one of our family," said the Sand Lady; "but she is very independent, and may not care for me to present you just now. I will go and ask her."

She stepped off the piazza, and went to a lady who was reading in a hammock, under a tree near by. In a minute or two this lady arose, and, with her book in her hand, came toward us. She was a woman of good figure, and with a certain air of loftiness. Her dress was extremely simple, and she may have been thirty years old. Approaching us, she said: —

"I wish to introduce myself. I am a 'Person.' In this place that is all I am. It is my name. It denotes my characteristics. Your titles have been mentioned to me. The ceremony is over," and, with a little nod, she returned to her hammock.

"Now," said the Man of the Sea, "who could prune away conventionalities better than that?" He then announced that in half an hour the tide would serve for fishing, — that he was going out in his boat, and would take any one who cared to accompany him; and this announcement having been made, he settled himself upon the piazza to talk to us. The conversation was interesting and lively. The people at this house were well worth knowing.

The Sand Lady and Walkirk went in the boat to fish. The latter had been very prompt to accept the invitation. I do not know whether the Shell Man went with them or not. At all events, he disappeared, and Mother Anastasia and myself were left upon the piazza. It surprised me that events had so quickly shaped themselves to my advantage.

"Do you insist," I said, when we were left alone, "on being called an Interpolation?"

"Of course I do," she answered; "that is what I am."

"You like plain speech."

"I am very fond of it," was her reply.

During the general conversation I had determined that as soon as an opportunity offered I would speak very plainly to this lady. I looked about me. The occupant of the hammock was not far away. I surmised that she could readily hear me if I spoke in my ordinary tone.

"Plain speech appears difficult to you," remarked my companion.

I still looked about me. "It strikes me," said I, "that beyond the other side of the house there is a bluff from which one might get a view of the mainland. Would you like to go and find out whether that is so or not?"

"I have seen that view several times," she answered; and then, after a little pause, she added, "But I don't mind in the least seeing it again." Together we walked to the bluff. There we found two rude seats which had been made for the convenience of viewers, and on one of these she seated herself.

"Now," said she, "please sit down, and you may immediately begin to ask me about Sister Ha—"

"Oh, do not call her by that name!" I cried.

She laughed. "Very well, then," said she, "what shall I call her?"

"Sylvia," I replied.

She opened her eyes. "Upon my word," she exclaimed, "this is progress! How did you come to know that her name is Sylvia?"

"She told me," I answered. "But why do you think I want to ask you about Sylvia?"

"I knew there was no other reason for your wishing to have a private talk with me; but I must admit that I would not have felt warranted to act upon my assumptions had you not announced yourself in this place as a Lover in Check."

"But could not some one else have held me in check?" I asked.

"No, sir," said she. "I have heard of the manner in which you parted from your late secretary."

This conversation was getting to be plainer than I desired it to be. I was willing to declare my position, but I did not care to have it declared for me. I was silent for a minute.

"I did not suppose," I then said, "that you were so well informed. You think that I am a lover held in check by the circumstances surrounding the lady you designated my late secretary?"

"I do."

"May I ask," I continued, with a little agitation, "if Sylvia considers me in this light, and if she has — expressed any opinion on the subject?"

"Those are pretty questions," said the lady, fixing her dark eyes upon me. "She has said nothing about the light in which she considers you. In fact, all she has told me about you has been in answer to questions I have put to her; but had she spoken of you as a lover, checked or unchecked, of course you would have been none the wiser for me. Sylvia is a simple-hearted, frank girl, and I have thought that she might not have suspected the nature of your very decided liking for her; but now that I have found out that she let you know her as Sylvia I am afraid she is deeper than I thought her. I should

not be surprised if you two had flirted dreadfully."

"I never flirt," I answered emphatically.

"That is right," said she. "Never do it."

"But why," I asked, "did you allow her to continue to come to me, if you thought I had a decided liking for her, and all that?"

"Because I chose to do it," she replied, with not the ripple of a smile nor the furrow of a frown upon her face.

I looked at her in amazement.

"Madam," said I, "Interpolation, Mother Anastasia, or whatever name you give yourself, begin now and tell me about Sylvia, and speak to me freely, as I speak to you. I love her with all my heart. If I can, I intend to marry her, Martha or no Martha. I care not what may be the odds against me. Now you see exactly where I stand, and as far as I am concerned you may speak without restraint."

"You are certainly very clear and explicit," she said, "and I shall be glad to tell you about Sylvia."

XXV.

ABOUT SYLVIA.

"Before I begin," continued my companion, slanting her hat so as to prevent the sun from meddling with the perfect tones of her complexion, "tell me what you already know about this young lady. I do not wish to waste any information."

"All I know," said I, "is that her family name is Raynor, — my grandmother told me that, — that she is absolutely, utterly, and even wickedly out of place in the House of Martha, and that I want her for my wife."

"Very good," said my companion, with a smile. "Now I know what not to tell you. I am very fond of Sylvia. In fact, I believe I love her better than any other woman in the world" —

"So do I," I interrupted.

She laughed. "For a lover in check you are entirely too ready to move. For years I have looked upon her as a younger sister, and there is no good thing which I would not have lavished upon her had I been able, but instead of that I did her an injury. At times I have thought it a terrible injury."

"You mean," I asked, "that you have allowed her to enter the House of Martha?"

"Your quickness is wonderful," she said, "but you do not put the case quite correctly. Had it been possible for me to prohibit her joining our sisterhood, I should have done so; but she was perfectly free to do as she pleased, and my advice against it was of no avail. It was my example which induced her to enter the House of Martha. She had had trouble. She wished to retire from the world, and devote herself to good works which should banish her trouble. I had so devoted myself. She loved me, and she followed me. I talked to her until I made her unhappy, and then I let her go her way. But the great object of my life for nearly a year has been to make that girl feel that her true way is out of the House of Martha."

"Then she is not bound by vows or promises?" I asked, with some excitement.

"Not in the least," said she. "She can leave us when she pleases. I do not think she likes her life or her duties, unless, indeed, they lead her in the direction of dictated literature; but she has a firm will, and, having joined us, has never shown the slightest sign of a desire to leave us. She always asserts that, when the proper time arrives, she shall vow herself a permanent member of our sisterhood."

"What preposterous absurdity!" I exclaimed. "She will never conform to your rules. She hates nursing. She

has too much good sense to insult her fine womanly nature by degrading and unnecessary sacrifices."

"How delightfully confidential she must have been! — but I assure you, sir, that she never said that sort of thing to me. There were things she liked and things she did not like, but she showed no signs of rebellion."

"Which was wise," I said, "knowing that you thought she ought not to be there, any way."

"Oh, but she is a little serpent," exclaimed my companion, "and so wise to confide in you, and without flirting! It must have been charming to see."

I did not reply to this remark, which I considered flippant, and my mind was not inclined to flippancy.

"It may appear strange to you," she continued, "and would probably appear strange to any one who did not understand the case, that I should have allowed her to become your amanuensis, but this whole affair is a very peculiar one. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that Sylvia should work. It is not only her duty as a sister, but without it she would fall into a morbid mental condition. She is not fitted in any way for the ordinary labors of our House, so I was glad to find something which would not only suit her, but would so interest her that it would help to draw her away from us, and back into the world, to which she rightfully belongs. This must appear an odd desire for a mother superior of a religious body, but it is founded on an earnest and conscientious regard for the true welfare of my young friend.

"And then there was another reason for my allowing her to come to you. You would smile if you could picture to yourself the mental image I had formed of you, which was founded entirely on your grandmother's remarks when she came to see me about engaging one of our sisters as your secretary. Before this matter was discussed I may have seen you in the village, but I never had known you even by sight, and from what that good lady said of you I supposed that you were decidedly middle-aged in feeling, if not in years; that you were extremely grave and studious, and wished, when engaged upon literary composition, to be entirely oblivious of your surroundings; and that you desired an amanuensis who should be simply a writing-machine, — who would in no way annoy you by intruding upon you any evidence that she possessed a personality. A sister from our House, your grandmother urged, would be the very person you needed, and infinitely better suited to the position than the somewhat frivolous young women who very often occupy positions as amanuenses.

"It was for these reasons that I sent Sylvia to write at the dictation of the sedate author of the forthcoming book on European travel. Even when I heard that a love-story had been introduced into the descriptions of countries, I concluded, after consideration, not to interfere. I did not think that it would be of any disadvantage to Sylvia if she should become a little interested in love affairs; but that you should become interested in a love affair, such as that you have mentioned to me, I did not imagine in the remotest degree."

"I am sure," said I, "that your motives as far as Sylvia was concerned, and your action as far as I am concerned, were heaven-born. And now, as we are speaking plainly here together, let me ask you if you do not think you would be fulfilling what you consider your duty to Sylvia by aiding me to make her my wife! There can surely be no better way for her to fill her proper place in the world than to marry a man who loves her with his whole heart. I know that I love her above all the world; I believe that I am worthy of her."

She answered me in a tone which was grave, but gentle. "Do you not know you are asking me to do something which

is entirely impossible? In the first place, my official position precludes me from taking part in affairs of this nature; and although I am willing to admit that I see no reason why you might not be a suitable partner for Sylvia, I must also admit that, on the other hand, I have no reason to believe that Sylvia would be inclined to accept you as such a partner. I have no doubt that she has made herself very agreeable to you, — that is her nature; I know that she used to make herself very agreeable to people. You must remember that, even should Sylvia leave us, your chances may be no better than they are now."

"Madam," I said, leaning toward her, and speaking with great earnestness, "I will take all possible chances! What I ask and implore of you is, that if you should ever be able to do the least little thing which would give me the opportunity to plead my own suit before Sylvia, you would do it. I can give her position and fortune. I think I am suited to her, and if love can make me better suited, I have love enough. Now tell me, will you not do this thing? If you have the opportunity, and see no reason against it, will you not help me?"

"This is a hard position for me," she said, after a pause, "and all I can promise you is this: I love Sylvia, and I am going to do whatever I think will be of the greatest advantage to her."

"Then," I asserted with continued earnestness, "it shall be my labor to prove that to love the man who loves her as I do will be her greatest good! If I do that, will you be on my side?"

She smiled, looked at me a few moments, and then answered, "Yes."

"Your hand upon it!" I cried, leaning still farther forward. She laughed at the enthusiastic warmth of my manner, and gave me her hand.

"It is a promise!" I exclaimed, and was about to raise her fingers to my lips when she quickly drew them away.

"I declare," she said, rising as she spoke, "I did not suppose that you would forget that I am the Mother Superior of the House of Martha."

"Excuse me," I replied, "but you are not that; with your own mouth you have assured me that you are an Interpolation, and there is nothing in a social or moral law which forbids a suitable expression of gratitude to an Interpolation."

"Sir," said she, "I think I have seen quite as much as is necessary of the view which you asked me here to look upon."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE PRESENT PROBLEM OF HEREDITY.

A LIVELY war of opinion is now in progress among the evolutionists. Following the perfect harmony which prevailed among the disciples of Darwin during the prolonged discussion aroused by the Origin of Species, this present fratricidal conflict must afford keen satisfaction to the worthy conservatives who are still nursing their doubts as to the evidence for evolution.

In a critical survey of this period from 1858 to 1880, we see that the real bond of former union did not lie in the special Darwinian hypothesis, or in any other, so much as in the general endeavor to establish a great law of organic nature. Re-reading, in this light, Huxley's Lay Sermons and other defenses of Darwinism, one discovers that many differences of opinion as to the factors of evolution were tacitly kept in the background, in face of the common

enemy. But once the great law was firmly established, these differences began to make themselves felt, and the allies slowly broke up into schools representing diverse shades of opinion. The paraphrase of a recent reviewer, "Darwin, the Thanes fly from thee," is clever, but misleading; for in truth some attribute far more to natural selection than Darwin did, while others by no means dispense with it. Yet, as the selection hypothesis had been the main feature of Darwin's work, the great defection first showed itself in various degrees of dissent from his authority. At the same time, the older Lamarckian ideas of evolution began to gain ground under guise of various lines of research. The question of natural inheritance, which had been held secondary and incidental, became the main one, and it is the present problem in heredity which has finally provoked open dissension, the various schools having been hitherto comparatively harmonious.

Professor August Weismann, of Freiburg, the most brilliant and influential of modern biological essayists, enjoys the distinction of having precipitated the actual split by throwing down the glove in the contention as to the inheritance or non-inheritance of acquired characters (*Vererbung der Erworbenen Eigenschaften*). This has a harmless sound, yet it far exceeds in importance any problem which has come up since evolution was *sub judice;* for it is at the very base of our theories, and, what is of more practical concern to most of us moderns, it profoundly affects our views and conduct of life. As Herbert Spencer says: "I will add only that, considering the width and depth of the effects which acceptance of one or other of these hypotheses must have on our views of Life, Mind, Morals, and Politics, the question Which of them is true? demands, beyond all other questions whatever, the attention of scientific men."

Let us first clearly state the problem, and then follow the progress of opinion and discovery which has led up to it. To express it in familiar terms: Do children inherit solely the original constitution of their various progenitors, or do they inherit as well some of the modifications which environment and habit have exerted upon this constitution? — these latter modifications being the "acquired characters" of scientific language, or those which the nurture of habit and surroundings have added to the nature or original constitution of each individual. No man leaves the world as he comes into it, for, starting with certain physical and mental powers, it is inevitable that his environment will lead him to cultivate and improve some to the neglect of others, resulting, by the well-known laws of use and disuse, in corresponding hypertrophy and atrophy. If the life history, education, in short all that one does actively and passively to shape one's mental and physical development for better or worse, are in no way reflected in the offspring, then the life of the individual is an indirect factor in the life of the race, and a direct factor only in so far as it shapes the future environment of the race. This idea becomes clearer as we proceed.

Now, if there is any principle in inheritance which has appeared self-evident and not requiring any demonstration at all, it is that acquired characters *are* inherited. It has been a firmly rooted belief from the earliest times, as shown by frequent allusions to it in the Old Testament, which is a perfect thesaurus of family records. It is also a widespread popular belief. In discussing the subject with laymen, I find that nine persons out of ten express surprise that there should be any doubt about the matter, and after a moment's reflection cite a number of cases in proof, — cases, however, which are for the most part susceptible of an explanation under the supposition that acquired characters

are *not* inherited. For example, a case of inheritance of the alcohol mania is cited: A 1 acquires the habit and dies, leaving an infant son, A 2, who is carefully guarded against temptation, yet in time, as forcibly illustrated in Ibsen's Ghosts, develops the alcohol habit. Here is certainly an instance of the transmission of an acquired character. Upon analysis, it proves that it may be only apparently so, for we must remember that it is possible that A 1 (in this case Oswald's father) had the alcohol mania in his original constitution, and, even if he had avoided the habit, would have transmitted it to A 2, an alternative explanation which would invalidate proof of this kind. Many similar "proofs" will not bear scientific analysis.

As with the Ptolemaic astronomers there were many debated points, but one law was not in question, namely, that the sun revolved around the earth, so this principle of inheritance had been an accepted dogma of specialists and the laity alike, until Weismann made his charge that it does not admit of scientific demonstration, and further claimed that all the phenomena of evolution and of life can be explained without it.

A challenge so radically affecting a long-accepted law has naturally drawn some strong expression of opinion from every modern writer upon evolution, and it is interesting to observe the manner in which various high authorities have promptly ranged themselves upon one side or the other. Upon the affirmative, including the late Charles Darwin and Moritz Wagner, we find Herbert Spencer, Professor Turner of Edinburgh, Professor Theodor Eimer of Tübingen, and the greater number of American naturalists, among whom Professor Cope is the most prominent and aggressive. Francis Galton and George Romanes occupy a somewhat neutral position; in fact, as regards the latter, it is difficult to say exactly what his attitude is, for, apparently doubting the ability of others to understand Darwin, he has posed rather as an interpreter of the great naturalist than as an expositor of his own views. Among the avowed opponents of this doctrine, besides their leader, Weismann, is the veteran Alfred Wallace, whose recent work, Darwinism, is a plea for the omnipotency of natural selection, and to him Weismann's theory comes as a most welcome support. Others are: Ray Lankester, a comparatively recent convert, one of the editors of Nature, recently honored by election to the much-coveted chair of zoölogy in Oxford, and noted for his quick temper in discussion; Edward Poulton, a younger Oxonian, and translator of Weismann's essays; and in this country Professor Brooks, of Johns Hopkins, whose conversion to this view has more weight from the fact that his essay Heredity was devoted to exactly the opposite hypothesis. Thus we find that the older writers, with their advantage of prestige, are for the affirmative; the present range of ability on the two sides is about balanced; while the majority of the younger school of English naturalists, and probably many in this country who have not yet published their opinions, are on Weismann's side. Here are workers in every field, for light comes upon the subject from all departments of biology in its broadest sense. Nor can we escape government by principles discovered among forms most remote from man; for, however opinions may differ as to our origin, none would venture to maintain the thesis that there are two modes of inheritance, — one governing man, the other the lower animals. These laws of life are of universal rule, and attach to the researches of Weismann and others a profound human interest, whether we will it or no.

The unpleasant aspect of the controversy is the extremely bitter, even personal animus of the discussion among some of the partisans. One writer has recently charged the journal Nature with

being a Weismann party organ, and practically boycotting all the stronger contributions on the Lamarckian side. This, however, lends zest, and is relieved by amusing features, such as the perfect confidence displayed by both parties in their own theories, and the claims advanced by combatants on both sides to the title of the only faithful followers of the prophet Darwin.

This now disputed principle of inheritance bears the name of Lamarck; for, although he was in a measure anticipated by Buffon and Erasmus Darwin, it was the keystone of his conception of evolution, and in the concise statement of his theory found in the introduction to the Philosophie Zoölogique it forms one of the main propositions, upon which, in fact, all the others depend: —

"Fourth law: All that has been acquired, impressed, or altered in the organization of individuals during the course of their life is preserved by generation, and transmitted to the new individuals which spring from those who have experienced these changes." [1]

His followers, the so-called Neo-Lamarckians, cannot claim that the founder of their school attempted directly to prove this proposition. He simply postulated it as necessary to his theory, and advanced only indirect proof in the course of the general exposition of his views of evolution. It was to him, as to us all, one of the most obvious laws of living nature, that the race is the exponent of the action of external and internal forces upon the sum of its individuals. For this scientific faith he was willing to suffer ostracism at the hands both of the church and of his fellow zoölogists. Nevertheless, even if Lamarck's theory as a whole had not contained this doubtful premise, and had been granted the full force he claimed, it was inadequate to account for all the phenomena. As a partial explanation of the *modus operandi* of evolution, it simply paved the way for the substitution and rapid adoption of the far less self-evident Darwinian principle. The authority of the selection theory spread with the wonderful momentum given it by the epoch-making Origin of Species into every branch of thought upon life problems, then gradually declined until its recent revival by Weismann. It is interesting to follow, in the Life and Letters, the phases of Darwin's confidence in the powers of natural selection, his own discovery. At first he rejected the Lamarckian doctrines, and, departing from his usual rule, wrote of them even with some contempt. Subsequently, however, his own researches, especially those upon the varieties of domestic animals, brought the Lamarckian principle home to him with the fresh force of an independent discovery, and we find him writing to Moritz Wagner: —

"In my opinion, the greatest error which I have committed has been not allowing sufficient weight to the direct action of the environment — that is, food, climate, etc. — independently of natural selection. Modifications thus caused, which are neither of advantage or disadvantage to the modified organism, would be especially favored, as I can now see chiefly through your observations, by isolation in a small area, where only a few individuals live under nearly uniform conditions. When I wrote the Origin of Species, and for some years afterwards, I could find little good evidence of the direct action of the environment. Now there is a large body of evidence, and your case of the Saturnia is one of the most remarkable of which I have heard."

Darwin thus atoned for his earlier depreciation of Lamarck. Lankester has

[1] Quatrième loi: Tout ce qui a été acquis, tracé ou changé dans l'organisation des individus pendant le cours de leur vie est conservé par la génération, et transmis aux nouveaux individus qui proviennent de ceux qui ont éprouvé ces changements.

tried to put another interpretation upon this candid change of view, but Darwin's provisional heredity hypothesis of Pangenesis, proposed at the close of the researches above mentioned, makes direct provision for the transmission of acquired characters : —

"It is universally admitted that the cells of the body increase by self-division, thus forming the various tissues. Besides this, I assume that the cell units throw off minute granules, which are dispersed through the entire system. These may be called gemmules. They are collected from all parts of the system to form the sexual elements, and their development in the next generation forms the new being. They are thrown off by every unit not only during the adult stage, but during each stage of development of every organism. Hence it is not the reproductive organs, or buds, which generate new organisms, but the units of which each individual is composed. Gemmules are capable of transmission in a dormant state to future generations, and may then be developed."

Observe that, according to this revival of the old idea of Democritus, every cell of the body contributes its quota to the new individual; and it follows that the peculiar life history of the cell, its greater or less activity, could not fail, in some degree, to reappear in its counterpart cell in the new being. It must strike even the lay critic that such an hypothesis of physical transmission makes scant provision for the persistent repetition of race and ancestral characters, by far the most striking feature of inheritance, and is, in fact, better adapted to Lamarck's than to Darwin's own views of evolution. Professor Brooks, in his essay Heredity, sought to supply this defect by the demonstration of a difference of function between the female and male cells: the former as the conservative vehicles of ancestral characters; the latter as the progressive transmitters of the influences of environment and habit. This substitute hypothesis is opposed by the fatal difficulty of later research that there is no essential difference between the male and female cells. They are closely similar in their properties, a deduction now supported so far by experiment that the demonstration has recently been claimed of two male cells fertilizing each other and forming a new individual. As for the existence of the imaginary gemmules, Francis Galton has rendered it improbable by an ingenious experiment, showing that transfusion of blood is not accompanied by a corresponding transfer of characteristics, as we should expect if the gemmules were circulating in the system.

Thus, Pangenesis having failed in two forms even as a provisional explanation, and no attempt having been made to show how acquired characters could definitely affect the reproductive cells in such a manner as to be perpetuated in the race, the field was open for the entirely novel lines of reasoning upon this problem of genesis which Weismann has followed in reaching his beautiful and comparatively simple hypothesis of the "continuity of the germ-plasm." "How is it," the question resolved itself in his mind, "that a single reproductive cell of the body can contain within itself all the hereditary tendencies of the whole organism?" The answer which he gives, after long years of research, is that the cell is not, as implied by Pangenesis, collected from the entire parental soma, or body, but is budded directly from the particular cells from which the parent itself sprang; such germ or race cells giving rise to the cells which will form the new individual, also to the new germ cells contained within it; the individuals being thus mere offshoots of a continuous chain of race cells which are, in a planetary sense, "immortal." This race plasma has the marvelous power, inherent in all protoplasm, of imparting its properties through the course of indefinite growth and subdivision.

As "immortal" is a novel term in biological literature, we may digress for a moment to see what Weismann means by it. When we remember that many species have reproduced themselves for thousands of years without change, such as the sacred animals of ancient Egypt, whose embalmed bodies must in some cases be four thousand years old, we are convinced that their germ-plasm possesses to-day the same molecular strength which it had four thousand years ago; and since the amount of germ-plasm contained in a single cell must be supposed very small even within a single individual, enormous growth must occur, and thus it is not too much to say that the growth of the germ-plasm in the Egyptian ibis or crocodile in the same period must have been utterly immeasurable, its molecular strength always remaining the same.

As an illustration of Weismann's idea of the relation of the individual to the race, recall a row of familiar forest plants, each in perfect leaf and flower, destined for a complete individual life, yet springing alike from a long continuous horizontal root beneath the surface. This root would represent the germ-plasm secure from all the influences which beset and mould the individual. Another illustration which occurs to me is that of the pelagic organisms, beautifully described by Agassiz, which have the power of sinking below the surface during stormy periods. Imagine the life of the individuals of such a fauna upon the surface, and their increase taking place in the still depths. This practical separation of the germ-plasm, the race, stock, blood, or whatever we call it, from the body, insulates it, so to speak, from all the changes exerted by environment and habit; there being no way in which the particular body-cell changes can affect the germ cells. Why, then, are not all individuals alike? Because each new individual represents the union of the hereditary tendencies of parents of widely different ancestry, and this chance combination of diverse constitutional traits and characteristics gives rise to favorable and unfavorable variations. It is the selection of the former by the law of survival of the fittest which steadily improves the race.

The complete chain of Weismann's biological philosophy, then, is this: that the physical vehicle of inheritance is continuous; that variations result from the mingling of diverse ancestral characters; that acquired characters are not inherited; that the natural selection of the fortuitous variations is sufficient to explain all the phenomena of evolution. His position as to the factors of evolution is, therefore, directly contradictory to that of Lamarck, coinciding more nearly with the earlier views of Darwin. It appears that his idea of the continuity of the race cells was in some measure anticipated, in 1880, by Professor Rauber, of Dorpat, and even earlier by Francis Galton; for the latter, in 1876, speaks of the fact that "each individual may properly be conceived as consisting of two parts, one of which is latent, and only known to us by its effects on posterity, while the other is patent, and constitutes the person manifest to our senses." Galton, however, did not derive the whole of the hereditary tendencies from the latent elements (which are equivalent to Weismann's germ-plasm), but concluded that there is some contribution from the patent individual; arguing that the hereditary power in the latter case is exceedingly feeble, because the effects of the use and disuse of limbs and those of habit are transmitted to posterity in only a very slight degree. His conception of heredity was evolved from views of development substantially similar to those of Weismann, but founded exclusively upon the study of man. His latest expression of opinion (1889) on the point we are discussing is very non-committal:

"I am unprepared to say more than

a few words on the obscure, unsettled, and much-discussed subject of the possibility of transmitting 'acquired characters.' The main evidence in its favor is the gradual change of the instincts of races at large in conformity with changed habits, and through their increased adaptation to their surroundings otherwise, apparently, than through the influence of natural selection. . . . It is, therefore, extremely difficult to say how 'acquired characters' can be inherited by their children; it would be less difficult to conceive of their inheritance by their grandchildren."

A few words upon Galton's more general results so far as they bear upon this question. "We are," he says, "made up bit by bit of inherited structures, like a new building composed of the fragments of an old one, — one element from this progenitor, another from that, although such elements are usually transmitted in groups." The hereditary constitution thus made up is far stronger than the influences of nurture and education upon it. A large portion of our heritage is unused, for we transmit ancestral peculiarities we ourselves do not exhibit. Thus, a child often resembles an ancestor in some feature or character which neither of his parents apparently possessed. The ancestral contributions can, however, upon the average, be expressed in numerical terms gathered from statistics of stature. Thus, contributions of the two parents are one half, of the grandparents one sixteenth. Exceptional characteristics, such as the artistic faculty, are the result of fortuitous ancestral heritages, and the chances are five to one against such faculty being transmitted in full force. The more rare a genius is, the greater are the chances of his not begetting a son as richly endowed as himself; for the law of regression to mediocrity tells heavily against it. This law Galton has demonstrated with great fullness; it is the factor of stability which causes all exceptional variations to gravitate back to the common race type.

Galton's researches, taken altogether, certainly support Weismann's central idea of heredity. First, considering their entirely independent and diverse lines of research, the coincidence between their general conclusions lends strong presumption in favor of their views; and, second, they support the theory of continuity of the race plasma as the only one which will explain the main laws of inheritance, rendering it almost certain that Weismann is on the right track so far as the physical process of heredity is concerned, although it is still an open question whether this plasma is as isolated from the body plasma as he supposes it. In what follows, therefore, I am not to be understood as opposing the continuity idea, but rather that of the isolation of the plasma, which, it is clear, is wholly at variance with Lamarck's principle; and I think it can be shown that Galton's laws of regression and race stability furnish very powerful arguments against Weismann's views of evolution by unaided selection.

Now let us consider how Weismann disposes of some of the more familiar arguments for the inheritance of acquired faculties. One of the first which suggests itself is, that high mental development in certain families and races is in part the product of the continual exercise of the faculties of the mind; that the prominent rôle which the brain plays in the life of civilized man has resulted in the higher nervous organization which distinguishes the European from the savage; in other words, that talents represent in some degree the "summation of the skill attained by exercise in the course of each individual life." Weismann rightly considers talents in the individual as the happy combination of exceptionally high gifts developed in one special direction, probably from the crossing of the mental

dispositions of the parents, so beautifully expressed by Goethe: —

> "Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
> Des Lebens ernstes Führen;
> Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
> Die Lust zum Fabuliren." [1]

The reason, he argues, why they appear more highly developed at certain periods is, that this ever-shifting civilization of ours puts a premium upon, and thus favors, the survival of the special talent which is best adapted to the times. "How many poets arose in Germany during the period of sentiment which marked the close of the last century, and how completely all poetic gifts seemed to have disappeared during the Thirty Years' War!" There is absolutely no trustworthy proof, he says, that talents have been improved by exercise in any particular series of generations. The Bach family shows that musical talent can be transmitted from generation to generation; but the high-water mark in this family lies in the middle, and not at the end, of the series of generations, as it should do if the results of musical practice are transmitted.

This mode of explanation certainly is plausible, and can be applied with the full force which we always concede to the natural selection argument where the character is of sufficient importance materially to affect the animal in its struggle for existence. Therefore let us examine another bodily character in which selection can take no part, namely, short-sightedness. This is certainly hereditary, and the general deduction has been that in countries such as Germany, where it is increasing so rapidly as to have become almost a race characteristic, each generation has developed a slightly further degree of the affection by misuse of the eyes, causing it to accumulate. Weismann meets this apparently indisputable example of the transmission of an acquired character by a twofold reply. He first suggests that the progenitor of one of these generations may have had a congenital disposition to myopia, and have developed weak sight from an original predisposition, which he naturally transmitted, not as an acquired character. Secondly, eyesight in the European is no longer under the preserving influence of selection, as in the savage state, where it is of great value in war and in the chase. A short-sighted savage is at a decided disadvantage, while a German similarly affected provides himself with spectacles, and is the equal of any.

The latter example shows how Weismann's followers are put on the defensive, when they try to explain the introduction of a new character without the Lamarckian principle, and solely by ingenious application of the Darwinian principle. They are forced to exalt the latter, and, as Poulton says, are directing their researches in every line "inspired by one firm purpose, — the desire to support and illustrate by new examples the preëminent principle which we owe to the life and writings of Charles Darwin." The modern theory has thus become a far more complex affair than its author foresaw. Evolution includes three processes — development, balance, or poise, in which organs remain *in statu quo*, and degeneration — which these Neo-Darwinians, as they are dubbed by their opponents, must account for. They explain development by direct selection of favorable variations; balance by the sustaining power of selection; degeneration by Panmixia, or cessation of selection, an independent discovery of Romanes and Weismann; or even by the reversal of selection, for where an organ becomes useless it is of absolute disadvantage to the individual, since it is consuming forces which might better go to some useful part. These elaborations of Darwin's law rest upon the assump-

[1] From father I have my stature,
The impulse to an earnest life;
From mother the joyous nature,
The love of story-telling.

tion, difficult of proof, that all organs in process of evolution play their part in fitness to survive, and must face all the numerous theoretical objections which have been ably advanced against the original theory, as well as the fact that Darwin himself lost faith in its universal application.

The opponents of the Neo-Darwinian school are as strong in the explanations which they can offer of many of the more complex phenomena of evolution as they are weak when they endeavor to complete their system by some intelligible principle of heredity ; and it is only fair to Weismann to mention that at the outset he accepted the Lamarckian principle, and has not attacked it *per se*, but simply because, from the heredity standpoint, it is to him inconceivable. Of modern Englishmen, I believe Herbert Spencer stands nearest Darwin's maturer views, although reacting against the exclusive selection theory a little further than Darwin lived to do. "Nowadays," he writes, "most naturalists are more Darwinian than Darwin himself. . . . I mean that the particular factor which he first recognized as having played so immense a part in organic evolution has come to be regarded as the sole factor, though it was not so regarded by him. Of this reaction displayed in the later writings of Mr. Darwin let us now ask, Has it not to be carried further ? "

Spencer would attribute to selection most protective structures, the coloring of animals and plants, or such adaptations as the pitcher plant, the Venus fly-trap, and such dermal structures as the porcupine quill, for in these cases we can see that each plus-variation would be directly beneficial. Selection also best explains the phenomena of mimicry. In the case of the reduction of the jaws in civilized races and in the domestic dog, we have, on the other hand, an instance where he believes the only conceivable cause is diminished use. Darwin has attributed the long neck of the giraffe to selection. Spencer admits that this may be the true explanation, but points out that the entire muscular, vascular, and skeletal structure of the giraffe is adjusted to carry this neck ; and there is no reason to suppose that all such adjustments would be properly correlated without inheritance of functionally produced modifications. This is called the argument from correlation, and is one of the strongest which can be brought against the selection theory. He advocates the older view as to the origin of special talents, which we have seen Weismann opposing.

As life grows complex, as a healthy life demands many powers, "as fast as the number of bodily and mental faculties increases, and as fast as the maintenance of life comes to depend less on the amount of any one, and more on the combined action of all, so fast does the production of specialties of character by natural selection alone become difficult ; " above all does it seem to be so with the species like man, and with such of the human powers as have minor shares in aiding the struggle for life, — the æsthetic faculties, for example.

"How comes there that endowment of musical faculty which characterizes modern Europeans at large as compared with their remote ancestors ? . . . It is not evident that an individual savage, who had a little more musical perception than the rest, would derive any such advantage in the maintenance of life as would secure the spread of his superiority by the inheritance of the variation. We cannot suppose that appreciation of harmony, which is relatively modern, can have arisen by descent from the men in whom successive generations increase the appreciation of it, the composers and musical performers. . . . Those who inherited their especial traits have not thereby been so aided in the struggle for existence as to further the spread of such traits."

These passages are from Spencer's

recent essays, The Factors of Organic Evolution, which present altogether a forcible and logical argument for the inheritance of acquired characters. We can understand his earnestness in this discussion when we consider that his whole mechanical conception of living matter, his biological philosophy in short, is at stake in this issue. For if this principle is non-existent, his life work, both upon biology and psychology, is seen to rest wholly upon false premises.

In this country flourish the Neo-Lamarckians, most prominent and radical among whom is Professor Cope, who has worked out a complete system in his Origin of the Fittest. He assigns a subsidiary rôle to natural selection, believing it can originate nothing; it only preserves, while the main factor in both development and degeneration and in the very inception of organs is the principle of Lamarck. Other able and ardent supporters of this revival of Lamarckism are Hyatt, Ryder, Dall, and Packard. The reader will observe the coincidence between opinions and geographical lines, which reminds us of the Indian fable of the elephant and the nine blind men, each of whom gave an entirely different description of the animal, according to the part of the body which he happened to examine; the point of the illustration being that, in looking over the whole field of writers, we find the advocates of these different views have been unconsciously guided by the classes of facts which are most obvious in their particular fields of research. All our countrymen have derived their bias chiefly from the palæontological series which are so richly suggestive of Lamarckian ideas, and afford a strong vantage ground. Long chapters in the rise and fall of organs, as, for example, in the ancient pedigree of the American horse, appear to furnish the most indisputable evidence of the inherited effects of use and disuse. Thus, the old familiar lines of the Lamarckian argument have been gone over, but with contributions of much that is original owing to these great advantages. As this is also my own special field, I may be pardoned for selecting an illustration from it.

I will show the bearing of this fossil evidence upon the laws of variation, variability being, whatever view we espouse, the essence of evolution. Old readers of the Atlantic Monthly will recall that Asa Gray was one of the first in this country to champion the cause of Darwin, — a support which is gracefully acknowledged in the Life and Letters. The exception he made to Darwin's views (partly from his desire to substitute a progressive and continuous for the old fixed teleology), somewhat in common with Nägeli, the great German botanist, was that variations are not at random or in all directions, as they would be according to Darwin's original notion, now revived by Weismann, but that they follow certain definite purposive lines of adaptation. Such a perfecting principle in variation, if observed in any part of the animal kingdom, would naturally apply throughout, and be of such immense importance that evidence concerning it should be sifted with the greatest care. The researches of Wagner, Semper, and Eimer strongly, if not conclusively, point this way among the invertebrates; to the American school principally is due the credit of establishing it among the vertebrates. The distinctive feature of palæontological evidence is that, for example, in such a series as the fossil horses we cannot only follow the rise of useful structures back to their minute and apparently useless condition, but we are in even before their birth, so to speak. What is the result? Do we find Dame Nature trying on a dozen caps, and selecting the one which fits? Not at all. The new part arises precisely where it is wanted, and slowly, through an entire geological sub-period perhaps, develops into a stage of usefulness. We see with Weismann and Gal-

ton the element of chance; but the dice appear to be loaded, and in the long run turn "sixes" up. Now enters the question, What loads the dice?

A somewhat exaggerated form of reply is found in the discovery that race adaptation follows the law of individual adaptation. Take the familiar example of the single toe of the horse; and we now know vastly more about it than we did when Huxley, fresh from the Yale College Museum, delighted American audiences with the tale of the loss of the four lateral toes. This loss was far from the simple matter it at first seemed to be, for it appears from the researches of Kowalevsky, Cope, Ryder, and myself, with the aid of Muybridge's instantaneous photographs of animal locomotion, that every time the foot rests upon the ground the strains cause infinitesimal alterations in all the bones of the leg; and during the early geological periods these strains were constantly changing *pari passu* with the gradual decrease of the lateral and increase of the central digits. This principle applies to the whole skeleton: the adult horse is a slightly more perfect machine than the young horse; this is what I mean by individual adaptation. So precisely, in every detail, does the course of evolution follow the course of individual adaptation that, endowing the eocene Hyracotherium with the age of Methuselah and a corresponding supply of elixir vitæ, we can readily imagine its transmutation into the miocene Mesohippus. Now, it is hard for us to believe, with the new school, that these invariable sequences of race adaptation upon individual adaptation are not instances of cause and effect. If they are, they afford absolute proof of the transmission of acquired characters. If they are not, then all our painstaking researches and vast literature on this subject are of no more value than waste paper, for they lead to no result.

To return to man, the human problem is as much more complex than that of the lower animals as the average human life is more complex and varied. Small wonder that Galton has reached such uncertain results. What two hours of the day or days of the year are we acting or thinking exactly alike? The German army drill, it is true, enforces a daily life to some degree approaching the mechanical routine of the quadruped; but ordinarily this lasts but three years, so that the arguments which Weismann bases upon the non-inheritance of the *Exercierknochen* and other excrescences developed by handling the musket lose weight. Therefore we should not expect such inheritance as this except where a certain long-continued habit makes a deep impression upon the organism, and this habit is repeated in successive generations.

In conclusion, let us look again more closely to the bearing which the outcome of this discussion will have upon the conduct of life. If the Weismann idea triumphs, it will be in a sense a triumph of fatalism; for, according to it, while we may indefinitely improve the forces of our education and surroundings, and this civilizing nurture will improve the individuals of each generation, its actual effects will not be cumulative as regards the race itself, but only as regards the environment of the race; each new generation must start *de novo*, receiving no increment of the moral and intellectual advance made during the lifetime of its predecessors. It would follow that one deep, almost instinctive motive for a higher life would be removed if the race were only superficially benefited by its nurture, and the only possible channel of actual improvement were in the selection of the fittest chains of race plasma. Now, there can be no question that if the selection doctrine were so indelibly inscribed among our canons of life that we were seriously guided by it, consulting the family physician, lawyer, and clergyman in marriage selection, the race would improve far more rapidly than

by the inheritance of the beneficial influences of nurture; for historic evolution teaches that such inheritance is at best very slow. This new knowledge would then be a distinct gain to humanity; but would not its effects be more than offset by the inculcation of the twin principle of Weismann, that acquired characters are not inherited? For, living by this, a man might in his own early life squander the entire capital of a fine intellectual and moral inheritance, and yet subsequently transmit it undiminished and unimpaired to his children, by what we might term a principle of entail in heredity.

Thus, this important question is as complex in the sphere of mind and morals as it is in the lower physical and animal sphere. One must candidly admit that the arguments upon both sides are so plausible that, listening alternately to each, one is reminded of the vacillation of the Roman mob when addressed by Brutus and Antony. An impartial opinion as to the merits of the respective schools is that in the phenomena of evolution the Lamarckians have the best of the argument, while in the phenomena of simple heredity their opponents are strongest. It is evident that there can be no reconciliation; it is absolute surrender on one side or the other, for no half-way position is tenable.

Huxley has aptly described the minds of naturalists as being in a state of ferment during the few years preceding the publication of the discovery of Darwin's law; for while many supported the "special creation" hypothesis, there was an uneasy consciousness that all was not right. Such are exactly our present symptoms, and is it not possible that out of all this second ferment we shall discover some new factor of evolution, which will work as great a surprise and revolution in our ideas as did the theory of natural selection in 1858?

Henry Fairfield Osborn.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

XII.

AT SEA AGAIN.

I WAS roused from my mid-Noto reverie by tidings that our boat was ready and waiting just below the bridge. This was not the steamer, which had long since gone on its way, but a small boat of the country we had succeeded in chartering for the return voyage. The good inn folk, who had helped in the hiring, hospitably came down to the landing to see us off.

The boat, like all Japanese small boats, was in build between a gondola and a dory, and dated from that epoch in the art of rowing prior to the discovery that to sit is better than to stand, even at work. Ours was a small specimen of its class, that we might the quicker compass the voyage to Nanao, which the boatmen averred to be six *ri* (fifteen miles). My estimate, prompted perhaps by interest, and certainly abetted by ignorance, made it about half that distance. But my argument, conclusive enough to myself, proved singularly unshaking to the boatmen, who would neither abate the price in consequence, nor diminish their own allowance of the time to be taken.

The boat had sweeps both fore and aft, each let in by a hole in the handle to a pin on the gunwale. She was also provided with a sail hoisting on a spar that fitted in amidships. The sail was laced vertically, — a point, by the way,

for telling a Japanese junk from a Chinese one at sea, for Cathay always laces horizontally.

Whatever our private beliefs on the probable length of the voyage, both crew and passengers agreed charmingly in one hope, namely, that there might be as little rowing about it as possible. Our reasons for this differed, it is true; but as neither side volunteered theirs, the difference mattered not. So we slipped down the canal.

The hoopskirt fisher dames were just where we had left them some hours before, and were still too much absorbed in doing nothing to waste time looking at us. I would gladly have bothered them for a peep at their traps, but that it seemed a pity to intrude upon so engrossing a pursuit. Besides, I feared their apathy might infect the crew. Our mariners, although hired only for the voyage, did not appear averse to making a day of it, as it was.

One thing, however, I was bent on stopping to inspect, cost what it might in delay or discipline; and that was a fish-lookout. To have seen the thing from a steamer's deck merely whetted desire for nearer acquaintance. To gratify the wish was not difficult; for the shore was dotted with these lookouts, like blind lighthouses off the points. I was for making for the first visible, but the boatmen, with an eye to economy of labor, pointed out that there was one directly in our path round the next headland. So I curbed my curiosity till, on turning the corner, it came into view. As good luck would have it, it was inhabited.

We pulled up alongside, gave its occupants good-day, and asked leave to mount. The fishermen, hospitable souls, offered no objection. This seemed to me the more courteous on their part after I had made the ascent, for there were two of them in the basket, and a visitor materially added to the already uneasy weight. But then they were used to it. The rungs of what did for ladder were so far apart as to necessitate making very long legs of it in places, which must have been colossal strides for the owners. The higher I clambered, the flimsier the structure got. However, I arrived, not without unnecessary trepidation, wormed my way into the basket, and crouched down in some uneasiness of mind. The way the thing swayed and wriggled led me to believe that the next moment we should all be shot catapultwise into the sea. To call it top-heavy will do for a word, but nothing but experience will do for the sensation. This oscillation, strangely enough, was not apparent from the sea; which reminds me that I have noticed differences due the point of view before.

I was greeted by an extensive outlook. The shore, perhaps a hundred yards away, ran shortly into a fisher hamlet, and then into a long line of half-submerged rocks, like successive touches of a skipping stone. Beyond the end of this indefinite point, and a little to the right of it, stood another lookout. This was our only near neighbor, though others could be seen in miniature in the distance, faint cobwebs against the coast. The bay stretched away on all sides, landlocked at last, except where to the east an opening gave into the Sea of Japan.

To a dispassionate observer the basket may have been twenty feet above the water. To one in the basket it was considerably higher, and its height was emphasized by its seeming insecurity. The fishermen were very much at home in it, but to me the sensation was such as to cause strained relations between my will to stay and my wish to be gone.

But strong feelings are so easily changed into their opposites! I can imagine one of these eyries a delightful setting to certain moods. A deserted one should be the place of places for reading a romance. The solitude, the strangeness, and the cradle-like swing

would all compose to shutting out the world. To paddle there some May morning, tie one's boat out of sight beneath, and climb into the nest, to sit alone half poised in the sky in the midst of the sea, should savor of a new sensation. After a little acclimatization it would probably become a passion. Certainly, with a pipe, it should induce a most happy frame of mind for a French novel. The seeming risk of the one situation would serve to point those of the other.

The fishermen received my thanks with amiability, watched us with stolid curiosity as we pulled off, and then relapsed into their former semi-comatose condition. Their eyrie slipped perspectively astern, sank lower and lower, and suddenly was lost against the background of the coast.

The favoring breeze we were always hoping for never came. This was a bitter disappointment to the boatmen, who thus found themselves prevented from more than occasional whiffs of smoking. Once we had out the spar and actually hoisted the sail, a godsend of an excuse to them for doing nothing for the next few minutes; but it shortly had to come down again, and on we rowed.

Our surroundings made a pretty sight: a foreground of water, smooth as one could wish had he nowhere to go, with illusive cat's-paws of wind playing coyly all around, marking the great shield with dark scratches, and never coming near enough to be caught except when the sail was down; fold upon fold of low hills in the distance, with hamlets showing here and there at their bases by the sea; and then, almost like a part of the picture, so subtly did the sensations blend, the slow-cadenced creak of the sweeps on the gunwale, a rhythmic undercurrent of sound.

At intervals, a wayfarer under sail, bound the other way, crept slowly by, carrying, as it seemed to our envious eyes, his own capful of wind with him; and once a boat, bound our way and not under sail, passed us not far off. Our boatmen were beautifully blind to this defeat till their attention had been specifically called to it for an explanation. They then declared the victor to be lighter than we, and this in face of our having chosen their craft for just that quality. What per cent of such statements, I wonder, do the makers expect to have credited? And if any appreciable amount, which is the more sold, the artless deceiver or his less simple victim?

But we always headed in the direction of Nanao, and the shores floated by through the long spring afternoon. At last they began to contract upon us, till, by virtue of narrowing, they shot us through the straits in water clear as crystal, and then, widening again, dropped us adrift in Wakura Bay. Though not so beloved of *bora*, the bay was most popular with other fish. Schools of porpoises turned cart-wheels for our amusement, and in spots the water was fairly alive with baby jelly-fish. On the left lay Monkey Island, so called from a certain old gentleman who had had a peculiar fondness for those animals. His family of poor relations had disappeared at his death, and the island was now remarkable chiefly for a curious clay formation, which time had chiseled into cliffs so mimicking a folding screen that they were known by the name. They were perfectly level on top and perpendicular on the sides, and as double-faced as the most matter-of-fact nicknamer could desire. Sunset came, found us still in the bay, and left us there. Then the dusk crept up from the black water beneath, like an exhalation. It grew chilly.

Just as we were turning the face of Screen Cliff a sound of singing reached us, ricochetting over the water. It had a plaintive ring, such as peasant songs are wont to have, and came, as we at last made out, from a boat homeward

bound from the island, steering a course at right angles to our own. The voices were those of women, and as our courses swept us nearer each other we saw that women alone composed the crew. They had been fagot-cutting, and the bunches lay piled amidships, while fore and aft they plied their oars and sang. The gloaming hid all but sound and sex, and threw its veil of romance over the trollers, who sent their hearts out thus across the twilight sea. The song, no doubt some common ditty, gathered a pathos over the water through the night. It swept from one side of us to the other, softened with distance, lingered in detached strains, and then was hushed, leaving us once more alone with the night.

Still we paddled on. It was now become quite dark, quite cold, quite calm, and we were still several good miles off from Nanao. Finally, on turning a headland the lights of the town and its shipping came out one by one from behind a point, — the advance guards first, then the main body, — and, wheeling into place, took up their position in a long line ahead. We began to wonder which were the nearer. There is a touch of mystery in making a harbor at night. In the daytime you see it all well ordered by perspective; but as you creep slowly in through the dark, the twinkles of the shipping only doubtfully point their whereabouts. The most brilliant may turn out the most remote, and the faintest at first the nearest after all. Your own motion alone can sift them into place. If we could voyage through the sea of space, it would be thus we might come upon some star cluster, and have the same delightful doubt which should become our sun the first.

In half an hour these mundane stars were all about us: the nearer revealing by their light the dark bodies connected with them; the farther still showing only themselves. The tea houses along the water-front made a milky-way ahead. We threaded our course between the outlying lights, while the milky-way resolved itself into star-pointed silhouettes. Then skirting along it, we drew up at last at a darksome quay, and landed Yejiro to hunt up an inn. I looked at my watch: it was ten o'clock. We had not only passed my estimate of time somewhere in the middle of the bay; we had exceeded even the boatmen's excessive allowance. Somehow we had put six hours into the voyage. I began to perceive I had hired the wrong men. Nor was the voyage yet over, if remaining attached to the boat for fully an hour more be entitled to count. For Yejiro did not return, and the boatmen and I waited.

I was glad enough to make pretense at arrival by getting out of the boat upon the quay. The quay was a dismal place. I walked out to the farther end, where I found an individual haunting it, with an idea of suicide apparently. His course struck me as so appropriate that I felt it would be hollow mockery to argue the point with him. He must have become alarmed at the possibility, for he made off. Heaven knows he had small cause to fear; I was certainly at that moment no unsympathetic soul.

Having only come to grief on the quay, I next tried a landward stroll, with much the same effect. The street, or place, that gave upon the wharf was as deserted as the wharf itself. Half the houses about it were dark as tombs; the other half showed only glimmering *shōji*, taunting me by the sounds they suffered to escape, or by a chance silhouette thrown for a moment upon the paper wall by some one within. Now and then, as if still further to enhance the solitude, a pair passed me by in low self-suited talk.

Still no sign of the boy. Every few minutes I would walk back to the boat, and linger beside it till I could no longer stand the mute reproach of the baskets huddled in a little pile on the stones,

poor, houseless immigrants that they were. And from time to time I made a touching spectacle of myself by pulling out my watch and peering, by what feeble light I could find, anxiously at its face to make out the hour.

At last Yejiro turned up in the company of a policeman. This official, however, proved to be accompanying him in a civil capacity; and, changing into a guide, he led the way through several dark alley-ways to an inn of forbidding face, but better heart. There did we eventually dine, or breakfast, for by that time it was become the next day.

XIII.

ON THE NOTO HIGHWAY.

On the morrow morning we took the road in *kuruma*, the road proper, as Yejiro called it; for it was the main bond between Noto and the rest of Japan. This was the nearest approach it had to a proper name, — a circumstance which showed it not to be of the first importance. In Japan all the old arteries of travel have distinctive names: the Nakasendō or Mid-Mountain road, the Tōkaidō or Eastern Sea road, and so forth. Like certain other country relations, their importance is due to their city connections, not to their own local magnitude; for, when well out of sight of the town, they do not hesitate to shrink to anything but imposing proportions. In mid-career you might often doubt yourself to be on so celebrated a thoroughfare. But they are always delightful to the eye, as they wander through the country, now bosomed in trees among the mountains, now stalking between their own long files of pine, or cryptomeria, across the well-tilled plains. This one had but few sentinels to line it in the open, but lost little in picturesqueness for its lack of pomp. It was pretty enough to be very good company itself.

It was fairly patronized by wayfarers to delight the soul, — cheerful bodies, who, though journeying for business, had plenty of time to be happy, and radiated content. Take it as you please, the Japanese people are among the very happiest on the face of the globe, which makes them among the most charming to meet.

Nothing notable beyond such pleasing generalities of path and people lay in our way, till we came to a place where a steep and perfectly smooth clay bank shot from a spur of the hills directly into the thoroughfare. Three urchins were industriously putting this to its proper use; coasting down it, that is, on the seats of what did them for breeches. An over-grown-up regard for my own trousers alone deterred me from following suit instantly. No such scruples prevented my abetting them, however, to the extent of a trifling bribe for a repetition; for they had stopped abashed as soon as they found they had a public. Regardless of maternal consequences, I thus encouraged the sport. But after all, was it so much a bribe as an entrance fee to the circus, or, better yet, a sort of subsidy from an ex-member of the fraternity? Surely, if adverse physical circumstances preclude profession in person, the next best thing is to become a noble patron of art.

From this accidental instance, I judged that boys in Noto had about as good a time of it as boys elsewhere; the next sight we chanced upon made me think that possibly women did not. We had hardly parted from the coasters on dry ground when we met in the way with a lot of women harnessed to carts filled with various merchandise, which they were toilsomely dragging along toward Nanao. It was not so picturesque a sight as its sex might suggest; for though the women were naturally not aged, and some had not yet lost all comeliness of feature, this womanliness made the thing the more appealing. Noto

was evidently no Eden, since the local Adam had thus contrived to shift upon the local Eve so large a fraction of the primal curse. It was as bad as the north of Germany. The female porters we had been offered on the threshold of the province were merely symptomatic of the state of things within. I wonder what my young Japanese friend, the new light, to whom I listened once on board ship, while he launched into a diatribe upon the jinrikisha question, the degrading practice, as he termed it, of using men for horses, — I wonder, I say, what he would have said to this! He was a quixotic youth, at the time returning from abroad, where he had picked up many new ideas. His proposed applications of them did him great credit, more than they are likely to win among the class for whom they were designed. A cent and two thirds a mile, to be had for the running for it, is as yet too glittering a prize easily to be foregone.

Of the travel in question, we were treated to forty-three miles' worth that day by relays of runners. The old men fell off gradually, to be replaced by new ones, giving our advance the character of a wave, where the particles merely oscillated, but the motion went steadily on. The oscillations, however, were not insignificant in amount. Some of the men must have run their twenty-five miles or more, broken only by short halts; and this at a dog-trot, changed of course to a slower pull on bad bits and when going up hill. A fine show of endurance, with all allowances. In this fashion we bowled along through a smiling agricultural landscape, relieved by the hills upon the left, and with the faintest suspicion, not amounting to a scent, of the sea, out of sight on the right. The day grew more beautiful with every hour of its age. The blue depths above, tenanted by castles of cloud, granted Fancy eminent domain to wander where she would. Even the road below gave free play to its caprice, and meandered like any stream inquisitively through the valley, visiting all the villages within reach after a whimsical fashion of its own. All about it meadows were tilling, and the whole landscape breathed an air of well-established age amid the lustiness of youth. The very farmhouses seemed to have grown where they stood, as indeed the upper part of them had; for from the thatch of their roofs, deep bedded in mud, sprang all manner of plants that made of the eaves gardens in the air. The ridgepoles stood transformed into beds of flowers; long tufts of grass waved in the wind, the blossoms nodding their heads amicably to the passers-by. What a contented folk this should be whose very homes can so vegetate! Surely, a pretty conceit it is for a peasantry thus to sleep every night under the sod, and yet awake each morning to life again!

At the threshold of Kaga we turned abruptly to the left, and attacked the pass leading over into Etchiu. As we wound our way up the narrow valley, day left the hollows to stand on rosy tiptoe on the sides of the hills, the better to take flight into the clouds. There it lingered a little, folding the forests about with its roseate warmth. Even the stern old pines flushed to the tips of their shaggy branches, while here and there a bit of open turned a glowing cheek full to the good-night kiss of the sun. Over beyond it all rose the twilight bow, in purplish insubstantiality, creeping steadily higher and higher above the pine-clad heights.

I reached the top before the jinrikisha, and, as a sort of reward of merit, scrambled a little farther up the steep slope to the left. From here I commanded the pass, especially that side of it I had not come up. The corkscrew of the road carried the eye most pleasingly down with it. I could see a tea house a few hundred feet below, and

beyond it, at a much lower level, a bridge. Beyond this came a comparatively flat stretch, and then the road disappeared into a gorge. Here and there it was pointed with people toiling slowly up. Of the encircling hills the shoulders alone were visible. While I was still surveying the scene, the jinrikisha men, one after the other, emerged from the gulf, out of sight, on the right, and proceeded to descend into the one on the left. When the last had well passed, and I had tickled myself with the sense of abandonment, I scrambled back, took a jump into the road, and slipped down after them. At the tea house below one of the men awaited me, and, stowing me in the little vehicle, started to rattle down the descent. The road, unlike us, seemed afraid of its own speed, and brought itself up every few hundred feet with a round turn. About each of these we swung only to dash down the next bend and begin the oscillation over again. The men were in fine excitement, and kept up a shouting out of mere delight. In truth, we all enjoyed the dissipated squandering, in a few minutes, of the energy of position we had so laboriously gained by toiling up the other side. Over the bridge we rattled, bowled along the level stretch, and then into the gorge and once more down, till, in another ten minutes, the last fall had shot us out into the plain with mental momentum enough to carry us hilariously into Imaisurugi, where we put up for the night.

At breakfast, the next morning, the son of the house, an engaging lad, presented me with an unexpected dish, — three fossil starfish on a platter. They were found, he said, in numbers on the sides of the hill hard by, a fact which would go to prove that this part of Japan has been making in later geologic time. Indeed, I take it the better part of Etchiu has thus been cast up by the sea, and now lies between its semicircle of peaks and its crescent of beach like a young moon in the western sky, a new bay of rice field in the old bay's arms. We had come by way of its ocean terminator along its fringe of sand; we were now to cross its face.

As we pulled out from the town and entered the great plain of paddy fields, it was like adventuring ourselves in some vast expanse of ocean, cut up only by islets of trees. So level the plain and so still the air on this warm May morning, the clumps shimmered in mirage in the distance like things at sea. Farmhouses and peasants at work in the fields loomed up as ships, past which we slowly tacked, and then dropped them out of sight behind. And still no end of the same infinite level. New clumps rose doubtfully afar, took on form, and vanished in their turn. Our men rolled along at a good six-knot gait, and mile went to join mile with little perceptible effect on the surroundings. Only the misty washes of the mountains, glistening in spots with snow, came out to the south, and then swung slowly round like the sun himself. Occasionally we rolled into a village, of which I duly inquired the distance from the last known point. One of these, Takaoka, was a very large place, and stretched a mile or more along the road, with ramifications to the side.

At last we neared some foothills, which we crossed by a baby pass, and from the farther side looked off against the distant Tateyama range. Descending again, another stretch of plain brought us to Toyama, the old feudal capital of the province. It is still a bustling town, and does a brisk business, I was told, in patent medicine, which is hawked over Japan generally, and cures everything. But the former splendor of the place has left it forever. The rooms in the inn where neighboring daimyos were wont to rest on their through journeys are still superb with carving, lacquer, and paintings, but no daimyo will ever again hold his traveling court before

their *tokonoma*. The man, perchance, may again tarry there, but the manner of it all has gone to join the past. Now, he who wills may ensconce himself in the daimyo's corner and fancy himself a feudal lord; nor will the breeding of those about him disillusion his midday dream.

The castle has been turned into a public school; and as I strolled into its close I met bands of boys in foreign *lycée*-like uniform trooping out, chubby-faced youngsters in stiff visored caps. Girls there were, too, in knots of twos and threes, pretty little things in semi-European dress, their hair done *à la grecque*, stuck with a single flower, who stopped in their chatter to stare at me. To think that the feudal times are to them as much a tale as the making of the plain itself, where its ruins stand already mantled with green!

XIV.

THE HARINOKI TŌGE.

There now befell us a sad piece of experience, the result of misplaced confidence in the guidebook. Ours was the faith a simple public pins upon print. "Le journal, c'est un jeune homme," as Balzac said, and even the best of guidebooks, as this one really was, may turn out — a cover to many shortcomings.

Its description of the crossing of the Harinoki tōge implied a generality of performances that carried conviction. If he who read might not run, he had at least every assurance given him that he would be able to walk. That the writer might not only have been the first to cross, but the last as well, was not evident from the text. Nor was it there apparent that the path which was spoken of as difficult, and described as "hanging to the precipitous side of the cliff," might have become tired of hanging thus for the sake of travelers who never came, and have given itself over at last to the abyss.

In the book, the dead past still lived an ever-youthful present. In truth, however, the path, at the time of the account, some twelve years before, had just been made by the *samurai* of Kaga to join them to the capital. Since then the road by the sea had been built, and the Harinoki pass had ceased to be in practice what it purported to be in print. It had in a double sense reverted to type. There was small wonder at this, for it was a very Cerberus of a pass at best, with three heads to it. The farthest from Etchiu was the Harinoki tōge proper.

The guidebook and a friend had gone over one season, and the guidebook had induced another friend to accompany him again the year after. Whether there were any unpersonally conducted ascents I am not sure. But, at any rate, all this happened in the early days; for years the Harinoki tōge had had rest.

We ought to have taken warning from the general skepticism we met with at Toyama, when we proposed the pass. But, with the fatal faith of a man in his guidebook, we ignored the native forebodings. Besides, there were just people enough who knew nothing about it, and therefore thought it could be done, to encourage us in our delusion. Accordingly we left Toyama after lunch, in the best of spirits, in jinrikisha, for Kamidaki, or Upper Fall, to which there professed to be a jinrikisha road. The distance was three ri (seven miles and a half). Before we had gone one of them the road gave out, and left us to tack on foot in paths through the rice fields, which, in one long inclination, kept mounting before us. Just before reaching the village, a huge tree in full faint purple bloom showed up a little to the left. Under a sudden attack of botanical zeal, I struck across lots to investigate, and after much tacking among the paddy dykes found, to my surprise, on

reaching it, that the flowers came from a hugh wistaria that had coiled itself up the tree. The vine must have been at least six feet round at the base, and had a body horribly like an enormous boa that swung from branches high in air. The animal look of the vegetable parasite was so lifelike that one both longed and loathed at the same time to touch it.

At Kamidaki, after the usual delay, we found porters, who echoed the doubts of the people of Toyama, and went with us, protesting. Half an hour after this we came to the Jindōgawa, a river of variable importance. It looked to have been once the bed of a mighty glacier that should have swept grandly round from unseen fastnesses among the hills. At the time of our visit, it was, for the most part, a waste of stones, through which two larger and several lesser streams were in much worry to find their way to the sea. The two larger were just big enough to be unfordable; so a Charon stationed at each ferried the country folk across. At the smaller, after picking out the likeliest spots, we took off our shoes and socks and waded, and then, upon the other side, sat some time on stones, ill modeled to that end, to draw our things on again.

Our way now led up the left bank, — the right bank, according to aquatic convention, which pleasingly supposes you to be descending the stream. It lay along a plateau which I doubt not to have been the river's prehistoric bed, so evidently had the present one been chiseled out of it to a further depth of over fifty feet. At first the path struck inland, astutely making a chord to the river's bow, an unsuspected sign of intelligence in a path. It was adventurous, too, for soon after coming out above the brink it began upon acrobatic feats in which it showed itself nationally proficient. A narrow aqueduct had been cut out of the side of the cliff, and along its outer embankment, which was two feet wide, the path proceeded to balance itself. The aqueduct had given way in spots, which caused the path to take to some rickety boards, put there for its benefit. After this exhibition of daring, it descended to the stream, to rise again later. Meanwhile, night came on, and the river bottom began to fill with what looked to be mist, but was in reality smoke. This gave a weird effect to the now mountainous settings. Into the midst of it we descended to a suspension bridge of twisted strands of the wistaria vine, ballasted at the ends with boulders piled from the river's bed. The thing swayed cheerfully as we passed over.

On the top of the opposite bank stood perched a group of houses, not enough to make a village, and far too humble to support an inn. But in the midst of them rose a well-to-do temple, where, according to the guidebook, good lodging was to be had. It may indeed be so. For our part, we were not so much as granted entry. An acolyte, who parleyed with us through the darkness, reported the priest away on business, and refused to let us in on any terms. Several bystanders gathered during the interview, and had it not been for one of them we might have been there yet. From this man we elicited the information that another hamlet lay half a mile further up, whose headman, he thought, might be willing to house us. We followed straight on until some buildings showed in still blacker silhouette against the black sky; and there, after a little groping in the dark and a second uncanny conversation through a loophole, — for the place was already boarded up for the night, — we were finally taken in.

The house was a generous instance of a mountain farmhouse. The floors were innocent of mats, and the rooms otherwise pitiably barnlike. Yet an air of largeness distinguished the whole. It was clearly the home of a man of standing in his community, one who

lived amply the only life he knew. You felt you already knew the man from his outer envelope. This in some sort prepared me for a little scene I was shortly to witness. For, while waiting for Yejiro to get dinner ready, I became aware that something was going on in what did for hall; and, on pushing the shōji gently apart, I beheld the whole household at evening prayers before an altar-piece lighted by candles and glittering with gilded Buddhas and bronze lotus flowers. The father intoned the service from a kind of breviary, and the family joined from time to time in the responses. There was a sincerity and a sweet simplicity about the act that went to the heart and held me there. At the close the family remained bowed, while the intoner reverently put out the lights and folded the doors upon the images within. Locked in that little case lay all the luxury which the family could afford, and to which the rest of the house was stranger. There is something touching in any heartfelt belief, and something pathetic too.

This peaceful parenthesis was hardly past before the trials of travel intruded themselves again. The porters proved refractory. They had agreed to come only as far as they could, and now they refused to proceed further. Here was a pretty pass. To turn back now was worse than not to have set out at all. Besides, we had not yet even come in sight of the enemy. Yejiro reasoned with them for some hours in the kitchen, occasionally pausing, for lack of further argument, to report his want of progress. It seemed the men valued their lives above a money consideration, strangely enough. They made no bones about it; the thing was too dangerous. The streams they declared impassable, and the charcoal burners the only men who knew the path. Yejiro at once had these witnesses subpœnaed, and by good luck one of them came, who, on being questioned, repeated all the porters had said. But Yejiro's blood was up, and he boldly played his last trump. He threatened them with the arm of the law, a much more effective weapon in Japan than elsewhere. He proposed, in fine, to walk three ri down the valley to the nearest police station, and fetch a policeman who should compel them to move on. It is perhaps open to doubt whether even a Japanese policeman's omnipotence would have extended so far. But the threat, though not conclusive, had some effect. This strategic stroke I only learnt of later, and I laughed heartily when I did. That night, however, it was no laughing matter, and I began to have doubts myself.

But it was no time for misgivings, so I went in to help. The circle round the kitchen fire was not a cheerful sight. To have the courage of one's convictions is rare enough in this weak world, but to have the courage of one's doubts is something I uncover to. To furnish pluck for a whole company, including one's self, to hearten others without letting them see how much in need of heartening is the heartener, excites my utmost admiration. If only another would say to him that he might believe the very things he does not believe, as he says them to that other, they then might at least seem true. Ignorance saved me. Had I known what they did, I should have agreed with them on the spot. As it was, I did what I could, and went back to my own room, the prey of somewhat lonely thoughts.

XV.

TOWARD THE PASS.

I was waked by good news. The porters had, to a certain extent, come round. If we would halve their burdens by doubling their number, they would make an attempt on the pass, or, rather, they would go on as far as they

could. This was a great advance. To be already moving implies a momentum of the mind which carries a man farther than he means. I acquiesced at once. The recruits consisted of the master of the house — his father, the officiator at family prayers, had retired from the cares of this world — and a peasant of the neighborhood. The charcoal burners were too busy with their own affairs. From the sill, as I put on my boots, I watched with complacence the cording of the loads, and then, with quite a lightsome gait, followed the lengthened file out into the street. One after the other, we tramped forth past the few houses of the place, whose people watched us go, with the buoyant tread of those about to do great things, and so out into the open.

The path behaved very well at first. It trotted soberly along across a mountain moor until it came out above the river. It then wound up stream, clinging to the slope several hundred feet above the valley bottom. It was precipitous in places, but within reason, and I was just coming to consider the accounts exaggerated when it descended to the river bed at a point where a butt of *névé* stuck a foot into the shingle. The stream, which had looked a thread from above, turned out a torrent when we stood upon its brink. The valley was nothing but a river bed, a mass of boulders of all sizes, through the midst of which the stream plunged with deafening roar, and so deep that fording was out of the question. A man's life would not have been worth a rush in it.

We followed up the boulder bank in search of a more propitious spot. Then we followed down again. Each place promised at a distance, and balked hope at hand. At last, in despair, we came to a halt opposite the widest and shallowest part, and, after no end of urging, one of the porters stripped, and, armed with his pole, ventured in. The channel lay well over to the farther side; thrice he got to its nearer edge, and thrice he turned back, as the rush of water became too great. His life was worth too much to him, he said, not unnaturally, for him to throw it away. Yet cross the stream we must, or return ignominiously; for the path we had so far followed had fallen over the cliff in front.

We improved the moments of reflection to have lunch. While we were still discussing *viæ* and viands, and had nearly come to the end of both, we suddenly spied a string of men defiling slowly down through the wide boulder desert on the other side. We all rose and hailed them. They were so far away that at first they failed to hear us, and even when they heard they stared vacantly about them, like men who hear they know not what. When at last they caught sight of us, we beckoned excitedly. They consulted, apparently, and then one of them came down to the edge of the stream. The torrent made so much noise that our men could make themselves intelligible only in part, and that by bawling at the top of their lungs. Through the envoy, they invited the band to string themselves across the stream, and so pass our things over. The man shook his head. We rose to fabulous sums, and still he repeated his pantomime. It then occurred to Yejiro that a certain place lower down might possibly be bridged. and, beckoning to the man to follow, he led the way to the spot in mind. A boulder, two thirds way in stream, seemed to offer a pier. He tried to shout his idea, but the roar of the torrent, narrow though it was, drowned his voice; so, writing on a piece of paper, "What will you take to build us a bridge?" he wrapped the paper round a stone and flung it over. After reading this missive, the spokesman held a consultation with his friends, and a bargain was struck. For the huge sum of two *yen* (a dollar and a half) they agreed to build us a bridge,

and at once set off up the mountain side for a tree.

The men, it seemed, were a band of woodcutters who had wintered, as was their custom, in a hut at Kurobe, which was this side of the Harinoki tōge, and were just come out from their hibernation. They were now on their way to Ashikura, where they belonged, to report to their headman, obtain supplies, and start to return on the after-morrow. It was a two days' journey either out or in.

Bridges, therefore, came of their trade. The distance across the boulder bed was considerable, and as they toiled slowly up the face of the opposite mountain they looked like so many ants. Picking out a trunk, they began to drag it down. By degrees they got it to the river bed, and thence eventually to the edge of the stream. To lay it was quite a feat of engineering. With some pieces of driftwood which they found lying about, they threw a span to the big boulder, and from the boulder managed to get the trunk across. Then, with rope which they carried at their girdles, they lashed the whole together, until they had patched up a very workmanlike affair. We trod across in triumph. With praiseworthy care lest it should be swept away, they then took the thing all down again.

Such valuable people were not idly to be parted with. Here was a rare chance to get guides. When, however, we approached them on the point, they all proved so conscientious about going home first that the attempt failed. But they gave us some important information on the state of the streams ahead and the means of crossing them, and we separated with much mutual good will.

For my part, I felt as if we had already arrived somewhere. I little knew what lay beyond. While I was plodding along in this blissfully ignorant state of mind, communing with a pipe, the path, which had frisked in and out for some time among the boulders, suddenly took it into its head to scale a cliff on the left. It did this, as it seemed to me, without provocation, after a certain reckless fashion of its own. The higher it climbed, the more foolhardy it got, till the down-look grew unpleasant. Then it took to coquetting with the gulf on its right, until, as I knew would happen, it lost its head completely and fell over the edge. The gap had been spanned by a few loose boards. Over the makeshift we all, one after the other, gingerly crawled, each waiting, with the abyss gaping on his side, for the one in front to move on.

We had not yet recovered from the shock when we came to another place not unlike the first. Here again the path had given way, and a couple of logs had been lashed across the inner elbow of the cliff. We crossed this by balancing ourselves for the first two steps by the stump of a bush that jutted out from a crevice in the rock; for the next two we touched the cliff with the tips of our fingers; for the last two we balanced ourselves alone.

For the time being the gods of high places had tempted us enough, for the path now descended again to the dry bed of the stream, and there for a certain distance tripped along in all soberness, giving me the chance to look about me. The precipitous sides of the mountains that shut in the narrow valley were heavily masked in forest; and for some time past the ravines that scored their sides had been patched with snow. With each new mile of advance the patches grew larger and merged into one another, stretching toward the stream. We now began to meet snow on the path. In the mean time, from one cause and another, insensibly I fell behind. The others passed on out of sight.

The path, having lulled me into a confiding unconcern, started in seeming innocence of purpose to climb again. Its

ingenuousness but prefaced a malicious surprise; for of a sudden, unmasking a corner, it presented itself in profile ahead, a narrow ledge notched in naked simplicity against the precipice. Things look better slightly veiled; besides, it is more decent, even in a path. In this case the shamelessness was earnest of the undoing; for on reaching the point in view and turning it, I stood confronted by a sight sorry indeed. The path beyond had vanished. Far below, out of sight over the edge, lay the torrent; unscalable the cliff rose above; and a line of fossil footprints, leading across the face of the precipice in the débris, alone marked where the path had been. Spectres they seemed of their former selves. Crusoe could not have been more horrified than was I.

Not to have come suggested itself as the proper solution, unfortunately an impracticable one; and being there, to turn back was inadmissible. So I took myself in hand, and started. For the first few steps I was far too much given up to considering possibilities. I thought how a single misstep would end. I could see my footing slip, feel the consciousness that I was gone, the dull thuds from point to point as what remained of me bounded beyond the visible edge, down, down . . . And after that what? How long before the porters would miss me, and come back in search? Would there be any trace to tell what had befallen? And then Yejiro returning alone to Tōkyō to report — lost on the Dragon Peak! Each time I almost felt my foot give way as I put it down, right before left, left before right.

Then I realized that this inopportune flirting with fate must stop; that I must give over dallying with sensations, or it would soon be all over with me. I was falling a prey to the native Lorelei, — for all these spots in Japan have their familiar devils, — subjectively, as befits a modern man. I numbed sensibility as best I could, and cared only to make each step secure. Between the Nirvana within and the Nirvana below it was a sorry hell.

In mid-career the path made an attempt to recover, but relapsed to further footprints in the sand. At last it descended to a brook. I knelt to drink, and on getting up again saw my pocket handkerchief whisking merrily away down stream. I gave chase, but in vain; for though it came to the surface once or twice to tantalize me, it was gone before I could seize it. So I abandoned the pursuit, reflecting that, after all, it might have fared worse with me. If the Lorelei had hoped to turn my head, I was well quit of my handkerchief for her only trophy.

Shortly after this, the main stream divided into two, and the left branch, which we followed, led up to a gorge, — beyond a doubt the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet. I do not remember a landscape more ghastly. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not even decent earth, in the whole prospect. Apparently, the place had been flayed alive, and sulphur had then been poured into the sore. Thirty years before, a cataclysm had occurred here. The side of one of the mountains had slid bodily into the valley. The débris, by damming the stream, caused a freshet, which swept everything before it, and killed quantities of folk lower down the valley. The place itself has never recovered to this day.

Although the stream here was a baby to the one below, it was large enough to be impassable to the natural man. From our woodcutter friends, however, we had learned of the leavings of a bridge, upon which in due time we came, and, putting the parts of it in place, we passed successfully over.

We began now to enter the snow in good earnest, — incipient glacier snow, treacherously honeycombed. It made, however, more agreeable walking than the boulders. The path had again be-

come precipitous and kept on mounting, till of a sudden it landed us upon an amphitheatral arena, dominated by high, jagged peaks. One unbroken stretch of snow covered the plateau, and at the centre of the wintry winding-sheet a cluster of weather-beaten huts appealed pitiably to the eye. They were the buildings of the Riūzanjita hot springs; in summer a sort of secular monastery for pilgrims to the Dragon Peak. They were tenanted now, we had been told, by a couple of watchmen. We struck out with freer strides, while the moon, which had by this time risen high enough to overtop the wall of peaks, watched us with an ashen face, as in single file we moved across the waste of level white.

XVI.

RIŪZANJITA.

We made for the main hut, a low, mouse-colored shanty, fast asleep and deep drifted in snow. The advance porter summoned the place, and the summons drew to what did for door a man as mouselike as his mansion. He had about him a subdued, monkish demeanor that only partially hid an alertness within, — a secular monk befitting the spot. He showed himself a kindly body, and after he had helped the porters off with their packs led the way into the room in which he and his mate hibernated. It was a room very much in the rough: boards for walls, for ceiling, for floor; its only furnishing a fire. It was the best of furnishing, in our eyes, and we hasted to squat round it in a circle, in attitudes of extreme devotion, for it was bitter cold. The monkish watchman threw a handful more twigs on the embers, out of a cheerful hospitality to his guests.

The fireplace was merely a hole in the floor, according to Japanese custom, and the smoke found its way out as best it could. But there was very little of it; usually, indeed, there is none, for charcoal is the common combustible. A caldron hung, by iron bars jointed together, from the gloom above. It was twilight in the room. Already the day without was fading fast; and even at high noon none too much of it could find a way into the building, now half buried under the snow. A second watchman sat muffled in shadow on the farther side of the fire. He made his presence known, from time to time, by sympathetic gutturals, or by the sudden glow of a bit of charcoal, which he took out of the embers with a pair of chopstick fire-irons to relight his pipe. The talk naturally turned upon our expedition, with Yejiro for spokesman, and from that easily slid into the all-important question of guides. Our inquiries on this head elicited nothing but doubt. We tried at first to get the watchmen to go. But this they positively refused to do. They could not leave their charge, in the first place, they said; and for the second, they did not know the path. We asked if there was no one who did. There was a hunter, they said, near by who was by way of knowing the road. A messenger was sent at once to fetch him.

In the mean time, if they showed themselves skeptical about our future, they proved most sympathetic over our past. Our description of the Friday footprints especially brought out much fellow-feeling. They knew the spot well, they said, and it was very bad. In fact, it was called the Oni ga Jo, or place of many devils, because of its fearfulness. It would be better, they added, after the mountain opening on the tenth of June.

"Mountain opening!" said I to Yejiro. "What is that? Is it anything like the 'river opening'?" For the Japanese words seemed to imply, not a physical, but a formal unlocking of the hills, like the annual religious rite upon

the Sumidagawa, in Tōkyō. Such, it appeared, it was; for the tenth of June, he said, was the date of the mountain-climbing festival. Yearly on that day all the sacred peaks are thrown open to a pious public for ascent. A procession of pilgrims, headed by a flautist and a bellman, wend their way to the summit, and there encamp. For three days the ceremony lasts, after which the mountains are objects of pilgrimage till the twenty-eighth day of August. For the rest of the year the summits are held to be shut, the gods being then in conclave, to disturb whom were the height of impiety. A pleasing coincidence of duty and pleasure, that the scaling of the peaks should be enjoined upon pilgrims at the times of easiest ascent! Preparatory to the procession all the paths of approach are repaired. It was this repairing to which the watchmen referred, and which concerned our secular selves.

Our difficulties began to be explained. We were very close to committing sacrilege. We had had, it is true, no designs on the peaks, but were we wholly guiltless in attempting so much as the passes in this the close season? Apparently not. At all events, we were a month ahead of time in our visit, which in itself was of questionable etiquette.

At this point the messenger sent to find the hunter returned, without his man. Evidently the hunter was a person who meant to stand well with his gods, or else he was himself a myth.

Distraught in mind and restless in body, I got up and went out into the great snow waste. The sunset afterglow was just fading into the moonshine. The effect upon the pure white sheet before me was indescribably beautiful. The warm tint of the last of day, as it waned, dissolved imperceptibly into the cold lustre of the night, as if some alchemist were subtly changing the substance while he kept the form. For a new spirit was slowly possessing itself of the very shapes that had held the old, and the snow looked very silent, very cold, very ghostly, glistening in its silver sheen.

The sky was bitterly clear, inhumanly cold. To call it frosty were to humanize it. Its expanse stretched far more frozen than the frozen earth. Indeed, the night sky is always awful. For the most part we forget it for the kindlier prospect of the cradling trees, and the whispers of the wind, and the perfumes of the fields, the sights and sounds that even in slumber stir with life; and the nearer thrust away the real horror of the far. But the awe speaks with insistence when the foreground itself is dead.

Shivering, I returned to the fire and human companionship. The conversation again rolled upon precipices, which, it appeared, were more numerous before than behind, and casualties among the woodcutters not unknown in consequence. There was one place, they said, where, if you slipped, you went down a ri (two miles and a half). It was here a woodcutter had been lost, three days before. The ri must have been a flight of fancy, since it far exceeded the height of the pass above the sea. But a handsome discount from the statement left an unpleasant balance to contemplate.

This death had frightened one of the watchmen badly, as it may well have done. The facts were these: Separated from the hot springs of Riūzanjita by two passes lay a valley, uninhabited except for two bands of woodcutters, who had built themselves a couple of huts, one on either side the stream, in which they lived the year round. It was these huts that went by the name of Kurobe. During the winter they were entirely cut off from the outside world. As soon as practicable in the spring, a part of each band was accustomed to come out over the passes, descend to Ashikura, and return with provisions and money.

Now this year, before the men in the valley had thought it time to attempt the passes, a solitary woodcutter came up to the hot springs from below, and, in spite of warning from the watchmen, started alone for Kurobe. On the afternoon of the third day after his departure, the regular band appeared at Riūzanjita, having left Kurobe, it seemed, that morning. They passed the night at the hot-springs hut, and, on being questioned by the watchmen about the man of three days before, they said they had heard of no such person. It turned out, to the horror of both parties, that he had never reached Kurobe. It was only the night before we arrived that the woodcutters had been there, and the affair was still terribly fresh in the watchman's thoughts; in fact, it was the identical band that had built us our bridge. These men were thoroughly equipped for snow-climbing, and had come over safely; and yet, as it was, the headman of the other band at Kurobe had been afraid to cross with them, and had, instead, gone all the way round by the river and the sea, a very long and rough journey. Fatal accidents, the watchmen said, were of yearly occurrence on the passes.

And all this was only the way to Kurobe. Beyond it lay the Harinoki tōge. That pass no one had yet crossed this year. At intervals during the talk the watchman repeated excitedly, as a sort of refrain, "It is impossible to go on, — it is impossible to go on."

This talk, a part of which I understood, was not very heartening, following as it did the personal experience of the Oni ga Jo. The prospect began to look too uncertain in its conclusion and too certain in its premises to be inviting. If professionals, properly accoutred, found crossing so dangerous a matter, the place was hardly one for unprovided amateurs. These mountaineers were not tied together, but wore over their *waraji*, or straw sandals, a set of irons, called *kanakajiki*. We were shown some of them which had been left by the woodcutters against their return. They were skeleton sandals, iron bands shod with three spikes. They looked like instruments of torture from the Middle Ages, and indeed were said to be indispensable against backsliding.

On the other hand, one Blondin feat over the Devil Place was enough for me. To take it on the road rather than turn back was one thing; to start to take it in cold blood another. I had had quite enough of balancing and doubt, so I asked if there were no other way out.

We might, they said, go to Arimine.

And how was the road?

Oh, the road was good, they answered cheerily.

Could we get a guide?

Apparently we could not, for an awkward pause ensued, until, after some suspense, the bigger of the two watchmen, he who sat in the shadow of the corner, volunteered to pilot us himself; and, he added, we should not have to start betimes, as the snow would not be fit to travel on till the sun had melted the crust.

Upon this doubly comforting conclusion I bade them good-night, and betook me to the cell-like room allotted me for sleep.

Percival Lowell.

THE SPEAKER AS PREMIER.

During the last half dozen years American newspapers have fallen into the habit, half jocose and half complimentary, of calling the Secretary of State the Premier. At the same time, a small and very earnest band of men have urged upon the country the adoption of something resembling the English parliamentary system, with a prime minister at the head. Both the wits and the reformers have failed to observe that there has actually grown up within our system of government an officer who possesses and exercises the most important powers entrusted to the head of the administration of England. This insistence upon a development which has not taken place, and neglect to notice one of the most remarkable phenomena of our constitutional growth, perhaps is due to a confusion as to the real place and powers of the English prime minister. I shall attempt, therefore, to set forth what he may do, and how far the Speaker of the House of Representatives stands in his place.

The English Premier, or prime minister, — a title unknown to the law, — is the person acting as the official head of the party, or combination of parties, having a majority in the House of Commons. There is no formal election. The Queen summons the man whom she believes to be best possessed of the confidence of his party; and if he succeed in inducing a sufficient number of his fellow-members in either house to take office with him, and if the other members of the party tacitly accept the ministry thus formed, the Premier remains in power until he is no longer able to command a majority in the Commons. The popular title of Premier is well applied, since its possessor is at the same time the head of the executive power of the nation and the leader of Parliament. In the first capacity he is responsible for the acts of all his colleagues, unless he disavows them. He takes counsel with the other ministers, and their resolutions upon certain subjects of detail have, under the name of Orders in Council, the force of law. The foreign policy of the nation, the maintenance of internal peace, the execution of laws, are subject to the ministry, and in the action of the ministry he must lead, or lose prestige.

The second great function of the Premier is that of leader of Parliament. The ministry bring forward a series of government propositions, which have precedence over bills introduced directly by private members. Not only are the important bills introduced by the ministry; the order in which they shall be brought forward and pressed to a vote is also decided by the ministry, who form, therefore, practically a committee of both houses on a legislative programme. The Premier is usually one of the best debaters in Parliament, able to defend his ministry against criticism upon their executive action and against attack upon their bills. Should the House of Commons at any time refuse to accept a government measure upon which the ministry insist, or should it adopt a different order of business from that laid down as a government programme, the ministry, by long-established custom, must immediately resign.

Under the American system of government, the two functions of the English ministry are also exercised, but by the deliberate action of the framers of the Constitution those duties are divided. Whether or no the parliamentary system is better than our own, it is certainly precluded by the Constitution as it stands, and does not obtain in any State of the Union. The executive duties per-

formed in England by the Premier, in the United States are performed by the President. The Secretary of State is constitutionally a subordinate of the President, and stands upon the same footing as the other cabinet ministers, with the single exception that by the act of 1886 he is the first named in the succession to the presidency, in case of lapse, through death or disability, of the President and Vice-President. By long-established custom he is usually, although not invariably, a recognized leader of the party to which the President belongs. It is the President, however, through whom the unity of the administration is preserved; it is the President alone who can decide between conflicting policies or conflicting acts of his secretaries. Not only has Congress no power to interfere with the acts of the President or to cause his resignation; it cannot cause the dismissal of any of his secretaries or their subordinates. On the other hand, the President and his secretaries have no powers of control or direction over either house of Congress. In accordance with an early and unfortunate custom, all communications between the cabinet ministers and Congress are made in writing. One day in August, 1789, President Washington appeared in the Senate with General Knox, the Secretary of War, and announced that the latter would explain to the Senate a scheme of Indian treaties. The Senate, uneasy at the presence both of President and Secretary, referred the matter to a committee. Knox returned alone, a few days later; but since that time it does not appear that any cabinet officer has been heard in either house; and since 1801 the Presidents have made their communications in writing. Secretary Blaine is reported to have said that he would give two years of his life for an opportunity to debate in Congress a measure which he considered of prime importance. A rule of either house would at any time establish the custom of listening to ministers, and would thus prevent much jarring and disharmony. Neither house has ever shown any disposition to pass such a rule.

The congressional system has led to a great practical inconvenience. At the beginning both houses were small: the House had but sixty-five members, the Senate but twenty-two. They legislated for a people of four millions, for the most part in agricultural communities. The Senate now has eighty-eight members, the House three hundred and thirty-two. They represent a people of sixty-three millions, with many varied interests. The subjects of legislation have, therefore, steadily increased, and the quantity of legislation has grown even in greater proportion. In Washington's first administration, 1789–93, 196 acts were presented for the President's signature; in Cleveland's administration about 3700 acts went through both houses of Congress and were submitted for executive approval. This enormous mass of legislation has taxed to the utmost the digestive powers of Congress. Measures of great public moment have failed to be considered, or have failed to pass, on account of the confusion and crush of public business; and the closing days of each Congress have witnessed scenes of reckless voting on measures hardly read or not understood, which must be carried through within a few hours or fail altogether. An examination of the statute books shows that in the administrations of Hayes and Arthur about one fifth of the acts of Congress received the President's signature in the last three days of the final sessions; in Cleveland's administration about one ninth. President Arthur signalized the last three days of his term by signing 217 bills. President Cleveland, on March 1 and 2, 1889, signed 162 bills.

Very early in the history of Congress it was seen that it was impossible for

the House as a body to examine all the bills submitted. In the Continental Congress and the Confederation there had already been established a system of select and standing committees for the consideration of special branches of legislation, and for the preparation of bills. For instance, the celebrated Northwest Ordinance of 1787 was reported by a select committee. As the system of responsible ministers was not adopted, and as the houses deliberately chose to deprive themselves of the presence and voices of the President's advisers, the committee system was continued without much consideration. For many years business was assigned usually to select committees. The first standing committee of the House was formed in 1789; in 1812 there were but nine. As the business of Congress increased, the number of the committees increased in like ratio. There are, in 1891, forty-nine standing committees in the House and forty-two in the Senate, besides eleven so-called select committees in each, which do not essentially differ from the standing committees. Each Congress frames its own rules, but it is usual to adopt the classification of committees which has already been found convenient. Those members who are reëlected are likely again to receive appointment to the committees on which they have served in the previous Congresses. In this way there is established a certain continuity of service and of position. The chairmen of the committees and the majority of the members are always of the dominant party. So important is the committee work considered that there is a fierce strife among the members to secure valued appointments, and men have often won great reputation as successful administrators in important committees. Thus the late Samuel J. Randall was for many years chairman of the powerful Committee on Appropriations.

Although the business of Congress and the number and complexity of the committees have increased, the number of days in the year has remained constant. The committees have learned by long experience that a measure upon which they have spent much time in the perfection of details may at last fail for simple want of consideration in one of the houses. There is, therefore, a constant and increasing strife between the chairmen of committees for the possession of the floor and the opportunity to report their bills, although they are members of the same party, and usually not unfriendly to each other. The result is that a very appreciable portion of the time, especially of the House of Representatives, is spent in fighting for the floor. One committee and its measures stands in the way of another, and it is nearly impossible for the House to select between two rival measures that which it desires to consider first. When sweeping measures are reported, involving great party principles, and likely to affect approaching elections, Congress usually spends a considerable part of its time in discussing which shall be discussed. Days may pass without any appreciable advance in the business of the houses. The sixty committees have their own interests and their own favorite projects, which seem larger to them than great party measures. The result is confusion, waste of time, failure to consider bills, and a consequent legislative stampede at the end of the session, in which the good and deserving measures, in which the House is sincerely interested, are more apt to be trampled down than private measures, urged by a few persistent members.

With all its evils, the committee system, in two ways, relieves the House from the pressure of legislation. In the first place, no bill can be considered without having passed through a committee and having been reported by it. The result is the strangling of eight tenths of the bills presented to Congress.

In the Fiftieth Congress, 1887–89, there were introduced into the House no less than 12,933 bills and joint resolutions. Of these, 9632 were never heard of again after having been referred to a committee, leaving 3301 which received some sort of consideration. Only 1605 passed the House, and of these only 1385 passed the Senate. Nearly nine tenths of the bills introduced had thus failed at some stage before presentation for the President's signature. The pigeon-holes of the committees are the resting-places of many thousands of unfledged measures. In the second place, the committees digest and arrange the details of measures, and many important bills, especially those correcting defects found in the working of the government, go through Congress substantially as reported by the committees. It is here that the cabinet ministers exercise their only direct influence on legislation. They appear before the committees, urge and explain particular measures, and not infrequently submit drafts of bills, which are accepted almost verbatim by the committee, and afterward by Congress. The great difficulty has been the lack of some institution to unify legislation. The bill reported by Committee B might unwittingly repeal the bill passed yesterday on report of Committee A; or the House is called upon to spend its brief and valuable time in settling questions in dispute between committees — questions upon which an agreement ought to have been reached before any report was rendered.

That some relief must be obtained from such confusion and perplexity statesmen have long agreed. They have not seen so clearly that, by a process of silent development, there was being evolved a power which could simplify and unify the legislative process. That power is the Speaker, and he has reached his present importance by the absorption, based on the consent of the House, of five successive sets of powers.

The first Speaker, chosen in 1789, was simply a moderator. His duty was like that of other presiding officers, — to apply the rules of the House so as to give the fairest opportunity of discussion, and to permit the freest expression of the will of the House. The Speakers of some of the colonial assemblies had been distinctly party leaders; and after national parties were organized, — that is, from about 1793, — the Speakers were chieftains of great influence in their party, but they still felt themselves simply to be moderators.

The first access of power came through the appointment of committees. The House for one year tried the experiment, which the Senate has successfully carried on to the present day, of choosing committees by ballot; but in January, 1790, they voted to give this power to the Speaker. So long as the number of committees was small and committee positions were little sought for, this was still rather an administrative than a political power. As committee government grew, the power of the Speaker to give opportunities of distinction to his party friends also increased. By about 1840 the great influence of the committees was distinctly recognized: first in shaping legislation, and then in preventing legislation, by refusing to report bills to which the committee was opposed, but which the House might have approved. The Speaker began to assert a control over legislation through his power to appoint committees. Thus, in the choice of Speaker in 1849, a candidate who was on the point of being chosen lost the election, because it appeared that he had promised to constitute certain committees to the dissatisfaction of some of his party. The principle once completely established made the Speaker next in dignity and power to the President. He could decide at the beginning of the session what measures should not be brought to the attention of Congress; and he could have great influence, through the committees, in the preliminary shaping

of the measures which would be submitted. There were, however, two practical restrictions upon this power: it was to be exercised not for his personal advantage and advancement so much as for the party which made him Speaker; and the members of the committees, once appointed, felt no direct sense of responsibility to the Speaker, and thus might report measures to which he was personally opposed.

The period of the civil war did much to strengthen the powers of Congress at the expense of other departments; it also gave to the Speaker greater opportunities, both through the appointment of committees and through personal influence. The speakership became more and more desirable, not only for itself, but because it was an avenue to the presidency. Speaker Colfax was chosen Vice-President in 1868. His successor, Speaker Blaine, became a candidate for the nomination in 1876. But the third development of the Speaker's power rose rather out of the increasing pressure of the "floor;" that is, for the opportunity to take part in debate. There had been many cases in the history of Congress where members had been silenced, or the attempt had been made to silence them, by the infliction of some discipline. Such were the attempted censures of John Quincy Adams in 1832, 1837, and 1842. The rules had often been interpreted so as to cut off an obnoxious debater, as in the case of the first great abolition speech in Congress, in December, 1835. Somewhere between 1880 and 1890 there grew up the practice of the Speaker's refusing to recognize members because they had some propositions to bring forward obnoxious to his party. When, in 1887, a member wrote to Speaker Carlisle, asking that he might be recognized to move a repeal of the tobacco tax, the Speaker replied that he could not consent to entertain a motion against which the caucus of the party having a majority in the House had pronounced itself. The Speaker assumed the right, sanctioned by precedent, to refuse to permit a hearing for a proposition contrary to the principles of his party. The history of the session shows that the minority was free to introduce propositions and amendments, and that the restriction was not invariably applied to members of the majority. The principle which Mr. Carlisle seems to lay down is that the Speaker is a party chief, bound, so far as members of his own party are concerned, to carry out the policy accepted by the party in caucus or by general agreement. Mr. Carlisle expressed his purpose more openly than any of his predecessors had done. The power was a familiar one, and has since been exercised.

From this point there is but a short step to a practice of refusing to recognize members because they are personally obnoxious to the Speaker. During the last thirty years members have sometimes sat through an entire session, or even through two sessions of Congress, without ever being able to catch the Speaker's eye. Their only opportunity has been that of presenting bills on the call by States, or of discussion in committees. At the adjournment of Congress in 1887, a member from Nebraska, who had a bill for a public building in his district, and who could not obtain the Speaker's recognition, walked for two hours up and down in front of the desk, entreating, cajoling, and ejaculating, and in the end tore his bill into fragments, and deposited them as a protest at the Speaker's feet. In all formal discussions, no member, with the exception of the accepted party leaders, need expect to be heard unless he has previously requested the Speaker to recognize him; and arbitrary Speakers do not hesitate to deny the applications of men whom they personally dislike.

The powers of the Speaker as thus developed, as moderator, as party chief,

as the appointer of committees, and as the dispenser of the right of taking part in debate, have made the Speaker's place more and more important, and more and more desired. But his authority has been negative rather than positive; the Speaker could prevent legislation, but he could secure none without a majority of the House. The Speaker might deny the floor, but he seldom occupied it. Henry Clay, the most distinguished and popular Speaker of the House, who was six times elected, and never had one of his decisions reversed, was accustomed to take active part in the debate. This practice has now become very rare. The Speaker has, however, had a large share in determining the policy of his party in caucus, and in holding the party to that policy. His power of appointing to committees has made his favor desirable. His prestige as Speaker, when backed by personal qualities of character and leadership, has made him by far the most important figure in Congress, and the second figure in the nation. The abler Speakers have had within their own party a political influence and predominance quite comparable with the party position of the English Premier.

The fifth and most important step in welding together the powers of the Speaker and in correcting the defects of the congressional system has been taken within the past two years. The Speaker, and a few other eminent members from his own party, have been constituted, by the consent of that party, an informal committee to decide upon an order of business. The commission of the Speaker rests simply upon the fact that he has been chosen by the members of his party in the House as their legislative leader. Without precisely intending to create a new or a more powerful authority, the present majority has thus committed itself to the practice of entrusting to a small body, in which the Speaker must be the predominant member, the direction not only of the policy of the party, but of the legislation of the House. The step is in no way connected with peculiar principles either of the Republican or of the Democratic party. It is a natural and a desirable solution of the difficulties which have long beset Congress. The Committee on Rules, which now exercises this power, is made up of the Speaker and four associates, of whom two belong to the minority, and are practically excluded even from the routine business of the committee. The code of rules for the immediate government of the House, which that committee has pressed and which has been the subject of so much discussion, is the least interesting part of its work, because it has no necessary force after the expiration of the present Congress. The important and the permanent service of that committee has been to point out a way in which the majority in Congress may present in succession those measures upon which it desires to have a vote. The committee is superior to all other standing committees in Congress, because it expresses the general will of the party as to whether the work of those standing committees shall or shall not be brought to the attention of the House. The man who controls or is most powerful in that committee is, therefore, a recognized political chief, a formulator of the policy of the party, a legislative Premier. That man is the Speaker.

The parallel between the English and the American Premiers is, of course, by no means exact. In the first place, our Speaker is powerful only in the House, while the Premier, through his majority in the House of Commons, may, and frequently does, overawe the House of Lords. The Senate is not bound to recognize the leadership of the Speaker of the House of Representatives; but even here there is an evident convenience in having a party chief, capable of laying down a policy of successive measures and of urging those measures through.

Whenever hereafter the two houses are controlled by the same party, it is probable that some junto, of which the Speaker is the leading member, will arrange a programme of legislation for both houses. In the second place, the Speaker is chosen for a definite term of two years, unless by vote compelled sooner to resign. But parties in the United States are much more stable than in England. The party which elects the Speaker invariably holds its majority to the end of that Congress. Nothing, therefore, but the disregard of the wish of his own followers is likely to destroy the Speaker's power; and when his followers no longer stand by him, his position is much like that of the Premier against whom the House of Commons has passed a vote of want of confidence. The Speaker must resign, and his political influence will be destroyed. The executive part of the Premier's power is not within reach of the Speaker; but if the tradition of party action through the Speaker continues, the general policy of the party will be formed so as to include executive action. A President who wishes to stand well with his party is likely to aid in carrying out the programme arranged by the junto of which the Speaker is the leading member.

This most recent addition to the Speaker's power has not been conferred by the recent vote of the House in adopting rules, and in fact is not expressed in the Constitution, the acts of Congress, or the rules of the House. It is a natural growth, and part of the tendency throughout the national, state, and municipal systems to put responsibility upon individuals rather than upon boards. It is a wholesome reaction from the divided irresponsibility and wasteful system of conducting the business of legislation. It secures at least the consideration of the measures held by the leaders of the majority to be most important. Those measures may or may not be for the public good; but under the new system the public has a better opportunity to place responsibility upon those members of Congress who, under any system, must control its operations, namely, the great leaders of the majority. The system is, therefore, likely to be continued in principle, if not in the same form, by each party when in the majority. The powers now exercised by the Speaker will probably be exercised by each succeeding Speaker, and will somewhat increase. Since the legislative department in every republic constantly tends to gain ground at the expense of the executive, the Speaker is likely to become, and perhaps is already, more powerful, both for good and for evil, than the President of the United States. He is Premier in legislation; it is the business of his party that he be also Premier in character, in ability, in leadership, and in statesmanship.

Albert Bushnell Hart.

RAILROAD PROBLEMS OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

I.

THE EXISTING SITUATION.

THE Interstate Commerce Law aimed to secure equality of treatment between different shippers in place of the system of preferences which had prevailed up to that time. Different persons were to be treated exactly alike; different places, different commodities, or different quantities of the same commodity were to be treated differently only so far as a difference of circumstances and conditions

actually warranted it. The law did not try to prescribe rates, — it left this power in the hands of the railroad agents; it simply forbade the railroads to reduce rates for one shipper without extending the same privileges to others.

It is four years since the law went into operation; not time enough, perhaps, to test its merits, but time enough to disappoint the extravagant hopes which were at first entertained in some quarters. The act is far from being a solution of the problem of railroad control. It is but a single step in that direction. Some men are dissatisfied with the means provided for securing the objects of the law. Others regard those objects themselves as weak and unsatisfactory. Those who believed that the law would put an end to the agitation which preceded it, or would leave us more settled than we were before, have already seen their mistake. So far from being the end, it is but the beginning.

The American railroad system has grown up under the theory that it was a business to be managed by the investors, rather than a public agency to be run by the State. The theory has been that the public interest would be better served by allowing railroads to go where business demanded them and charge what they could get, than by letting the legislature decide which railroads were wanted and how much they should charge. The Interstate Commerce Law involved no radical departure from this theory. Except for the clause prohibiting pools, which was foreign to the general drift and tenor of the act, it aimed only to check specific abuses, leaving the general methods of management untouched. The Interstate Commerce Commission has been at times disposed to go a little farther than this; the state authorities have gone a great deal farther; while the expressions of popular opinion, especially in the West and South, demand a total change of base, which would make railroad management a socialistic rather than a business enterprise. There is a distrust of corporations as such, and a fear of the growth of corporate power. There is a belief that the present scale of charges is unnecessarily high, and that the people are taxed to pay dividends on watered stock. All these feelings are intensified by the fact that many of the railroads situated in some sections of the country are owned in entirely different ones, so that there is a local conflict of interests as well as an industrial one. Finally, there is a belief that if the government should own and manage the roads it would give better service and lower rates than we enjoy at present. It is a matter of feeling rather than knowledge, but it adds force to the agitation for lower rates by offering an alternative resource to the shipper and a menace to the corporation. Every convention of laborers in the city or of farmers in the country emphasizes this possibility; every schedule of grievances, directly or indirectly, reflects this view of the matter. The last platform of the Minnesota Farmers' Alliance contains this declaration: —

"We demand governmental control of railways, both by State and nation, to the end that all discriminations shall cease; that reasonable rates shall be established; that watered stock shall not receive the reward of honest capital; that the pooling of rates is such an element of monopoly as should be absolutely prohibited; that our legislature shall enact a freight-rate law which shall fix rates no higher than those now in force in Iowa, and the reduction of railroad passenger rates to two cents per mile. We anticipate the ultimate ownership of railroads by the government as the solution of this question."

Nor is this state of feeling confined to any one country. It is part of the drift of uneducated public sentiment the world over. Here is a statement recently laid before the English Board of Trade, less

comprehensive than that of the American farmers, but even more terse and explicit: —

"What we want is to have our fish carried at *half* present rates. We don't care a —— whether it pays the railway or not. Railways ought to be made to carry for the good of the country, or they should be taken over by the government. This is what all traders want, and mean to try and get."

II.

REASONS AGAINST GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Although the feeling in favor of eventual state ownership is so widespread, it does not seem likely that it will lead to any practical results in the immediate future. The American people have become accustomed to a standard of efficiency and economy in railroad service which no other railroad system has ever equaled. We do more work with fewer hands, and, on the whole, at lower rates. The very abuses which have crept into our railroad system only throw into stronger relief the superiority of corporate management as a whole. We hear constantly of watered stock and the inflated capitalization of railroads, but the waste due to government construction is more than the water due to private finance. The actual capitalization of the railroads of the United States is about $50,000[1] a mile. That of the government railways of New South Wales is just about the same. Yet the railways of the latter country are on a distinctly lower level than those of the United States. They have almost no double track; they run no fast trains; they accomplish no great feats of engineering. If we take a government system which stands on something like the same level as our own, that of Germany, for example, we find that it costs $100,000 per mile instead of $50,000. The same causes which interfere with economy of construction interfere also with economy of operation.

Under these circumstances, it is useless to expect as good results from state roads as from private roads, and a very short trial would be enough to prove it. If state roads were run without reference to the payment of interest, it would be not only a burden on the taxpayer, but a matter of outrageous favoritism which district should have roads built for its convenience, as is the case to-day with river and harbor improvements. If they were run with a view to profit, they would probably be managed on pretty much the same principles as private roads. There would be less elasticity of management and less readiness to introduce improvements, and the inferior economy of government ownership would prevent the building of lines and the establishment of train services which would barely pay under private corporations. All these results have been felt in Germany, where the rates are low, but the train service only one half as large as that of England, or one third that of the United States, while the handling of goods, the running of trains, and the introduction of modern appliances have been slow in the extreme.

Even in those cases where the government railroads of Europe seem to have done better than our own, the difference is apparent rather than real. The new tariff in Hungary, by which passengers are carried at little over half a cent a mile, is often quoted as an example of what America could and ought to do. But, in point of fact, Americans would not endure Hungarian service at Hungarian rates. If you have a large population, you can either carry the passengers in a few cheap trains, with enor-

[1] The figure ordinarily given — $58,000 — includes a great deal more than the stocks and bonds actually outstanding, or ever likely to be outstanding.

mous train loads, at very cheap rates; or you can have more trains and better trains, with fewer passengers on each train, and higher rates of fare. The train mile is the unit of expense: if a given number of people are satisfied with few trains, they can get lower rates; if they want a great many trains, they must pay more. Which direction passenger traffic development will take depends upon the character of the popular demand. If time and comfort are more valuable to the traveler than a few cents' difference in fare, he will pay a few cents more for time and comfort. If a laborer makes less than ten cents an hour, he can afford to lose an hour to save ten cents. If he makes more than ten cents an hour, time is money to him. The former is the case in Hungary or in India; the latter, in England or in America.

Cheapening of rates by reduction of facilities is just what the United States could not endure. Her commercial prosperity depends upon rapid development of railroad service, in quantity as well as quality. The popular feeling in favor of state ownership, widespread as it may be, is little more than a preference of unknown evils to known ones, — a preference likely to disappear at the point of actual trial.

III.

FORCED REDUCTIONS OF RATES.

The tendency toward enforced reductions of charge is, unfortunately, a much more real and immediate danger. Many of the States seem bent on repeating the experiences of the Granger legislation, half a generation ago. Iowa has already gone to the utmost limit of what is constitutional, if not beyond it; other States seem likely to do the same thing. Even the Interstate Commerce Commission has departed from the principle of simply securing equal rates, and tries to take final jurisdiction as to what is reasonable.

There are two ways of trying to reduce rates: by limiting profits, or by actually fixing a scale of charges. In most parts of the country public sentiment limits railroads to ten per cent dividends; in some cases the law reduces this to eight; the Farmers' Alliance measures propose six. These restrictions are often evaded by issue of new capital stock, either at less than its face value, or at any rate less than its market price. But even when enforced they commonly defeat their own ends. They discourage efficient business management by placing it on the same level with inefficient. They take away from a prosperous railroad the inducement to develop new business by lower rates and increased facilities. The assumption that the profit will be given back to the shippers in the form of cheaper rates never holds good. As far as there is any effect, it simply prevents reduction. As expressed by Sir Thomas Farrer, for many years secretary of the English Board of Trade: "The principle of limitation of dividend is in itself faulty. So long as the charge is not too high, the public have no interest in the reduction of dividend. Their interest is in the reduction of price, which is a totally different thing. The fallacy lies in supposing that what is taken from the shareholders necessarily goes into the pocket of the consumer. It does no such thing; it is probably wasted in extravagances, which the company have no motive whatever for reducing. Indeed, one of the worst consequences of the system is that it takes away inducements to economy. It leads not only to extravagance in current expenses, but to an extravagant waste of capital. In fact, in this parliamentary limitation of dividend and capital, we have gone on a perfectly wrong tack, and have involved ourselves in a maze of absurdities." If the rate of profit were fixed as low as

the Farmers' Alliance demands, the effect would be even worse. It would simply prevent the investment of capital at all. If successful, it is to be limited to a low rate of profit; if unsuccessful, it would have to take all the risks of loss. It would simply be a death-blow to business enterprise.

While laws limiting profits defeat their own ends, those limiting charges attain their immediate object at the sacrifice of other more important ones. A community can have what transportation it is willing to pay for. If it lets the roads make what rates they please, it can have railroads in every section which can afford them, and facilities for every line of business which can possibly pay for transportation. If, on the other hand, it seeks to limit charges, it can only have the facilities where traffic is densest and most profitable. In proportion to population, it will have fewer roads and fewer trains. Fix a limit of charge by law, and the amount of service adjusts itself to that limit.

The economic principles involved in fixing railroad charges are not radically different from those involved in fixing the price of bread; it is only that their operation is slower and more obscure, and that the public has learned the lesson less completely. There was a time when it was thought necessary to have the public authorities fix the price of bread. People feared that, if matters were left to themselves, the sellers would have a monopoly, and take every advantage of the needy buyers. But, as time went on, it was found that such laws did more harm than good. If the price was fixed too high, it was useless; if it was fixed too low, the supply of bread fell short of the demand, and while some people got their bread cheap, others got none at all. The suffering of the latter class was greater than the advantage to the former. A new system gradually superseded the old. Sellers were allowed to get what price they could, buyers to pay what price they would. In that way, and in that way only, was there an adjustment of quantity of service to public demand.

The same thing has happened in the case of railroads. Under the influence of the Granger movement, from 1870 to 1875, laws were passed limiting railroad charges to what the shippers desired. The first effect was to give the farmers a chance to ship their goods at lower rates. But this did not last long. Railroad facilities ceased to develop as they had done before. When the companies could not pay interest, the building of new roads stopped, and the service on the old ones deteriorated rapidly. Some men were able to ship cheaper, but others were unable to ship at all. The loss to the latter far outweighed the gain to the former. The development of the States which had passed restrictive laws was checked; the more stringent the law, the more severe the reaction. The laws were either allowed to fall into disuse, or, in some cases, were repealed by the very men who had passed them. Long before the Supreme Court had had time to pass on the constitutionality of such legislation, the logic of events had proved that it was destructive to the very interests which it was designed to protect.

The same thing must repeat itself to-day. Although the greater size of our consolidated systems renders the reaction against the legislation of any one State less speedy and obvious, our roads as a whole are working too near the margin of profit to endure reduction of charge anywhere without corresponding reduction of service. Their net earnings are only a little over $2000 a mile. A slight reduction will be enough to cut off the supply of capital for new roads, and to limit the service on old ones. Any such change must make itself quickly felt by the shippers. We have not been building new lines with any great rapidity since the close of

1887, so that the supply of transportation service is not very largely in excess of the demand. If this slight excess were converted into a deficiency, it would be a quicker and more effective means of checking radical legislation than any influence which can be brought to bear through the courts or upon the legislatures. While the courts may pronounce, and in some cases have pronounced, such legislation unconstitutional, they are as a rule disposed to give it the benefit of the doubt. If it complies with certain forms of procedure, they will not stand in the way of its operation, unless it has been found actually to work serious damage. The railroads must "prove poison by taking it." From the legislatures there is even less hope. The attempt which has been made in some quarters to use corruption as a means of fighting such legislation is worse than useless. It simply puts it into the power of every corrupt man to blackmail the companies, and adds a new source of danger to those already existing. It is on themselves, rather than on the public authorities, that the investors must rely for protection.

IV.

THE PROBLEM OF CORPORATE CONTROL.

The action of investors has been, and still is, seriously hampered by the fact that those who are put in charge of the property and who ought to be representatives of their interests are not really so. This criticism does not apply merely to those who have acquired control of the property by dishonest methods, with the intent of sacrificing legitimate owners. It applies to many railroad directors and presidents who are thoroughly honorable men, but have no special fitness for the position in which they are placed.

The investors are interested in the successful operation of the property. Their representatives whom they place in control are often more immediately interested in the purchase or sale of certain securities connected with it. They operate in Wall Street rather than in the railroad itself. Their interest is a speculative one. Even when they hold a large share in the securities, they contemplate the possibility of selling them at an advance. If they are at all dishonest, they are likely to be still more interested in outside corporations whose interest is adverse to the property which they nominally represent. This is not at all universally so. There have been great financiers, like Vanderbilt, who were also great railroad men. But, as a rule, a large part of the control of our great properties is in the hands of men who are dealers in railroad securities rather than legitimate investors in railroads. It is one of the most serious charges which can be maintained against our financial system that so much money is to be made in the former way, and so little in the latter.

While such leaders have often shown great shrewdness in matters of temporary importance, they have too frequently neglected what was of the greatest value to the permanent interests of the property. Their horizon has lain within the limits of the year's balance sheet. They have known little of the feeling among the employees of the road, and have had little of the instinct of leadership which would cultivate *esprit de corps* or prevent disaffection and strikes. They have known to some extent how to deal with corrupt legislatures; they have not known how to deal with the public opinion along the line, uncorrupt but unenlightened, which renders the action of such legislatures dangerous. They know how to make combinations for their own financial purposes; but of the methods by which a combination is made to secure good railroad economy or steadiness in rates they know little or nothing.

This defect has made itself strongly felt under the operation of the pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce Law. While the law as a whole imposed new duties on railroads, the prohibition of pools took away one of their chief means of performing those duties. They were charged with the responsibility of treating all shippers alike. But when a single large shipper, or a combination of shippers, threatened to divert enormous quantities of freight from one road to another, and thus cause great loss to a company which would not accede to a demand for special favors, the railroads were forbidden to combine to protect themselves. Or when a single reckless agent, acting perhaps in defiance of instructions, made secret concessions which secured freight for his line, the other roads were compelled either to follow suit, or to see the traffic diverted to the least law-abiding among them. The Interstate Commerce Commission was practically powerless to protect them. Previous to the passage of the act they had avoided this evil by a division of traffic or earnings according to percentages. Now, however, in the words of the general manager of one of the roads which had made the strongest effort to conform to the law, "the old and tried methods, imperfect though they were, were legislated out of existence."

Partly as a result of this cause, partly from the reckless over-construction of roads in 1887, the net earnings of the Central and Western systems began to fall rapidly. Investors were unwilling to buy railroad securities, old or new. Those who made their profit from dealings in such securities found their market gone. They tried to restore public confidence by the "Gentlemen's Agreement," whose outcome was the Interstate Commerce Railway Association. A stenographic report of the proceedings of their conferences has been preserved. It reads more like congressional debates than like sober talk of sensible men. The participants were thinking of what they wanted to accomplish rather than of the practical means of attaining it. They were aiming to gain public confidence rather than to deserve it; and anybody who tried to bring the latter point into view, or ask how they proposed to carry out any of the difficult parts of their programme, received about as much encouragement as he would if he asked the same question about a platform in a party convention. There was much talk of harmony, but no means of securing it; some provision for boards to control nominal rates, but no system of joint agencies or traffic arrangement which should insure that the real rates were anywhere near the nominal ones.

Had the public allowed its confidence to be restored by so transparent a device, it would have been the worst thing which could have happened. The association, in spite of the ability of its chairman, has been a pretty complete failure, and before these lines appear in print will have been considerably remodeled. There seems to be danger that in the new association, as well as in the old, there will be a high standard of nominal requirement combined with comparatively slight means of enforcement. Thus far the unwillingness of the public to buy securities, resulting as it does in a lessened supply of transportation facilities, has been more of a protection against future rate-cutting than all the combinations of Western roads. If this unwillingness continues, the financial authorities now in control will have to turn their attention less to the market, and more to improvements in the method of operation. When it becomes impossible to sell a road to advantage except by operating it to advantage, the interests of the financier and investor will cease to conflict.

Another encouraging sign is the agitation for important reforms in corporation law. In some respects the law has hitherto been about as bad as it could

be. Stock has been issued for no consideration, or a grossly inadequate one. The actual investment has been furnished by bondholders, while the stockholders obtained absolute temporary control of other people's money. If dishonest, they could give themselves lucrative contracts at the expense of the real investor. Even without actual dishonesty they could commit a company to an unwise policy, from which it would take many years to recover. There is room for law reform in all these matters. The position of a director of a great corporation is in large measure that of a trustee. In England it is treated as such, and he is forbidden to use the money of the corporation for contracts in which he is personally interested. While it might not be practicable to go as far in this country, the responsibility of the directors could be largely increased, and such contracts surrounded by safeguards which are now conspicuously absent. It is strongly urged in some quarters that the bondholders, furnishing as they do so large a share of the investment, should be given a voice in the management. As compared with the present state of things this would be an improvement, but it might be wiser to deal with the evil one step further back, and insist that the bondholders should not furnish so large a share of the investment as they now do; that the amount of money actually invested by stockholders should at least equal the amount of bonds issued, so that the latter should be reduced within a fair limit of risk, and should really be what they pretend to be, an investment security.

No matter how much the law may do, the main hope of reform must be in the increased intelligence of the investors themselves. We have learned that representative government cannot be made a success in politics unless the voters have a sufficient degree of enlightenment to manage it. We must learn the same lesson in industry. With the increasing tendency toward monopoly due to modern commercial methods, the chance for mistakes becomes greater, and the demand for intelligence more exacting. Unless the stockholders learn to use their votes and their rights, the management of industry will tend to give more and more irresponsible power to individuals; the relations between our political theories and our business practice will become more and more discordant; the demand for state socialism will grow more and more powerful. To keep control of large industries without the most disastrous conflicts investors must show themselves worthy to exercise it.

Arthur T. Hadley.

PLEASURE: A HERESY.

It is an interesting circumstance in the lives of those persons who are called either heretics or reformers, according to the mental attitudes or antecedent prejudices of their critics, that they always begin by hinting their views with equal modesty and moderation. It is only when rubbed sore by friction, when hard driven and half spent, that they venture into the open, and define their positions before the world in all their bald malignity. Now I have a certain sneaking sympathy, not with heretics or reformers, but with that frame of mind which compels a hunted and harried creature suddenly to assume the offensive, cast prudence to the winds, nail his thesis conspicuously to the doorpost, and snortingly await developments. He is not, while so occupied, a winning or

beautiful figure, when judged by the strict standards of sweetness and light; but he is eminently human, and is entitled to the forbearance of humanity.

It is now over a year since, in an article called Fiction in the Pulpit, and published in this magazine, I ventured to say, or rather I said without any consciousness of being venturesome, that the sole business of a novel-writer was to give us pleasure; his sole duty was to give it to us within decent and prescribed limits. It seemed to me then that the assertion was so self-evident as to be hardly worth the making; it was a little like saying an undisputed thing "in such a solemn way." I have learned since how profoundly I was mistaken in the temper, not of writers only, but of readers as well, — how far remote I stood from the current of ethical activity. It is needless to state that this later knowledge has been brought to me by the mouths of critics: sometimes by professional critics, who said their say in print; sometimes by amateur and neighborly critics, who expressed theirs frankly in speech. It is needless, also, to state that, of the two, the professional critics — brothers and sisters of my own household I count them — have been infinitely more tolerant of my shortcomings, more lenient in their remonstrances, more persuasive and even flattering in their lines of argument. The ordinary reviewer, anonymous or otherwise, is not the ruthless destroyer, "ferocious, dishonest, butcherly," whom Mr. Howells so graphically portrays, but rather a kindly, indifferent sort of creature, who cares so little what you think that even his reproaches wear an air of gentle and friendly unconcern.

In all cases, however, the verdict reached was practically the same. The business of fiction is to elevate our moral tone; to teach us the stern lessons of life; to quicken our conceptions of duty; to show us the dark abysses of fallen nature; to broaden our spiritual vistas; to destroy our old comfortable creeds; to open our half-closed eyes; to expand our souls with the generous sentiments of humanity; to vex us with social problems and psychological conundrums; to gird us with chain armor for our daily battles; to do anything or everything, in short, except simply give us pleasure. It is not forbidden us, to be sure, to take delight, if we can, in the system of instruction; a good child, we are told, should always love its lessons; but the really important thing is to study and know them by heart. Verily

> "This rugged virtue makes me gasp"!

Why should the word "pleasure," when used in connection with literature, send a cold chill down our strenuous nineteenth-century spines? It is a good and charming word, caressing in sound and softly exhilarating in sense. As in a dream, it shows us swiftly rich minutes by a winter firelight, with The Eve of St. Agnes held in our happy hands; long, lazy summer afternoons spent right joyously in company with Emma Woodhouse and Mr. Knightley; or perhaps hours of content, lost in the letters of Charles Lamb, dear to us alike in all seasons and in all moods, a heritage of delight as long as life shall last. I do not, indeed, as I have been accused of doing, employ the word "pleasure" as synonymous with amusement. Amusement is merely one side of pleasure, but a very excellent side, against which, in truth, I have no evil word to urge. The gods forbid such base and savorless ingratitude! This is not at best a merry world. "There is a certain grief in things as they are, in man as he has come to be;" and the background of our lives is a steady, undeviating sadness. Who, then, has not felt that sudden lifting of the spirits, that quick purging of black, melancholy vapors from the brain, as wise old Burton would express it, when some fine jest appeals irresistibly to one's

sense of humor! There comes to the alert mind at such a moment a distinct revelation of contentment; a conscious thought that it is well to be alive, and to hear that nimble witticism which has so warmed and tickled one's fancy. "Live merrily as thou canst," says Burton, "for by honest mirth we cure many passions of the mind. A gay companion is as a wagon to him that is wearied by the way."

If amusement can help us so materially in our daily life, which is a daily struggle as well, how much more pleasure! — pleasure which is the rightful goal of art, just as knowledge is the rightful goal of science. "Art," says Winckelmann, "is the daughter of Pleasure;" and as Demeter sought for Persephone with resistless fervor and desire, so Pleasure seeks for Art, languishing in sunless gloom, and, having found her, expresses through her the joy and beauty of existence, and lives again herself in the possession of her fair child, while the whole earth bubbles into laughter. We cannot separate these two without exchanging sunlight for frost and the cold, dark winter nights. Mr. E. S. Dallas, who, in those charming volumes pleadingly entitled The Gay Science, has made a gallant fight for pleasure as the end of art, and for criticism as the path by which that end is reached, shows us very clearly and very persuasively that, in all ages and in all nations, there has been a natural, wholesome, outspoken conviction that art exists for pleasure, and, pleasing, instructs as well. There is a core of truth, he grants, in the Horatian maxim that art may be profitable as well as delightful, "since it always holds that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, that enduring pleasure comes only out of healthful action, and that amusement, as mere amusement, is in its own place good if it be but innocent. There is profit in art as there is gain in godliness and policy in an honest life. But we are not to pursue art for profit, nor godliness for gain, nor honesty because it is politic."

This, then, is the earliest lesson that the student of art has to learn: that it exists for pleasure, but for a pleasure that may be profitable, and that stands in no sort of opposition to truth. "Science," says Mr. Dallas, "gives us truth without reference to pleasure, but immediately and chiefly for the sake of knowledge. Art gives us truth without reference to knowledge, but immediately and mainly for the sake of pleasure." The test of science, then, must always be an increase of knowledge, of proven and demonstrable facts; the test of art must always be an increase of pleasure, of conscious and sentient joy. "What is good only because it pleases," says Dr. Johnson, "cannot be pronounced good until it has been found to please."

The joy that is born of art is not always a simple or easily analyzed emotion. The pleasure we take in looking at the soft, white, dimpled Venus of the Capitol is something very different from that strange tugging at our heart-strings when we first see the sad and scornful beauty of the Venus of Milo, or the curious pity with which we watch the dejected Cupid of the Vatican hanging his lovely head. But with both the Venus of Milo and the Vatican Cupid, the sensation of pleasure they afford is greater than the sensation of pain, or pity, or regret. It triumphs wholly over our other emotions, and gains fullness from the conflict of our thoughts. We feel many things, but we feel pleasure most of all, and this is the final test and the final victory of art. In the same manner, the mixed emotions with which we listen to music resolve themselves ultimately to pleasure in that music; and the mixed emotions with which we read poetry resolve themselves ultimately to pleasure in that poetry. If it were otherwise, we should know that the music and the poetry had failed in their crucial trial. If we did not feel more

pleasure than pain in the tragedy of Othello, it would not be a great play. That we do feel more pleasure than pain, that our pleasure is subtly fed by our pain, proves it to be a masterpiece of art.

There is still another point to urge. While art may instruct as well as please, it can nevertheless be true art without instructing, but not without pleasing. The former quality is accidental, the latter essential, to its being. "Enjoyment," says Schiller, "may be only a subordinate object in life; it is the highest in art." We cannot say that The Eve of St. Agnes teaches us, directly or indirectly, anything whatever. The trembling lovers, the withered Angela, the revelers,

> "The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,"

the storm without, the fragrant warmth and light within, are all equally innocent of moral emphasis. Even the Beadsman is not worked up, as he might have been, into a didactic agent. But every beauty-laden line is rich in pleasure, the whole poem is an inheritance of delight. I never read it without being reminded afresh of that remonstrance offered so gently by Keats to Shelley, — by Keats, who was content to be a poet, to Shelley, who would also be a reformer: "You will, I am sure, forgive me for sincerely remarking that you might curb your magnanimity, and be more of an artist, and load every rift of your subject with ore." Load every rift of your subject with ore, — there spoke the man who claimed no more for himself than that he had loved "the principle of beauty in all things," and to whose hushed and listening soul the cry of Shelley's "divine discontent" rang jarringly in the stillness of the night. If the poetry of Keats, a handful of scattered jewels left us by a dying boy, is, as Matthew Arnold admits, more solid and complete than Shelley's superb and piercing song, to what is this due, save that Keats possessed, in addition to his poetic gift, the tranquil artist soul; content, as Goethe was content, to love the principle of beauty, and to be in sympathy with the great living past which has nourished, and still nourishes, the living present. The passion for reconstructing society, and for distributing pamphlets as a first step in the reconstruction, had no part in his artistic development. The errors of his fellow-mortals touched him lightly; their superstitions did not trouble him at all; their civil rights and inherited diseases were not matters of daily thought and analysis. But what he had to give them he gave unstintedly, and we to-day are rich in the fullness of his gift. "The proper and immediate object of poetry," says Coleridge, "is the communication of immediate pleasure;" and are our lives so joyous that this boon may go unrecognized and unregarded? Which is best for us in this chilly world, — that which pleases, but does not instruct, like The Eve of St. Agnes, or that which instructs, but does not please, like Dr. Ibsen's Ghosts? I do not say, Which is true art? because the relative positions of the two authors forbid comparison; but, judged by the needs of humanity, which is the finer gift to earth? If, with Pliny, we seek an escape from mortality in literature, which shall be our choice? If, with Dr. Johnson, we require that a book should help us either to enjoy life or to endure it, which shall we take for a friend?

"Everything that is any way beautiful is beautiful in itself, and terminates in itself," says Marcus Aurelius; and the pleasure we derive from a possession of beauty has characteristic completeness and vitality. This pleasure is not only, as we are so often told, a temporary escape from pain; it is not a negation, a mere cessation of suffering; it is not necessarily preceded by craving or followed by satiety; it is emphatically not a matter of prospect, as Shelley

would have us believe;[1] it is a matter of conscious possession. "Vivre, c'est penser et sentir son âme;" and when a happy moment, complete and rounded as a pearl, falls into the tossing ocean of life, it is never wholly lost. For our days are made up of moments and our years of days, and every swift realization of a lawful joy is a distinct and lasting gain in our onward flight to eternity.

It seems to me strangely cruel that this philosophy of pleasure should be so ruthlessly at variance with the ethical criticism of our day. If it has come down to us as a gracious gift from the most cheerful and not the least wholesome of heathens, it has been broadened and brightened into fresh comeliness by the spirit of Christianity, which is, above all things, a spirit of lawful and recognized joy. Nothing is more plain to us in the teaching of the early Church than that asceticism is for the chosen few, and enjoyment, diffused, genial, temperate, and pure enjoyment, is for the many. "Put on, therefore, gladness that hath always favor before God, and is acceptable unto him, and delight thyself in it; for every man that is glad doeth the things that are good, and thinketh good thoughts, despising grief."[2] Through all the centuries, rational Christianity has still taught us bravely to endure what we must, and gratefully to enjoy what we can. There is a very charming and sensible letter on this point, written by the Abbé Duval to Madame de Rémusat, who was disposed to reproach herself a little for her own happiness, and to think that she had no right to be so comfortable and so well content.

"You say that you are happy," writes this gentlest and wisest of confessors; "why then distress yourself? Your happiness is a proof of God's love toward you; and if in your heart you truly love him, can you refuse to respond to the divine benevolence? . . . Engrave upon your conscience this fundamental truth: that religion demands order above all things; and that, since the institutions of society have been allowed and consecrated, there is encouragement for those duties by which they are maintained. . . . But especially banish from your mind the error that our pains alone are acceptable to God. A general willingness to bear trial is enough. Never fear but life and time will bring it. Dispose yourself beforehand to resignation, and meanwhile thank God incessantly for the peace which pervades your lot."

This is something very different from Ruskin's ethics, — from the plain statement that we have no right to be happy while our brother suffers, no right to put feathers in our own child's hat while somebody else's child goes featherless and ragged. But there is a certain staying power in the older and simpler doctrine, and an admirable truth in the gentle suggestion that we need not vex ourselves too deeply with the notion of our ultimate freedom from trial. It was not given to Madame de Rémusat, any more than it is given to us, to ride in untroubled gladness over a stony world. All that she attained, all that we can hope for, is distinct and happy moments, brief intervals from pain, or from that rational *ennui* which is inseparable from the conditions of human life. But I cannot agree with the long list of philosophers and critics, from Kant and Schopenhauer down to Mr. Dallas, who have taught that these passing moments are negative in their character; that they are hidden from our consciousness and elude our scrutiny, — existing while we are content simply to enjoy them, vanishing if, like Psyche, we seek to understand our joy. The trained intelligence grasps its pleasures, and recognizes them as such; not after

[1] "Pain or pleasure, if subtly analyzed, will be found to consist entirely in prospect."

[2] Shepherd of Hermas.

they have fled, and linger only, a golden haze, in memory, but alertly, in the present, while they still lie warm in the hollow of the heart. There is indeed a certain breathless and unconscious delight in life itself, which is born of our ceaseless struggle to live, a sweetness of honey snatched from the lion's mouth. This delight is common to all men, and is probably keenest in those who struggle hardest. When society is reorganized on a Utopian basis, and nobody has any further need to elbow his own way through hardships and difficulties, there will be one joy less in the world; and, missing it, many people will realize that all which made life worth having has been softened and improved out of existence. They will cease to value and refuse to possess that which costs them nothing to preserve.

This fundamental happiness in life, and in the enforced activity by which it is maintained, is hidden from our consciousness. We feel the hardships, and do not especially feel any relish in ceaselessly combating them, though the relish is there; not keen enough for palpable felicity, but vital enough to keep the human race alive. All other pleasures, however, we should train ourselves to enjoy. They flow from many sources, and are fitted to many moods. They are fed alike by our most secret emotions and by our severest toil, by the simplest thing in nature and by the utmost subtlety of art. A primrose by a river's brim often makes its appeal as vainly as does Hamlet or the Elgin Marbles.

What we need is, not more cultivation, but a recognized habit of enjoyment. There is, I am told, though I cannot speak from experience, a very high degree of pleasure in successfully working out a mathematical problem. Burton confesses frankly that his impelling motive, in long hours of research, was primarily his own gratification. "The delight is it I aim at, so great pleasure, such sweet content, there is in study." I think the most beautiful figure in recent literature is Mr. Pater's Marius the Epicurean, whose life, regarded from the outside, is but a succession of imperfect results, yet who, deserted and dying, counts over with a patient and glad heart the joys he has been permitted to know.

"Like a child thinking over the toys it loves, one after another, that it may fall asleep so, and the sooner forget all about them, he would try to fix his mind, as it were impassively, on all the persons he had loved in life, — on his love for them, dead or living, grateful for his love or not, rather than on theirs for him, — letting their images pass away again, or rest with him, as they would. One after another, he suffered those faces and voices to come and go, as in some mechanical exercise; as he might have repeated all the verses he knew by heart, or like the telling of beads, one by one, with many a sleepy nod between whiles."

Here is a profound truth, delicately and reverently conveyed. That which is given us for our joy is ours as long as life shall last; not passing away with the moment of enjoyment, but dwelling with us, and enriching us to the end. The memory of a past pleasure, derived from any lawful source, is a part of the pleasure itself, a vital part, which remains in our keeping as long as we recognize and cherish it. Thus, the pleasure obtained from seeing the Venus of Milo or reading The Eve of St. Agnes is not ended when we have left the Louvre or closed the book. It becomes a portion of our inheritance, a portion of the joy of living; and the statue and the poem have fulfilled their allotted purpose in yielding us this delight. There is a curious fashion nowadays of criticising art and poetry, and even fiction, with scant reference to the pleasure for which they exist; yet a rational estimate of these things is hardly possible from any other

standpoint. Mr. Ruskin, we know, has invented that pleasing novelty, ethical art-criticism, and, by its means, as Mr. Dallas frankly admits, he has made, not the criticism only, but the art itself, intelligible and palatable to his English readers. It would seem as if they hardly held themselves justified in enjoying a thing unless there was a moral meaning back of it, a moral principle involved in their own happiness. This meaning and this principle Mr. Ruskin has supplied, bringing to bear upon his task all the earnestness and sincerity of his spirit, all the wonderful charm and beauty of a winning and persuasive eloquence. It is well-nigh impossible to withstand his appeals, they are so irresistibly worded; and it is only when we have withdrawn from his seductive influence, to think a little for ourselves, that we realize how much of his criticism, as criticism, is valueless, because it consists in analyzing motives rather than in estimating results. He assumes that the first interest in a picture is, what did the painter intend? the second interest is, how did he carry out his intention? whereas the one really important and paramount consideration in art is workmanship. We have, many of us, the artist's soul, but few the artist's fingers. It is a pleasant pastime to decipher the mental attitude of the painter; it is essential to understand the quality and limit of his powers.

Reading Mr. Ruskin's criticisms on Tintoret's pictures in the Scuola di S. Rocco — on the Annunciation particularly — is very much like listening to a paper in a Browning Society. Perhaps the poet, perhaps the painter, did mean all that. It is manifestly impossible to prove they did n't, inasmuch as death has removed them from any chance of interrogation. But by what mysterious and exclusive insight have Mr. Ruskin and the Browning student found it out? The interpretation is not suggested as feasible, it is asserted as a fact; though precisely how it has been reached we are not suffered to know. Many unkind and severe things have been said about judicial criticism, but Mr. Ruskin's criticism is not judicial, — which infers an application of governing principles; it is dogmatic, the unhesitating expression of a personal sentiment. He shows you Giotto's frescoes in the cloister of Santa Maria Novella; he pleads with you very prettily and charmingly to admire the Birth of the Virgin; he points out to you with rather puzzling precision exactly what the painter intended to imply by every detail of the work. This is pleasant enough: but suppose you don't really care about the Birth of the Virgin when you see it; suppose you fail to follow the guiding finger that reveals to you its significance and beauty. What happens then? Mr. Ruskin retorts in the severest manner, and with a degree of scorn that seems hardly warranted by the contingency: "If you can be pleased with this, you can see Florence. But if not, by all means amuse yourself there, if you find it amusing, as long as you like; you can never see it."

So Florence with all its loveliness is lost to you, unless you can sufficiently sympathize with one small fresco. It would be as reasonable to say that all English literature is lost to you, unless you truly enjoy Comus; that all music is lost to you, unless you delight in Parsifal. It is the special privilege of ethical criticism to take this exclusive and didactic form; to bid you admire a thing, not because it is beautiful in itself, but because it has a subtle lesson to convey, — a lesson of which, it is urbanely hinted, you stand particularly in need. On precisely the same principle, you are commanded to cleave to Tolstoï, not because he has written able novels, but because these novels teach a great many things which it is desirable you should know and believe; you are bidden to revere George Meredith, not be-

cause he has given the world some brilliant and captivating books, but because these books contain a tonic element fitted for your moral reconstruction. If you do not sufficiently value these admirable lessons, then you are told, in language every whit as contemptuous as Mr. Ruskin's, to amuse yourself, by all means, with Lever, and Gaboriau, and Jules Verne; for all higher fiction is, like the art of Florence, a sealed book to your understanding.

"Most men," says Mr. Froude, "feel the necessity of being on some terms with their conscience, at their own expense or at another's;" and one very popular method of balancing their score is by exacting from art and literature that serious ethical purpose which they hesitate to intrude too prominently into their daily lives, rightly opining that it gives much less trouble in books. So prevalent is this tone in modern thought that even a consummate critic like Mr. Bagehot is capable of saying, in one of his supremely moral moments, that Byron's poems "taught nothing, and therefore are forgotten." Et tu, Brute! Such a sentence from such a pen makes me realize something of the bitterness with which the dying Cæsar covered up his face from his most trusted friend. That Lord Byron's poems are forgotten is rather a matter of doubt; that they are given over entirely into the hands of "a stray school-boy" is a hazardous assertion to make; but to say that they are forgotten *because* they teach nothing is to strike at the very life and soul of poetry. It does not exist to teach, but to please; it can cease to exist only when it ceases to give pleasure.

Perhaps what Mr. Bagehot meant to imply is that it would be a difficult task to review Byron's poetry after the approved modern fashion; to assign him, as we assign more contemplative and analytic poets, a moral *raison d'être*. Pick up a criticism of Mr. Browning, for example, and the first word we see is this: "What was the kernel of Browning's ethical teaching, and how does he apply its principles to life, religion, art, and love?"[1] It would be as manifestly absurd to ask this question about Byron as it would be to review Fielding from the standpoint adapted for Tolstoï, or to discuss Sheridan from the same field of view as Ibsen. With the earlier writers it was a question of workmanship; with our present favorites it has become a question of ethics. Yet when we seek for simple edification, as our plain-spoken grandfathers understood the word, as many innocent people understand it now, the new school seems as remote from furnishing it as the old. Browning, Tolstoï, and Ibsen have their own methods of dealing with sin, and richly suggestive and illustrative methods they are. The lessons taught may be of a highly desirable kind, but I doubt their practical efficacy in our common working lives; and I cannot think this possible efficacy warrants their intrusion into art. Great truths, unconsciously revealed and as unconsciously absorbed, have been in all ages the soul of poetry, the subtle life of fiction. These truths, always in harmony with the natural world and with the vital sympathies of man, were not put forward crudely as lessons to be learned, but primarily as pleasures to be enjoyed; and through our "sweet content," as Burton phrased it, we came into our heritage of knowledge. To-day both poetry and fiction have assumed a different and less winning attitude. They have grown sensibly didactic, are at times almost reproachful in their tone, and, so far from striving to yield us pleasure, to increase our "sweet content" with life, they endeavor, with very tolerable success, to prevent our being happy after our own limited fashion. Their principal mission is to worry us vaguely about our souls or our neighbors' souls, or the social order which we did not establish and the painful prob-

[1] Quarterly Review.

lems that we cannot solve. Our spirits, at all times restless and troubled, respond with quick alarm to these dismal agitations; our serenity is not proof against the strain; our sense of humor is not keen enough to cure us with wholesome laughter; and nineteenth-century cultivation consists in being miserable for misery's sake, and in saying solemnly to one another at proper intervals, "This is the eternal progress of the ages."

It was a curious and rather melancholy experience, a year ago, to hear the comments of those patient women who devoted their afternoons to Ibsen readings, and to turning over in their minds the new and unprofitable situations thus suggested. The discussions that followed were invariably ethical, never critical; they had reference always to some moral conundrum offered by the play, never to the artistic or dramatic excellence of the play itself. Was Nora Helmer justified, or was she not, in abandoning her children with explicit confidence to the care of Mary Ann? Had Dr. Wangel a right, or had he not, to annul his own marriage tie with the primitive simplicity of the king of Dahomey?

To answer such questions as these has become our notion of literary recreation, and there is something pathetically droll in the earnestness with which we bend our wits to the task. Indeed, poor little Nora's matrimonial infelicities threatened to become as important in their way as those of Catherine of Aragon or Josephine Beauharnais, and we talked about them quite seriously and with a certain awe. The unflinching manner in which Ibsen has followed Sir Thomas Browne's advice, "Strive not to beautify thy corruption!" commends him, naturally, to that large class of persons who can tolerate sin only when it is dismal; and Baudelaire, praying for a new vice, was jocund in comparison with our Norwegian dramatist, unwearyingly analyzing the old ones. Yet what have we gained from the rankness of these disclosures, from these horrible studies of heredity, these hospital and madhouse sketches, these incursions of pathology into the realms of art? What shall we ever gain by beating down the barriers of reserve which civilized communities have thought fit to rear, by abandoning that wholesome reticence which is the test of self-restraint? We try so hard to be happy, — we have such need each of his little share of happiness; yet Ibsen, troubling the soul more even than he troubles the senses, has chosen to employ his God-given genius in deliberately lessening our small sum of human joy. When shall we cease to worship at such dark altars? When shall we recognize, with Goethe, that "all talent is wasted if the subject be unsuitable"? When shall we understand and believe that "the gladness of a spirit is an index of its power"?

"To live," says Amiel, "we must conquer incessantly, we must have the courage to be happy." Enjoyment, then, is not our common daily portion, to be stupidly ignored or carelessly cast away. It is something we must seek courageously and intelligently, distinguishing the pure sources from which it flows, and rightly persuaded that art is true and good only when it adds to our delight. For this were our poets and dramatists, our painters and novelists, sent to us, — to make us lawfully happier in a hard world, to help us smilingly through the gloom. And can it be they think this mission beneath their august consideration, unworthy of their mighty powers? Why, to have given pleasure to one human being is a recollection that sweetens life; and what should be the fervor and transport of him to whom it has been granted to give pleasure to generations, to add materially to the stored-up gladness of the earth! "Science pales," says Mr. Dallas, "age after age is forgotten,

and age after age has to be freshened; but the secret thinking of humanity, embalmed in art, survives as nothing else in life survives." This is our inheritance from the past, — this secret thinking of humanity, embalmed in imperishable beauty, and enduring for our delight. The thinking of that idle vicar, Robert Herrick, when he sang, on a fair May morning: —

"Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty."

The thinking of Theocritus, who, lying drowsily on the hillside, saw the sacred waters welling from the cool caverns, and heard the little owl cry in the thorn brake, and the yellow bees murmur and hum in the soft spicy air: —

"All breathed the scent of the opulent summer, of the season of fruit. Pears and apples were rolling at our feet; the tender branches, laden with wild plums, were bowed to earth; and the four-year-old pitch seal was loosened from the mouth of the wine-jars."

Here is art attuned to the simplest forms of pleasure, yet as lasting as the pyramids, — a whispered charm borne down the current of years to soothe our fretted souls. But the tranquil enjoyment of what is given us to enjoy has become a subtle reproach, in these days of restless disquiet, of morbid and conscious self-scrutiny, when we have forfeited our sympathy with the beliefs, the aspirations, and the "sweet content" that linked the centuries together. We are suffering at present from a glut of precepts, a surfeit of preceptors, and have grown sadly wise and very much cast down in consequence. We lack, as Amiel says, the courage to be happy, and glorify our discontent into an intellectual barrier, pluming ourselves on a seriousness that may not be diverted. But if we will only consent to calm our fears, to quiet our scruples, to humble our pride, and to take one glad look into the world of art, we shall see it bathed in the golden sunlight of pleasure; and we shall know very well that didacticism, whether masquerading as a psychological drama or a socialistic forecast, as a Sunday-school story or a deistical novel, is no guide to that enchanted land.

Agnes Repplier.

MR. ALDRICH'S NEW VOLUME.[1]

Mr. Aldrich has collected in this volume his recent verse, — much of it already prized by his readers as they have found it from time to time in these and other pages, but some of it now enlarged or corrected from the printed form in which it first came to them. It is only in the compass of a book, however, that the varied nature of his talent, the sureness of his touch, and the continued charm of his art in many styles can really be felt and valued. So small a volume as this, covering but a year or two of literary activity, cannot show the author's full range in verse, but it is singularly adequate to much of his finest quality, and exceeds, we think, in interest any previous similar collection from his hand. One misses from the book the sonnet and the quatrain in the forms; the romantic element in the color is less than heretofore; but the whole is characteristic of the poet as he has made himself known by years of artistic

[1] *The Sisters' Tragedy.* With Other Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

expression, and brings into prominence some traits of his maturity which have not been fully recognized.

That which especially distinguishes the volume is the more constant presence of the dramatic faculty, both in the express form of dialogue, and implicitly in the handling of some of those pieces which might not at once be classed as in the province of drama. This note is struck, perhaps unintentionally, in the title poem that opens the first group, The Sisters' Tragedy, which, brief as it is, contains contrasted character, situation, development, emotional intensity, and a tragic climax and surprise; again, in Pauline Pavlovna there is a definite dramatic scene, managed more obviously in accordance with the rules of this kind of literary art; and, to take at present but one more striking instance, the poem which holds the first place in the group called Bagatelle, that delightful mocking pastoral of Corydon, is equally governed by a dramatic feeling and interest which are not lost in the successive descriptive passages, as in a purely lyrical poet might have happened. The hand of the dramatist is in these three poems, which are among the best in the book, as well as in several others which the reader will find for himself; but it is to be observed that the author uses this gift very sparingly and with unusual restraint. Those who are familiar with his prose drama, Mercedes, will recall how much he relies, in that work, on the story of the piece as mere action, and how closely he has pruned the language to the limit of what is necessary to set forth the characters and plot. This economy of phrase and imagery, which betrays a feeling that a drama is not a poem, but a living action, is in accord with rules and reasons of art; but it results in a literary form more bare, more condensed, and in a sense more ascetic than has been usual with Mr. Aldrich. This leading characteristic of Mercedes, though not exactly reproduced in the shorter dramatic poems of the present collection, belongs to them in a greater or less degree. In Pauline Pavlovna a story is told, and the absence of anything superfluous in the telling, the care taken that the words of the interlocutors shall advance the narrative and intensify the interest up to the *dénoûment*, the excision of the poetical and rhetorical in language for its own sake, are all in line with the method followed in Mercedes. In The Sisters' Tragedy there is less of verbal restraint; the feeling for economy is shown mainly in the brevity of the poem. As a time narrative the subject would have afforded many times the space that was possible for it as a dramatic moment; but this very brevity illustrates what has just been urged of the artistic control which the poet exercises in many ways whenever he puts his dramatic power into play. Corydon, shot through with beauty, sentiment, and a felicitous blending of the poetry of nature with the charm of girlish form, is not an exception; for the subject itself permits this heightened expression, since the scene is Arcady, and the *dramatis personæ* true shepherds of the Renaissance pattern. To follow the examples a trifle further, Act V. is almost a fragment in its condensation, where a simple succession of briefly touched pictures, a line or two to each, is made to give the romantic effect of an entire Romeo passion, and the poem lies largely in that part of it which was left unwritten. In The Shipman's Tale, Thalia, and The Last Cæsar the dramatic feeling is a strong element; and in the single ballad, Alec Yeaton's Son, it is as definite and simple as in the best of that sort of writing since it became a conscious literary form, and by the author's success in this particular point he brings the poem very near to the ancient model.

We must not be led aside, however, in our brief review, to a disproportionate emphasis on one quality among many, though we desire to see Mr. Aldrich's

dramatic faculty more recognized than it has been, and wish this the more for the very reason that he has refused all sensationalism in his method, and has sought his effects by vigorous artistic means which render them less obvious to the crude sense of our popular criticism and appreciation; but in developing more fully this part of his literary talent, in which he has been helped, doubtless, by his experience as a narrative writer, he has not lost any of that lyrical flow and delight in pure poetry which have made him a favorite with those who care more for song and beauty and the charm of the art itself than for anything else. Few are the lines, even in so unusual a metrical structure for him as that employed in At the Funeral of a Minor Poet, which have any jar or friction in their syllables, so smooth is the ordinary workmanship throughout; but in point of pure melody the Echo-Song, which opens the group of poems called Interludes, is as musical as anything that the poet has written, and there are on nearly every page some lines which the ear takes notice of with peculiar pleasure, and which one recurs to for their verbal beauty. In the use of the pentameter couplet especially there is more than ordinary skill, — something of the music that the earlier poets of this century were able to extort from its reluctant syllables with more success than falls to the Victorians. In the distinctly lyrical poems this songlike quality is most present, but the measure is often strong without quite rising to lyrism, as in the stanzas to Tennyson: —

> "So year by year the music rolled afar,
> From Euxine wastes to flowery Kandahar,
> Bearing the laurel or the cypress wreath."

And even in those poems which fly lowest toward verse, toward the utterance of pure reflection or the narration of fact, there is never wanting a lift and quality which belong to one who must write with music if he write poems at all.

To say that this definite power of melody pervades all of Mr. Aldrich's poetical work is more than perhaps it seems at first; for it means that he not only masters that technique which is within the reach of all verse-writers in a greater or less measure, and may fairly be required of them as a condition of writing at all in our day, but that he is thoroughly poetical, whether he writes as a dramatist, a traveler, a wit, a romancer, or in any of the many phases which his verse takes. He remains through all a poet first, and the rest afterwards. This is, in particular, what distinguishes his lighter verse, — what might be called society verse, were it not for this transfusion of poetical feeling in it which sets it apart from the work of others in this region, of late years so prolific in rhymes. In Corydon, for example, which we have already mentioned, this poetical feeling is the whole of the poem, if we except the touch of humor at the end; but in all this Bagatelle, in At a Reading, L'Eau Dormante, and the Palinode, this touch of the poet raises the verse above what such subjects commonly are capable of in the hands of those who most affect the style; and in Thalia, which is in our judgment one of the most artistic poems in the collection, the blending of the modern society form with the dramatic and the poetical in style is so admirable as to make the verses unique; a certain emotion colors the lines here and there without passing the limit of expression so far as to disturb the sedate decorum of what is conceivable in the Muse's drawing-room. Such a couplet, for instance, as this, —

> "Before my kisses grow tame, before my moodiness grieve you,
> While yet my heart is flame, and I all lover,
> I leave you," —

is poetically far from the ordinary tones of light verse. The quality which it illustrates is to be observed elsewhere, and it explains how it is that Mr. Aldrich has worked out an individual man-

ner which is really all his own, and which makes an unusually strong element in the attractiveness of his work. There remain, besides, the intellectual quality, the felicitous and often curt phrase just adequate to the moment, the badinage in poetical disguise, the compliment, and a certain youthfulness of temper which takes the form of sympathy with youth, the more pleasant because it is not too serious. These poems, however, should not be too much dwelt upon, being a kind of by-play, and we must reserve what little space is left to say something more concerning one or two of those pieces in which the author's talent is best employed in another sort.

The poem which is at once the most complete and the most varied, and outranks the rest, is The Last Cæsar. The combination of the sonnet structure in it with a pendant of reflective and descriptive verse in a more familiar style is novel, but it succeeds in rendering the scenes and the moods evoked by them with a union of dignity and force in the former, and of grace and seriousness in the latter, wholly admirable. The portrait of Napoleon III. is exact and vigorous, and the description of the garden of the Tuileries and the historic neighborhood about, as all lay quiet in the brown sunset, has not been surpassed by any contemporary in transparency and ease of style perfectly fitted to the theme. The lines do not fail at any point of criticism; they are pervaded by human interest and a sense of the near presence of great events which shadow the air with a certain weird power, and they show the author at his best in serious verse. The Monody on the Death of Wendell Phillips also stands very high among these poems, in our judgment, with its brief portraiture of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Emerson, its contrast of Phillips with these, and the characterization of the latter, which is strong, eloquent, and especially felicitous in the metaphors employed. The personal element in the volume, which is noticeable in these poems, is also greater than in previous collections. The praise and enjoyment of nature are throughout incidental and brief, and confined mostly to a few lyrics; but there is much in honor of the poet's craft, — the lines In Westminster Abbey, the whole of the characterization of the Minor Poet, the eulogy of Tennyson and Shakespeare, and the two tributes, one to E. R. Sill and the other to an unnamed writer; and the lines upon Booth's Portrait, in which the difficult task of writing familiar verse with dignity, simplicity, and sincerity is so well discharged, completes the list. In each of these we find something kindly, generous, graceful, — something more and better than style, point, and music, however attractive these may be; and in this self-expression of the poet's regard for men, for the fame of the great and the endeavor of those who fail of real distinction or right appreciation, is one of the pleasantest traits of the entire volume.

We have not attempted to analyze Mr. Aldrich's poetic gift, because it would be unjust to found such a criticism on what is a small part of his work; but if we have indicated certain qualities especially shown in these later verses, and have expressed the high value we place upon them, it is all that the present occasion allows.

THE INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.[1]

NOAH WEBSTER might frown if he could read the title-page of the last edition of his American Dictionary. To be "international" was the very thing he wished to avoid; for he held that the English tongue as spoken in America was a legitimate development of seventeenth-century English, and as rightly entitled to be reckoned a standard as the form which the language had assumed under different forces in its older home. Successive editors have eliminated most of the provincial element in his original work. In the Unabridged of 1884 all his innovations in spelling, except the few which have commended themselves to the public, like the terminal *or* instead of *our* in Latin words received through the French, were rejected. The pronunciations did not differ from those of his rival, Worcester, except in a few instances where the first and second of two alternatives were reversed. His etymologies had disappeared, with the exception of a few lucky guesses. Now his distinctive feature of Americanism is repudiated on the title-page.

Nevertheless, the International of 1890 is in the line of development from the American Dictionary of the English Language of 1827, and invites comparison with the form immediately preceding it, the Unabridged of 1884, rather than with the absolute or ideal dictionary. Webster's dictionaries have, too, a character of their own. They are not simply the scholar's nor even the literary man's handbooks. They are the student's dictionaries, and besides are found in all printing and newspaper offices, — especially in the smaller ones, — and in thousands of households which possess no other book of an encyclopædic character. The International makes a great advance along the lines characteristic of the Webster dictionary, though it may be questioned if the advance is as great as might have been expected, in view of the increase in breadth and accuracy of scholarship during the last twenty-five years, — the Unabridged really dates from 1864, — and of the stores of linguistic material that an unceasing and minute study of words has put at the disposal of modern revisers.

For the new dictionary, the preliminary article on the pronunciation of the English language has been entirely rewritten and much extended. It occupies twelve additional pages, and presents the results of modern phonetics systematically and compactly. It would make an admirable textbook, for it is characterized as well by common sense as by mastery of the subject. The list of words differently pronounced by different authorities contains about two hundred new cases. It contains, too, a much larger proportion of every-day words, and is evidently the result of an exhaustive comparison. Perry, Knowles, and Cooley are omitted from the collaterally compared authorities; Cull is placed by his modern representative, the Imperial; and Stormonth and the Encyclopædic are added. It is worth noticing that the Englishmen differ from each other quite as frequently as they do from the Americans. The International is easy to consult on questions of orthoepy, for every word presenting any difficulties has been respelled. This is in addition to the full diacritical marking, and renders the pronunciation evident at a glance even to

[1] *Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language.* Being the authorized edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Springfield, Mass: G. & C. Merriam & Co. 1890.

one not thoroughly familiar with the symbols.

English orthography resists scientific treatment very stubbornly. The spelling of a word rests on definite usage which is exactly recorded. A change in pronunciation comes by imperceptible growth, and does not make itself perceived until it is well established, and then it is passed on by a body which can agree to conventions; but the introduction or dropping of a single letter is, in the eyes of proof-readers, "gross, palpable, and mountainous." Furthermore, a decided change in pronunciation does not at all necessitate a change in spelling, for the English written language is largely logographic. Words are represented by combinations from twenty-four characters, whereas forty would not be too many to represent all the elementary sounds. We read words as wholes, and there is a very slight bond between the component letters and the spoken syllables. It would be easier to introduce the metric system than a few desirable simplifications in spelling. It would have been pleasant to find, for instance, that the International gave *rime* precedence to that etymological conglomerate *rhyme;* but it could not properly do so, for a dictionary is simply a register of facts, and experience has proved that any one can do little towards promoting orthoepic changes, and, further, that it ought not to try to do so. Recognizing its true function, the new edition tabulates with absolute fidelity American spelling as it is, and not as some people think it ought to be.

A full list of words spelled in more than one way is given, but no authorities are cited. A comparative list of different spellings from American and English dictionaries would be instructive, and would show that, where American usage differs from English, historic precedent and logical analogy are quite as often followed here as in England.

As might be expected, the greatest improvement is evident in the etymologies. Dr. Mahn's work in the edition of 1864 represented the philological science of that date. The International embodies the results of modern research in derivations, and corrects most of the errors of its predecessors. *Pie* is no longer referred to *pastry* by a desperate guess, — which, if carried out, would connect all words beginning with the same letter and having similar significations, — but is credited to its origin in a Celtic kitchen-word. The Unabridged had rejected the crude notion that *God* was somehow related to the word *good;* but the International goes further, and shows the true origin of the Teutonic *God* in a root meaning "that which is to be feared or propitiated." *Surly*, which the Unabridged derives from *sour-like*, is now explained, rather grudgingly, to come from *sirlike*, or lordly, — an etymology thoroughly sustained by the middle English spelling, and by the fact that the word never was an adverb. *Surround* is no longer said to come from *sur* and *round*, but from *superundare*, to overflow. The curious fact that since the seventeenth century this word has taken up the meaning "encompass," and has thereby driven the genuine word *round* out of the language and stolen its office, is not alluded to. *Slughorn* is correctly defined to be *sloggorne*, a corruption of *slogan*, and not a horn at all; but Chatterton's amusing mistake, "Some caught a sloggorne and an onset wound," and Browning's, "Dauntless I set the slughorn to my lips and blew," are not cited, though they are the only authorities for the word. *Cock*, a male bird, is given as of "Anglo-Saxon etymology, of unknown origin." Skeat shows that, in all probability, it was taken into Anglo-Saxon from Latin, since the Teutonic form *hana* is used in manuscript Gospels written before 1100.

The superiority of the new edition is

very evident in its treatment of the adjective *fast*. It gives in forty-one lines eight meanings and four illustrative quotations. The Unabridged has twenty-six lines, six meanings, and three quotations. The two new ones, "fast colors" and "fast flowers of their smells," explain themselves, and one is obsolete. But in the International the double root of the word in Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian, through which it obtained two such different meanings as "firm" and "rapid," is well brought out. This is entirely ignored in the Unabridged. Neither under *harbor* nor *cold* can be found, in either book, an allusion to Cold Harbor, an inn where shelter could be obtained, but no food, though the phrase has given a name to several towns. In the Unabridged the expression a "chopping sea" is only indirectly referred to the old verb *chop*, to bargain, and to "chop logic" is not cited. In the International a "chopping sea" is derived directly from *chop*, to bargain, or demand and offer alternately, and to "chop logic" is brought under the same head, though defined as meaning to argue sophistically, instead of to take turns in reasoning on one side or the other. The Unabridged gives, with rather an apologetic air, it is true, the ridiculous derivation of *Amazon* from *a* privative and μαζός, the breast. Its successor is discreetly silent on this derivation. *Upstart* is still referred, with conservative and probably sound judgment, to *up* and *start*. But the radical meaning of *start* is sudden motion from a state of rest, whereas an upstart is one who has risen and is offensively conscious of merit. Skeat suggests that *upstart* may be from *up* and *steort*, a tail, the same word seen in the name of the bird *redstart*, and in *stark naked*. This would be a forcible folk-metaphor; but as it is not based on much documentary evidence, the revisers exercise good judgment in excluding it, though it might safely have been admitted as an alternative. *Tickler* is defined as "a book containing a memorandum of notes and debts arranged in the order of their maturity." This is the banker's use of the word, but it is sometimes extended to mean any private book of informal charges. It seems highly probable that it is connected with *ticket*, a memorandum charge, from which comes the old slang word *tick*, or credit. This etymology is not accepted, as the *l* cannot be accounted for, unless *ticketer* was influenced in sound by the word *tickle*. *Tickler* is certainly not "commercial cant," but is a technical word in good standing; much better than is *tick*, upon whose character no imputation is cast.

The noun *upspring* is defined "upstart," as if it were compounded of *up* and *spring*, and the passage is cited where Hamlet, speaking of his uncle, says: —

> "The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering *up-spring* reels."

Upspring is the name of a dance, the German *hupauf*, translated "upspring" by Chapman. Hamlet in effect says "he reels through the swaying dance," and is speaking quietly and explaining facts. It would have been out of character for him, at this period, to revile his uncle, though he reprobates drunkenness in general. The definition in the International is clearly wrong. The expression *dog cheap* is entered under *cheap*, where it properly belongs, instead of under *dog*, and is explained as an inversion of "good cheap," instead of meaning as "cheap as dog's meat," the origin suggested in the Unabridged. Skeat's etymology is that the *dog* in *dog cheap* is the Scandinavian *dag*, meaning "very," as seen in the Swedish *dag snall*, extremely greedy, and *dag lat*, very idle. This is certainly worthy of mention as an alternative. Besides, "good cheap" does not mean "dog cheap."

Of course a dictionary cannot record all the etymological conjectures that may commend themselves to individual judgments. Its function is to be a safe guide, and it should state the conclusions on which there is a professional consensus of opinion. This the International has done with perhaps an excess of caution, for philologists are very much afraid of each other, — probably with good reason. In some cases a word or two would have made the connection between the etymology and some of the derived meanings more evident to the student, but, on the whole, the derivations in the International are based on the accepted conclusion of modern philology. The amazing explanation in the Unabridged of the origin of *haberdasher*, from *habt ihr das, herr?* must be regarded as an attempt on the part of the reviser to relieve his weariness by a mild etymological joke.

The treatment of the word *companion* may be taken as an illustration of the superiority of the new edition. In the old one it is given but eighteen lines, has only one definition, — the Shakespearean use is entirely overlooked, — and is illustrated by two citations and four instances of special usage. In the International it takes up thirty-one lines; the meaning is arranged under four heads, and is explained by three citations and four idiomatic uses. *Fellow*, however, is treated as well in the old as in the new edition. Other words showing the same fullness of treatment are *line*, *grass*, — which has nearly a column more than it had, — *telescope*, *high*, and *low*. *Love* has twice as much space allotted to it as it had before, but the treatment is not more satisfactory. In both books, Platonic love and love in its absolute or mystic sense are not noticed. Indeed, throughout the International, the words which have a philosophic or ethical content are much less satisfactory than are the scientific words. Nearly every definition seems to have been rewritten, though traces of the old phrasing are still evident.

The question of inclusion is a very difficult one. The bounds of the English language are ill defined. At the bottom lies the great body of slang words, most of which are whimsical and temporary inventions, though a few, like *crank* and *boom*, are genuine folk-metaphors, and in time find their way into the language, despite all hostile lexicographic legislation. Foreign words are continually making incursions from France or Italy, and a few of them become permanent settlers. Some of the great body of disused words, sloughed off in every generation, retain a literary character which entitles them to a place in a dictionary. Scientific and technical words are now as numerous as all other classes; there are sixty thousand zoölogical terms, and botanical words are as many as the trees, if not as the leaves. To draw the lines of inclusion for a working dictionary is a task demanding delicate judgment and training. No one man can estimate the value and character of every word. In each department much must be trusted to specialists, whose estimation of the importance of a word will very probably depend on its value in their own work. Again, the literary man, the word-epicure, delights in obsolete uses, and would emulate the Chinese, who retain in their word-books characters of which the meaning and pronunciation have been entirely forgotten. The Arab's name for a dictionary means "ocean," a word which expresses very well the immensity of the great reservoir of words. The object of a dictionary-maker is to include all the central or literary vocabulary, and so to "round up" detachments from the foreign, the obsolete, the colloquial, and the scientific groups as will make it probable that the book will rarely be consulted in vain by one of the great body for whose use it is intended. The last revisers of Webster

have shown excellent judgment in determining this question of inclusion. The day has gone by when it was worth while to define a word simply for the purpose of swelling the total. A working book must be kept within working size, and the vocabulary of the International is, if anything, larger than is necessary.

A brief examination of the *Religio Medici* shows that many of Sir Thomas Browne's once-used words are omitted. This is entirely justifiable. Many more of the seventeenth-century Latinisms — Milton's, for example — might have been cut out. They explain themselves to any one with a slight knowledge of Latin, if not from the context. They are not English words, and never were. In a list of some four hundred words used in a peculiar sense in the Bible and contemporary books, we have noted but six omissions. These are *mortify*, in the sense of kill; *incomprehensible*, in the sense of immense; *savour*, in the sense of think (*sapere*, to be wise); *manner*, in the sense of booty (*manus*, the hand); *motion*, in the sense of oral direction; and *overflown*, in the sense of flooded. These are, it is true, obsolete and rare cases, but they do not differ from many of the included words of the same class: as *occupy*, to do business; *partaker*, an accomplice; *scrabble*, to scrawl on paper; *tache*, a latch or fastening; *underset*, supported; *crudle* for curdle; *glout* for gloat; *whisperer* for informer; and *departe*, to separate, as in the marriage service, "till death us departe," unfortunately corrupted into "till death us do part." *Parcelmeal* in the sense of *piecemeal* is the only new entry.

Enabling as an adjective, seen in the phrase "enabling act," is omitted in both editions, though the old sense of the verb, to make strong, as in the phrase "to enable the heart," is given. *Rondel*, a form of verse, is now included, but the definition of this word, as well as those of *rondeau*, *ballade*, and *triolet*, is very imperfect. They are definite structures, and can be easily described, as is shown in the case of the kindred word *villanelle*. *Ballad*, the root form of our Early English poetry, deserves more than four lines in a dictionary claiming encyclopædic features. *Demonic* is included, but a citation from Dowden or Symonds would have illustrated the force of the word better than the one given from Emerson. *Phantomnation* is shown the door, after masquerading for years in several dictionaries. It owed its creation to the fact that the phrase of Pope, "the phantom nations of the dead," was written "the phantomnations of the dead." This phantom word was gravely registered, under the impression that "the dead" were in the habit of "phantomnizing," and served, at least, to show that lexicographers copy from one another. *Crank* is admitted, with reason, for it is a legitimately derived word, and saves many a tedious paraphrase. *Dude* and *boom* are given ratings, too, and may deserve them. *Boodle*, however, is low slang, and no doubt will be as short-lived as have been many other euphemisms for bribe-money. It disfigures the columns of a dictionary or the mouth of a speaker. Is not the good taste of admitting *soap* in a similar use equally questionable? *Gate*, quite generally used in the sense of five in tallying, and derived from the resemblance of four straight lines crossed at an angle by the fifth to a small gate, is much more respectable. This is not recognized, though it is a real word.

About ten per cent of the Shakespearean words used in a peculiar sense are omitted, all or most of which have strict analogues among those included. Among those left out are *embossed*, *carve*, *ingener*, *jacks* (the keys of a virginal), *incorrect*, *handsaw* (for *hernshaw*), *abate*, *abroad*, *atomy*, *land-damn*, *hent*, *cobloaf*, *disease*, *captious*, *capricious*, and

about one hundred others of individual — not metaphorical — signification.

It might be said that most editions of the plays contain special glossaries, in which these uses are fully explained, but the great body of the words of this class is included, like *upspring*, before referred to. A curious fact, too, is that by far the greater part of these omissions occur among words beginning with the first letters of the alphabet.

In the difficult department of handicraft words and folk-words the International is strong. Many old semi-technical words which have a vigorous life among the people have not found their way into books. These are a valuable part of the living tongue, and should be registered, though they lie a little to one side of the well-worked field of the lexicographer. They are quite distinct from dialect words. *Brash* and *dozy* as applied to wood are in constant use. *Brash* is entered, but *dozy* is not, though its etymology could easily have been conjectured. *Putlog* and *ledger*, mason's terms for parts of the scaffold, are given, the former for the first time. *Hawk* and *darby* are both included. *Hawk* is the small square board upon which mortar is carried. Conservatism and a fear of rival lexicographers prevent the revisers from suggesting a derivation from *hawk*, to carry about. The word *nowel* is defined as the bottom part of a mould or of a flask, and also as the core. It would be difficult to find a moulder who uses *nowel* in the sense of core. This definition seems to be due to a desire to connect the word with *newel*, seen in "newel post," which is from the Old French *nual*, a kernel, or stone of a fruit. The newel was first the central column in a winding stair, then the central post in an ornamental curve of the railing. The moulder's word, *nowel*, is etymologically puzzling. If connected with *noll*, the head, it should mean the top of the mould, but this is called the cope. The nowel almost invariably contains the mould proper, and possibly the word originally did not carry the idea of head so much as of shell or casing, in which case a connection could be made with *noyau*, a nut.

Dr. Johnson said that "the interpretation of a language by itself is very difficult, for there is no other word to express the idea, and simple ideas cannot be described." Probably there is nothing harder than to define a word, even the name of a thing, for all words have color and associations. We learn the force of words by hearing them used in definite connections, not by having them explained to us. This is the reason why the chronologically arranged citations of the Philological Society's dictionary are so satisfactory. The word seems to stand out almost like a living thing, so vivid becomes our apprehension of its etymological skeleton, its accretions of significance, its branches, its changes of fortune. No man can appreciate the different meanings of a word without a body of citations before him. There are more citations in the International than there were in the Unabridged, but there are still hardly enough. In a few cases they do not seem to illustrate the meaning under which they are given; more often a self-explaining metaphorical use has been made one of the divisions of the definition.

Under *bishop* the following citation is made: "It is a fact now generally recognized by theologians of all shades of opinion that in the language of the New Testament the same officer in the church is called indifferently 'bishop' (ἐπίσκοπος) and 'elder' or 'presbyter.'" This does not throw any light on the meaning of the word, and suggests a theologic subacidity out of place in a dictionary, if not in any modern book.

Credence table is put under *credence*, belief. There is no connection between the two words, as the first is very remotely related to *credo*, if at all. It

comes either from *greden*, to prepare, or, more probably, from the Italian *credencia*, meaning a cupboard, which may possibly have some relation to *credo*. The etymology of *jube*, too, is well known. It comes from the words *jube domine*, just as *dirge* comes from *dirige domine*. Ecclesiastical words seem to have been regarded as bearing the mark of the beast.

Noah Webster was not a man of broad culture. He could write from Cambridge, England, "The colleges are mostly old stone buildings, which look very dreary, cold, and gloomy to an American accustomed to the new public buildings of our country." He did not approach the treatment of words from the literary side. It is too much to expect that a dictionary intended for the great body of the public should treat words as artistic material, and it is, perhaps, unavoidable that tradition should impart a certain wordy, woodeny, and dogmatic tone to successive editions of his book, even when greatly modified by descent; but we may fairly demand that a work which has grown so much in size should improve more than this has done in stylistic precision. The *aura* of Webster's dictionaries, though scholarly, is unliterary; perhaps necessarily so. Over them all is the strain of a labored attempt to reconcile the academic and the popular. At the same time, the International may be pronounced the best working dictionary and the cheapest book in the world. With it on the table one will rarely need to take the Dictionary of the Philological Society from the shelf; for a dictionary is opened one hundred times to determine a question of spelling or pronunciation, and once to look up the history of a word. For these every-day needs the International is admirably adapted.

Considering the peculiar functions of the International, it has no more valuable features than the special dictionaries at the end. With one exception those of the Unabridged are retained, as is Professor Hadley's masterly monograph on the English language. The list of etymologies of geographical names is cut out. This is a distinct loss. It was, no doubt, imperfect, especially in Indian etymologies, but surely an Indian scholar could have been found to revise it. The Pronouncing Gazetteer is especially useful. Some few omissions and errors have been pointed out in American Notes and Queries, the only serious one being the retention of Wheeling as the capital of West Virginia, instead of Charlestown. The Biographical Dictionary seems to have been faithfully revised, and contains about five hundred new names. In one column there are nineteen new insertions and fourteen corrections of dates. Deaths as late as 1889 are noted. The pronunciation of the name of the genial London novelist, Walter Besant, should, however, be accented to rhyme with "pleasant," not with "his ant." In the Dictionary of Noted Names in Fiction space has been so greatly utilized by condensation that thirty pages in the new dictionary are occupied instead of the forty-seven in the old one, though there are some one hundred new entries. The condensation has been judiciously done, though there is no reason why Bluebeard should still occupy several inches of space, when every primary-school boy knows his tragic story. But the inclusion of names is very arbitrary and imperfect. The admission to this list should have been determined by the question, Is a certain name likely to be alluded to in current literature? As it stands, Dickens, Shakespeare, Sterne, and Scott are well represented, but Thackeray is not. Becky Sharp has a place, but her counterfoil, Amelia Osborne, is absent. We find Pendennis, but no allusion to that typical figure, the old Major, nor to Blanche Amory, Foker, and Warrington. Colonel Newcome is included, but no other

name of the family. "If Sarah Battle is introduced, why should not Bridget Elia also be brought forward?" Why, too, should not the delightful Parson Wilbur accompany his friend Hosea Biglow? Among the many fathers mentioned we miss "Father Tom," who "made a hare of the Pope." Buffalo Bill is included, for the benefit of coming generations, no doubt, but might have waited for his promotion. Dinadan and King Mark are not found in the list of Arthurian heroes, though the latter is as well entitled to notice as is Tristram. Under this last name some allusion should have been made to Tristram's character as the first gentleman sportsman and inventor of the nomenclature of the chase, dear to the tongue of every true hunter. French literature is almost entirely neglected, though the names of classic French fiction are continually alluded to in current English literature, and are the very ones a student would be apt to seek in this list. He would find Quasimodo, but not Esmeralda, and would look in vain for most of Hugo's and Balzac's and Daudet's characters.

Running hastily through the names without any check-list, the following omissions are noticeable, to all of which analogues are included: Madame Bovary, Eugénie Grandet, Lady Betty Modish, Haroun Al Raschid, Vittoria Corombona, Duchess of Malfi, Tom Cringle, Peter Simple, Numa Roumestan, Tartarin, Saladin, Anna Karénina, Lucile, Lothair, Pippa, Balaustion (and Browning's names generally), Lorna Doone, Richard Feveril (and Meredith's names generally), the Jew of Malta, Athos, Porthos, D'Artagnan, the Count of Monte Cristo, Bayard, Udolpho, O'Malley, Handy Andy, and many other equally well-known names. This lack is the more to be regretted as the list is of very great value to reading young people, and a few hours' work with any good handbook would have completed it on some definite principle. It seems odd, too, to find John Company under "Company, John," as if "Company" were a surname.

The reference to Leigh Hunt as the "original" of Harold Skimpole is unjust to the memory of a gentle, industrious, pure-minded man of letters. The word "original" implies resemblance in essentials, and Skimpole is a cruel caricature. Perhaps he resembles Leigh Hunt as much as any one of Dickens's characters resembles a human being.

Illustrations are a popular feature, but of very little real value in a dictionary, except to explain simple mechanical devices. They may assist one in forming an idea of the appearance of animals. The notion any one could gain from them of a complicated piece of machinery, the sugar mill, for example, would probably be as definite as that of Mr. Kinglake's Turk, who described cotton mills, locomotives, and printing presses by waving his hands and saying vaguely, "Whiz, whiz, all by steam; whir, whir, all by wheels!" Illustrations belong to an encyclopædia where things, not words, are explained. It seems strange, however, not to find in so well printed a book an illustration of a printing press. Botany and conchology are well presented. In particular, the page of illustrations of grasses is likely to be useful.

The strictures we have made on the International Dictionary refer to surface matters only, and opinion about them may very likely depend on what a reader considers a language to be. In essentials it is a credit to the publishers, to the editors, and to American scholarship.

TWO FRENCH NOVELS.

THE dawn and the twilight, that moment when the stars pale in the brightening sky, and that when the vanished sun lends its rose rays to the clouds, its gold to the risen moon, are alike the inspiration of the painter, the times when Nature seems to hold the secret in her hand most near and open to the earth. In history, also, the great epochs of exhaustion and of renewal command the supreme interest of student and philosopher, listening to catch from the lips of an expiring world the word in which its experience is summed, or to seize the primal meaning of the message with which a new world is starting into life. From age to age men go back to these crises of thought with emotions as diverse as those which clashed or mingled then, taking part with the vanquished or with the triumphant idea, or finding in the juxtaposition of the two a spell which neither could exercise alone upon his mind, as the artist finds a harmony in the blending of two lights. It is in such a period, in the early Christian centuries, that M. Anatole France has laid the scene of his latest novel, Thaïs.[1] To readers of English speech Thaïs will be very likely to suggest a comparison with Marius the Epicurean. Neither book is an historical novel, in the ordinary sense of the word; each is the result of intellectual curiosity and of literary fastidiousness. M. Anatole France is a *délicat;* one might go a step further, and say a *raffiné.* Mr. Pater is an æsthete, which is the English word corresponding to the latter rather than to the former term. Mr. Pater presented, in Marius, together with a careful study of Rome under Marcus Aurelius, a view of the gradual passage of the old thought into the new in an individual mind. His work was in the theological sense constructive, in the æsthetic piously decorative. In a style which had the attenuated beauty of "linkèd sweetness long drawn out," he set before us "the tender grace of a day that is dead," leading his hero through guarded passageways of thought into the tranquil glow of a new era. Marius the Epicurean was a careful and elaborate performance, but it somehow lacked salt. It appealed to the intellect, but failed to stimulate it. We confess that, for our own part, we prefer Thaïs, with its beauty, not of artistic research, but of art, and its indication of an intelligence perpetually alive, and abounding in little surprises of idea and unlooked-for delicacies of phrase.

M. Anatole France takes us, not to Italy, but to Egypt; to a desert peopled with anchorites, and an Alexandria inhabited by philosophers of all schools and dilettanti of every shade. In the desert, Paphnuce the monk, praying in his hermitage, is visited by the recollection of the beautiful courtesan Thaïs, seen and admired by him, in his unregenerate days, in the theatre at Alexandria; and the spirit moves him to return to the city and undertake the conversion of Thaïs. He is warned by the simple monk Palémon, working in his garden, that it is rash to go too far from home in the search of a duty, and that the venerable St. Anthony had said: "Fish drawn into dry places find there only death; thus also it chanceth that monks who go forth from their cells to mingle with the children of the century do wander from the way of wisdom." He is warned by Nicias, the man of the world, to "beware of offending Venus; her vengeance is a terrible one." Following the voice which calls him, he turns a deaf ear to Christian and pagan

[1] *Thaïs.* Par ANATOLE FRANCE. Paris. 1891. Boston: C. Schoenhof.

remonstrances, makes a pilgrimage to Alexandria, visits Thaïs, resists the seduction of her beauty, and accomplishes his mission. The ground has been prepared beforehand. Thaïs, a woman brought up amid surroundings of vice, but in whose heart a neglected childhood had kept forever something of the child, had listened, in early years, to wondrous stories of the Christian religion from the lips of a persecuted slave, the only being who had been kind to her. She hears the message again with yielding ear, obeys it unresistingly, and suffers herself to be led to a convent, where she passes the remainder of her days in sanctity. Paphnuce, on the other hand, returns to his desert, taking with him the dangerous image of her beauty. It establishes itself in his cell, rendering his fasting and prayer of no avail. In vain he undergoes strange and unnatural penances, standing on a pillar, like St. Simon Stylites, and seeing an adoring crowd below healed of its ills by the touch of his pedestal. He cannot obtain peace. The venerable St. Anthony withholds his blessing from one whose soul is revealed to him as possessed by the three demons, Pride, Luxury, and Doubt. Hearing that Thaïs is dying, Paphnuce casts away every thought but that of rage that he should have allowed a happiness to escape him. He hastens to her bedside with a declaration of his love, only to see her pass away in peace, and himself to flee from the scene, a lost soul like Faust, with the stamp of sin upon his face.

Such, roughly outlined, is the story of Thaïs, in which, as will be seen, there is a moral; but no outline can convey an idea of the manner in which it is told, the suavity of touch, the fine, delicate irony. Primarily, it is neither a novel, nor a study of the epoch, nor a philosophic treatise. It is a piece of Parisian platonism, a sort of poem in prose, in which truths are tied up in paradox, and the poetry is infused with a mockery which would be fatal to the poetic spirit, if the two contradictions were not brought into harmony by that individuality which marks all M. France's writing. Thaïs is not an individual; she is an incarnation of things ancient, but unextinct, and her grand, impersonal beauty, scarcely described, is felt throughout, like the beauty of Charmides in the dialogue of Plato. The most striking scene in the book is a banquet, cleverly suggestive of the Symposium, — very graceful, though perhaps over-refined in execution, light and fantastic in substance. Stoic, Epicurean, and Arian discuss, with the alternate sequence and negligence of real conversation, questions of philosophy and life, under the inspiring eyes of Thaïs and other courtesans, while Paphnuce, taking no part in the talk, looks on as from another world. He hears many heresies, cynicisms, and utterances of a sacrilegious nature; a new version of the story of Adam and Eve; a myth of the courtesan; and choice morsels of paradox, like the following, which has a certain novelty, and shows not a little penetration withal: —

"*Hermodore.* It is true, Zénothemis, that the soul feeds upon ecstasy as the grasshopper upon dew. But let us go further, and say that the spirit alone is susceptible of entire entrancement; for man is a threefold being, composed of a material body, of a soul, more subtle, but likewise material, and of an incorruptible spirit. When, issuing from the body as from a palace abandoned to sudden silence and solitude, and traversing in flight the gardens of the soul, the spirit loses itself in God, it experiences the anticipated delights of death, or rather of a future life, since to die is to live; and in this condition, which partakes of the divine purity, it possesses at once infinite joy and absolute knowledge. It enters into that unity which is the whole. It is perfect."

The philosophy of Thaïs is just now

being actively discussed in Paris, where protests against its skepticism are made not only by the adherents of established faiths, but by a large party of "young France" in healthy reaction against the long-preached gospel of negation. What is it, on the whole, this philosophy? Is it a defense of the Hellenic spirit, a protest against Hebraism, such as Matthew Arnold uttered in far different, graver, more authoritative tones? We cannot undertake to say. A number of creeds appear to crumble under the persiflage of M. France's pen; we find insinuations of malicious irony delicately turned against Hebraism, Christianity, asceticism, systems of philosophy, and theories of creation. If any reader of skeptical yearnings can discover in the book a consistent doctrine of negation, he is welcome to set down his footstool and worship; if any find a windmill to attack, he will do well to sharpen his lance: the only danger in either case will be that of having overweighed M. France's gravity as a writer, and undervalued his intelligence. For a reader willing to take a turn round the spheres merely for enjoyment and intellectual exercise, a reader enamored of literary grace, glad of an occasional side-light upon life and of the companionship of a mind of much fineness and individuality, Thaïs may prove a draught of pleasure with a delicate aroma of philosophy.

M. Fabre depicts the strength and the weakness of Catholicism, attacking the pride and self-deceptions of asceticism, but in a spirit and from a point of view as remote as possible from those of M. France. He speaks of these things with the intimate knowledge, the fervid earnestness, of a reformer, and that even in a book of a romantic vein like Le Marquis de Pierrerue. This novel, published in 1873, M. Fabre has now recast and reprinted under the title of Un Illuminé,[1] for the reason, as he explained the other day to a literary acquaintance, that he had always felt dissatisfied with the treatment he had bestowed upon a theme which possessed a strong attraction for him, and had wished for an opportunity to retouch the work, giving it greater conciseness and force. It cannot be otherwise than interesting, and it might be a lesson in criticism of the best sort, to compare the versions made under such circumstances, and to note the passages retrenched or altered by an author when print and time have brought his book for him into a new perspective. Unfortunately, M. Fabre has rewritten his novel mainly with the scissors, an instrument which does not lend itself to the expression of *nuances*. Le Marquis de Pierrerue was longer than his books usually are, and he has reduced its two volumes to one of closer print; abridging descriptions, condensing conversations, imparting more movement to the story, but too often leaving the action bare of that analysis of motive which gave it value and interest.

In comparing Un Illuminé with its predecessor and original, we find in one or two instances, at least, omissions which injure the force and meaning of the remaining passages; we find still oftener omitted details of observation which we are sorry to miss for their own sake, for M. Fabre is an analyst as well as a novelist, or rather because he is a novelist. We are inclined to suspect that if the interest flags in Le Marquis de Pierrerue the fault lay in the subject, not in the treatment, and that it exists in Un Illuminé as well. The story is one, not of actual every-day life, but of an experiment in living. Le Marquis de Pierrerue, one of the *vieille noblesse*, devoted heart and soul to the Catholic Church and to the Royalist cause, and seeing the former attacked by skepticism, the latter shaken by revolutions, conceives the idea of educating public opinion by the formation of a Society of Intellectual Aid. The object of this society is

[1] *Un Illuminé.* Par F. Fabre. Paris. 1890. Boston: C. Schoenhof.

to succor young men of talent who are hampered in their career by poverty, to provide them with the means of study and literary or professional work; making only one stipulation, — that they shall devote themselves, in return, wholly and for life to the cause of the Catholic Church and of the Royalist party. Noble, disinterested, and self-sacrificing, the marquis is incapable of perceiving the force of any argument lying outside this idea. His own fortune, the fortunes of his friends, the happiness of his daughter, are relentlessly sacrificed to the cause. The ingratitude of his children, as he calls the *protégés* of the society, is a source of perplexed sadness to him; he is unable to comprehend the revolted pride of the young author, Falgouët, who, caught in the toils of the society by the charms of Mademoiselle Claire de Pierrerue, is retained for the Church by the double fatality of disappointed love and of his intense Breton nature. M. Fabre has created in his books many strong and admirable types of sacerdotal life, developing them by analysis in a manner which has not failed to impress his readers by its resemblance to that of Balzac. Like Balzac, who was a realist not so much by his literary methods or general view of life as by his literary power and detailed observation, M. Fabre has his romantic leanings, and like Balzac he commands respect and attention by his intellectual virility even in those studies where the interest is largely of a fanciful or speculative order. This is the case in the book before us. The Intellectual Aid Society is an allegory, its founder a myth, and the reality or unreality behind them the Catholic Church. To say this is to say that M. Fabre is on ground that he knows thoroughly, but this circumstance makes us regret the more vividly that he should not confine himself to the rendering of the actual every-day aspects of a life with which he is so familiar, and of which he has given us such masterly pictures in L'Abbé Tigrane and Les Courbezon. Not that the characters in Un Illuminé lack vitality; that of Falgouët is finely worked out, especially at the end, and the blind martyr-bishop of Lha-Ssa, Monseigneur Tamisier, is a portrait in M. Fabre's strongest and tenderest manner. His account of an interview in which the bishop seeks to interest the marquis's sister, the superior of a convent, in the marriage of Falgouët with Claire sums up M. Fabre's long observations on the Church. She inquires if the young man is of noble birth, and on being answered in the negative utters the exclamation "Ah!"

"Since the day when God, for his glory, permitted me to be deprived of sight, my hearing has acquired by continual exercise an extraordinary acuity of perception. That 'Ah!' which escaped from the lips of Claire-Antoinette de Pierrerue betrayed such a disappointment, such self-deception, that I could hardly contain myself. What! to have immolated to God one's youth and one's life; to have lived for thirty years in a cell face to face with Jesus Christ, who died to make all men alike worthy of heaven; to have acquired superhuman virtues, and not yet have succeeded in annihilating pride! . . . Théven, religion in a simple soul produces something like an eternal festival; in the proud soul it may become the cause and excuse of the most odious defects."

A NEW SILVA OF NORTH AMERICA.[1]

THE earliest book devoted entirely to the trees of North America is the Arbustrum Americanum of Marshall, published at Philadelphia in 1785. During the century that has elapsed since its publication, botany, and American botany in particular, has changed wonderfully. Explorers and collectors have penetrated further and further what was, in Marshall's day, an unknown wilderness, until at the present time there are only a few remote and small areas that have not been explored with more or less thoroughness by the botanist as well as the geographer; and with the steady encroachment of civilization and the more thorough supervision of the Indians, who, until very recently have guarded the great interior of our country with jealous watchfulness, these remaining districts are rapidly becoming known.

Though many American trees had been technically described, both in general botanical works and scattered memoirs of various kinds, even before Marshall's little book appeared, and many more have been described since then, so that very few species growing within the limits of our land are to-day absolutely unknown, and several attempts at a silva have been made in the mean time, Professor Sargent found, on taking up the study of our trees, that the existing books, both general and special, related only to the trees of comparatively limited regions, and therefore presented no general or systematic view of the composition of our forests. Such works as existed were long out of date, too, and included none of the information collected by recent explorers and observers, and no account whatever of the trees discovered in late years west of the Mississippi River. Many of our trees have never been fully described. All that can be learned about them from books is contained in a few words of purely technical description, of little value to the general reader; and these descriptions are widely scattered in American and foreign publications, to be found only in a few special libraries, beyond the reach of most readers.

Though no important study of such a subject could be undertaken without a knowledge at first hand of what had already been written, and of the names given to the various trees by earlier students, Professor Sargent rightly appreciated that books are only guides towards obtaining a knowledge of trees, which, really to be understood, must be studied as they grow. It was, therefore, a happy circumstance which, some twenty years ago, placed him at the head of the Arnold Arboretum, newly established at Jamaica Plain, and thus enabled him to make an extensive plantation of both native and foreign trees, so arranged as ultimately to exhibit their characters when growing singly and exposed to the elements, as well as in masses more comparable with the natural forest. But carrying a plantation of this sort from the seed to anything approaching maturity is a long and precarious undertaking, and it was a still more fortunate circumstance which, in connection with the census of 1880, enabled Professor Sargent to study our native trees — many of which, moreover, could not be cultivated in the try-

[1] *The Silva of North America.* A Description of the Trees which grow naturally in North America exclusive of Mexico. By CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT. Illustrated with Figures and Analyses drawn from Nature by CHARLES EDWARD FAXON, and engraved by PHILIBERT and EUGÈNE PICART. Volume I. Magnoliaceæ to Ilicineæ. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

ing climate of New England — in their home, the forests of the entire country.

So great a task as this could not be completed by a single person in the limited time allowed by the census requirements; but by the selection of trained collectors familiar with their several regions, and by visiting personally the more important districts, Mr. Sargent succeeded in preparing for the ninth volume of the last census report a catalogue of our trees, which supplies in a concise form full reference to the descriptions of them which have been published, as well as a very thorough account of their geographical distribution, and of their popular names and the uses made of their products. Even more important than this publication, though necessarily accessible to those only who can visit it, is a collection of woods from the trees comprised in the census report, which its author collected for a public-spirited citizen of New York, and which, labeled so as to present clearly the uses and synonymy of the trees, and accompanied by sketches representing their characters in leaf, flower, and fruit, has very recently been opened to the public at the Central Park Museum in New York city, under the name of the Jesup Collection of North American Woods.

So well has Professor Sargent improved the several opportunities he has enjoyed that, between a study of the forests from Canada to Mexico, and the Atlantic to the Pacific, and an examination of the gardens of America and Europe, there are now hardly a half dozen species of our trees that he has not seen in a living state. From the results of this study and the notes of the most skilled observers of the entire country, he now offers to the public a full and systematic account of our entire tree flora. This work — the first silva of North America as a whole — is to consist of twelve thick folio volumes, containing six hundred full-page illustrations, representing every species which reaches the dimensions of a tree within our region, and accompanied by a sufficient account of its synonymy, and copious information as to its usefulness for ornament or in the arts. When completed, the work must form a lasting monument to those who have contributed to its production, a standard authority to which all future students in the same field must turn, and an indispensable part of the equipment of every library which aims at any degree of completeness in either botany or horticulture.

Much of the botanical value of such a work depends upon the faithfulness of the illustrations it contains. Its appearance is no less dependent upon the artistic taste with which these are drawn and the skill with which they are prepared. Up to the present time few extensive works on American botany have been adequately illustrated, owing to the great cost of really good work. Many years ago, Professor Gray undertook the preparation of a work on the genera of our native plants, which was to have included all of them, the illustrations for which were drawn by Sprague; but on account of the expense of the undertaking and for other reasons it never went beyond the second volume. Later, a beginning was made by the same author and artist on a silva, but this was also abandoned. Since then no thoroughly and artistically illustrated botanical work of equal comprehensiveness has been undertaken in this country.

For the new Silva, Professor Sargent has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Faxon, whose drawings need not be more highly praised than by saying that they show the same artistic composition and fullness and clearness of detail which have long been admired in those of Sprague. The execution of the engravings from these drawings is all that could be asked by the severest critic, since they are printed from copper

plates engraved in Paris by the Picart brothers, under the supervision of the veteran botanical artist Riocreux. The only other extensive American works on botany which can compare at all favorably with the new Silva in this respect are those by Professor Gray on the botany of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, and Dr. Engelmann on the Cacti of the Mexican Boundary Expedition; both of which were also illustrated by plates engraved in Paris.

Although but one volume of the Silva has yet been issued (dated 1891, but really published in October last), its uniform completion is assured by the announcement of the publishers that the drawings for the entire work and the engravings for three volumes are already made, the engravers being under contract to devote their whole time to the work until it is finished. It is announced that two volumes a year will be published, as nearly as may be, until all are issued.

Paper, typography, and press-work are all that can be asked. Only one thing can stand in the way of a large demand for the book, — its expensiveness; for the cost of the entire work will amount to three hundred dollars. But so many Americans are now becoming interested in economic botany, and particularly forestry, and the beautiful and thorough manner in which the Silva is brought out must appeal so strongly to all lovers of good books, that even this cost ought not to prove a bar to its extensive purchase, which is rendered easier by the considerable intervals at which the volumes are to be issued from the press.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. The two volumes devoted to American sonnets, namely, Representative Sonnets by American Poets, edited by Charles H. Crandall, and American Sonnets, selected and edited by T. W. Higginson and E. H. Bigelow (Houghton), are so diverse in plan and execution that they offer an interesting example of the two uses to which volumes of selections may be put. The smaller volume is a companionable book, which one may slip into his pocket and read on a ramble, or keep at his side for the moment stolen from work or sleep. It is choice, and by its apparatus shows the scholarly care with which it has been prepared. It is a book, in fine, for one who knows literature and wishes refreshment from it. By the way, is it not something new to accent Greek words written in capitals? Mr. Crandall's book is addressed rather to younger readers who are to make their acquaintance with the subject. The editor's enthusiasm and ardent love for his subject are disclosed in his readable introduction, which deals with the sonnet structurally and historically, and in his copious notes, which are almost a biographical dictionary. He is able, by his plan, to introduce a large number of examples of sonnet-writing and to give a running survey of English poetry of this form, so that his book is a pretty comprehensive one. — Poems, by Edna Dean Proctor. (Houghton.) Miss Proctor has done well to reissue, with additions, poems which she wrote and first published several years ago, for the fervor which glows in them is not of the kind which leaves only ashes after the lapse of time. — Julius Cæsar, an Historical Tragedy in five acts, by Edward Willard. (Horace Willard, Philadelphia.) It cannot be said that the author is wanting in courage when he takes up this theme, the more so that one hears a curious echo of Shakespeare in his verses. He introduces one new character, however, unthought of by his predecessor, a Nazarene prophetess, who hints at the dawn of Christianity. He appears thus to be as indifferent as Shakespeare to historical actualities.

— Echoes from Dreamland, by Frederic Allison Tupper. (Shelburne Falls, Mass.) There is the shell of poetry in this book. — An Irish Crazy-Quilt, Smiles and Tears, woven into Song and Story, by Arthur M. Forrester. (Alfred Mudge & Son, Boston.) A medley of verse and prose : the verse for the most part Moorish, as often happens among Irish bards ; the prose chiefly of the rudely humorous and satirical sort. A tough palate will feel the pepper in both verse and prose. — The Dragon Yoke, Sonnets and Songs, by Elizabethe Dupuy. (John B. Alden, New York.) The title of this little book is a conundrum which we give up. The sonnets and songs are often musical, but it is a sort of music without words ; for one reads the lines and they sound melodious, but somehow they do not mean very much. — Idle Hours, by W. De Witt Wallace. (Putnams.) Quite so. — Under the Nursery Lamp, Songs about the Little Ones. (Randolph.) A pretty little collection of songs and poems, not for the child to hear so much as for the mother and nurse to enjoy, as putting into speech the maternal instinct. We like best those which are most objective, and dwell with the happier feeling upon the simple pleasures of infantile life. The worries and anxieties the mother or nurse may be trusted to know without the aid of verse. — The Franklin Square Song Collection : Two Hundred Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes, Nursery and Fireside. No. 7. Selected by J. P. McCaskey. (Harpers.) The novel feature of this collection is the insertion on nearly every page of a prose paragraph upon some musical topic, as the history of a song or song-writer, or comment on musical customs. These notes sometimes hit the subject of the adjoining song, sometimes miss it. The editor evidently pays no heed to the couplet,

> "Next to singing, the most foolish thing
> Is to talk about what we sing."

A few pages at the close are devoted to Elements of Music. The collection is miscellaneous rather than very choice.

Law. Legal Hygiene, or How to Avoid Litigation, by A. J. Hirschl. (Egbert, Fidlar & Chambers, Davenport, Iowa.) This is a transcript of lectures of interest to all persons who have property or expect to acquire any. Mr. Hirschl is a lively writer, and begins wisely by frightening the reader out of his boots, when he shows him how impossible it is for a layman to know law, and how inevitably law is entangled with the ordinary transactions of life. He cautions the reader also against the various legal nostrums which are hawked about under such alluring titles as Every Man a Law to Himself (we are not going to render ourselves liable by quoting the real title), and in this way keeps the reader on the anxious-seat while he proceeds to show him the terrors of the law for two hundred pages. We think it likely there is a good deal of sound sense in the book, but we are inclined to apply to the book as well as to the law itself, Don't.

History and Politics. Millionaires of a Day, an Inside History of the Great Southern California "Boom," by T. S. Van Dyke. (Fords.) The history of a craze, written by so clever an observer as the author, does not fail of being entertaining, and would be if Mr. Van Dyke reported only what he saw and heard. We are not sure but the book would have been even better if it had not the sort of sporting-paper humor which pervades it; still, the solid worth of the book as a lively and very contemporaneous account of what the author calls "the greatest piece of folly that any country has ever seen" is not to be gainsaid, and after one has done being amused by it he is likely to remember its moral. — Speeches, Arguments, and Miscellaneous Papers of David Dudley Field, edited by Titus Munson Coan. (Appleton.) The third volume, completing the series, and containing addresses and papers from 1844 to 1890. There is a pretty wide range taken, covering politics, sociology, jurisprudence, legislative reform, and personalia, as in his memorial addresses on Mark Hopkins and William Curtis Noyes, and other occasional tributes. — In the Story of the Nations the latest issue is Switzerland, by Lina Hug and Richard Stead. (Putnams.) The book is orderly and is well illustrated, but it seems a pity that, in treating of such a subject, the forces which make for nationality should not be dwelt upon more fully, and the reader enabled to see, what few writers undertake to show, the living Switzerland of to-day with its roots in the past. — The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States, by J. G. Rosengarten. (Lippincott.) A second edition of a scholarly little book. It is a pity Mr. Rosen-

garten should have allowed his book so far to retain the earliest pamphlet form as to miss the advantage which comes from division into chapters. One passes from one period to another with very little notification on the part of the author. — Battle Fields and Camp Fires, a Narrative of the Principal Military Operations of the Civil War, from the removal of McClellan to the accession of Grant, by Willis J. Abbot. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This book appears to follow the same author's Battle Fields of '61. It is written with a good deal of spirit, and keeps closely to its text. It is almost impossible to say whether the illustrations by W. C. Jackson are good or indifferent, so dimly are they reproduced. — The Greek World under Roman Sway, from Polybius to Plutarch, by J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan.) An independent work, but in the succession to the author's Greek Life and Thought. This book has a peculiar interest to modern students, because, incidentally, it helps to outline the gradual amalgamation of the two great forces of the ancient world, Greek thought and art and Roman institutions, which formed the basis of modern history. Nor is there absent some hint of the relation which Judaism bore to both. Indeed, the book might be taken to illustrate the preparation for Christianity.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. Baby's Kingdom, wherein may be Chronicled as Memories for Grown-Up Days the Mother's Story of the Progress of the Baby, designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox. (Lee & Shepard.) An oblong, old-gold-covered book, containing, besides rhymes and texts and pretty designs illustrative of babyhood, blank leaves and spaces for the record of the first year, as regards name, christening, gifts, date of first tooth, and the like. Fortunately, we are spared the grim suggestions which similar records sometimes contain of sickness. The book supposes the baby to be the first, plainly. — Manual of Archæology, by Talfourd Ely. (Putnams.) A compact presentation, with cuts of varying excellence, of the results chiefly of the latest investigations in prehistoric, Egyptian, Oriental, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman art. It is a convenient summary of information to be found after considerable search in a great number of books, and especially journals, and in unpublished lectures as well. So condensed a statement can do hardly more than point out the directions in which one may study, but in a field so wide and so rich it offers itself a serviceable guide. — Glimpses of Old English Homes, by Elizabeth Balch. (Macmillan.) A series of readable papers on Penshurst, Arundel Castle, Chiswick House, Osterley Park, and as many more places, which afford the student of the picturesque a lively pleasure in the seeing and a secondary delight in reading about. There are fifty-one excellent illustrations, and any one reasonably familiar with English history would pass a pleasant hour looking through the book. The style of the text is animated, but not especially elegant. — Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine, by W. Hamilton Gibson; illustrated by the Author. (Harpers.) The contents of this handsome volume give a pretty good notion of the themes treated, — A Midnight Ramble, Night Witchery, Bird Notes, Bird Cradles, Prehistoric Botanists, The Wild Garden. Mr. Gibson's most interesting, because most novel, ventures are in the textual and pictorial descriptions of night scenery. Such a picture, for example, as that of Misty Moonlight, or the tailpiece to Night Witchery, is like a piece of news from nature. It is amusing to see how a bird lover will, in his compositions, make a portrait of his little partridge or white-throated sparrow or bobolink, with a whole piece of woods for a background. The affectionate spirit of the book is very attractive. One readily grants that, however much such a book may be produced on demand, it has a genuine spontaneity. — The December number of The Portfolio (Macmillan) contains a second paper by its editor, Mr. Hamerton, on National Supremacy in Painting, in which he continues his clever comparisons of France and England. He makes the shrewd observation that there is a change coming over the French race. "The age of passion, the youth of the race, is passing away as the nation enters upon its scientific or positive stage." He is speaking more distinctly, it is true, of the artists, but is it not reasonable to suppose that the necessity for self-determination forced upon the French by the political exigency is really affecting character? So long as men are taken care of by the state, and do not themselves take care

of the state, character must be imperfectly developed in the direction of positivism. Mr. McCarthy continues his readable sketch of Charing Cross to St. Paul's with a number on Ludgate Hill, so he may have reached the end, and Mr. Clark Russell has one of his papers on The British Seas. The etchings are one of The Wind and the Rain, by C. O. Murray after McWhirter, Yarmouth after Turner, and St. Paul's Churchyard by Mr. Pennell. — L'Art for November 15 and December 1 (Macmillan) has for etchings Alma Tadema's Silence, and La Science by Lurat after Paul Veronese; and for text the completion of H. Meren's paper on Le Dôme d'Orvieto, and a continuation of Paul Leroi's on the Salon of 1890. The abundant illustrations in the text are mainly memoranda of pictures, but there is a delightful border designed for the Salon article, wherein the free, bold execution is a most agreeable change from the refinement sought by finesse of line.

Travel. The Pine-Tree Coast, by Samuel Adams Drake. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mr. Drake is an accomplished antiquarian, and his interest in the seacoast of Maine is less that of a tourist in search of the picturesque than of a student of early New England history. He has made his book a good commentary on the life which has been led in the parts he visits, and if he throws in a good deal of enthusiasm for nature, the reader will remember that the new discovery of Maine is made by lovers of nature. The cuts are pretty rude; none the worse for that when they reproduce objects, but decidedly the worse when their function is to repeat the loveliness or the strength of natural beauty. — Travel, a Series of Narratives of Personal Visits to Places famous for Natural Beauty and Historical Association. (W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass.) A serial of which two volumes have been published, composed of reprints, either in full or abridged, of papers which have appeared in a variety of periodicals and books. The personal element gives a special flavor to this serial, and the editor, who is also the publisher, has a keen scent for the interesting, as well as a good faculty for leaving out the superfluous. The English Lakes, Vallombrosa, the Engadine, Lake George, Quebec, the Black Forest, the Pyrenees, Heidelberg, the White Mountains, are among the subjects treated. The editor has annotated the text judiciously and sparingly.

Books of Reference. The fourth volume of The Century Dictionary (The Century Company) begins with the letter *M*, and ends with the last word which can be found under *P*; and if any one tries to produce a more final combination of letters beginning with *p* than "pyx-veil" he has our sympathy. One interesting feature of the dictionary is the comparative study of the characters themselves, and the full account of the meanings involved in the letters as symbols. One cannot turn the page of such a work without meeting old friends and forming new acquaintances, but as for characterizing the company in a paragraph, one might as well hope to give a notion of Broadway at four o'clock in the afternoon. As a serial work the dictionary has a special charm, for one has a chance to read in a scattering way a sixth of the alphabet, when he would despair of doing anything with the whole. We are struck again with the special value of the architectural illustrations, as in such words as "machicolations;" and with the hospitality which admits such a disgraceful but useful term as "masher." — The sixth volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) runs from Humber to Malta, and covers thus a number of interesting topics in biography, in literature, and in history; for Lincoln, Longfellow, Lowell, and Luther all begin with *L*; Ireland is so much of a subject as to call for three writers on it; and the Inquisition, besides being written by nobody, is revised by Cardinal Manning. This last article is a pretty good example of the honest manner in which a difficult subject is handled. We wish the historical fact cited in the article on Lowell, that he wrote a Life of Hawthorne in 1890, could be verified. The strength of the work lies in its compactness, and the editor's instinct for selecting the salient points of each topic. The maps, too, are excellent and abundant. A capital device was to give ancient Italy on the reverse of modern Italy. — A second edition appears of Bellows's French-English and English-French Dictionary (Holt), a work which has already established a reputation, and which combines, we venture to say, more ingenious devices in lexicography than any dictionary of its size. The printing of the two vocabularies side by side is one; the

discrimination of feminine from masculine words by the style of type is another ; the printing of substantives in capitals, the pointing of letters to indicate silent or liquid letters, and distinction of type as prepositions are used before nouns or before verbs, all these contribute to compactness and readiness of reference. The type is for the most part small ; we wish it were clearer. There is much useful apparatus, also, in lists of irregular verbs, equivalent values in French, English, American, and German moneys, the metric system variously applied, the comparison of thermometers, hints about idioms, geographical names, and, lastly, blank leaves for addenda. Altogether the book is a model of compactness and convenience, and the compiler shows himself a delightfully independent thinker.

Books on the Stage. The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson (The Century Company) will have an attraction for many through its portraiture of a very kindly nature, and the opening chapters, relating to the childhood of the actor, are charming ; but the permanent value of the work is in the occasional comment on his profession in which Mr. Jefferson indulges. He does not stray much beyond the limits of his own experience, and inasmuch as he is a master within those lines, one listens with attention to the hints which he lets fall. Such, for example, are his account of the manner in which Burke and Burton played up to each other, his reminiscence of Boucicault's criticism upon his first assumption of the part of Caleb Plummer, his observations on the acting at the Théâtre Français, and his very clever distinction of style required in acting in small and large theatres. For the rest, there are many entertaining adventures of a roving life, and some admirable engravings. We wish the publishers had not thought it necessary to build this light piece of literature as if it were a cyclopædia of the mechanic arts. — Curiosities of the American Stage, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) There is a certain method in Mr. Hutton's book, — that is, he groups his anecdotes and memoranda about certain tolerably well-defined subjects, as The Native American Drama, The American Stage Negro, The American Burlesque, Infant Phenomena of America, A Century of American Hamlets ; but there is not much system, so that, though he has occasion to mention casually one person or another, he touches but lightly on them, and gives little notion of their place or scope. The plan of the book forbids this, and its title contains good warning. It is, therefore, rather a miscellany for one already well up in the history of the American stage, and needing reminders only of persons and plays. As such it is marked by the thoroughness and accuracy which belong to Mr. Hutton's work, and by a lightness of touch which sometimes passes on into humor. Its illustrations are exceptionally good.

Fiction. The Beverleys, a Story of Calcutta, by Mary Abbott. (McClurg.) A brightly written story of life among English officers in India. There is a good deal of naturalness in the characters, though the conventional plot does not greatly encourage naturalness. The writer evidently knows the life she portrays, and has borrowed only her situations from books. — Martha Corey, a Tale of the Salem Witchcraft, by Constance Goddard Du Bois. (McClurg.) The writer has imposed a plot on colonial ground, rather than allowed colonial incidents and characters to suggest a story. Charles Beverly, a young man in England, son of a wealthy father, is required to marry the daughter of an earl, for whom he cares nothing. Rendered pessimistic by the miscarriage of a youthful love affair, he consents to carry out his father's scheme, and is married to Beatrice. A young army officer, who is infatuated with the earl's daughter, connives with the Alicia who was Beverly's early love to bring about a misunderstanding between husband and wife, as a result of which all hands cross the Atlantic, and keep the ball rolling in Salem and Boston, with the Coreys and the Rev. Mr. Parris to introduce the witchcraft delusion. It is a sort of historical masquerade, and not especially edifying either as a story or as a history. — Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars, by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) This is a companion volume to the author's capital Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland, but in drawing it up Mr. Curtin has had recourse to collections already made and printed in Russia, Bohemia, and Hungary. His linguistic attainments, added to his general familiarity with the whole subject, have enabled him

to make a valuable selection. It is to be hoped that he will contribute further from his first-hand knowledge of Indian folk-lore. — The Bridge of the Gods, a Romance of Indian Oregon, by F. H. Balch. (McClurg.) The writer has taken for the central incident of his romance the fall of a natural bridge over the Columbia, which an Indian legend, partly confirmed by science, avers once to have existed. The narrative turns upon the adventures of a New England minister who, two hundred years ago, left New England as an apostle to the Indians, and made his way across the continent. The author has expended a good deal of pains upon the Indian portion, availing himself both of material gained at first hand and of the work of other authors. The result is a bookish book, in which the spirit is very modern and the body ancient in a sort of scholarly fashion. — News from Nowhere, or An Epoch of Rest, being some Chapters from a Utopian Romance, by William Morris. (Roberts.) Mr. Morris's book differs from the many dreams of a new world in two respects : it gives details of the revolution by which commercialism was destroyed and socialism took its place, and it emphasizes the end of beauty in life as the goal toward which man's struggles point. It is like many dreams when the imagination has full play unchecked by judgment, and his earthly paradise appears to have no devil whatever in it. The difficulty which one finds with all these books is, that the authors attempt to see a world, when from their very relation to it they can see but an arc. One is uneasy about the other side. Mr. Morris has lived so persistently, in his imagination, in a society of the Morris wall-paper pattern that what strikes most people as fantastic archaism in his new social order probably seems to him fit and consistent. — My Uncle Benjamin, by Claude Tillier ; translated from the French by Benjamin R. Tucker. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) Mr. Tucker has called back to such life as he can give it in good English a bit of pleasantry written about fifty years ago by a French author, who seems almost then to have been masquerading in the dress and thought of the eighteenth century. The superficial reader sees only a clumsy, allusive sort of wit, which derives its sting chiefly from its audacity, and requires for appreciation a mind that has been trained in artificiality of thought and is breaking its bonds. — Sweet William, by Marguerite Bouvet ; illustrated by Helen and Margaret Armstrong. (McClurg.) A story of Mont St. Michel, with a cruel Duke William, his daughter Constance and his hated nephew Sweet William, twin cousins, as the author calls them. As a reproduction of Norman life, the story is not unlike the pictures, which give a background of pasteboard castle, and for figures have recourse to the little Lord Fauntleroy of contemporaneous nobility. In truth, there is a languorous sweetness about the whole creation which almost reconciles one to the less dainty current literature for the young, where the imagination dresses the street Arab as a knight in disguise. — Log of the Maryland, or Adventures at sea, by Douglas Frazar. (Lee & Shepard.) A good old-fashioned yarn of salt-water experience, when a captain sailed his vessel from an eastern port to China, kept his log, crossed the line, met Chinese pirates and squirted hot water over them, and did all the things which could be asked fairly of an old salt. The book reads like ancient history now, but ancient history is often picturesque. — Gyppy, an Obituary, by Helen Ekin Starrett ; with an Introduction by Frances Power Cobbe. (Searle & Gorton, Chicago.) An affectionate sketch of a terrier that had the intelligence of his class. Every one who owns — perish the word ! every one in whose family there is one of these little three-quarter-human creatures will recognize their own favorite in Gyppy. He would have behaved just so. — The Strange Friend of Tito Gill, by Pedro A. de Alarcón ; translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) A grotesque tale, in which Death is the principal figure. The reader is always on the verge of feeling clammy, but reassures himself from time to time with a laugh.

Sociology. In Darkest England, and the Way out, by William Booth. (Charles H. Seigel & Co., Chicago.) A book which is depressing, almost as much from the proposed lighting as from the pictures of the darkness. Somewhere in the book Mr. Booth likens his scheme for the regeneration of the submerged tenth to a great machine. He is seeking merely to express in powerful language the comprehensiveness and

effectiveness of his purpose, but his word goes farther. He has in truth learned so to admire the working of the great organization which he has set in motion that he thinks in terms of the Salvation Army, whereas nature has another word to man, and the kingdom of God is not best typified by an army with banners. Its best exemplification to-day may be seen in the noiseless, sleepless vigilance of thousands of Christian workers in Darkest England, practically ignored by Mr. Booth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Roman of the Romans.

OUR Chiara always speaks of herself as "this Colosseum;" half proudly, half sadly referring to her antiquity, her origin, and her round, unwieldy shape. Rheumatism has crept into her dear, willing old legs, so that the lament of her energetic soul is: "I was born too soon. Spirit is not lacking, Signorina, but the foundations are very poor." With a twinkle in her brown eyes, she compares herself to the fabled tortoise, who took seven years to climb the mountain, but tumbled down when he reached the top, exclaiming, "Bother take *haste*, and him who invented it!" Despite her eighty years, however, she makes *risotto* as savory as Esau's pottage, and her soup would put life into a dead man. A New England housewife need not be ashamed of the neatness of a kitchen whose mistress scallops the papers on her shelves, and dissipates Sunday afternoons in bathing and arranging her copper saucepans in the most artistic manner. Chiara considers a few things indispensable to her profession, and of course among these are a pot of parsley on the window sill, a bunch of small tomatoes, and several long strings of onions hanging from her shelves. The monthly purchase of these last from a curly-headed boy of the Campagna, in a picturesque blue jacket, who comes around laden with brooms and onions, is one of the family comedies. He is an old friend of Chiara, so they open negotiations in an amicable way, and she sweetly inquires the price of an attractive string. His answer, fifty soldi, is met with horror-struck indignation and a volley of opprobrious titles, and Chiara slams the door in his face, crying: "My son, I cannot combat with a lunatic; my dinner needs me." The vender responds with a loud peal of the doorbell. Chiara laughs self-consciously, but opens the door with an angry countenance. The curly-headed youth implores Chiara to make him an offer, and she proposes to give fifteen soldi, if he will throw in a broom; whereupon it is the onionist's turn to be insulted, and he departs in high dudgeon. Chiara settles down to chopping herbs, to be resummoned in a few moments by her friend, who says that as she is an old customer, and he needs money, he will make her a *present* of the string for forty soldi. Of course it is simply as an accommodation to her, and not to have to lug such a load through the streets. He begs her to show them to her mistress, insisting that when *she* sees them she will want such onions at any price. Chiara laughs him to scorn ("onions are not pink silk"), but consents to pay twenty soldi, as she "needs onions." This performance is repeated four or five times, Chiara again and again retreating to cook an imaginary beefsteak (beefsteak being a synonym, in Rome, for what is *recherché* in food), and her opponent protesting that she must take him for a Jew, to offer him such prices. After twenty minutes of vociferations, stormy departures, and sundry bell-ringings, the onions, with another bunch thrown in for good measure, are bought for twenty-five soldi, and the satisfied youth leaves, with a friendly farewell and a promise to return as soon as she needs more, while Chiara drags her purchase in triumphantly, with the remark, "Povero Figliuolo, he let me have them very cheap."

The most accomplished waiter cannot keep Chiara out of the dining-room when we are reveling in her good dishes; for, under some pretext or another, the need of fork or spoon, she slips in to know whether

her tidbits please *i padroni*, who are dearer to her than any of her eight children, and to whom she clings with the loyalty of an old retainer. This feminine Caleb Balderstone apologizes to guests for any lack of luxuries or plate with the statement that her mistress has not yet unpacked the safe where the silver is kept during the summer. (This safe is, of course, as shadowy as the oft-mentioned steak.) Considering herself the watchdog of the family purse, she responds to respectable-looking young gentlemen who wish to see the *padrone* on important business with a sympathetic but decided "not at home." One day, when her veracity was impeached by an individual who saw the master in question passing casually through the hall, she replied at once: "Oh, that is not my padrone; it is the dining-room servant, who, poor man, has no more than I, though we would both gladly serve you."

This same Chiara is like a well-worn story-book, for the Lethe of years has not touched her memory; and having lived under five popes, she can tell many a tale of her pet heroes and the short-lived republic of '49. Next to her description of Garibaldi's entry into Rome, we like to hear of how she sheltered one of the Italian Liberals in the days of Gregory XVI. The story is tame without a sight of the quaint old figure, in her full, short woolen skirt, flowered shawl, and snowy chemise, the enthusiastic face framed by wavy gray hair, and the sound of the graphic Roman dialect; but I will try to put down here in cold pen-and-ink English what she tells in a more glowing tongue.

"You know that big palace on the Via Condotti, where the court florist has his shop. Well, that is Palazzo Lepre. That belonged to him, and he was a real gentleman. He wished me so well, he used to say, poor man, 'Chiara mine, if we ever get through these bad times, you shall see what I will do for you.' Eh! *poveretto!* God wished it so; but if he had lived, perhaps at this hour Chiara would n't have been as poor as she is."

Here she relapses into silence, and Susie has to start her off again by asking, "How did you know him, Chiara?"

She stirs the embers in the little earthen *scaldino* on her lap, and begins anew: —

"Well, Signorina, it was so. In those ugly years before '48, when that poor man of my husband was alive, we lived in a house at Sant' Isidoro, where I had been ever since I was born, and of course I knew everybody in the neighborhood. One day Sora 'Malia, who lived just opposite, called me from the window to come over, as she had some washing for me. Imagine, Signorina, whether I went quickly. Chiara was n't any Colosseum then, and the will to work never was lacking. A woman of spirit I have been always. Sora 'Malia opened the door for me herself, led me into the kitchen, and shut the door. 'Now, Chiara mine,' she said, 'you have got to do something which, if it is known, will send us both to the Inquisition.' 'God preserve me from it, then,' said I. 'I 've got little children to think of, and a poor woman like me can't be mixing herself up with the Holy Office. Give me the wash, and let me go.' But Sora 'Malia did n't stir. 'No,' she answered, 'if you hold your tongue you have nothing to fear, and you can save the life of a man who will not be ungrateful. It is the poor Marquis Lepre, who has been long suspected by those who command of conspiring with, and sending papers to, the Liberals outside. Last night, while they who think like him were having a meeting in his palace in Via Condotti, the police came. His valet gave warning just in time for him to escape by sliding down a rope into the court. Most of the rest were caught, poor things. He came right here, because I used to be his mother's maid, and for her sake he knew I would take him in. But, Chiara, that mother-in-law of mine is so bigoted she has roaches [the vulgar, disrespectful name for priests] about the house all the time, and if she discovers him hid in my closet he is done for. You can hide him, and no one will suspect a poor woman like you.'

"I did not know what to do. On one side was the danger to mine, on the other that poor gentleman; for to say no to Sora 'Malia was to give him over to prison, or worse. 'Do you think he could stay in that little place under the floor, where I keep those few chickens I raise?' I asked at last. 'Yes, anywhere. God bless you for a heart of gold, Chiara. It is only a few days, and then we shall find another refuge for him. You'll have your reward some day.' She got me the clothes, and said he would come over that night.

"I went home to tell my husband. At first he was not contented, but he always let me have my way, knowing me not a woman of caprices; and then he was a Garibaldino himself, though he never said much about it. There was a little trap door in the floor, opening into a cellar where I kept my chickens. I had sold all but one hen to the cooper in Piazza Barberini, so I cleaned out the place, put a chair in it and a bit of carpet an English lady had given me, so that it looked quite civil, and that Stella of mine begged to play down there; she said it was as pretty as a *presepio*.

"About two hours after Ave Maria, Sora 'Malia's husband brought over the marquis, whose hands were still all torn and wounded from that fearful slide down into the court. Ah! he was a handsome man, as tall as an Englishman, with real Roman eyes, and no pretension at all. At first we were all in subjection to him, — such an aristocratic person, — but in a little while my Beppino was sitting on his knee, and playing with his seals and watchchain, as though the marquis had been his godfather. After that the poor gentleman used to stay in the little cellar as long as it was light. That hen of mine laid every day the most beautiful egg, as large as the ones they sell at the dairies for three *baiocchi* apiece; and when I fried it in just a thread of oil, and carried it to the marquis with a glass of good wine, he would say, with that sympathetic smile of his, 'You have given me a diplomatic dinner, Chiara.' Eggs are good that way, Signorina. I am going to make you one for breakfast to-morrow; you must be tired of that poultice [so Chiara denominates oatmeal], and I can put in an idea of butter instead of the oil. The English are not propitious to oil. Eh! I know what foreigners like, for I have served them from a child, and my mother before me. Romans are good for certain things, but for delicacy of sentiment Chiara prefers foreigners. There is no denying it, Romans are beasts for certain things." (In spite of this harsh statement, there is an unconscious straightening up as Chiara pronounces the words, "I am a Roman myself.")

"In the evening my eldest boy, Cencio (he afterwards ran away to serve with Garibaldi), would be sent out to buy cigars, my husband would take the oil from a flask of Velletri wine, doors and shutters were bolted, and we all sat around like old neighbors and drank to the health of Marquis Lepre, and under our breath to the Liberals. The marquis used to tell us of the good times for the people if the Italians came to Rome."

Here Susie interrupts Chiara with, "But you are an Italian yourself."

"No, Signorina, we are Romans; those of *outside* are Italians. Basta! before a week we all felt as though he were of our own blood. Alas! one night I dreamed of water, — that means misfortune, you know, — and I had a black presentiment in my soul when I waked. That very evening Sora 'Malia's husband came in to say that they were afraid for the gentleman to stay too long in one place, and they had found him a room near Montanaro. They 'd better have left him with me. Chiara betrays no man. They thought the marquis might be recognized if he went out in his own clothes, so I looked up a gray suit which an American gentleman had given me for my husband, the winter before, and when he put them on he looked almost a foreigner. Before he went away he came up to me where I was standing by the *fornello*, and he said: 'Chiara, if ever I am a free man, you shall never want. Giovanni Lepre is your friend.' Something seemed to choke in his throat, and he bent over and kissed my hand. Figure it to yourself, Signorina, — kissed Chiara's hand. Before I could find myself again they were gone.

"It seemed as if the end of the world had come. I put my head down and wept as if he had been my first-born. Gigi told me not to be an imbecile, the man was not dead; but that water of my dream was ever before my eyes, and I knew I should not see him any more. Pazienza! God willed it so, but that good American never knew his clothes would go to finish in San Michele, the prison on the Tiber. Yes, they caught him three days after. That witch of a woman at Montanaro betrayed him to the guards. He never lived to see liberty come to Rome. They said he died in prison, but who knows what poisons they gave him! Those thieves have no conscience. Poor gentleman, he wished me so well!"

The Right to be Let Alone. — Surely it is impossible that the law, which we are accustomed to regard as an agency for protect-

ing our lives and our pockets, with a perfect disregard of our feelings, should stoop to concern itself with the privacy of the individual; and yet nothing less than this appears to be the conclusion of a learned and interesting article in a recent number of the Harvard Law Review, entitled The Right to Privacy.

It seems that the great doctrine of Development rules not only in biology and theology, but in the law as well; so that whenever, in the long process of civilization, man generates a capacity for being made miserable by his fellows in some new way, the law, after a decent interval, steps in to protect him. Thus, our primeval ancestors cared nothing for their reputation, but hated to be beaten with clubs; and accordingly, at first, the courts took notice only of actual "battery," allowing the enemy's tongue to wag as it would. Next, as people grew more sensitive, the simple threat of violence became unpleasant, and so the law stepped in to prevent and punish the use of truculent language by one man to another. Ages again elapsed, and, the nervous system having now attained a morbid development, judges were forced to admit that mere noise might be an injury, and so the beating of drums and other loud sounds calculated to exasperate one's neighbor were held to be actionable. Slander and libel, after another protracted interval, began to seem unpleasant, and the courts, awaking to a perception of this new fact, declared that man had a legal right to his reputation.

What, then, remains for this age of super-refinement to accomplish in a similar direction? It appears that our courts are on the very brink of announcing that the individual has a right to privacy; that photographers may not take or sell his picture without permission; that publishers may not, unauthorized, print his correspondence; that the newspapers are not, as we had all supposed, free to describe and ridicule the peculiarities, depravities, and deformities of himself and of his household.

But is there nothing left in the way of liberty? Is nobody to be fair game for the curiosity, interest, and ridicule of the great public? Yea, one proscribed class is to remain undefended by the law, and, like the Egyptian embalmers, legitimate subjects of insult and contempt. Whoever aspires to political office must in the future, as of yore, bare his bosom, and the bosoms of all his household, to the gaze, the criticism, and the scorn of the vulgar. A bill, which is supposed to declare the common law, and has been drawn for consideration by the General Court of Massachusetts, after providing that no statement shall be published about private matters contrary to the wish of the person concerned, makes an exception as to any person "who holds, has held, or is seeking to obtain" an office, or "is a candidate," or "is suggested as a candidate," therefor.

Will it, one cannot help wondering, be possible, under this new law, to "suggest" one's enemy as "a candidate" (however impossible), and then proceed to deride in the public prints his qualifications for the office to which he is thus "suggested"? Such is the inquiry of an unsophisticated layman.

Sister Dea and her Pet Jay. — Are the members of the Club acquainted with the gentle personality of Sister Dea, a Tuscan poetess of the cinquecento, who loved, lost, and bewailed in elegiac song her pet jay? It would be a pleasure if some friendly voice among the Club should encourage me, as did the courteous interlocutor in Bronzini's ancient dialogue Of the Dignity and Nobility of Women. One, speaking of Sister Dea, calls her "that virtuous young woman who, for the lightening of her grief, composed a particular song, . . . judged elegant as possible, and not unpleasing to hear." Another responds (and I mean to imagine this kind person a spokesman of the Club), "Favor us with it for our enjoyment and disport, . . . for we shall remain greatly beholden to you."

Although Sister Dea, a woman of one song, and little acquainted with the world, cannot be classed with her predecessors of that century, the noble matrons Vittoria Colonna and Vittoria Gambara, or Gaspara Stampa, a Renaissance Sappho, consumed by passion, neither was she of the throng of nymphs of an artificial Arcadia, whose songs were a mere echo of Petrarca. Very little is recorded of the life of Dea. She was born about the year 1550, of the family De' Bardi, the great bankers who, more than two centuries before, had, to their lasting hurt, negotiated with Edward III. of England a national loan of many golden

florins. In the cinquecento classicism was a mania, and sponsors in baptism neglected the saints' calendar for the Greek and Roman mythology. So the baby De' Bardi was named Dea, and no doubt her fond kinsfolk declared that in her earliest attempts to toddle was manifest the true goddess. She was educated at the convent of Castel Fiorentino, where, as we shall note, her studies included the classic "humanities." Later, she returned to that cloister to take the veil. The reason is not recorded, but her poem seems to bear internal evidence that she had not been driven to shelter by storms of life, but was, rather, attracted by the tranquil sisterhood, and by the opportunities for culture of the intellect and of the soul.

Her elegy on the pet jay is one of the few examples of vital and sincere poetry among the verse of that period. It shows an inspiration, affectionate and spontaneous, and the polished expression of a virginal heart of rich potentialities. The poem has been twice printed: in the dialogue already cited, and again (according to Signor E. Magliani's valuable Storia Letteraria delle Donne Italiane) by an eighteenth-century compiler of Berni's burlesques, who, by some freak of coarse stupidity, placed it there, — a lily among nettles. It is preserved entire in a manuscript of the Strozzi Library at Florence, from which, by courtesy of friends, it has been copied for me. Sister Dea begins, full-voiced, the song of her sorrow (and the Club will be lenient with my translation, remembering that the English vocabulary imitates but harshly the nightingale notes of Tuscany): —

> The exceeding sorrow which laid hold on me
> When death in one brief moment made to cease
> Mine every joy, so greatly doth increase
> That my sad soul would disembodied flee,
> And threateneth to go
> In fond pursuit after its cause of woe.
> Hence, lest this thing take place,
> Muses who serve the fair-haired deity,
> A woman and a maiden as are ye,
> I pray you of your grace
> This boon, that envious time may not efface
> My grievous misery;
> Now and henceforth, with my most bitter pain
> Let the great worth made plain to all appear
> Of her who is dead, alas, my Jay most dear!

It was in the Tuscan springtime, radiant with flower and leaf, that Sister Dea, walking in the convent garden, chose a callow fledgeling from "the little brethren of the brood." With pretty cares she tried to replace "the mother bird that mourned on the laurel bough," feeding the young jay from her own lips. In parenthesis it may be confessed that Sister Dea's ornithology was not an exact science, for she calls her pet *ghiandaia* and *gazza* impartially. But not Lesbia and her sparrow had formed a sweeter picture than the nun with her jay pecking at her mouth, "shaking its ruffled wings for gratitude," and giving thanks "with its gentle croak." One believes Sister Dea when she asserts that the convent talked of nothing but the jay. "To beauty matchless upon earth she added virtue of far greater worth," moralizes the demure little nun. The death of her pet is her first experience of grief, it would seem: —

> O evil world, the sorry fruit I have known,
> Sprung from thy seeding!

and so is she admitted to the great company of the mournful. It is true that her inspiration sometimes fails. The verses are not especially poetic which narrate how the jay was drowned, —

> O loathly, dreadful case! within a well;

and verity is the principal grace, also, of the stanza which celebrates the domestic virtues of the bird, — guardian of the hens and their brood, visitor to the convent kitchen, friend of the cat and the dog, and not without an eye to the pots and pans. But from these humbler scenes the lament of Sister Dea rises suddenly to Olympus itself; and, with an invocation which, considering the extreme classicism of her times, does not misbecome her as a nun or seem unnatural to her as a poetess, we hear her claim at the hands of Jupiter the apotheosis of her dead jay: —

> Jove, now that cruel death iniquitous
> Has quenched the lovely sparkling eyes, beyond
> All light of sapphire or of diamond,
> And the sweet speech that was so marvelous
> To them who heard it, and the song is still
> That tears to joyfulness could turn at will,
> For virtues known to thee
> And worthy deeds, since thou hast set together
> In heaven so many birds of earthly feather,
> This comfort give to me:
> That, far above all weather,
> Midway between the beauteous stars benign,
> The swan's and raven's sign, there may appear,
> Resplendent in the sky, my Jay most dear.

Yet sidereal honors are too remote to appease her tender, forlorn yearnings. Life, restored in this world, is the reward that she craves for her jay's perfections, and she takes heart again of fable: —

My song, if it be true there is a bird,
Forever sole on earth,
Which dies in flame, and presently flies forth
More beauteous than before, —
This only bird of all the universe,
By some new miracle divine, diverse,
I hope may have once more
Life from the water where she died, restore
The world her loss left worse,
And give again to me my heart's delight;
For this indeed were right, — that should appear
Beside the phœnix risen my Jay most dear!

My light task will have been done amiss if it shall not have revealed under the monastic veil of Sister Dea the real woman, the maiden divining maternal love in care for her pet jay.

The Egotism of Type.

— Lately I was much interested in the opinions expressed by a familiar circle as to whether a certain acquaintance were or were not an egotist. The consensus being affirmative, with the froward desire of the non-participating listener to support the minority, I mentally began sifting evidence for the defense. I reflected that the person thus arraigned was notable for her modesty whenever the question of her good works or of her natural gifts arose. No impression was gained that their illustrator was possessed of undue self-esteem. On the other hand, it was to be noticed that, in any discussion where the conduct of life was the topic, she was strong in her approval or condemnation of the actors according as their behavior under the given test coincided with or diverged from her own in the same situation. In effect, the verdict reached seemed to be, "Right. I should have done that;" or, "Wrong. I should not have acted in such a manner," — and this with a fervor of declaration which rather resembled religious conviction based upon some impassioned esoteric principle than the mere assertion of individual conceit and arrogance of opinion.

In the train of these reflections came the following conclusion: that there exists an *egotism of type*, as radical as the most vehement personal egotism; an egotism in which the I possesses the unindividual individuality of a composite photograph; an egotism which is a kind of partisanship for an idea, and consequently for its fellow-partakers in the idea, and which ranges itself against the antipodal idea and those following its lead. This egotism of type appeared to me to be characterized by a feeling as deep-seated as racial prejudice itself. Why, indeed, should we not recognize the fact of races in mentality and temperament as we recognize the usual ethnological divisions of the human family? This subtler race feeling runs high. The animus proceeding from difference of color is scarcely more flagrant.

Egotism of type usually passes unrecognized, and is seen quite as often in its affirmative phase of approval of its own constituents as in that of opposition to the dissimilar in character and action. The dominant nature hears with approbation the recital of deeds performed by another dominant nature, and in any arraignment of the latter's conduct and policy will assume the attitude of defense. At the same time, the dominant despises the acquiescent and the non-belligerent, however it may ally itself with these last for convenience and the unopposed exercise of sovereignty. The subtle admires the subtle, and holds in contempt the simplician, who is nevertheless essential in the former's scheme of operations. The demonstrative person accuses the undemonstrative either of phlegm or of shrewd calculation. The spontaneous in expression can have no conception of the reserved intense; Hamlet is not merely a Jack-a-dreams, but is anæmic and cowardly, to the mind of one who acts on the impulse and summarily, not balancing considerations. A jealous and revengeful nature, when met with the charge of jealousy and vindictiveness, will cause you to see immediately (unless you are hopelessly prejudiced for mild neutrality) that the passions thus charged are the conspicuous and unfailing indices of a strong nature, while they are left out only in the make-up of the under-vitalized.

On the whole, these observations on the egotism of type, instead of confirming me in the long-received popular idea that opposites attract opposites, seemed to corroborate the very contrary of such a conclusion. Ultimate and essential likeness of character appeared to be the strong binding influence between individuals, though an outward dissimilarity, as in speech and manners, has also its distinct charm. It has been remarked very justly that, while variety is the spice of life, it is only the spice, not the substantial aliment of human nature's daily fare.

At the risk of perpetrating a *reductio ad absurdum*, I will add an instance which would seem to prove my thesis sound, not merely as fundamental truth, but as a fact of skin-deep demonstration. A lady of my acquaintance was expressing herself strongly in favor of the brunette type as more signally illustrating the traits of affection, sincerity, constancy, and whatever else is loveliest in woman. She was herself a brunette. A canvass of the question resulted in blonde declaring for blonde, brunette for brunette.

Folk-Usage. — Thirty years ago we were a dictionary-ridden people. Webster and Worcester, though often conflicting, were recognized law-givers on pronunciation, and decided questions of orthoepy as arbitrarily as the commentators on the Bible settled questions of morals. Nowadays we are disposed to look behind books for final authorities on vowel sounds and on conduct, in the "general sense of the people." The study of folk-lore and of ancient institutions has resulted in a recognition of the shadowy somethings we call the race imagination and the race consciousness, the workings of which Solon and Homer merely codify. There seems, too, to be such a thing as race pronunciation, which works out its own salvation or its own condemnation by its own laws, and changes *d*'s into *t*'s and *c*'s into *g*'s, and moves aspirates hither and thither, or expunges them altogether, without fear or favor. If we have not reached the point where we are willing to allow questions of pronunciation to be settled by a sort of manhood suffrage, at least we no longer consider the dictionaries final arbiters. In minor matters, for instance, every man is allowed to regulate the pronunciation of his own name, and the chemists and zoölogists fix the usage in their own departments.

Carrying out this enlarged liberality of interpreting "usage," ought not the pronunciation of boys to be taken as the standard for words that are exclusively boys' words? New England boys have pitched quoits ever since New England fathers first landed in America, and they have universally spoken of the game as "pitching *kwaits*." With cynical indifference to this ancient orthoepy, our dictionary-makers have persistently marked the word *kwoits*. A more high-handed endeavor to override a genuine folk-usage cannot be instanced, and can be explained only by saying of the compilers of dictionaries, as Macduff said of Macbeth, they "have no children." The boys meekly submit to the spelling of the dictionary as a matter beyond their jurisdiction. Ought not the dictionaries to take the pronunciation from them, the sole users of the word, and the *arbitres elegantium* in their own world? Might they not, in this case, refer to the "bright lexicon of youth," in which "there is no such word as" *kwoits?* Certainly, grown-up people of kindly dispositions and modern breadth of thought should regard the amenities of life and the sacred nature of boy tradition by being very careful not to say *kwoits* in a boy's hearing, however they may pronounce the word when alone. It would be but imitating the courtesy of the Speaker of the House who used to recognize one Representative as "the member from *Arkansas*," and another as "the member from *Arkansaw*," with a high-bred deference to individual pronunciation.

Probably very few people would have the hardihood to call Pint Judy "Point Judith" in the presence of the skipper of a coasting schooner, though to speak of "Pint-Judy-pint" is a refinement not to be expected from any one not to the manner born. But very likely many of the Club would unblushingly offer to buy *whortleberries* of a New Hampshire lad, because the word is so marked in the dictionary. Strictly speaking, there is no such fruit as a *whortleberry*. It is as fabulous as the apples of the Hesperides, as juiceless as the apples of Sodom. The edible berry that grows on real bushes is a huckleberry. Of course it is spelled *whortleberry* in recognition of the fact that it grows on a *whortle*, or little shrub; but when we speak of it, why should we not mention the real thing, and not a shadowy orthoepic abstraction as dry and lifeless as sprays of fern pressed between the leaves of an old book? The consensus of those on whose land a thing grows must fix the name of a thing, especially if it be a wild thing. Botanists or orthoepists may fasten a ticket on it, but that does not become the name. As the White Knight pointed out to Alice, there is a wide distinction between "what the name is called" and "what the name is."

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THE BRAZEN ANDROID.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

Who can rebuild before the eye of the mind a single ordinary dwelling of the vanished London of the middle of the thirteenth century? It was a dwarfish, squalid structure, of such crazy unsubstantiality that, with a stout iron crook and two strong cords, provided by the ward, it might be pulled down and dragged off speedily in case of fire; a structure of one story jutting over a low ground floor, with another jut of eaves above, its roof perchance engrailed with gables, its front bearing an odd resemblance to the back of a couple of huge stairs, and the whole a most rickety, tumble-down, top-heavy, fantastical thing. Chimneys were fairly in vogue then, so it had them, squat, square, wide-mouthed, faced with white plaster, red tiles, or gray pebble-work. Red tiles covered its roof; its walls were of rough-planed planks, or a wooden framework filled with a composite of straw and clay, buttressed with posts, and crossed this way and that with supporting beams, — the whole daubed over with whitewash, of which the weather soon made graywash. In front was a stairway, sometimes covered, sometimes not, or a step-ladder set slantwise against the wall, for an entrance to the upper story. The doorways were narrow and low, the windows also; and the latter, darkened with overbrows of wooden shutters, propped up from beneath, and sticking out like long, slender awnings, were further darkened by sashes of parchment, linen, or thin-shaven horn, for glass came from Flanders, and was costly and rare.

Such, joint and seam and tile being loosened into crack and cranny and crevice everywhere, was the dwelling of the London citizen as the eye might see it in the middle of the thirteenth century. Multiply that dwelling into a tortuous and broken perspective of like buildings, some joined by party-walls, some with spaces between, all pent-roofed or gable-peaked, heavy-eaved, stub-chimneyed, narrow-latticed, awning-shuttered, stair-cased, post-buttressed, beam-crossed, dusky-red-roofed, dingy-white-walled, and low under the overhanging vastness of the sky, and you have an ancient London street, which shall be foul and narrow, with open drains, footways roughly flagged and horseway deep with slushy mire, overstrewn with ashes, shards, and offal, and smelling abominably. There were, indeed, at that period, thinly interspersed here and there, houses of somewhat better description, solidly built of stone and timber, though at best strangely deficient in comfort and convenience, according to the fashion of that most inconvenient and uncomfortable age. Here and there, too, for those were the times of the feudal soldier and priest, rose in dreadful-beauteous contrast with the squalid city the architectural grandeurs of church and cathedral, or the stately house or palace of bishop or earl. But

all around stretched dwellings which our poorest modern house excels, and on those dwellings all evils and discomforts that can befall had their quarry.

Light came dim, and sunshine dimly glimmering, into their darkened rooms. Summer heats made ovens of them. The old gray family of London fogs rose from the marshes north of the city walls, from the city's intersecting rivulets, from the Thames below, and crept in at every opening to make all dark and chill within. Down their squat chimneys swept the smoke, choking and blinding. Rains such as even rainy England knows not now soaked them through for weeks together. Cold such as English winters have forgotten now pierced, with griping blast and silent-sifting snow, to their shivering inmates. Foul exhalations from the filthy streets hung around them an air of poison, or, rising from the cesspools, of which every house had one within, discharged themselves in deadly maladies. Lightnings stabbed their roofs or rent their walls, hunting for those they sheltered. Conflagration, lurking in a spark, upspread in dragonish flame, and roared through them devouring. Whirlwind swept through them howling, and tossed them down by fifties. Pestilence breathed through them in recurring seasons, and left their rooms aghast with corpses. Civic riot or intestine war stormed often near them, and brought them death and sorrow. Famine arose every few years, and walked through them on his way through England, leaving their tenants lean and pale or lifeless. Often into them broke the midnight robber, single or in gangs; often to them came the gatherer of taxes or of tithes; upon them hung perpetually all the bloodsuckers, every vampire which an age of ignorance and tyranny could spawn; and in them herded low lusts and passions, fiendish biogtries, crazy superstitions, brutish illiteracy, and all that darkens and depraves the soul. For that was the mournful midnight of our mortal life, centuries ago. The old, sad stars that governed our conditions still kept their forceful station above the brawl of brutal and infernal dreams; and one alone, new risen from Geber's east, hung dewy bright with the world's hope and promise, while Science, builder of life that is holy, beautiful, and gay, was but a wondrous new-born child in Roger Bacon's cell, dreaming of things to come.

On the throne, meantime, was a crowned horse-leech, Henry the Third, familiarly called Harry of Winchester, — beggar and robber in one, the main thought of whose weak and base reign was how to drain by a million mean sluices the wealth of his subjects; and in London, as in all England, taxmen, thieves, fogs, rain, heat, cold, miasma, lightning, fire, whirlwind, pestilence, riot, war, and famine performed their effects again on them through him. Under the feudal system, society and government cost dear: the rich, having much, paid immensely; the poor, having little, paid much; the general wealth bled constantly at every vein; and now, increasing the profuse depletion to unbearable extents, was this artery-draining king. At his marriage, his messengers swarmed out from his presence, through city, town, and country, and begged money; at the birth of his son, out again, and begged money; at New Year and other festival times, again, and begged money; on all possible occasions and upon any pretext, out they went, and begged money; and between whiles, among abbots, friars, clerks, tradesmen, and lower orders generally, Henry himself went, personally begging money. All along he was exacting heavy toll from the poor fishers of the coasts for every seine they dragged to land; sending his justices out upon their circuits to collect for him immense sums by compounding offenses with rogues; confiscating the wealth of men who had chanced to encroach upon his forest bor-

ders; borrowing large amounts from cities and towns, and never returning them; plundering without mercy the rich Jews, whom everybody plundered, and even selling them outright to the king of the Romans, when he was in want of a wealthy Israelite to rob. On one occasion, when the abbots of the downs were not willing to ruin themselves by giving him a year's value of their wool, he ruined them by forbidding its exportation; more than once he shut up the shops and stopped the entire traffic of towns and cities, to force the traders to sell their goods only at the fairs he instituted, where, for that privilege, they must pay him large duties; on flimsy allegations or for slight faults he drew heavy fines from citizens, and even sent his bailiffs to pounce upon shops, and seize clothes, food, and wine for his household. Such were the devices by which he increased his own lawful annual revenue of forty thousand pounds sterling, all which he lavished in luxurious uses or on his host of idle courtiers, many of them foreigners from Poitou and Picardy, whom the people hated. In these beggaries and burglaries he was encouraged by his equally rapacious wife, Queen Eleanor; and not only encouraged, but assisted, by the papal harpy of that period, Innocent the Fourth, who, besides filling all vacant English benefices with profligate Italian priests and even boys, abstracted every few years, by way of tithes, about a million pounds sterling.

London, especially, then the great commercial port of the realm, and rich despite its coarse and meagre life and squalid aspect, was the prime object of the king's extortions. An inexhaustible well of riches he called it, and into that well, as an historian has said, he dipped his bucket freely. The consequence was that between him and the twenty thousand sturdy and turbulent little citizens there were deadly rancor and perpetual feud; for his operations were not only essentially outrageous, but in flagrant violation of the rights and liberties secured the citizens in the Great Charter which the barons and clergy had wrung from the preceding tyrant, John, at Runnymede. The great mass of the English people shared the exasperation of the London burgesses. Even the villans, or chattel slaves, — and a large portion of the people were in that condition, — themselves grievous sufferers by their own lords, had their little scrap of protection from the Charter, and were concerned at its violation. Against the king, too, was a large proportion of the barons and clergy of this reign, men who smarted pecuniarily by the frequent miseries his perpetual interference with trade and agriculture brought upon the realm, and whose chartered rights and privileges were often directly or indirectly invaded or nullified by his rapacity and prodigality. These, having stormed at the monarch year after year in vain, were now proceeding to serious action.

Foremost among them was one great statesman, — he who claims, by the common judgment of the time, the proud distinction the Norman song of that period accords him of being just for the pure love of justice, — Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, brother-in-law to the king, and a Frenchman born and bred, but English heart-of-oak to his soul's core, and the darling of the English people. Already the popular mind, naming him the gift of the Lord to England, had fixed upon him as the champion of the people's cause; and already, at his instance, the barons and clergy in Parliament at Oxford had revived a provision of the Charter of Runnymede, by which the direction of affairs was taken from the exclusive hand of the king, and entrusted to a Committee of Government, twelve being appointed by the monarch, twelve by the Parliament. But the measure was only a partial check to the royal horse-leech. The abuses, somewhat diminished, still con-

tinued, and still against the king and his creatures the anger of London and of England was swelling and roaring, higher and louder, year by year, on and on, to the tornado fury of civil war.

In these times and in that old London, a street such as we have described, known as Friar's Street, and inhabited chiefly by sailors, foreign traders whose business kept them much of the time on the wide waters, fishermen, and the like, stretched its irregular perspective parallel with and not far from the Thames. The time was toward the latter part of July. A brief though violent thunderstorm which had raged over the city was passing away; but still, though the rain had ceased more than an hour before, wild piles of dark and coppery clouds, in which a fierce and rayless glow was laboring, gigantically overhung the grotesque and huddled vista of dwarf houses, while in the distance, sheeting high over the low, misty confusion of gables and chimneys, spread a pall of dead, leprous blue, suffused with blotches of dull, glistening yellow, and with black plague-spots of vapor floating and faint lightnings crinkling on its surface. Thunder, still muttering in the close and sultry air, kept the scared dwellers in the street within, behind their closed shutters; and all deserted, cowed, dejected, squalid, like poor, stupid, top-heavy things that had felt the wrath of the summer tempest, stood the drenched structures on either side of the narrow and crooked way, ghastly and picturesque under the giant canopy. Rain dripped wretchedly in slow drops of melancholy sound from their projecting eaves upon the broken flagging, lay there in pools or trickled into the swollen drains, where the fallen torrent sullenly gurgled on its way to the river. In the centre of the fetid street — a deep and serpentine canal of mud, undulating here and there into little lakes of standing water, overstrewn in places with ash-heaps, scattered shards and fishbones, and dully glistering in the swarthy light from the clouds — seven or eight unwieldy swine, belonging to St. Antony's Hospital, whose pigs alone were privileged, out of regard for the saint, to roam the city, waddled and rooted lazily, with their neck-bells continually jingling. Other sounds and forms than these there were none.

A little while, however, and, the beldam thunder having died away into faint and distant guttural mumblings, shutters began to uplift and doors to open, one by one; and in the same order shabby figures in vivid dresses of blue, red, yellow, or striped stuffs, mostly of housewives, with here and there a man among them in short tunic and hose of the same colors, appeared at the apertures, peering timorously at the wild sky and then at the street below. Gradually the clacking and clattering of opening doors and shutters became general; the figures multiplied rapidly; children of all sizes, in bright-hued smocks, shock-headed and barelegged, began to swarm down the stairways and out upon the flagging; and the street echoed with a clamor of voices, speaking and replying from all quarters.

While this neighborly hubbub was going on, there was a sudden lurid brightening of the swarthy light from the clouds; and at the same moment, as if the effect had wrought the change, voices were shrilling, people down the street gesticulating and running, a movement like an electric shock shot along, and at once, inexplicably, amidst an inarticulate roaring murmur like a coming sea, all voices were raised in screaming tumultuation, and everybody flew hither and thither in confusion. St. Antony's swine, confounded by this explosion, stopped rooting, and stood belly-deep in mud, ears laid forward and every snout pointed down the street, into which, from a side avenue, a multitude, mostly of women, were now irregularly pouring, hardly turning their faces from the direction in which they had come to glance at

the mire, through which they scrambled, with upheld skirts, up to the opposite flagging, and never ceasing to hoot and gesticulate at something as yet invisible. The next moment came a straggle of boys, furiously yelling and flinging handfuls of mud; and then bursting through them came three young men, courtiers at the first glance, with the many-hued flowerage of their short gowns and the gay colors of their silken hoods and hose and mantles almost obscured with the mire which covered them from head to foot. With flushed and frightened dirt-bespattered faces, they sprang upon the footway with brandished poniards, and ran desperately up the street amidst a deafening din. Away cluttered the swine before them, squealing and jingling, and then turning, as pigs will, just the way they should not have turned, floundered into the crowd of following boys and on to the pavement; upsetting boys, girls, men, and women in all directions, and increasing the general rage and confusion. For a moment, involved in this new imbroglio, two prentices, — one a lank fellow in belted russet tunic, the other short and fat in blue, — who had burst around the corner with cudgels, close upon the heels of the flying courtiers, lost sight of them, but, presently emerging into clearer space, saw them again as they raced over the flagging.

"Run, Little Turstan! Hep! hep!" shouted the lank one, setting off in pursuit.

"Hep! hep!" panted Little Turstan, putting his bandy legs into comically active motion again.

But the three courtiers were already some distance off, and after a short run the two prentices stopped, and gazed, panting and gasping, with drooping cudgels, after their lost prey. Both of them were small in stature, as the men of that day mostly were, and beardless; both had the yellow locks and pig faces of the Saxon; and the lank one had run himself white, while his fat companion was blowzed fiery-red with his exertions, and purblind into the bargain.

For a half minute or so they stood, the first absorbed in his hungry outlook, the other looking also, but with the air of one too hot and breathless to see anything clearly, or to care about seeing it, and both regardless of the tumult they had left behind them. Suddenly the lank fellow wheeled about, bringing his cudgel down thump upon the stones, and, throwing back his head, opened his big mouth wide for the purpose of belching forth some tremendous imprecation; in which attitude he remained, like one unexpectedly petrified, staring straight before him. Just then, from the side avenue below, the street filled with perhaps a hundred figures, prentices and courtiers, intermingled in a stabbing and striking snarl, their shouts and oaths sounding amidst a Babel clamor of hooting and screaming from the excited concourse on the footways. But the staring prentice was apparently oblivious of the spectacle, and Little Turstan, who had followed his motion to this strange conclusion, looked up at him with hot, bleared eyes in stupid wonderment.

"Hey, Wynkin, what now?" he gasped, panting and blowing.

Without closing his mouth, Wynkin rolled his eyes down sideways upon the face upturned to his, and, with a vacant and dazed air, made a slow motion with his thumb. Quite as slowly Little Turstan turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and saw, not far from them, a strong, columnar figure in red hose and gray mantle, standing on the flagging in the attitude of one who had paused in coming up the street to look back upon the brawl, with his face concealed by the mantle's hood, the edges of which he held together with one hand. Little Turstan gaped at him for a minute; then, not knowing what else to do, grasped his cudgel, and looked at Wynkin as asking whether the stranger was to be set upon.

"I spied his face," murmured Wynkin wonderingly.

"Whose, then?" demanded his companion.

"Whose think you, now?"

"Nay, but that I do not know, Wynkin."

"As I am a living man, Turstan" — asseverated Wynkin, turning to his comrade with an eager and mysterious air, and speaking in a low voice.

"Ay" —

"By Becket, may I never see grace if it was not" —

"Who?"

Wynkin's eyes sparkled, and, with an air at once consequential, patronizing, important, and reverential, he put one hand over his mouth and bent his face down to Little Turstan's ear.

"Sir Simon the Righteous!" he pompously murmured, straightening with an air of triumph the moment he had spoken. The one quick thing about Little Turstan was instinct, and instinctively, upon hearing the name which the popular love had bestowed upon the great earl, he put up his hand to remove his cap, but found that, like his companion, he was bareheaded. The object of this reverential movement had evidently heard Wynkin's answer, though the prentice had spoken in a low voice, for he started slightly, and drew his hood closer together.

"Whist — mum, Little Turstan," whispered Wynkin; "affect not to know him, for he would not be here with hooded face, and never a follower at his back, if he wished not to be secret. Whist, now, he comes."

As he said the last words the personage advanced, with his veiled face turned toward the comrades, who at once louted low.

"What means yon brawl, good fellows?" asked he, in a grave, sonorous voice, whose French accent confirmed the assertion Wynkin's glimpse of his features had prompted.

Little Turstan sheepishly shambled behind his comrade, but the latter, though a little startled at becoming suddenly aware that the fight in which he had been engaged some distance off but just before was transferred now to the street in which he stood, bent humbly to the stately figure before him, and answered at once like a fellow who had his wits about him.

"They be the king's men, most worshipful," he said. "May it please you, most worshipful, yon masters, to the number of some forty or so, did take their pleasure in our streets, and lest their silken gear be wet in the storm they sought their refuge in the shops. So till the foul weather overpassed, when, lo and behold you, most worshipful, up spake one of nine to Little Turstan here, saying, 'Scurvy wretch, our liege king would have pipkins of the potter,' — he being the potter's prentice, most worshipful, and the potter away from home. 'Pipkins he shall have if he pay; not else,' quoth Little Turstan. 'Here be the pay, scurvy wretch,' quoth the king's man, and throws one pipkin at Little Turstan, and yet another at his fellow-prentice, Thomas. 'Ye do ill, masters, to break the potter's ware,' quoth Little Turstan. 'We do well, soapy and scurvy wretch,' quoth the king's man. Whereat the nine lay hands on the large table whereon are many pipkins, the which they overturn, and all the pipkins are broken. Then stoutly cries Little Turstan, 'Prentice, prentice!' and to the shop enter the other king's men, and break pipkins, and go out down Lombard Street merrily laughing. After them sally our prentices, most worshipful, and say, 'Ye shall go with us and answer for the wrong ye have wrought.' To which the king's men say, 'Ye are all scurvy and soapy wretches, and we will not go with ye, nor yet answer.' So drawing their gully-knives upon us, we set upon them with our staves; and three among those nine running from the rest, Little Turstan and I give chase, till we lose

them in Friar's Street, where the others now are, as I see, most worshipful."

To this narrative of what had happened (of which our version must be considered a sort of translation, for Wynkin spoke in the uncouth Anglo-Saxon of the period, a language wholly unintelligible to us now, and such as we might fancy a horse would naturally speak, could he speak at all) the stranger listened in perfect silence, though it was easy to see, by the nervous griping of the hand holding the hood together, that he fully understood and was moved by the story of one of those outrages frequently committed in that day by the king's creatures, and the common end of which was a heavy fine levied upon the citizens. Whether he would have made any reply is doubtful, but if he intended any it was cut short by a nudge Little Turstan gave Wynkin from behind, which, with the uneasy glance accompanying it, caused the latter to take notice of the spot where they happened to be standing. It was in front of a structure of stone, not very high, but considerably higher than the other edifices; withdrawn somewhat from the zigzag line of the street; dusky brown in color, and showing by the smoky stains and scars upon it that it had been scathed by, and probably proved a barrier to, some of those conflagrations which so often then ravaged London; its narrow windows closely shuttered; a loophole in the form of a cross between the two in the upper story; a sombre portal jutting beneath, with a carven finial, and on its cornice floral carvings; within this an oaken door heavily clamped with iron; on either side of the portal, set in niches, two wooden effigies of St. Francis d'Assisi and St. Thomas à Becket; and weeds and grass raggedly fringing the overhanging eaves, growing thickly around the broken steps and spiring from their seams and fissures. Sooth to say it was a building before which nobody, from the child at his games to the very oldest citizen, cared even in broad daylight to linger; though people did venture to live, and even to frequent the flagging, on the opposite side. The explanation of this popular timidity was, that in the stone house abode then, as for a year past, a learned man; and a learned man at that delightful period was regarded by the populace with reverential horror, as one who was unquestionably a master of black arts and a dealer with the devil. When, therefore, Wynkin became aware that he was in front of the house, he turned a shade paler and devoutly crossed himself, as Little Turstan had already done. No sooner had both prentices caught sight of a pale and bearded face calmly looking from a half-opened shutter above upon the fray — the face of the learned man himself — than they both crossed themselves again, and involuntarily made a movement to depart. Instantly the hooded personage passed by them with a slight bend of his head, the face at the window above disappearing at the same time, and the two prentices hurried off, and were presently striking and shouting in the midst of the brawl.

In front of the portal the personage paused to look back. As he turned, out smote from the clouds a burst of sunshine, blinding bright. The white walls and wet red roofs suddenly a-smoke with rising vapor; the chimneys, jutting fronts and eaves, propped shutters, stairways, all salient points and surfaces, streaked, splashed, and fringed with the sombre silver and sullen jewels of the rain; the street's black-shining slush, the flagging's leaden pools; the many-colored multitude swaying and tossing in one wild, howling bray of discord beyond; the motley mire-bedraggled fighters reeling and plunging, with flailing of cudgels and flashing of poniards, like a cluster of dwarf devils in interstruggling confusion, — the whole long low, stormy vista, dashed with a thousand rough lights and sooty shadows,

and showing like some gorgeous and demoniac phantasmagoria, swept up to meet the eye of the gazer. All was distinct in flame and gloom, under the lowering and tremendous rack, whose yellow and umber masses, riven into terrific forms, toiled gigantically to the far limit, where, losing shape, they sheeted down the vault through intermediate gray in dense and livid blue. A new life seemed to strike into the multitude with that abrupt and stern illumination; the whole concourse wavered convulsively, with brandished arms and hoarse and furious cries; the struggling mass of fighters plunged heavily forward, all together, swayed back again, and fought with frantic yells. Then came a chorus of shrill screams; there was a sudden scattering; the vivid light went out, obscured in blotting clouds; and in the pallid shadow which struck the street blank and ghast the dispersing crowd was seen running in affrighted silence, the people scrambling up stairways and in at doors, the prentices darting into the spaces between the houses, while through the multitudinous muffled clatter of footfalls sounded the dull and heavy gallop of approaching horse; and as the city guard came riding in, there were visible only twos and threes of miry prentices in different directions, vanishing into the interspaces with wounded comrades between them, and some distance down the street a draggled group of courtiers hastily retreating, with sore bones, toward Westminster.

"God's curse on king and king's men!" said the hooded witness of the scene, stamping his foot passionately on the flagging. He said no more, but, hastily entering the portal, struck twice on the oaken door. After a pause, the door swung slowly back a little way on its creaking hinges, and revealed in the shadowy aperture a dwarfish and hideously misshapen figure, clad in red, with a stolid and sodden face and a shock of yellow hair.

"Make way, good Cuthbert Hoole," said the visitor kindly. "I would see the friar."

Cuthbert Hoole kept his bloodshot eyes, almost vacant of intelligence, fixed for a moment on the speaker's face, and then, in a feeble and dissonant tone, whined slowly: —

"Time is! Come."

Like one accustomed to the strange manner of the poor idiot, the visitor entered, and, following with calm strides the darting and zigzag course of his usher, was conducted through an obscure, low-browed passage to a small and lofty oaken chamber, palely lighted by a narrow oriel window with glass panes, set rather high in the wall. It was furnished with two huge wooden chairs, a settle, and a massive table, on which were a book of vellum, an inkhorn, and a few rolls of parchment. A spare and slender figure, gowned in gray Franciscan frieze, with the cowl laid back on his shoulders, stood near the table, and turned toward the visitor, as he entered, a face of scholastic pallor, meagre and noble, its lower part covered with a close-curling auburn beard, and its thin, clear features wearing in their shadow a faint smile which shed a pale irradiation under the hollow arches of the eyes, and over the unwrinkled marble of a forehead grand and large in its proportions, from which time and thought had worn away the monastic tonsure.

"Welcome, my lord of Leicester," said he, bending his head slightly.

"Thanks, marvelous doctor, I greet you," replied the earl. "But no court fashions of speech with me. By God's eyes, I weary alike of court and court fashions!"

He strode forward as he spoke, his presence seeming to flood the cloistral tranquillity of the chamber with a sense of embattled armies, and, throwing himself into a chair, flung back his hood. A kingly fronted presence, making the

seat he sat upon a throne; the face bronzed and martial, stern, sagacious, royal with justice, passionate and war-sad; the large head, broad at the top, and covered with curling locks of iron-gray, rising grandly from the solid shoulders; the bold forehead corrugated; the brown eyes filled with a clear fire under their pented brows, though veiled with a certain weariness as they wandered listlessly over the manuscripts on the table; the nose large, aquiline, courageous, with dilated nostrils; and the heavy black mustache of the Norman sloping down to the resolute jaw. Over the whole countenance now was an expression of vexed gloom. The friar smiled pensively as he gazed upon it.

"You are fretted, De Montfort," he said.

"Fretted!" replied the earl, smiting his breast with his clenched hand. "Ay, Roger, fretted. Splendor of God, well may I be fretted! To be rid of this cark and care of state, I could become a shepherd of the downs."

"Then would you be fretted with the shepherd's cark and care," returned the friar jestingly.

The earl looked grim for a moment, but, soothed by the sweet, clear voice, like the falling of silver waters, as by the strengthful calm of the friar's presence, he smiled slowly, and then laughed.

"True, marvelous doctor, true," he said carelessly, his front relaxing. "All estates must have their crosses. Even you, Roger, with your worn face of peace, have borne burdens."

"Yes," said the friar simply, after a pause, "I have suffered."

De Montfort's mind, already roving from the thoughts that disturbed him, at once lost sight of them; his careless mood became fixed with sudden interest, and his eyes shot a keen glance at the musing face of the speaker, then wandered to the book on the table, and returned.

"I understand," he said slowly, moving his head up and down with the air of one occupied with a reflection which had never struck him before. "Yes, I have heard that Roger Bacon seeks too devoutly the mysteries of God to be loved by man. But why seek science at such cost?"

"Science is for man's advantage," replied Bacon gravely.

"For man's advantage? True, but it brings you sorrow, Roger."

"And you, De Montfort, — why toil you for justice against court and king and factious peers?"

"It is for England's welfare."

"But it brings you gall and grief, De Montfort."

"God's throat, yes!" the earl wrathfully assented, striking the arm of his chair. "Gall and grief it brings me, truly! Yet better gall and grief to me than ruin to the realm; better anything than shameful sloth of mine when wrongs cry for man to right them."

"Amen, brave earl! You have answered for me."

De Montfort looked mutely at him for a moment, and, with curious wish to know if such were indeed the motive of the great friar, spoke on.

"Yet hear me, Roger," he said, "and mark the difference between us twain. Behold, I have many recompenses. I am Earl of Leicester. From Kenilworth I look on broad lands of mine own. I have my good dame, the Lady Eleanor, and my stout sons. And what though royal Harry rage, and William de Valence scowl, and Gloucester's faction chafe me? Good prelates bless me; bold barons are leal to me, and hail me champion and leader. Ay, more, — the people love me. They call me the Mattathias of the suffering land. They call me Sir Simon the Righteous. Is it not worth sorrow to have won such names as these? Sweet is the love of the people, Roger! But you," he pursued, his voice sinking from its proud tone to one of frank compassion, —

"what are your recompenses? You are not now, as once, the glory of the university. Your voice is silenced there. You have no longer wealth. It has been spent for science. The friars of your order vent their malice and envy in the foulest calumnies upon you. The people do not love, but dread you. You are unblessed, unhonored, landless, wifeless, childless, almost friendless. Often in past time, as I have heard, your studies have been forbidden, your books and writings nailed together; you have been denied company, scanted of food and drink, imprisoned. To what good end? Why forego ease, joy, honor, for this? Why toil for science when it brings you naught but hate, slander, ill fame, oppression, poverty, hunger, imprisonment, perchance death?"

The friar raised his noble head, with a rapt light upon his wasted features.

"It is for the advantage of the world," he said, with sublime simplicity.

De Montfort looked at him with parted lips, and a red flush crept over his massive countenance.

"The advantage of the world!" he rejoined, abstractedly and slowly. "That is a sorry voice to give a man cheer and comfort when all human voices cry against him."

"It is the voice divine," returned the friar, "and it never leaves me. I hear it," he said, with dreamful and solemn ardor, "when all human voices cry against me, — voice of their voices, and of their tones the overtone. Day never rose nor set, night never came nor silence never folded me, in which it was not Heaven's own voice of comfort to my spirit. Yea, jailed in my cell, wasted with prison rigors, when angry faces gnash at me, when cruel tongues rail at me, I hear it still, blithe and strong as battle trumpets, and bracing my heart to bear whatever man hath borne. Blithe and strong as in the early days at Ilchester, when it bade me yield up the lily and the rose of youth, the honors and the ease of age, so blithe and strong and filled with cheer and comfort do I hear it now. So shall I hear it, all sufficient, to my latest day; so shall I hear it on my dying pallet as I go to Him who also strove for the world's advantage, following whom I have labored to raise man's life to the perfection of the Christian law, in something of whose spirit I have humbly striven to live, and somewhat of whose crown of thorns I have been graciously permitted to wear."

Ceasing, he stood with solemn light upon his face, and silence such as follows religious music succeeded to his voice when its last rapt cadences had died away. The flush had paled from De Montfort's features, and mutely for a little while, with the fire of his brown eyes dim, he gazed at the friar.

"O life of God," he passionately murmured, "who would not be noble in England with such a man as this alive!"

"What say you, De Montfort?" abstractedly asked Bacon, hearing his murmurings.

"Roger," replied the earl, "I see what sustains you in your lonely toil for the truths of God, and I grant all labor and sorrow for the world's advantage well, for the advantage is the noble laborer's sufficient recompense. But hear me. Robert Grostete has long foretold that I should fall in the cause of truth and justice, this strife for the Charter, and I feel that the good bishop has spoken truly. Yet my life will not have been in vain, and my death will establish all for which I have striven. But whatever benefit men are to receive from you rests on the preservation of your writings, and these many are leagued to destroy. Failing this fate, they may moulder to dust, unseen by men, in Oxford library. So will your life have been wasted. What sustains you against the bitter likelihood that the world will receive no advantage from you, owing to the neglect or destruction of your manuscripts?"

The friar looked at him with a mien of unfaltering majesty.

"Their own worth will preserve them," he answered, with proud humility, "if God means that they shall be preserved."

He turned away, but the reply struck the red flush again to the convulsed features of De Montfort, and drove the bright tears to his eyes.

"I am answered," he said hoarsely. "Well am I answered. But, by the soul of the Lord, I love England less at this moment that she loves not Roger Bacon more!"

There were a few minutes of silence. The friar lapsed into reverie. The earl, subduing his emotion, sat mournfully revolving many thoughts, and gradually passing away through busy mental transitions from the things that had been spoken.

"Well, well," he said abruptly, with a sad, ruminating smile, "I know not why one should despond. The times are stormy, yet they mend, they mend. Certes, Roger, they are better than when your little jest so deftly tilted over that varlet Peter de Rupibus."

"My little jest? What mean you, De Montfort?" said the friar absently.

"I mean *petræ et rupes*, which signifies stones and rocks, does it not?" returned the earl, with a quiet laugh.

"Such is the meaning," replied the friar, still absently, with the air of one whose thoughts were wandering from the colloquy. "But I do not understand."

"What, forget your good wit!" gayly exclaimed De Montfort. "But you forget not Peter de Rupibus, that knavish Bishop of Winchester?"

"Nay, I remember him well," said Bacon mechanically.

"And well you may," continued De Montfort. "Our royal Harry's prime minister more than twenty years agone; he at whose beck England was filled with the rufflers of Poitou, without an encompassing crowd of whom the king would go nowhere; he who ruled the land at his own free pleasure, and so inflamed the king's heart with hatred of his English subjects that his sole thought was how to exterminate them all. Doubtless he meant to do as much for his barons, by aid of the swords of Poitou, when he summoned us to the conference, to which we were too wise to come, and left him to sit there with the clergy. You were a clerk of that conference, Roger."

"Yes, yes," said the friar, smiling. "I remember it all now, though it had passed my memory."

"Ay," continued De Montfort laughingly, "and the king was furious that day, as I have often been told, and brawled lustily at his absent barons, till up spake a young *frère* of your order, a large and portly man, Thomas Bungy by name. You know him well, I doubt not, Roger?"

"Yes," said Bacon, reddening.

"A good patriot," continued De Montfort, not noticing the friar's flush. "Up spake he, and stoutly told the king he would know no peace till he had dismissed Peter de Rupibus. Whereat the king stormed, but the conference declared Frère Bungy's words true, and he grew more reasonable. Then was heard the pleasant voice of Roger Bacon saying, 'Lord king, we sail the ship of England; tell me, lord king, what frightens sailors most, and what is their greatest danger?' 'Sailors know best,' quoth sullen Harry. 'My lord, I will tell you,' replied Roger: 'it is petræ et rupes.' Whereat king and conference roared laughter from their beards."

"That was a hint in Latin," said Bacon, coloring again and smiling.

"Truly," returned De Montfort, with a mirthful face, "and it hinted Peter out of England, I verily believe. 'Ha, haw, ho!' roared Bungy, in huge jollity. 'Petræ et rupes sounds much like Peter de Rupibus, liege king!' 'Ay,' quoth

my good Bishop of Lincoln, 'and certes is Peter stones and rocks to us who sail the ship of England.' Ah, well, 't was a little thing, but it softened the king's heart, as good wit in a pleasant voice often does, and left him in easy mood to yield Peter's dismissal at the solicitations of the primate. So the gale of merriment that jest raised blew the minister out of England, and the rogues of Poitou along with him."

De Montfort laughed heartily, while the friar smiled as faintly as might a modern reader of his mediæval joke, coming upon Matthew Paris's version of it in the chronicle of Roger de Wendover.

"If jests could blow Peters and Poictevins from England," Bacon said presently, "I would fain fall a-jesting now."

"True," returned the earl; "there are still many foreigners at court and in places of power, though not in such number now as" —

"Nay, I refer not to the presence of the men of Poitou," interrupted the friar, "nor yet to the Italians whom Pope Guilty thrusts upon us, but to" —

A sudden peal of hilarity from De Montfort checked his speech.

"Pope Guilty!" ejaculated the mirthful earl. "Innocent the Fourth rechristened! Pope Guilty! Roger, Roger, while your wit thus brands evil dignities there are other reasons, I trow, for denying you speech and visitors, and nailing your books together, than your simple zeal for the truth of God."

"'T is a truth of God thus to name the Pope," said the friar, with a soft laugh. "For the rest, De Montfort, I misdoubt me but you say true. It was on my lips to refer to the day's riot."

"Ay," thunderously muttered De Montfort, his brow darkening. "It had passed my mind. Know you its cause?"

"I heard that shrill-voiced prentice tell you, as I stood at the window," replied Bacon. "A matter of broken pipkins."

"Broken pipkins!" cried De Montfort stormfully. "Broken liberties, I say! When the idle varlets of a king have power so to deal in a tradesman's shop, what is broken beside his earthenware? God's life, the charter of a nation!"

"Even so," returned the friar. "But was it this that so fretted you, De Montfort?"

"Only in part," moodily replied the earl, champing his mustache as a warhorse champs his curb, while the rage of eye and nostril slowly settled into gloom. "Hear me, Roger," he continued, after a pause. "I will tell you. My royal brother-in-law was taking pleasure in his barge on the river, when the storm came on, and caused him to land at the nearest mansion, which happened to be Durham House, where I then was. The rain had ceased, however, ere he landed. When I came down with my lord the bishop into the garden to greet him, he fell a-trembling, and grew as white as though I were a spectre. 'My liege,' I said, 'why are you afraid? The tempest is now past.' He looked at me with lowering aspect. 'I fear thunder and lightning beyond measure,' said he in a hollow voice, 'but, by the head of God, I do more fear thee than all the thunder and lightning in the world!' Ay, Roger, thus spake he. And he did *thee* me! In the very presence of his malapert courtier crew he did *thee* me! By St. Michael, but that he was the king I could have struck him dead!"

"How answered you?" asked Bacon, his eyes grown bright and keen, and fixed eagerly upon the earl.

"My passion made me calm," replied De Montfort, "and England rose in my heart to answer him. 'Fear not me, my liege,' I said, with my eyes bent upon the scowling crew, — 'fear not me, who have been always loyal to you and your realm. Fear rather your true enemies, who destroy the realm and

abuse you with bad counsels.' At which the brazen caitiffs slunk cowering, and followed Harry of Winchester, who went by without another word."

"Was this all?"

"All," was the reply. "I entered my barge at the foot of the garden, and came hither, — came hither to see, as I passed, the result of just men's blood and grief once again made as naught; wasters of poor men's goods answering with steel instead of silver for their ravages, and holding the city's peace and laws as cobwebs, as they have done time and again. God grant they were well cudgeled, though every blow they got is like to cost the city a pot of money. But it shall not. *Despardieux!* If the king moves to fine the citizens for this outrage of his minions, I will bring it before the council."

"Think not of it, De Montfort," said the friar calmly. "Let the fine follow the wrong, as it doubtless will. Think rather how to limit this king's power for wrong."

"That were good thinking," replied De Montfort, with a gloomy smile. "But how? This year's Parliament has brought forth my best thought, the Committee of Government. To what avail? How check these royal evils, which creep like grass and wind like water everywhere?"

"Hearken, De Montfort," said the friar. "Time was when Norman scorn could say, 'Dost take me for an Englishman?'"

"Time is passed," whined a voice. De Montfort turned quickly round in his chair, and saw Cuthbert Hoole retreating from the closing door, motioned away by the friar.

"He is weak-witted," said the latter, "and this is part of his poor jargon; but he spoke aptly then. Time is, indeed, passed. The Norman owns himself Englishman. Saxon and Norman no longer, we are all Englishmen. The old disdain lives only in the court of the king."

"Where it keeps the land in constant broil," said the earl.

"Ay, but you can crush it there," said Bacon. "You can array a power against it so formidable that it must bow. Nor can Gloucester's faction maintain it."

"And how?"

"Hearken," pursued the friar. "Statecraft has found that the law of the realm, and not the will of the king, must rule England. Said I not that we are all Englishmen now? Let statecraft, then, find that the law which rules must be made by Englishmen; not by English lords and priests for the people, but by the English people for the people. Poorly will they defend the law made for them; stoutly will they defend the law themselves have made."

"Dost meditate a Parliament of villans, Roger?" bantered the earl.

A deeper pallor overspread the visage of the friar, and upon it stole a smile like dawn.

"I see a time far off," he reverently answered, "when the charters which barons win and cannot keep shall be kept securely by those who shall be villans then no more. Far off I see it coming on its way. So let it come, with all good things, hereafter." He moved up the chamber, with his head bent upon his hand, and, wheeling suddenly, faced the earl. "De Montfort," he cried, with startling energy, "what is it the king fears more in you than the thunder and the lightning? It is that more fearful to the tyrant than the thunder and the lightning, — a brave man's justice. Gift of the Lord to England, a new power calls to your justice for its place in the councils of the nation!"

"What power?" De Montfort eagerly demanded.

"What power studs England with so many free cities and boroughs? Lord earl, they were not built by peers and prelates. Lord earl, the men I speak of hold not by tenure of the villan, nor

wear the collar of the slave. Rich and strong with trade and labor, and freemen all, why stand they unrepresented in the politics of England?"

"What would you have me do?" said the startled earl.

"Repay the love that loves you. Summon the burgesses to Parliament. Give them equal place with peers and prelates in the councils of the realm. So, with something like the nation at your back, you can front the faction of the Crown."

The bold reply smote like light on the brain of De Montfort. Instantly he saw the advantage such a move would give him, and a latent thought of his own rose in his mind, one with the thought of the friar. Speechless, with the red flush on his corrugated brow, his features puckered with wonder, and a fire-flash in his eyes, he sat upright, staring at Bacon. Then, smiting the arms of his chair, he threw back his head, and his laugh rang wild and weird.

"Behold," he said, "often as I have mused upon these burgesses, a thought I could not define, like a man masked and cloaked, has come to me. Now, at your words, mask and cloak drop, and your thought I recognize as mine. Powers of heaven, what a measure! But, Roger, 't would be hard to compass."

"First of all," urged Bacon, "seek out Bracton, and get him to look if there be not some precedents for it."

"Ay, well counseled. But hush. Let me think of this, for my mind is all a-whirl."

Bacon turned away, and for five minutes the earl sat in silence, his eyes covered with his hand, absorbed in reflection.

"Robert Grostete's prophecy is like to come true or this," he said at last, in a sombre voice. "Fruitful of much fair fortune would this measure be to England, but woful would it prove to me. It cannot be compassed without collision with the king. Yet what matter! Roger, I will take it into mind, — ay, more: by God's eyes, it shall be accomplished, if it can be! Let the worst come. It is right, it is just. All that I have and am is for right and justice. Oh, happy he who soldiers the good cause! Oh, happy, happy he who can die for it!"

The great earl well redeemed his passionate pledge, as history attests, nor was his foreboding groundless. A few years later, and the measure which laid the foundation of the English House of Commons, and called the great body of the English people into political life, was fully inaugurated, and a new morning rose upon the nation, though with a blood-red dawn.

"Hearken, De Montfort," said Bacon, drawing near him. "Dismiss from your mind all thought of collision with the king. That were ruin. This must be done in the king's name, and it is now your task to win him to your design. I will show you many arguments and methods by which he may be won. Patience, patience. Take time. The years are before you."

"Roger," said the earl abruptly, "I came here to-day to ask you a question. At my last visit you said something — I know not how, nor exactly what — 't was a dark saying — spoken in jest, too — but it has haunted me ever since — something about enwalling England against invasion. What meant you, — anything or nothing? Dost apprehend invasion?"

Bacon colored deeply under the frank, inquisitive gaze of the speaker.

"It might be," he said, in an evasive tone. "France may at any time spread her banners in the land. Harry of Winchester may ally with Pope Guilty, a papal interdict again hurl Europe upon England as in William Conquestor's time, and the realm see another Hastings."

"Alack!" sighed the earl, "what wall against such invasion as this?"

"A united realm," replied Bacon quickly. "Beware of division with Harry of Winchester. Be friends with him. Resent nothing. Beguile or persuade him into sanctioning all you do. De Montfort, make firm alliance with the king! That is England's wall against all invaders."

"It is well counseled," said the earl thoughtfully, with his eyes fixed upon the floor. "But, Roger" —

Looking up, he saw that the friar had drawn his cowl over his face. De Montfort instantly divined that he had a thought he feared his face might betray, and, laughing, he rose.

"Nay, then," said he gayly, "if you cover your face, I go. But, Roger, thanks for your wise counsels. You have given me much to think of. Thanks, thanks, and for the present farewell."

He clasped the thin hand of the friar in his own brown strong palm, gazed with frank tenderness a moment on the bent cowled head, then, drawing his hood over his face, left the room.

The friar stood motionless, listening to the receding steps of the earl along the passage. They ceased, the heavy door closed resounding, and with a sudden movement he threw back his cowl, and showed his face kindled in shadow, his eyes shining as with interior flame.

"Ay, gift of the Lord to England," he fervently murmured, clasping his hands, "your union with this paltry king shall fortress England from without and from within as with a wall! God grant the android a good success, and he and you shall work in concert!"

He sat down near the table, and, leaning his throbbing head upon his hands, lapsed into exulting reverie, while the sunlight, breaking again from the clouds, streamed aslant through the window, and lit the chamber with a shadowy splendor of triumphant gold.

A few minutes had passed slowly by in that rich gloom, when the friar was startled from his abstraction by the sudden appearance of Cuthbert Hoole. The idiot darted in, with a frightened glare in his bloodshot eyes, his usually sodden and immobile face distorted with wild excitement, screeched "Time was!" and, spinning on his heel for an instant with dizzy rapidity, vanished through the open door, which closed behind him.

Bacon sprang upright, astounded, and stood holding his breath, with his heart beating and all his blood pricking and tingling, while the very air seemed struck dead around him, so intense was the silence. A moment, and the air crept, as it were, with a strange magnetic life, as, releasing his breath, he stepped quickly to the centre of the room, and again stood still.

"*Per os Dei*," he muttered, "this is strange! Only once before have I known the boy to be thus affected, and that was when the Paduan was here, a year ago. 'T is the time, too, when, if he keeps his word, he must be again in England. Can he be near the house? Tush, no! Yet 't is singular, this mysterious sympathy between that profound and subtle Doctor Malatesti and my poor darkened Cuthbert Hoole. If indeed there be such a sympathy — Tush, tush! I dream."

At that moment loud blows were heard on the portal. The blood rushed with a shock to the friar's heart. A long pause, and again the blows sounded loudly. Despite his self-control an icy chill coursed through his veins.

"Can it be that the Paduan is here?" he muttered. "Mayhap Cuthbert is afeard."

He made a step forward to answer the summons himself, but his brain swam, and an inexplicable feeling, resembling fear, thrilled through him and made him stand. Again the blows thundered on the portal; but suddenly he grew calm, for he heard the door open, and the thump of a lusty kick upon some human body coincident with the sturdy objurgation: —

"St. Swithin plague thee, thou malformed bunch! Must thou keep a frère of the Lord's flock pounding till doomsday at the portal?"

Bacon smiled in despite of himself.

"Oaf that I am!" he murmured. "Maundering of the Paduan, when 't is only my burly Bungy!"

The next instant Friar Bungy lumbered into the room with the gait of an overgrown elephant. He was a perfect abbey-lubber, enormously fat, nearly six feet in height, and with an incredible circumference of paunch. The rough cord which, after the fashion of the Franciscans, bound his gray habit around the waist would have sufficed for at least two ordinary brothers of the order. His merry black eyes twinkled under a low but prominent forehead with its tonsure band of gray hair, and lit his red blobber-cheeked visage, fringed with a grizzly gray beard, with the light of a certain gross genius. He was barefooted, and the heavy flap of his immense dirty feet sounded on the floor with a distinctness which testified to his ponderous weight, as he surged across the chamber, and flung himself, half reclining, upon the oaken settle, which creaked beneath his burden. As he lay thus, blowing obstreperously, with his mighty stomach stupendously rising and falling, he afforded a striking contrast to the spare and graceful ascetic figure of Roger Bacon, who stood, calm as a statue, surveying him with a slight smile on his austere features.

"Oh, Brother Roger," panted the exhausted Bungy in a stentorian voice, "I am well-nigh dead with the speed of my course, and truly am frying in my frock with the sore heat of the day!"

"Nay, Frère Thomas," said Bacon, "you were quick enough to abuse Cuthbert with a most heavy buffet, as you came in. Surely it would better beseem you to deal gently with our poor witless servitor."

The fat friar suspended the operation of wiping with the sleeve of his habit the perspiration from his flushed face, and burst into a jovial laugh, which spread his large mouth from ear to ear, and showed a shining double row of splendid teeth in the boskage of his gray beard.

"Peace, Roger!" he roared, subsiding. "I did slight harm to Cuthbert, but the unready carl was slow to answer my summons, and I was vexed. Make him fetch me a stoup of water, I beseech you, or, by St. Thomas à Becket, I shall die of drouth."

Bacon took from a shelf a wooden tankard, but finding it empty left the room to replenish it. No sooner was he gone than the fat friar lifted himself from the settle with a rapidity which denoted no extreme state of exhaustion, and whipping out a large flat leathern flask from his capacious bosom, put it to his thick red lips, and took a draught of what was evidently a stronger and more congenial potation than the rules of St. Francis allowed to the brethren of his order.

"Ah, 't is fine!" said the rotund giant with satisfaction, replacing the wooden stopple, and hiding the flask in his bosom. "A blessing on my cousin the vintner for such a pottle of drink as this! 'T is your true milch cow, by St. Dubric!"

He had resumed his former position when Bacon entered with the tankard.

"What drug have you about you, Thomas?" he asked half absently, as he handed Bungy the water. "I scent spice on the air."

"Nay, I know not," coolly answered the friar, affecting to drink. "Unless it be the odor of my sanctity," he added, replacing the tankard on the shelf. "Sooth, if holy men may smell of spice and roses in their graves, as 't is known they do, I know not why they may not in their lives."

Bacon, absorbed in reverie, did not appear to have heard this audacious reply.

"A wild, warm day," ran on Bungy, lolling on the settle. "Brawl stirring again in the city, and the king's men well thwacked, for which St. Becket be praised. And such labor of sun and clouds, and such clouds, have I never beheld. Pray God it be not a portent of toil and trouble for England. By Dunstan the blessed, I think the fiend is abroad in the realm this day. Such clouds, such clouds! And such devil's roar of thunder, and devil's sheeting of flame, and devil's pelting of rain, as wrought hurly-burly above us ere the tempest passed! Now 't is war of sun and clouds, and beshrew me if I do not think the clouds may defeat the sun, and leave the land without God's candle. Lord forefend it be not an omen of coming battle betwixt our blessed Sir Simon and Harry of Winchester, and Sir Simon getting the worst of it! That were as good as putting out the sun itself."

"Fear not, Thomas," said Bacon, starting from his musing and pacing up the room. "Storms purge the air as struggle doth the realm, and in the war of cloud and sun, by God's grace the sun is ever assured victor."

Turning, he came down the chamber and took a chair near Bungy.

"Hearken, Thomas," he said in a low voice. "To-day we finish the android, and I have now to tell you its purpose."

Bungy instantly sat up, with his gross face radiant.

"Speak on, Roger," he said. "I am all agog to hear."

"You have ever been one with me in brotherhood and stout heart against England's plotting lords," pursued Bacon. "Swear to me now, Thomas, never to reveal aught of what I am to tell you."

"I swear it by the cross," returned the friar, lifting the holy symbol which dangled at the end of his rosary.

"'T is well," said Bacon. "Listen. In my youth, studying at Paris, I fell in, it matters not how, with a strange Italian scholar of great parts and learning, named Malatesti. Afterwards, proceeding to Italy, I visited him at his house, a lowly structure of stone on the outskirts of Padua, where he dwelt in utter solitude save for two blackamoor servitors, both mutes. A strange and indeed fearful man was he, scorning all mankind, and his conduct at times truly seemed to savor of insanie. Yet was he, after his manner, gracious to me, and for the rest passing learned. Great store, too, of books and manuscripts, precious as gems, had he; and, moreover, while beauteous in person, though darkly so, and hugely wealthy, he sought not the world's vanities, but, like a true scholar, was all devoted to learning, which made me honor, though I could not love him."

Bacon paused, his face saddening for an instant with an emotion perhaps of pity for a soul removed from God and man.

"Go on, Roger," said the open-mouthed Bungy. "By Swithin, this is as good as a miracle play when Bottle the tanner enacts the devil!"

"At that time," resumed Bacon, "our talk chanced to fall upon the story which Gervase de Tilbury and the monk Helinandus, with others, have recorded as true, though I esteem it as no more than an old wife's fable, namely, that the famed Virgil did construct by magic art a head of brass which could speak and foretell events. Yet, withstanding me, did the Doctor Malatesti stoutly affirm this true; and such was his occult learning and wondrous logic that he did prove it true, and the thing itself easy to be done, so far as words can prove; nothing being proved, as I hold, save by experiment, and this thing mere absurdity, spite of the Paduan. But, what was really important, holding discussion with him on the nature and difference of sounds, he did show me that articulations, to a great extent, can be effected by simply natural means, so that a ma-

chine may be made to utter certain sentences. This machine, compact in form, placed within a bust of brass and set in motion, and lo, you have a brazen android which seems to speak of itself what by means of art it uttereth!"

Bungy clapped his big hands and stamped his feet, roaring with laughter.

"Oh, brave, brave!" he shouted. "This, then, is the machine we have made. St. Swithin be praised for my wondrous genius in braziery, whereby I have fashioned the brass andiron, or whatever the devil you please to call the shell of this thing!"

"Android, not andiron," said Bacon, smiling. "'Tis from the Greek."

"Nay, I cannot keep it in mind," said Bungy lazily. "I am so Christian in my very bones that the tongues of heathenesse will not abide in me. Good breviary Latin, which is a sound gospel language, and my mother English, both of them fit to be spoken in heaven, are all I can patter, blessed be God! As for Greek and Arabic and the tongues of Mahound, faugh! Fie upon such trash, I say! But the machine, Roger. You have wrought upon that apart from me. What will it utter, and for what purpose?"

"Hearken," said Bacon. "I left the Paduan and returned to England. Many years passed on while I wrought at my books and in the laboratory, as you partly know, till about two years ago, when I was experimenting much in optics and acoustics at Oxford, recalling what the Paduan had said, I bethought me to fashion, in leisure hours, by way of diversion, such a machine as he had named. At the end of seven or eight months I had made a small apparatus which could utter distinctly enough these words: 'Art is the only magic.'"

"Brave, brave!" murmured the excited Bungy, all eyes and ears.

"It delighted Robert Grostete and Adam de Marisco much," continued Bacon; "but, bruited around, my envious foes heard of it, and the result was that I was prisoned in my cell and fared hardly, till the good bishop contrived to obtain my releasement. Then something marvelous happened, and, with De Marisco and Grostete privy to a scheme I had formed, I came here, the bishop lending me this house, and gaining me permission from the university to pursue certain scientific experiments herein. That was a year ago; and a few days before, at my request, you joined me, the Paduan, strange to say, visited me here."

"Blessed be his name!" said Bungy fervently.

"Nay," returned Bacon, "I hardly liked his coming, nor did his visit wholly please me. His conduct savored even more of insanie than when I had seen him years before, and he had certain knowledges of things said and done which almost appalled me, though I have thought that some persons, particularly of disordered minds, breed within them knowledges not common to man, even as diseased oysters breed within them pearls, which are not common to that fish; and in both cases the marvel is one of nature, and not of magic."

Bacon paused reflectively, while at the mention of fish, which was a chief article of diet in those days, Bungy, though mainly engaged with his fellow-friar's narrative, instinctively licked his lips, probably in honor of the oysters, which were then somewhat of a delicacy.

"The Paduan's tone was strange," resumed Bacon. "I told him of the machine I had made, and in what followed he urged — indeed, I may say, even commanded — me to fashion an android of brass under certain planetary conjunctions and aspects, according to the rules of magic, which he said would in due time answer questions and prophesy, being inhabited by a spirit. His tone was such that I thought not of disputing with him, and, assuming that I would obey, he left me minute direc-

tions in writing, and also, what was most strange, drawings of the internal structure of the human head, neck, and bosom, in whose likeness, he said, the interior of the bust must be fashioned, and with various metals. These drawings he had made, he told me, by dissecting the human corpse" —

"Heavenly God!" ejaculated Bungy, turning pale. "Open a corpse! Sacrilege!"

"Nay," said Bacon firmly. "I think not so. The illustrious Mondini has done the same. Why not? Bodies are cloven in battle, and even mutilated after death. If this may be done in the spirit of war, or, worse, in the spirit of murder, nor be deemed sacrilege, why may it not be done as blamelessly in the spirit of truth and love for the advancement of knowledge, which is the profit of the world?"

"By St. Thomas à Kent, that is well argued!" returned Bungy, rolling his eyes. "But natheless 't is a grave matter to carve up a man like a stockfish."

"However," resumed Bacon, "the Paduan, promising to return to England in a year, left me, and I, disregarding his talk, though I own that in his presence he almost compelled my mind to his thought and will, set about fashioning the apparatus for the android on which we have wrought together."

"And which is now completed, or will be soon," said Bungy eagerly. "But for what purpose?"

"Attend, good frère," pursued Bacon. "Dost remember when this base king built the stone bulwark next the Tower, a wasp's nest of prisons, in which the rich merchants were to be confined till they paid him heavy sums of money?"

"Truly do I," replied the friar. "'T was in 1239. But St. Thomas à Becket brought confusion upon it; for well do I remember the night when the solid bulwark fell down with great din, as though an earthquake had set his shoulder to it."

"Natheless he builded it again," said Bacon, with a gloomy smile.

"Ay, did he," responded Bungy, "and at a cost of twelve thousand marks. Yet no sooner up than down again. 'T was in 1241. St. Thomas guards his Londoners well."

"And well may he guard them," said Bacon quietly. "But 't was not St. Thomas à Becket brought confusion upon Harry of Winchester's vile jail. 'T was I."

Bungy's fat face became blank with stupefaction.

"You!" he roared. "Roger, are you demented?"

Bacon arose and went to a cupboard, from which he returned in a few moments with a lighted taper and a small metal phial.

"I have told you of the explosive properties of the powder of nitre and coal," he said, "but in this little flask, which I brought in from the laboratory to show you, there is a vapor generated by vitriol and water on iron dust which is also explosive. Look."

Unstopping the phial, he held it aloft, with the light above it. A bright flash followed.

"Confine that vapor in a cell," he said to the staring Bungy, "apply flame, and 't will rive all before it."

He extinguished the taper, replaced it with the phial, and resumed his seat.

"An officer of the Tower," he continued, "had a brother, a rich merchant, on whom he knew the oppression was likely to fall, and chancing to unburden his heart to me, whom he knew, for his brother's sake he willingly lent himself to my scheme. One night, ere the bulwark was inhabited, or indeed well finished, he took me to lodge with him in the White Tower, and in the night we went in by a private passage to a cell in the basement of the bulwark. I placed in a large earthen vessel he had left there the quantity of iron filings I had brought, and, adding the vitriol and

water, covered the whole till the inflammable vapor was evolved. Then, uncovering it, we hastily retired, making all fast behind us, and leaving in the cell a little machine contrived so that it would strike a light within a certain time. That night, as I said, I lodged with him in the White Tower, and in a little while we heard the dull roar of the toppling bulwark. Ay, and again was the same thing done, and again the exploding vapor rived that stronghold of tyranny. The third time never came for its rebuilding."

Bungy heaved a prodigious sigh.

"By St. Dubric, 't was a parlous brave deed!" he exclaimed. "'T was done well!"

"It was done for the good of the people," said Bacon sternly. "Lamed by fortune, not often have I been able, in mine obscurity, to work them such signal service. Yet twice, at least, have I wrought well for them, and now for the third time I come to their service with the brazen android."

"To their service!" cried Bungy, with a great start.

"Ay," replied Bacon. "I told you that, just ere my coming here to execute the scheme whereto my lord of Lincoln and De Marisco are privy, something marvelous happened, and it was that suggested my scheme."

"What was it that happened?" murmured Bungy.

"The king dreamed a strange dream. Dost remember?" asked Bacon sombrely.

"I do," replied Bungy, after a moment's pause, in which the color rushed to his startled features. "It troubled him sorely, and was the land's talk for a good season."

"Truly was it," said Bacon. "He dreamed of lodging in an unfamiliar room, where a Brazen Head appeared and spoke to him, giving him good counsel. But what it said, waking he could not remember. Yet eagerly did he strive to recall what it had spoken, and sorely did he long that such an image might indeed appear to him. 'You would die of fear,' said Humphrey de Bohun to him. 'Nay, by God's head,' said the king, 'I would calmly listen; ay, and abide by its counsel.'"

Bungy gasped, and with the sleeve of his habit mopped the perspiration from a face redder than fire with his excitement.

"Hear, now," said Bacon, leaning forward as he sat, and speaking in low and sombre tones, with his gray eyes jewel-bright, and fixed piercingly on the visage of the friar. "The time has come when the welfare of England demands that the king shall be guided by De Montfort."

"Ay, does it!" roared Bungy, with patriotic fervor, bringing down his fist like a mallet on the solid arm of the settle.

"What if he should hear such good counsel as this?" urged Bacon. "What if this superstitious king, with the memory of his dream upon him, should have a brazen android appear to him indeed, and speak thus for his salvation? Behold, the android is made!"

"And it will speak to him?" panted Bungy.

Bacon rose swiftly and silently to his feet, like a ghost, and stood dilated, with a white light on his marble brow and wasted features, and his eyes flaming in their hollow orbits.

"Ay," he said, in a low and thrilling voice, "it will speak my thought to him! It will utter Roger Bacon's message to the king of England!"

There was a moment of motionless silence; then, like a majestic phantom, he moved up the room, while Bungy, like one released from a spell, his red face convulsed with a shock of emotions, fell back heavily on the settle, overpowered with the revelation.

Two or three minutes of utter stillness had passed in the golden gloom of the chamber, when Bungy, with a breath

like a bellows, raised his bulk to an upright position, and stretched out his huge legs with an air of boundless pride.

"By Dunstan, I have wrought well to have holped make such a brave andrew as this," he said, in his big bass voice. "Saints, but I feel as if I, and not Sir Simon, were the Mattathias of the suffering people!"

Bacon smiled wanly, and, approaching, resumed his chair.

"I have yet to tell you, Frère Thomas," he said quietly, "how the android is to obtain audience of the king."

"Ay," returned Bungy, "and what it is to say to him."

"What it is to say I defer till you hear it speak yourself," was the answer. "For the rest, listen. The original design was to beguile the king into visiting Robert Grostete at his house in Lincoln, which could easily be done; when, at night, he would find the android in his chamber, and hear it speak in the presence of his attendants. But lately fortune has favored me with a better plan,—one, indeed, which makes it unnecessary that the image should speak by machinery, since a man within it might say all it will say. In the former design this could not have been, for there was no place to set it but in a narrow niche, where a man could not be concealed, whereas now we have a pedestal ample enough to hide a person, and also to light the android by an unknown process, as then only the king's lamp would have lighted it. But hearken. In the next house lives aged Master Trenchard, once a silk merchant, now rich, and no longer a trafficker. His house and this are both old, dating back to the reign of King Richard. But, what is not known, though I discovered it not long after I came here, there is a secret passage from one house into the other through the party-wall of the laboratory."

"Oh!" grunted Bungy, in astonishment.

"When we go into the laboratory, I will show it to you," said Bacon. "But now hear something wonderful. You know that it hath long been the fashion of this paltry king to go about lodging with men of all stations, and begging gifts of them."

"Ay!" snorted Bungy, with ineffable contempt.

"Five years ago," continued Bacon, "he paid such a visit to old Master Trenchard, and obtained from him an hundred marks. But what think you? This morning Master Trenchard received a message from the king that he would lodge with him on the third night hence, having, he said, certain proposals to offer him."

Bungy broke into a roar of laughter, stamping his feet and pounding with his hands.

"How found you this, Roger?" he said at last, still snuffling and choking with suppressed mirth.

"Master Trenchard himself told me this morning," answered Bacon quietly. "The poor man is anything but pleased with the prospect of the king's visit."

"Marry, I 'll warrant you!" tittered Bungy; "for well he knows what proposals Harry of Winchester will have to offer, and his coffers already rattle with fear."

"Perchance Master Trenchard's coffers may be spared this time," said Bacon.

"How so?" replied Bungy, with an incredulous air.

"Because the king will lodge that night in the merchant's best chamber."

"And what of that?" retorted the burly friar.

"Because the secret passage whereof I spoke opens by a sliding panel into the chamber where the king will lodge," said Bacon, with his eyes on fire.

Bungy instantly sobered, and his large face grew red as a rising autumn moon.

"I see it all!" he said, with a voice like a muffled roar. "The andrew will

break the king's sleep by appearing at the open panel."

"Ay!" replied Bacon, in clear, hollow tones. "In the dead stillness of the night the panel will withdraw, and the king, starting from his bed, will see at the cavity, distinct in yellow light, the android of his dream! So, while he gazes spellbound, he shall hear from its lips the good counsel which he shall now remember. Then darkness shall fall, and in the darkness the android shall recede, the panel close, and the king be left alone. But that counsel shall shape his life to its latest day!"

"By St. Becket," shouted Bungy, springing to his feet with an agility none would have suspected him capable of, and striding, with heavy foot-flaps, to and fro, "this is the rarest plot that ever was plotted! It is the most" —

Cuthbert Hoole darted into the room in a frenzy of excitement.

"Time is!" he screeched, in a sort of chant. "Time is! the Brass-Man! Time is! the Brass-Man! Aroint thee, Zernebock! Aroint thee, Zernebock!"

"Aroint thee, thou gibbering brute!" howled Bungy, plunging down like a rhinoceros upon the idiot, who vanished, leaving the door slightly ajar behind him. "Was ever the like of this! Hath the foul fiend possessed the ill-mannered bunch that he thus — Sooth, but I will take a cudgel to him if he beginneth these freaks! But what the plague — How dark the room grows!"

He had turned at the sudden fading of the light, but his eyes, as they glanced to the window, were arrested midway by the aspect of his fellow-friar. Bacon had risen to his feet, and stood in the pale gray gloom of the chamber, looking towards the door with parted lips and his visage white as death.

"It is a cloud passing over the sun," he said, in a slow, collected voice.

"Eh?" grunted Bungy, astonished.

"This troubles me," murmured Bacon.

"What? The cloud?" said Bungy, staring at him.

"I was speaking of Cuthbert," replied Bacon wanderingly. "I know not what can ail him."

"Huh!" sulkily snorted Bungy. "I know not why you keep such an ill-witted oaf about you. I would sell him to a farmer."

"Nay," rejoined Bacon curtly, "I do not sell men. I had Cuthbert from my rich brother in Somersetshire, and, taking him in pity, I owe him protection."

"Ay," sulked Bungy, dumping down again upon the settle, while Bacon also resumed his seat. "Kindness, kindness! 'T is a voice in you, Roger. Beshrew me, but I think you would be kind to Jews!"

"Truly would I," said Bacon. "I love not oppression, nor outrage in any form; and, to my thinking, in these outraged Jews again is Christ Jesu daily mocked, and scourged, and crucified."

Bungy looked a trifle abashed, but presently relaxed from his sullen mood, and laughed good-naturedly.

"Well, well," he said, "Jews or Gentiles, I mean them no harm. But to return to this brave andrew, or what you may call it — Body o' me, how dark the room grows! Sooth, 't is a grisly twilight, though we have not reached the middle of the afternoon! By my dame, 't is dark as though yon clouds were the black wings of the devil spread over the land, and the devil" —

"Ah, yes, the devil! — long life to the devil!" said a singular, shrill voice.

Both friars leaped up aghast. The door was wide open, and on the threshold, in the gloomy brown light, and relieved against the shadowy passage, stood a dark, imperial figure, with a face like marble.

William Douglas O'Connor.

EASTER EVE AT KERAK-MOAB.

The fiery mid-March sun a moment hung
Above the bleak Judean wilderness;
Then darkness swept upon us, and 't was night.
The brazen day had stifled. On our eyes,
That throbbed and stung, the dusk fell like a balm.
We lay and looked and listened. The warm wind
Blew low and lutelike, and a fountain's fret
Made sweeter melody than all the streams
That gush from Nebo to far Sinai.
A strange-voiced bird among the thicket thorns
Sang to a star. The jackals loud resumed
Their weird nocturnal quarrels, and the laugh
Of some hill-strayed hyena broke across
The wild-dog's bickerings, — ironic, mad.
The palms that waved o'er squalid Jericho
Towered ghostly, and the Moab mountains made
An inky line along the eastern sky.
Behind us bulky Quarantana gloomed,
And there a beacon, from a rock-cut cave,
Pricked the black night with its keen point of fire.

Demetrius Domian, trusty dragoman,
Good friend and comrade, hale and handsome Greek,
On elbow leaning, pointed one bronzed hand
Toward the vast, vague, and misty land that lay
Beyond the sacred Jordan. "There," he said,
A quaver breaking his deep-chested voice, —
"There, in wild Moab, Kerak-Moab lies."
Ofttimes before when day had spent its heat,
And in the wide tent doorway we reclined
On carpets Damascene, our guide had told
Strange tales adventurous, — of desert rides
Toward lonely Tadmor and old Bagdad shrines,
Of wanderings with the Meccan caravan
Where to be known a Christian was to die,
Of braving Druses in their Hauran haunts
Where they kept guard o'er treasures of dead kings
In cities overthrown. Such tales as these
Had 'livened many a quiet evening hour
After long pilgrimage. So when the Greek
Would fain dispel our homeward-turning thoughts,
We gave him ready ear. This tale he told
In clear narration:

"Nigh three years have seen
The olives ripen round Jerusalem

Since from St. Stephen's gateway I set forth
For Kerak-Moab with young Ibraim.
My cousin he, a comely youth, whom love
Had won with soft allurements. He would wed
A Kerak maid upon blest Easter Day,
And I must thither with him, — such his will,
Which I in no wise had desire to thwart.
For when his mother lay at brink of death,
(His father having long put off this life,)
She bade me be a brother unto him,
And brother-like we were.

"Before us rode
Our servant, bearing on his sturdy beast
The needs for shelter on our lonely way,
And food therewith, and gifts to glad the bride.
By Kedrith's gloomy gorge, and Jericho,
And Jordan's ford we journeyed; then our path
Past Heshbon led us, and near Baal-Meon,
Where, records say, Elisha first drew breath.
The fifth day's sun was westering ere we saw
The antique gray of Kerak-Moab's towers,
And the all-crowning citadel.

"A warm,
Heart-moving welcome greeted us, and soon
Amid the kinsfolk of the bride to be
In merriment the jostling words went round.
'T was Easter Eve. The house wherein that night
We were to shelter stood anear a breach
Within the wall that bulwarked round the town.
An ancient wall it was, Crusader-built,
And doubtless shattered by those Paynim hordes
That northward surged from arid Araby,
Setting Mohammed's name o'er that of Christ;
And it was here the father of the bride
Had reared his goodly dwelling. Night was old
Before we left his roof to seek the door
That gracious kin had left unbarred for us.
Along the lanelike streets in silvery pools
The moonlight gleamed. From distant housetops bayed,
In broken iteration, Moslem dogs,
But 'twixt their baying all was desert-still.
'Why should we go within?' Ibraim said.
'Come, dear Demetrius, on this night of nights,
The last, perchance, that I shall pass with thee,
In this sweet air let us remain awhile
And talk as brothers, for my life will soon
Be strangely changed, and though we oft may meet,
Yet will there be another tongue to speak;
But now we are alone.'

"Arm linked in arm
We sought the breach, and spying in the wall
A nook where we could clamber, high above,
And wide o'erlooking all the moonlit scene,
We scrambled to it. There the hyssop grew,
And rugged seats invited to recline.
Then, while he told me his fond tale of love
Over again for quite the hundredth time,
I mused upon the future, vacant-eyed,
Beholding nothing. When his happy speech
Had run its course, and silence jarred me back
To ambient things, my conscious vision caught
A shadowy glimpse of one swift-skulking form
From fragment unto fragment of prone wall
In phantom quiet flitting. While I gazed
Another and another followed fast,
Till, as I gripped Ibraim's arm, a score
In sudden sight from black concealment rose,
And forward gliding noiselessly, below
Our lofty cranny paused. Anxious, alert,
We listened breathlessly, and then we heard —
Just God! but how we started when we heard,
And horror-mute stared in each other's eyes,
That moment haggard grown!

"Then down we slipped,
And in the shadow by the breach's edge
Where dropped the wall nigh two men's height away
To sloping ground, with faces set and hands
Fast clutching weapon hilts, we stood in wait.
We dared not leave the breach. The robber band,
Once in the town, would spread through sinuous lanes
And sow destruction, and the first to fall
Beneath their ruthless power might be the ones
To whom by love-ties was Ibraim bound.
We felt that here their onset we must face,
And with that onset lift our cry for aid.
Their parley ceased. A moment, and we saw
Two stealthy forms rise, black against the moon,
Propped by their comrades on the ground below.
Then pealed our wildest shout, and on the twain
We flung ourselves so madly they were hurled
Sheer backward on the heads below. A space
The band retreated, but when they divined
That we alone stood guard, while still our cries
Vibrated down the corridors of night,
In one close mass they rushed upon the breach,
Like some huge wave that, when the seas are fierce,
Rolls on the ruined battlements of Tyre,
Clutches their base, and reaches clinging arms
To clasp the loftiest stone.

"Then from its sheath,
Where like a coilèd serpent round my waist
Slept my curved blade of keen Damascus steel,
I whipped it forth, as drew Ibraim his.
A deadly circle did we flash in air,
And on that human wave fell vengefully.
Twice, thrice, we smote, and while, unharmed, I clove
A fourth black-turbaned crown, I saw two fiends
Leap at Ibraim. As he slew the first
The other seized him in his demon grasp,
And, like one frenzied, sprang through middle space
Upon the writhing throng.

"Along the street
The tardy rescuers surged. I cried them on;
But when they came, the wily Bedouin foe
Had sought the shielding shadow of the night.

"I raised Ibraim's head: his heavy lids
Fluttered a moment, and around his mouth
A sad smile hovered, as he breathed my name
And that of his belovèd. Death was bride
Of brave Ibraim on that Easter Eve."

Demetrius paused, and leaned upon his palm.
A sudden wind tore at the tent. Above
Black clouds had gulfed the stars. A bodeful moan
Grew momently amid the dark defiles;
The livid lightning rent the breast of night,
Then burst the brooding storm. But lo! at dawn
Peace smiled upon the plain of Jericho,
And all the line of Moab mountains lay
Golden and glad beneath the risen sun.

Clinton Scollard.

FROM MY WINDOW.

THE best place I have found for spying upon the habits of birds is behind a blind. If one can command a window with outside blinds, looking upon a spot attractive to the feathered world, he will be sure, sooner or later, to see every bird of the vicinity. If he will keep the blinds closed and look only through the opened slats, he will witness more of their unconstrained free ways than can possibly be seen by a person within their sight, though he assume the attitude and the stolidity of a wooden figure. Says our nature-poet, Emerson:

"You often thread the woods in vain
To see what singer piped the strain.
Seek not, and the little eremite
Flies forth and gayly sings in sight."

And the bird student can testify to the truth of the verse.

Many times, after having spent the morning in wandering about in the bird haunts of a neighborhood, I have returned to my room to write up my notebook, and have seen more of birds and bird life in an hour from my window than during the whole morning's stroll.

One of my windows, last summer, looked out upon an ideal bird corner: a bit of grass, uncut till very late, with a group of trees and shrubs at the lower boundary, and an old board fence, half buried in luxuriant wild raspberry bushes, running along one side. It was a neglected spot, the side yard of a farmhouse; and I was careful not to enter it myself so often as to suggest to the birds that they were likely to see people. It had the further advantage of being so near the woods surrounding the house that the shy forest birds were attracted to it.

No sooner would I seat myself, pen in hand, than chirps and twitters would come from the trees, a bird would alight on the fence, or a squirrel come out to sun himself. Of course the pen gave way to the opera-glass in a moment, and often not a line of the notebook got itself written till birds and squirrels had gone to bed with the sun.

The group of trees which bounded my view at the end of this outdoor study I called the "locust group." It consisted of a locust or two, surrounded by a small but close growth of lesser trees and shrubs that made a heavy mass of foliage. There were a few young ashes, two or three half-grown maples, a shadberry bush, and wild raspberry vines to carry the varied foliage to the ground. Inside this beautiful tangle of Nature's own arranging was a perfect tent, so thickly grown near the ground that a person could hardly penetrate it without an axe, but open and roomy above, with branches and twigs enough to accommodate an army of birds. Behind that waving green curtain of leaves took place many dramas I longed to see; but I knew that my appearance there would be a signal for the whole scene to vanish, and with flit of wings the *dramatis personæ* to make their exit. So I tried to possess my soul in patience, and to content myself with the flashes and glimpses I could catch through an opening here and there in the leafy drapery.

At one corner of the group stood a small dead tree. This was the phœbe's customary perch, and on those bare branches — first or last — every visitor was sure to appear. On the lower branch the robin paused, with worm in mouth, on the way to his two-story nest under the eaves of the barn. On the top spire the warbler baby sat and stared at the world about it, till its anxious parent could coax it to a more secluded perch. From a side branch the veery poured his wonderful song, and the cheery little song sparrow uttered his message of good will for all to hear and heed. Here the red-headed woodpecker waited, with low "kr-r-r-r" and many bows to the universe in general, to see if the way were clear for him to go to the fence. Nothing is so good to bring birds into sight as an old fence or a dead tree. On the single leafless branch at the top of an old apple-tree the student will generally see, at one time or another, every bird in an orchard.

This dead tree of the locust group was the regular perch of "the loneliest of its kind," the phœbe, whose big chucklehead and high shoulders gave him the look of an old man, bent with age. His outline one could never mistake, even though he were but a silhouette against the sky. One of these birds could nearly always be seen on the lowest branch pursuing his business of flycatcher, and I learned more of the singularly reserved creature than I ever knew before. I found, contrary to my expectation, that he had a great deal to say for himself, aside from the professional performance at the peak of the barn roof which gives him his name.

"Phoebe is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,"

sings the poet, but he had not so close acquaintance with him as I enjoyed behind my blind. There were two mud cottages in the neighborhood, and two pairs of birds to occupy them, and no phœbe of spirit will tolerate in silence another of his kind near him. Sparrows of all sorts might come about; juncos and chickadees, thrushes and warblers, might alight on his chosen tree, — rarely a word would he say; but let a phœbe appear, and there began at once a war of words. It might be mere friendly talk, but it sounded very much like vituperation and "calling names," and I noticed that it ended in a chase and the disappearance of one of them.

Again, whenever a phœbe alighted on the fence he made a low but distinct remark that sounded marvelously like "cheese-it," and several times the mysterious bird treated me to a very singular performance. He hovered like a humming-bird close before a nest, looking into it and uttering a loud strange cry, like the last note of "phœbe" repeated rapidly, as "be-be-be." Was it derision, complaint, or a mere neighborly call? This was not for the benefit of his own family, for he did it before the robin's nest. I thought at first he meant mischief to the young robins, but although he approached very near he did not actually touch them.

The loudest note this bird uttered was, of course, his well-known "phœbe," which he delivered from the peak of the barn (never from the dead tree) with an emphasis that proclaimed to all whom it might concern that he had something on his mind. It was plain that he was a person of cares; indeed, his whole bearing was that of one with no nonsense about him, with serious duties to perform. I wonder if these birds are ever playful! Even the babies are dignified and self-contained. Phœbes in a frolic would be a rare sight. Of the two nests whose owners I had to study, one was on a low beam in the cow-barn, where a person might look in; the other under the eaves of a farm-building close by.

The special policeman of the group and its environs was a robin, who lived in a two-story nest under the eaves of the hay-barn. This bird, after the manner of his family, constituted himself regulator and dictator. He lived in peace with the ordinary residents, but took it upon himself to see that no stranger showed his head near the spot. He chased the crow blackbird who happened to fly over on business of his own, and by calls for help brought the whole robin population about the ears of the intruder. He also headed the mob of redbreasts that descended one morning upon a meek-looking half-grown kitten, who chanced to cast its innocent eyes upon a robin baby under the trees on another side of the house. The youngster could fly with ease, but he preferred to stay on the ground, for he quickly returned there when I put him on a low branch; and when a robin makes up his mind, arguments are useless. The same robin bullied the red-headed woodpecker, and flew at the kingbird when he brought his young family up to taste the raspberries.

One visitor there was, however, to the fence and the locusts whom Master Robin did not molest. When a prolonged, incisive "pu-eep" in the martial and inspiring tone of the great-crested flycatcher broke the silence, I observed that the robin always had plenty of his own business to attend to. I admire this beautiful bird, perhaps because he is the inveterate enemy of the house sparrow, and almost the only one who actually keeps that little bully in his proper place. There is to me something pleasing in the bearing of the great-crest, who, though of few inches, carries himself in a manner worthy of an eagle. Even the play of a pair of them on the tops of the tallest dead trees in the woods, though merry enough with loud joyful cries, has

a certain dignity and circumspection about it uncommon in so small a bird.

A pair of great-crests were frequent visitors to the fence, where they were usually very quiet. But one day his call, as the male flew over from the woods, was answered by a loud-voiced canary, whose cage hung all summer outside the kitchen door. The stranger alighted on a tree, apparently astonished to be challenged, but he replied at once. The canary, who was out of sight on the other side of the cottage, answered, and the droll conversation was kept up for some time; the woods bird turning his head this way and that, eager to see his social neighbor, but unable, of course, to do so.

A little later in the season, when baby birds began to fly about, the locust group became even more attractive. Its nearness to the woods, as already mentioned, made it convenient for forest birds, and its seclusion and supply of food were charms they could not resist. First of the fledgelings to appear were a family of crow blackbirds, four of them with their parents. These are the least interesting feathered young people I know, but the parents are among the most devoted. They keep their little flock together, and work hard to fill their mouths. The low cry is husky, but insistent, and they flutter their wings with great energy, holding them out level with the back.

After berries began to ripen, the woodpeckers came to call on us. In my walk in the woods in the morning, I frequently brought home a branch of elder with two or three clusters of berries, which I hung in the small dead tree. In that way I drew some of the woods birds about. The downy woodpecker was one of my first callers. He came with a sharp "chit-it-it," hung upon the clusters, occasionally head down, and picked and ate as long as he liked. The vigilant robin would sometimes fly at him, and he would leave; but in a moment back he came, and went on with his repast. When the care of an infant fell to him, he brought his charge to the source of supplies. A farm wagon happened to stand near the dead tree, and on this the young woodpecker alighted, and stood humped up and quiet, while his parent went to the berries, picked several for himself, and then proceeded to feed him. This young person was very circumspect in his behavior. He did not flutter nor cry, in the usual bird-baby manner, but received his food with perfect composure. Berries, however, seemed to be new to him, and he did not appear to relish them, for after tasting two or three he flew away. In spite of this he came again the next day, and then he flew over to a cluster himself, and hung, back down, while he ate. He was charming with his sweet low chatter, and very lovely in plumage, white as snow, with dark markings clear and soft.

One of the prettiest of our guests was a young chestnut-sided warbler. He looked much bigger than his papa, as warbler babies often do; but that is probably because the young bird is not accustomed to his suit of feathers, and does not know how to manage them. Some of them appear like a child in his grandfather's coat. The chestnut-sided warbler was himself an attractive little fellow, with a generous desire to help in the world's work pleasant to see in bird or man. After becoming greatly interested in one we had seen in the woods, who insisted on helping a widowed redstart feed her youngster, and had almost to fight the little dame to do so, we found another chestnut-sided warbler engaged in helping his fellows. Whether it were the same bird we could not tell; we certainly discovered him in the same corner of the woods. This little fellow was absorbed in the care of an infant more than twice as big as himself. "A cowbird baby!" will exclaim every one who knows the habit — shame-

ful from our point of view — of the cowbird to impose her infants on her neighbors to hatch and bring up. But this baby, unfortunately for the "wisdom of the wise," did not resemble the cowbird family.

We saw the strange pair several times in the woods, and then one day, as I sat at my window trying to write, I heard a new cry, and saw a strange bird fly to the fence. He was very restless, ran along the top board, then flew to another fence, scrambled along a few feet, raising and lowering his tail, and all the time uttering a husky two-note baby-cry. While I was struggling to keep him in the field of my glass long enough to note his points, he went to the dead tree, and the philosophical phœbe sitting there took his case in hand, and made a dash for him. The stranger flew straight over the house, with his assailant in close chase. But in a moment I heard the baby-cry in a maple beside the cottage, while the phœbe calmly returned to his post and gave his mind again to his flycatching. The young bird was not in range from the window, but when, a few seconds later, I heard the feeding-cry, I could no longer resist the desire to see him.

I forgot my caution, and rushed out of the house, for I suspected that this uneasy visitor was the chestnut-sided's adopted charge. So I found it. There stood the infant, big and clumsy by comparison, calling, calling, forever calling; and stretching up on tiptoe, as it were, to reach him was the poor little warbler, trying to stop his mouth by stuffing him. The foster-parent lingered as if he were weary, and his plumage looked as if he had not dressed it for a week. But the insatiate beggar gave him no peace; with the swallowing of the last morsel began his cry for more. Again, standing within ten feet of him, I noticed the young bird's points, and again I was convinced that he was not a cowbird baby.

The curious antics of a solemn kingbird, who did not suspect his hidden observer, were droll to look upon. He seemed to be alone on the fence, though some silent spectator may have been hidden behind the leaves. He mounted suddenly straight up in the air, with cries, twenty feet or more, then soared down with a beautiful display of his plumage. This he did many times in succession, with an indescribably conscious air, and at last he dropped behind some tall grass in the pasture. It looked exceedingly like "showing off," and who could imagine a kingbird in that rôle!

But all flourishes were over when, somewhat later, he brought his lovely little family of three to the fence to be treated to berries. It was interesting to see a flycatcher take his fruit "on the wing," as it were; that is, fly at it, seize it, and jerk it off without alighting. The phœbe picked berries in the same way, when he occasionally condescended to investigate the attraction that brought so many strangers into his quiet corner.

The young kingbirds were sweet and chatty among themselves, and they decidedly approved the berries; but they never lost sight of each other, and kept close together, the little company of three, as I have seen other kingbirds do. One day they came in the rain, feathers all in locks, showing the dark color next the skin, and looking like beggars in "rags and tags," but they were as cheerful and as clannish as ever.

To the locust group, too, came the red-headed woodpeckers: at first the parents, who talked to each other in whispered "kr-r-r-r's," and carried off many a sweet morsel to their family in the woods; later, one youngster, who took possession of the fence with the calm assurance of his race, and when I left the place had apparently established himself there for the season.

Many others alighted on the fence: the junco, with his pretty brown bantling

and his charming little trilling song; the crow baby, with its funny ways and queer cry of "ma-a-a;" the redstart, who

"Folds and unfolds his twinkling tail in sport;"

the flicker mamma, with her "merry pitter-patter" and her baby as big as herself. Even the sap-sucker from the lawn had somehow heard the news that a feast was spread near the locusts, and came over to see.

Birds were not the only frequenters of the fence and the berry bushes. There were squirrels, gray and red, and chipmunks who sat up pertly on a post, with two little paws laid upon their heart in theatrical attitude, as who should say, "Be still my heart," while they looked the country over to see if any lurking member of the human family were about. The red squirrels were the most amusing, for they were very frolicsome, indulging in mad chases over and under the fence, through the trees, around the trunks, so rapidly that they resembled a red streak more than little beasts.

One squirrel adopted the fence as his regular highway, and the high post of the farm gate as his watch-tower. He often sunned himself, lying on his face, with his legs and his tail spread out as flat as if he had been smashed. His presence scared the birds from the neighborhood, and I undertook to discourage him. I went out one day when I saw him near the fence. The squirrel made up his mind to pass over the gate and get into the locust, but I posted myself quite near, and he did not like to pass me. Giving up his plan is no part of a squirrel's intention, however, and every moment he would scramble up a few feet one side of me, with the design of running past me. As soon as his sharp black eyes showed above the top board I cried "Shoo!" He understood my motion, and doubtless would if I had said "Scat!" or "Get out!" (What should one say to a squirrel?)

He dashed behind his barricade and disappeared. But he did not "stay put;" in two seconds he tried it again, and again his discouraging reception drove him back. He grew wary, however, and pretty soon I began to notice that every time he made his dash to the top he was a few inches nearer the gate, which stretched like a bridge from the fence to the locust-tree, and of course so much nearer me. At last, advancing thus inch by inch, he came up close to the gate, so near I could have put my hand on him, — that is, I could have put my hand on the place he occupied, for he did not stay to be caressed; he flew across the gate, sprang three or four feet into the tree, and was out of sight before I could lift a finger. This passage having been successfully made, he felt that he was safe, and could afford to be saucy. He began the usual scold. Then I tossed a little stick up toward him, as a reminder that human power is not limited by the length of an arm, and he subsided.

Once when he came up to the fence top, before his grand dash, I laughed at him. Strange to say, this made him furious. He reviled me vehemently. No doubt, if I had understood his language, I should have been covered with confusion, for I confess that he could make a very good point against me. What business had I, an interloper in his dominion, to interfere with his rights, or to say whether he should dine off birds or berries?

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXVI.

MOTHER ANASTASIA.

In the half hour during which I remained alone upon the bluff, awaiting the return of Walkirk and the fishing party, I thought as much of the lady with whom I had been talking as the lady of whom I had been talking.

"How is it possible," I asked myself, "that this gentlewoman, warm with her rich blooded beauty, alive with ripe youth, born to delight the soul of man and fire his heart, should content herself to be a head nurse in a hospital; to wander in an unsightly disguise among dismal sick-beds; to direct the management of measles-refuges; to shut herself up in a bare-floored, cold-walled institution with narrow-minded Sister Sarahs; to be, in a word, the Mother Superior of the House of Martha?"

That she should occupy this position seemed to me a crime. There were many women in the world who could do all she was doing, but there were few who could take her place in the world of full, true life.

When the fishing party returned, I went to the house to take leave of our new friends.

"You must go?" said the Sand Lady. "And where, may I ask, is it imperative that you should go?"

"To the island where you have so kindly allowed us to sojourn," I replied.

"You sleep in the cabin of your boat, I believe?" she said; and I answered that we did.

"Very well, then," continued she, "why not bring your floating home to this island? It is in every way better than that. I will give you exclusive rights over a little bay and an adjoining dell. There you can cook your own meals when you like, or you can come to us when you like; we always have more than enough for all who inhabit this island. In the evening you can sit alone on the beach and think of the far-away loved one, or you can come up to the house and play whist or twenty questions. The Understudy can go fishing with my brother; they suit each other admirably. What do you say?"

"I say, madam," I replied, with a bow, "the sands of which you are the lady are the dust of diamonds, and your invitation is a golden joy."

"Bless me," she exclaimed, "what must you be out of check!"

That evening we sailed to Racket Island, brought away our belongings, and established ourselves in the land-locked little bay, about a quarter of a mile from the house of the Sand Lady.

Early the next morning I walked around to a pier where I had noticed a good-sized yacht was moored. It was still there; apparently no one had left the island. After our breakfast on the beach I told Walkirk to devote himself to independent occupations, and walked up to the house. I found the lady who had called herself a Person and the one of whom I did not like to think as an Interpolation sitting together upon the piazza. I joined them.

"Would n't you be very much obliged to me," asked the Person, after a scattering conversation, in which I suppose I appeared as but a perfunctory performer, "if I were to go away and leave you alone with this lady?"

"As this is an island of plain speaking," I replied, "I will say, yes."

Both ladies laughed, and the Person retired to her hammock.

"Now, then," asked Mother Anastasia, "what is the meaning of this alarming frankness?"

"I wish to talk to you of Sylvia," I answered.

"If you imagine," she said, "that I intend to spend the short time I shall remain upon this island in talking of Sylvia, you are very much mistaken."

"Then let us talk of yourself," I replied.

She turned upon me with a frown and a laugh.

"If I had known," she said, "your habits of ingenuousness and candor, I should have made you dictate to Sylvia through a speaking-tube. You have known me less than a day. You have known her for a month. Can it be possible that you talk to her as freely as you talk to me?"

"Madam," I exclaimed, "I love Sylvia, and therefore could not speak freely to her."

"Your distinctions are wonderfully clear-cut," she said; "but why do you wish to talk of me? I suppose you want to know why I am Mother Superior of the House of Martha?"

"Yes," I answered, "that is a thing I cannot understand; but of course I should not feel justified in even alluding to it if, yesterday, you had not so kindly given me your confidence in regard to yourself and Sylvia."

"It seems to me," she remarked, "that, as you decline to recognize the name given to that young woman by our institution, you should call her Miss Raynor; but I will say no more of that."

"It would be well," said I. "She is Sylvia to me. You must remember that I never met her in the circles of conventionalism."

She laughed. "This whole affair is certainly very independent of conventionalism; and as to your curiosity about me, that is very easily gratified. Nearly five years ago I connected myself with the House of Martha. Although there were sisters older than myself, I was chosen Mother Superior, because I possessed rather more administrative abilities than any of the others. I think I have governed the House fairly well, even if, in regard to the matter of furnishing secretaries to literary men, there has been some dissatisfaction."

"You allude to Sister Sarah?" said I.

"Yes," she answered; "and had she been head of the House, your peace of mind would not have been disturbed. But what I did in that case I did conscientiously and with good intent."

"And you are not sorry for it?" I asked.

"It may be that I shall be sorry for you," she replied, "but that is all I have to say on that point. In a very short time I shall return to my duties and to my sombre bonnet and gown, and these interpolated days, which in a manner have been forced upon me, should be forgotten."

"But one thing you must not forget," I exclaimed: "it was in this time that you promised me" —

"You selfish, selfish man," she interrupted, "you think only of yourself. I shall talk no more of yourself, of myself, or of Sylvia. My friends are at the other side of the house, and I am going to them." And she went.

While Walkirk and I were sailing that afternoon, he managing the boat and I stretched upon some cushions, I told him of my conversations with Mother Anastasia. I considered him worthy of my confidence, and it was pleasant to give it to him.

"She is a rare, strange woman," said he. "I thought her very handsome when I visited her at the House of Martha; but since I have seen her here, dressed in becoming clothes, I consider that she possesses phenomenal attractions."

"And I hope," I remarked, "that she may be phenomenally good-natured, and give me some chances of seeing Sylvia Raynor."

"That would indeed be phenomenal," said Walkirk, laughing, "considering that she is a Mother Superior, and the

young lady is a member of the sisterhood. But everything relating to the case is peculiar, and in my opinion Mother Anastasia is more peculiar than anything else."

That evening we were invited to dine at the house of the Sand Lady. It was a delightful occasion. Everybody was in good spirits, and the general tone of the conversation was singularly lively and unrestrained. Mother Anastasia would not play cards, but we amused ourselves with various sprightly social games, in which the lady who preferred to be called a Person showed a vivacious though sometimes nipping wit. I had no opportunity for further private talk with Mother Anastasia, nor did I desire one. I wished to interest her in my love for Sylvia, but not to bore her with it.

The next day, at about eleven o'clock, the Sand Lady and the Shell Man walked over to our little bay, where they found Walkirk and me fencing upon the level beach.

"Stop your duel, gentlemen," said the lady. "I come to give you the farewells of the Interpolation. She was sorry she could not do this herself, but she went away very early this morning."

"Went away!" I cried, dropping my foil upon the sand. "Where did she go?"

"She sailed in our yacht for Sanford," answered the Sand Lady, "to take the morning train for her beloved House of Martha. My brother accompanied her to the town, but he will be back to-day."

I was surprised and grieved, and showed it.

"We are all sorry to have her go," said the Sand Lady, "and sorry to see her wearing that doleful gray garb, which my brother allowed her to assume this morning."

"I am glad," I exclaimed, "that I did not see her in it!"

The lady looked at me with her pleasant, quiet smile.

"You seem very much interested in her."

"I am," I replied, "very much interested, both directly and indirectly, and I am exceedingly sorry that she departed without my knowing it."

This time the Sand Lady laughed. "Good-morning, gentlemen," said she. "Go on with your duel."

XXVII.

A PERSON.

I fenced no more. "Walkirk," I cried, "let us get our traps on board, and be off!"

My Understudy looked troubled,—more troubled than I had ever seen him before.

"Why do you think of this?" he asked. "Where do you propose to go?"

"Home," said I, "to my own house. That is the place where I want to be."

Walkirk stood still and looked at me, his face still wearing an air of deep concern.

"It is not my place to advise," he said, "but it seems to me that your return at this moment would have a very odd appearance, to say the least. Every one would think that you were pursuing Mother Anastasia, and she herself would think so."

"No," said I, "she will not suppose anything of the kind. She will know very well on whose account I came. And as for the people here, they might labor under a mistake at first, because of course I should not offer them any explanation, but they would soon learn the real state of the case; that is, if they correspond with the Mother Superior."

"You propose, then," said Walkirk, "to lay siege to the House of Martha, and to carry away, if you can, Miss Sylvia Raynor?"

"I have made no plans," I answered, "but I can look after my interests better in Arden than I can here. I do not like this sudden departure of the Mother Superior. I very much fear that something has induced her to withdraw the good will with which she previously seemed to look upon my attachment to Miss Raynor. Were this not so, she would have advised with me before she left. Nothing could have been more natural. Now I believe she has set herself against me, and has gone away with the intention permanently of separating Sylvia and myself."

"Have you any reason," asked Walkirk, "to impute such an intention to her?"

"Her sudden flight indicates it," I replied; "and besides, you know, although she is not a Roman Catholic, she is at the head of a religious house, and persons in that position are naturally averse to anybody marrying the sisters under their charge. Even if she does not approve of Miss Raynor's remaining in the House, she may not want her to date a love affair from the establishment. If I remain here, Miss Raynor may be spirited entirely out of my sphere of action."

"It strikes me," said Walkirk, "the way to get her spirited out of your sight and knowledge is for you to go home at this juncture. In that case, Mother Anastasia would be bound, in duty to the young lady and her family, to send her away. Do you not agree with me that if you were to reach Arden in the natural course of events, so to speak, and especially if you got there after your grandmother had returned, you would avoid a great deal of undesirable complication, and perhaps actual opposition?"

"You are right," I answered; "it would not look well for me to start away so suddenly. We will wait a day or two, and then drop off naturally."

Walking toward the house, in the afternoon, I met the Person. She advanced toward me, holding out her hand with an air of peremptory friendliness.

"I am heartily glad to see you. I want you to amuse me. I could not ask this of you so long as that fascinating abbess was on the island."

I was a little surprised at this salutation, and not at all pleased. I did not fancy this lady. She had an air as if she were availing herself of her right to be familiar with her inferiors.

"I fear it is not in my power to do anything to amuse you," said I.

"Entirely too modest," she answered. "Let us walk over to this bench in the shade. You are not desired at the house; everybody is taking a nap."

I went with her to the bench she had pointed out, and we sat down.

"Now, then," said she, turning toward me, "will you do me the favor to flirt with me? Say for twenty-five minutes," looking at her watch; "that will bring us to four o'clock, when I must go indoors."

At first I thought the woman was insane, but a glance at her face showed that there was no reason for fear of that kind.

"That sounds crazy, does n't it?" she asked, "but it is n't. It is an honest expression of a very natural wish. Hundreds of ladies have doubtless looked at you and had that wish; but social conventions forbade their expressing it. Here we have no conventions, and I speak my mind."

"Madam," said I, "or miss, there are few things I hold in such abhorrence as flirtation." As I said this I looked at her severely, and she looked at me quizzically. She had gray eyes, which were capable of a great variety of expressions, and her face, suffused by the light of a bantering jocularity, was an attractive one. I was obliged to admit this, in spite of my distaste for her.

"I like that," she said; "it sounds so well, after your vigorous flirtation with our abbess. If I had not seen a good

deal of that, I should not have dared to ask you to flirt with me. I thought you liked it, and now that she is gone might be willing to take up with some one else."

I was irritated and disquieted. I had been very earnest in my attentions to Mother Anastasia. Perhaps this lady had seen me attempt to kiss her hand. I must set myself right.

"You are utterly mistaken," said I. "What I had to say to Mother Anastasia related entirely to another person."

"One of the sisters in her institution?" she asked. "She had nothing to do with any other persons, so far as I know. Truly, that is a capital idea!" she exclaimed, without waiting for response from me. "In order to flirt with a member of the sisterhood, a gentleman must direct his attentions to the Mother Superior who represents them, and the flirting is thus done by proxy. Now don't attempt to correct me. The idea is entirely too delightful for me to allow it to be destroyed by any bare statements or assertions."

"I suppose," I answered, "that Mother Anastasia has taken you into her confidence?"

"Thank you very much for that most gratifying testimony to my powers of insight!" she cried. "The Mother Superior gave me no confidences. So you have been smitten by a gray-gown. How did you happen to become acquainted with her? I do not imagine they allow gentleman visitors at the House of Martha?"

"Madam, you know, or assume to know, so much of my affairs," said I, "that in order to prevent injurious conjectures regarding the House of Martha, its officers and inmates, I shall say that I became acquainted in a perfectly legitimate manner with a young lady living therein, who has not yet taken the vows of the permanent sisterhood, and I intend, as soon as circumstances will permit, to make her an offer of marriage. I assure you, I regret extremely that I have been obliged to talk in this way to a stranger, and nothing could have induced me to do it but the fear that your conjectures and surmises might make trouble. I ask as a right that you will say no more of the matter to any one."

"Would you mind telling me the lady's name?" she asked.

"Of course I shall do no such thing," I answered, rising from my seat, with my face flushing with indignation.

"This is odd flirting, is n't it?" said she, still retaining her seat, — "a quarrel at the very outset. I shall not be prevented from informing you why you ought to tell me the name of the lady. You see that if you don't give me her name my ungovernable curiosity will set me to working the matter out for myself, and it is quite as likely as not that I shall go to the House of Martha, and ask questions, and pry, and watch, and make no end of trouble. If a blooming bride is to be picked out of that flock of ash-colored gruel-mixers, I want to know who it is to be. I used to be acquainted with a good many of them, but I have n't visited the House for some time."

I had never known any one assume toward me a position so unjustifiable and so unseemly as that in which this lady had deliberately placed herself. I could find no words to express my opinion of her conduct, and was on the point of walking away, when she rose and quickly stepped to my side.

"Don't go away angry," she said. "On this island we don't get angry; it is too conventional. I am bound to find out all about this affair, because it interests me. It is something quite out of the common; and although you are in a measure right in saying that I have nothing to do with your affairs, you must know you have in a measure mixed yourself up with my affairs. I am one of the original subscribers to the House

of Martha, and used to take a good deal of interest in the establishment, as was my right and privilege; but the sisters bored me after a time, and as I have been traveling in Europe for more than a year I now know very little of what has been going on there. But if there is a young woman in that house who prefers marriage to hospital life and tailor-made costumes to ash-bags, I say that she has mistaken her vocation, and ought to be helped out of it; and although I know you to be a pretty peppery gentleman, I am perfectly willing to help her in your direction, if that is the way she wants to go. I offer myself to you as an ally. Take me on your side, and tell me all about it. It would be perfectly ridiculous to let me go down there imagining that this or that under-done-griddle-cake-faced young woman was your lady-love. I might make mistakes, and do more harm than good."

"Madam," I replied, "let us have done with this. I have never said one word to the young lady in question of my feelings toward her, and it is in the highest degree improper and unjust that she should be discussed in connection with them. I have laid the matter before Mother Anastasia, as she stands in position of parent to the young lady; but with no one else can I possibly act, or even discuss the subject," and I bowed.

"I don't like this," she said, without noticing that I had taken leave of her. "Mother Anastasia did not intend to leave here until to-morrow, and she went away early this morning. She has some pressing business on hand, and ten chances to one she has gone to fillip your young lady out of your sight and hearing. Don't you see that it would not look at all well for one of her sisters to marry, or even to receive the attentions of a gentleman, immediately after she had left the institution?"

This suggestion, so like my own suspicions, greatly disturbed me.

"Are you in earnest," said I, "or is all this chaffer? What reasonable interest can you take in me and my affairs?"

"I take no interest whatever," said she, "excepting that I have heard you are both eccentric and respectable, and that I have found you amusing, and in this class of people I am always interested. But I will say to you that if there is a woman in that House who might make a suitable and satisfactory marriage, if an opportunity were allowed her, I believe she should be allowed the opportunity, and, acting upon general principles of justice and a desire to benefit my fellow-mortals, I should use my influence to give it to her. So you see that I should really be acting for the girl, and not for you, although of course it would amount to the same thing. And if Mother Anastasia has gone to pull down the curtain on this little drama, I am all the more anxious to jerk it up again. Come, now, Mr. Lover in Check, — and when I first heard your name I had no idea how well it fitted, — confide in me. It would delight me to be in this fight; and you can see for yourself that it would be a very humdrum matter for me to join your opponents, even if I should be of their opinion. They do not need my help."

This argument touched me. I needed help. Should Mother Anastasia choose to close the doors of the House of Martha against me, what could I do? It might divert this lady to act on my behalf. If she procured an interview for me with Sylvia, I would ask no more of her. There was nothing to risk except that Sylvia might be offended if she heard that she had been the object of compacts. But something must be risked, otherwise I might be simply butting my head against monastic brickwork.

"Madam," said I, "whatever your motives may be, I accept your offer to fight on my side, and the sooner the battle begins the better. The young

lady to whom I wish to offer myself in marriage, and with whom I am most eager to meet, is Miss Sylvia Raynor, a novice, or something of the kind, in the House of Martha."

With her brows slightly knitted, as if she did not exactly understand my words, my companion looked at me for an instant. Then her eyes sparkled, her lips parted, and a flush of quick comprehension passed over her face. She put back her head and laughed until she almost lost her breath. I looked upon her, shocked and wounded to the soul.

"Pardon me," she said, her eyes filled with the tears of laughter, "but it can't be helped; I withdraw my offer. I cannot be on your side, at least just now. But I shall remain neutral, — you can count on that," and, still laughing, she went her way.

Any one more disagreeably unpleasant than this woman I had never met. When I told Walkirk what had happened I could not restrain my burning indignation, and I declared I would not remain another hour on the island with her. He listened to me with grave concern.

"This is very unfortunate," he said, "but do not let us be precipitate."

XXVIII.

THE FLOATING GROCERY.

I now positively decided that the next day I would leave this island, where people flew off at such disagreeable tangents; but as I was here on invitation, I could not go away without taking leave of my hostess. Accordingly, in the evening Walkirk and I went up to the house.

The Sand Lady was manifestly grieved when she heard of our intended departure, and her brother was quite demonstrative in his expressions of regret; even the Shell Man, who had discovered in Walkirk some tastes similar to his own, demurred at our going. The Person, however, made no allusion to the subject, and gave us, indeed, as little of her society as she apparently did of her thoughts.

In order not to produce the impression that I was running after Mother Anastasia, as Walkirk had put it, I announced that we should continue our cruise for an indefinite time. I was sorry to leave these good people, but to stay with that mocking enigma of a woman was impossible. She had possessed herself, in the most crafty and unwarrantable manner, of information which she had no right to receive and I had no right to give, and then contemptuously laughed in my face. My weakness may have deserved the contempt, but that made no difference in my opinion of the woman who had inflicted it upon me. I was glad, when we bade goodnight and farewell to the little party, that the Person was not present.

But early the next morning, just as we were hoisting sail on our boat, this lady appeared, walking rapidly down to our beach. She was dressed in a light morning costume, with some sort of a gauzy fabric thrown over her head, and if I had not hated her so thoroughly I should have considered her a very picturesque and attractive figure.

"I am glad I am in time," she called out. "I don't want you to go away with too bad an opinion of me, and I came to say that what you have confided to me is just as safe with me as it would be with anybody else. Do you think you can believe that if you try?"

It was impossible for me to make any answer to this woman, but I took off my hat and bowed. The sail filled, and we glided away.

Walkirk was not in good spirits. It was plain enough that he liked the Tangent island and wanted to stay; and he had good reason, for he had found pleasant company, and this could not always

be said to be the case when sailing in a small boat or camping out with me. My intention was to sail to a town on the mainland, some thirty miles distant, there leave our boat, and take a train for Arden. This, I considered, was sacrificing to appearances as much time as I could allow.

But the breeze was light and fitful, and we made but little progress, and about the middle of the forenoon a fog came slowly creeping up from the sea. It grew thicker and heavier, until in an hour or two we were completely shut out from all view of the world about us. There was now no wind. Our sail hung damp and flabby; moisture, silence, and obscurity were upon us.

The rest of the day we sat doleful, waiting for the fog to lift and the wind to rise. My fear was that we might drift out to sea or upon some awkward shoals; for, though everything else was still, the tide would move us. What Walkirk feared, if anything, I do not know, but he kept up a good heart, and rigged a lantern some little distance aloft, which, he said, might possibly keep vessels from running into us. He also performed, at intervals, upon a cornet which he had brought with him. This was a very wise thing to do, but, for some reason or other, such music, in a fog, depressed my spirits; however, as it seemed quite suitable to the condition of my affairs I did not interfere, and the notes of Bonnie Doon or My Old Kentucky Home continued to be soaked into the fog.

Night came on; the fog still enveloped us, and the situation became darker. We had our supper, and I turned in, with the understanding that at midnight I was to take the watch, and let Walkirk sleep. It was of no use to make ourselves any more uncomfortable than need be.

It was between two and three o'clock when I was called to go on watch; and after I had been sitting in the stern smoking and thinking for an hour or more, I noticed that the light on the mast had gone out. It was, however, growing lighter, and, fancying that the fog was thinner, I trusted to the coming of the day and a breeze, and made no attempt to take down and refill the lantern.

Not long after this my attention was attracted by something which appeared like the nucleus of a dark cloud forming in the air, a short distance above the water, and not far away on our port quarter. Rapidly the cloud grew bigger and blacker. It moved toward us, and in a few moments, before I had time to collect my thoughts and arouse Walkirk, it was almost upon us, and then I saw that it was the stern of a vessel, looming high above my head.

I gave a wild shout; Walkirk dashed out of his bunk; there was a call from above; then I felt a shock, and our boat keeled over on her starboard side. In a moment, however, she receded from the other vessel, and righted herself. I do not know that Walkirk had ever read in a book what he ought to do in such an emergency, but he seized a boat hook and pushed our boat away from the larger vessel.

"That's right!" cried a voice from above. "I'll heave ye a line. Keep her off till we have drifted past ye, and then I'll haul ye in."

Slowly the larger vessel, which was not very large, but which drifted faster than our little boat, floated past us, until we were in tow at her bow. We could now see the form of a man leaning over the rail of the vessel, and he called out to us to know if we were damaged, and if we wanted to come aboard. I was about to reply that we were all right, and would remain where we were, when Walkirk uttered an exclamation.

"We are taking in water by the bucketful," said he; "our side has been stoved in."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "We

were not struck with enough force for that."

But examination proved that he was correct. One or more of our planks had been broken just below the water line, and our boat was filling, though not rapidly.

"Stove in, eh?" shouted the voice from above. "Well, ye need n't sink. I 'll haul yer bowline taut, and I 'll heave ye another to make fast to yer stern. That 'll keep yer little craft afloat until ye can unlade her; and the quicker ye get yer traps up here the better, if ye don't want 'em soaked."

Acting upon these suggestions, Walkirk and I went vigorously to work, and passed up our belongings as rapidly as possible to the man above, who, by leaning over the rails, could easily reach them. When everything movable had been taken out of our boat the man let down a ladder, and I climbed on board the larger vessel, after which he came down to our boat, detached the boom, gaff, and sail, unshipped the mast, all of which we afterwards hoisted on board his vessel by means of a block and tackle.

"Now, then," said our new companion, "ye 're safe, and yer boat can capsize if it 's a mind to, but it can't sink; and when it 's better daylight, and Abner 's on deck, perhaps we 'll rig out a couple of spars and haul her up at the stern; but there 's time enough to settle all that. And now I 'd like to know how ye came to be driftin' around here with no light out."

I explained, but added I had not seen any light on his vessel.

"Well," said the man, looking upward, "that light 's out, and ten to one it was out when we run inter ye. I 'spect Abner did n't calkerlate for fillin' it for day work and night work too."

The speaker was a grizzled man, middle-aged, and rather too plump for a sailor. He had a genial, good-natured countenance, and so far as I could see was the only occupant of the vessel.

His craft was truly a peculiar one. It was sloop-rigged, and on the after part of the deck, occupying about one third of the length of the vessel, was a structure resembling a small one-storied house, which rose high above the rest of the deck, like the poop of an old-fashioned man-of-war. In the gable end of this house, which faced upon the deck, there was a window and a door. The boom of the mast was rigged high enough to allow it to sweep over the roof.

"I reckon you gents think this is a queer kind of a craft," said the man, with a grin of pleasure at our evident curiosity; "and if ye think that ye are about right, for there is n't jist such another one as far as I know. This is a floating grocery, and I am captain of the sloop or keeper of the store, jist as it happens. In that house there is a good stock of flour, sugar, feed, trimmings, notions, and small dry goods, with some tinware and pottery, and a lot of other things which you commonly find in a country grocery store. I have got the trade of about half the families in this bay; all of them on the islands, and a good many of them on the mainland, especially sech as has piers of their own. I have regular days for touching at all the different p'ints; and it is a mighty nice thing, I can tell ye, to have yer grocery store come round to ye instead of yer having to go to it, especially if ye live on an island or out in the country."

Walkirk and I were very much interested in this floating grocery store, which was an entirely novel thing to us, and we asked a good many questions about it.

"There 's only me and Abner aboard," said the grocer-skipper, "but that 's enough, for we do a good deal more anchorin' than sailin'. Abner, he 's head clerk, and don't pretend to be no sailor at all; but he lays a hold of anythin' I tell him to, and that 's all I ask of him in the sailorin' line. But he is first class

behind the counter, I can tell ye, and in keepin' the books I could n't find nobody like Abner, — not in this State. Now it may strike ye, gents, that I am not much of a sailor neither, to be driftin' about here at night in this fog instead of anchorin' and tootin' a foghorn; but ye see, I did anchor in the fore part of the night, and after Abner had gone to his bunk — we don't keep regular watches, but kinder divide the night between us, when we are out on the bay, which is n't common, for we like to tie up at night, and do our sailin' in the daytime — it struck me that as the tide was runnin' out we might as well let it take us to Simpson's Bar, which, if ye don't know this bay, is a big shallow place, where there is always water enough for us, bein' a good deal on the flat-bottomed order, but where almost any steamin' craft at low tide would stick in the mud before they could run into us. So thinks I, If we want to get on in the direction of Widder Kinley's (whose is the last house I serve down the bay), and to feel safe besides, we had better up anchor, and I upped it. But I had ought to remembered about that light; it was n't the square thing to be driftin' about without the light, no more fur me than fur ye. I 've sounded a good many times, but we don't seem to have reached the bar yet. It must be pretty near time for Abner to turn out," and he looked at his watch.

"Your assistant must be a sound sleeper," I remarked.

"Yes, he is," replied the man. "He needs lots of sleep, and I make it a p'int to give it to him. If it is n't positively necessary, I don't wake him up until the regular time. Of course, if it had been our boat that had been stoved in, and she had been like to sink, I 'd have called Abner; but as it was yer boat, and none of us was in no danger, I did n't call him. Here he is, though, on time."

At this, a tall, lean man, not quite so much grizzled as the other, made his appearance on deck. He gazed from one to the other of us, and upon our various belongings, which were strewn upon the deck, with undisguised amazement.

His companion laughed aloud. "I don't wonder, Abner," he cried, "that ye open yer eyes; 't ain't often two gentlemen come on board in the night, bag and baggage; but these two stoved in their boat agin our rudder, and here they are, with their own craft triced up to keep her from sinkin'."

Abner made no answer, but walked to the side of the vessel, looked over, and satisfied himself that this last statement was correct.

"Capt'n Jabe," said he, turning to the other, "we can't sail much, can we, with that thing hangin' there?"

"Well, now, Abner," replied the captain, "we are not sailin' at the present time, — we are driftin'; for it is my idee to drop anchor as soon as we get to Simpson's Bar, and this tide is bound to carry us over it if we wait long enough, so we must keep soundin', and not slip over without knowin' it."

"It strikes me," said Abner, "that we should save a lot of trouble if we should put the anchor out and let it hang; then, when we come to the bar, she 'll ketch and fetch us up without our havin' it on our minds."

"You see, gents," said Captain Jabe to us, "Abner don't pretend to be no sailor, but he 's got his idees about navigation, for all that."

Abner took no notice of this remark. "Capt'n," said he, "does these gents want to turn in?"

"Not till they have had some breakfast," replied Captain Jabe, and we assented.

"All right," said Abner, "I 'll tackle the grub," and, opening the door of the grocery store, he went inside. In a few minutes he reappeared. "Capt'n," said he, in a voice which he intended

to be an aside, "are you goin' to count 'em as mealers, or as if they was visitin' the family?"

Captain Jabe laughed. "Well, Abner," said he, "I guess we will count them as mealers, though I don't intend to make no charge."

Abner nodded, and again entered the little house.

"What are mealers?" I asked of the captain.

"In this part of the country," he answered, "there 's a good many city folks comes for the summer, and they take houses; but they don't want the trouble of cookin', so they make a contract with some one livin' near to give them their meals regular, and this sort of folks goes by the general name of mealers. What Abner wanted to know fur was about openin' the cans. You see, most of our victuals is in cans, and if Abner knowed you was regular payin' mealers he would open fresh ones; but if you was visitin' the family, he 'd make you help eat up what was left in the cans, just as we do ourselves."

It was not long before the thrifty Abner had given us a substantial breakfast; and then Walkirk and I were glad to take possession of a spare couple of bunks, for we were tired and sleepy, and the monotonous fog still hung around us.

It was about noon when I waked and went on deck, where I found Walkirk, Captain Jabe, and Abner engaged in consultation. There was a breeze blowing, and every particle of fog had disappeared.

"We 've been considerin'," said the captain, addressing me, "what 's the best thing to do with yer boat; there 's no use tryin' to tinker her up, for she has got a bad hole in her, and it is our fault, too. One of the iron bands on our rudder got broke and sprung out a good while ago, and it must have been the sharp end of that which punched into yer boat when we drifted down on her. We ain't got no tackle suitable to h'ist her on board, and as to towin' her, — a big boat like that, full of water, — 't ain't possible. We 've lost a lot of time already, and now there 's a good wind and we are bound to make the best of it; so me and Abner thinks the best thing ye can do is to sink yer boat right here on the bar where we are now anchored, having struck it all right, as ye see, and mark the spot with an oil-cag. Anybody that knows this bay can come and git her if she is on Simpson's Bar, buoyed with an oil-cag."

I was sorry that we should not be able to repair our boat and continue our trip in her, but I saw that this would be impossible, and I asked Captain Jabe if he could take us to Brimley.

"I can do that," he answered, "but not straight. I have got fust to sail over to Widder Kinley's, which is on that p'int which ye can just see over there on the edge of the water, and where I was due yesterday afternoon. Then I 've got to touch at three or four other places along the east shore; and then, if this wind holds, I guess I can git across the bay to my own house, where I have got to lay up all day tomorrow. The next day is Saturday, and then I am bound to be in Brimley to take in stock. There ye two gents can take the cars for wherever ye want to go; and if ye choose to give me the job of raisin' yer boat and sendin' it to its owners, I 'll do it for ye as soon as I can fix things suitable, and will charge ye just half price for the job, considerin' that nuther of us had our lights out, and we ought to share damages."

I agreed to the proposed disposition of our boat, and asked Captain Jabe if I could not hire him to take us direct to Brimley.

"No, sir!" he answered. "I never pass by my customers, especially Widder Kinley, for she is the farthest off of any of them."

"And she must be lookin' out sharp

for us, too," said Abner, "for she bakes Thursdays, and she ought to sot her bread last night."

"And I am a great deal afeard," continued Captain Jabe, "that her yeast cakes won't be any too fresh when she gits 'em; and the quicker that boat's down to the bottom and our anchor up off the bottom, the better it will be for the Widder Kinley's batch of bread."

In the course of half an hour an empty oil-keg was moored over the spot where our boat lay upon the sandy bar, and we were sailing as fast as such an unwieldy vessel, with her mainsail permanently reefed above the roof of her grocery store, could be expected to sail. Our tacks were long and numerous, and although Walkirk and I lent a hand whenever there was occasion for it, and although there was a fair wind, the distant point rose but slowly upon our horizon.

"I hope," I remarked to Captain Jabe, "that the Widow Kinley will buy a good bill of you, after you have taken all this trouble to get to her."

"Dunno," said he; "she don't generally take more than she has ordered the week before, and all she has ordered this time is two yeast cakes."

"Do you mean," exclaimed Walkirk, "that you are taking all this time and trouble to deliver two yeast cakes, worth, I suppose, four cents?"

"That's the price on 'em," said the captain; "but if the Widder Kinley did n't git 'em she would n't do no bakin' this week, and that would upset her housekeepin' keel up."

Late in the afternoon we delivered the yeast cakes to the Widow Kinley, whom we found in a state of nervous agitation, having begun to fear that another night would pass without her bread being "sot." Then we coasted along the shore, tying up at various little piers, where the small farmers' and fishermen's families came on board to make purchases.

Now Abner was in his glory. Wearing a long apron made of blue-and-white bed-ticking, he stood behind the counter in the little house on deck, and appeared to be much more at ease weighing sugar, coffee, and flour than in assisting to weigh anchor. I seated myself in the corner of this floating grocery, crowded, shelves, floor, and counter, with such goods as might be expected to be found at an ordinary country store.

It seemed to me that nearly every one who lived near the points at which we touched came on board the floating grocery, but most of them came to talk, and not to buy. Many of those who did make purchases brought farm produce or fish, with which to "trade." It was an interesting spectacle, and amused me. During our slow progress from one place to another, Captain Jabe told me of an old woman who once offered him an egg which she wished to take out in groceries, half in tea and half in snuff.

"We don't often do business down as fine as that," said the captain; "but then, on the other hand, we don't calkerlate to supply hotels, and could n't if we wanted to."

Walkirk appeared uneasy at the detentions which still awaited us.

"Could n't you take us straight on to Brimley," he asked of the captain, "and sail back to your home in the morning?"

"No, sir!" answered Captain Jabe, with much decision. "My old woman 'spects me to-night, — in p'int of fact, she 'spected me a good deal before night, — and I am not goin' to have her thinkin' I am run down in a fog, and am now engaged in feedin' the sharks. There is to be a quiltin' party at our house tomorrow arternoon, and there 's a lot to be done to get ready for it. Abner and me will have to set up pretty late this night, I can tell yer!"

"Is there no way of getting to the railroad," I asked, "but by your boat?"

"No," said Captain Jabe, "I can't see that there is. Pretty nigh all the

folks that will be at the bee to-morrow will come in boats. None of them live nigh to a railroad station, and if they did, and could take ye back with 'em, they would n't leave early enough for ye to ketch the last train: so the best thing ye can do is to stick by me, and I 'll guarantee to git ye over to Brimley in time for the mornin' train on Saturday."

Frank R. Stockton.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED AT SEMPACH.

THE comprehensive view which is obtained from the various peaks of the Rigi affords the best possible introduction to the study of Swiss history. Almost every spot celebrated in the annals of the early Confederation or hallowed by its traditions is visible from this height; and when not actually visible can readily be located with the help of a map. Of course the eye rests first upon the matchless snow mountains rearing their crests upon the horizon in an unbroken phalanx; but when you look down and examine the country lying near the base of the Rigi, historical points without end disclose themselves. Here is the Lake of Ægeri, where the battle of Morgarten was fought and won; on this side lies the village of Schwyz, from which the whole Confederation derives its name; in another direction, half hidden amongst the trees, is the chapel erected where William Tell is supposed to have shot Gessler from ambush; and in the distance faint indications of the city of Zürich and of the castle of Habsburg may be discovered.

There are two places, however, seen from the Rigi which concern us especially in treating of Arnold Winkelried and the battle of Sempach. Look out upon the rolling land of forest and meadow to the northwest, and you will notice three small lakes imbedded in the hills. The most westerly of the three is the Lake of Sempach, near which the battle of that name took place, more than five hundred years ago. Then turn towards the southwest and examine the canton of Unterwalden, which occupies the southern shore of the Lake of Lucerne. You will perceive that the canton is divided into two natural sections by a range of mountains extending back from the Stanzerhorn to the snow-clad peak of the Titlis. The fact that a great forest formerly covered part of this range caused the two valleys to be called respectively Obwalden (Above-the-Forest) and Nidwalden (Below-the-Forest). In the latter division is situated a village of great antiquity, Stans, the home of the Winkelried family. It lies a mile or two from the water's edge, and is easily distinguishable from the Rigi-Kulm.

The traveler will not find much of interest in the village itself. At the eastern extremity stands an ancient stone house, which, although known locally as the Winkelried homestead, was more likely the property of the Counts of Habsburg, and in the little arsenal is shown a coat of mail which is said to have been the hero's own, but with no better reason than popular say-so. A modern marble group, by Schlöth, in the village square is the most prominent object and show-piece of Stans. It represents Arnold Winkelried in the act of pressing the Austrian spears into his breast and holding them down, while a second figure from the ranks of the Confederates pushes forward to take advantage of the gap thus created in the Austrian line. The latter warrior swings on high a

rude weapon much used by the early Swiss, which consists of a club ending in a massive knob with spikes protruding in every direction, so as to suggest the facetious name of "morning star."

Fortunately, the evidence concerning the ancestry of Winkelried, unlike that of William Tell, reposes upon a solid foundation. As long ago as 1854 Dr. Hermann von Liebenau, whose services in the cause of Swiss historical research have been invaluable, published a genealogical record of the family from contemporary documents covering the period between 1248 and 1534. The knights of Winkelried appear at intervals, according to Von Liebenau's investigations, occupying positions of honor and trust amongst the families of lesser nobles which Unterwalden possessed from very early times. In 1367, nineteen years before the battle of Sempach, the name of a man Erni Winkelried was affixed as witness to a deed of transfer, Erni being the local diminutive of Arnold. The same name, whether representing the same person or not is unknown, but with the particle *von* added, occurs again three years after the battle, and without the *von* thirty-one years after, when one Erni Winkelried is mentioned as Landammann of Unterwalden.

The existence of a man Arnold Winkelried at about the time of the battle is, therefore, an established fact; the only points questioned by historical critics are whether this Arnold Winkelried was present at Sempach, and whether he performed the act of heroism popularly attributed to him, — two questions which will be considered later in this article.

After their signal victory over Duke Leopold of Austria at Morgarten, the Confederates had not lapsed into inactivity, but had gradually incorporated their neighbors into their league. In 1332 the town of Lucerne concluded a perpetual alliance with them, thus completing the circle around the Lake of Lucerne, which now began to be called the Lake of the Four Forest States. This enlarged union was held firmly together by mutual commercial interests, and by a common fear and hatred of Habsburg-Austria, the greatest land-owning and office-holding family in the whole region. Twenty years elapsed, when the Confederation, as though to make up for lost time, added four more members in rapid succession: in 1351 Zürich, the powerful industrial city of eastern Switzerland, and in 1352 the land community of Glarus, the town and country districts of Zug, and finally the martial city of Bern, in western Switzerland, — all more or less harassed by Habsburg-Austria, and working out their independence in opposition to that power. Many conflicts had marked the growth of these several communities into sovereign bodies. A harrowing, desultory warfare had been waged sullenly for years, but it was evident that a decisive conflict between the Confederation and the ducal house could no longer be averted; that two expanding forces trying to occupy the same territory must eventually come into open collision.

Duke Leopold III., nephew of the Leopold who was defeated at Morgarten, ruled over the western possessions of the Habsburg family, including those situated in what is now Switzerland. In his efforts to extend and consolidate his authority in southern Germany he had encountered the determined opposition of a coalition known as the League of the Swabian Cities. Seeing this, the Confederates hastened to ally themselves with the new league, in the hope of sweeping their hereditary enemy out of the country altogether. Had this alliance been of a firm and durable kind, the desired result might have been obtained; but it was weak and vacillating, unable, as subsequent events proved, to stand the test of actual warfare. For when, hostilities having finally broken out, the Confederates sent the customary summons to

the Swabian cities, the latter attempted to withdraw from the pledge to send help, and in the end left their allies to bear the brunt of the storm alone.

In June, 1386, Leopold organized the expedition with which he hoped to deal the Confederation a death-blow. Many well-known noblemen flocked to his standard, attracted by his knightly character and by the hope of inflicting a lasting punishment upon the insolent peasants. There were the margraves of Baden and Hochberg, and the counts of Hohen-Zollern, Nassau, and Habsburg-Lauffenburg; from Italy came the Marquis of Este with two hundred Milanese lances, and his brother-in-law, Duke Conrad of Theck. Leopold had also hired the services of several noted mercenary captains: the Duke of Lorraine; the Dutch Count of Salm; Lord Jean de Raye, who later became Marshal of France; Lord Jean de Vergy, Sénéchal and Marshal of Burgundy; and Enguerrand de Coucy, a famous free-lance, who had fought in the French and English wars, and had once before invaded Switzerland at the head of plundering troops. It was Leopold's plan to penetrate at once to Lucerne, the geographical centre of the Confederation, while diverting the enemy's attention by a reconnaissance upon Zürich; and had his force been compact and available for immediate invasion, the issue of the war might have been very different. But a great part of his army did not reach the scene of action at all, so that only a comparatively small column made the disastrous march upon Lucerne. From the little town of Brugg, near which is perched the ancestral castle of Habsburg, Leopold advanced by way of Zofingen and Willisau to Sursee, foolishly wasting more than a week of valuable time in stopping at Willisau to punish a refractory *châtelaine* for her allegiance to Bern. On the 9th of July the main force finally rode along the northern shore of the Lake of Sempach, in order to reach Lucerne by way of Rothenburg.

The battle ground of Sempach, like that of Morgarten, is not situated amongst the high Alps, but in the undulating lowlands which lead up to them. A ten-mile ride in the train from Lucerne and a short walk from the rustic station will take you to the gates of the miniature walled town of Sempach, a quaint survival of the Middle Ages, practically untouched by the march of time. There is, however, nothing particular to see, except the brand new and somewhat inappropriate monument erected in 1886 to commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the battle. Take the road which climbs the hill in a northeasterly direction towards Hildisrieden. In something like half an hour you will reach an uneven plateau, where a road joins your own from the west. This is the battle ground of Sempach. A chapel stands by the wayside to mark the spot where Duke Leopold met his death; in the open field a rude pyramid of granite, surrounded by pine saplings, bears this legend: "Hier Hat Winkelried den Seinen Eine Gasse Gemacht 1386." To the south, across the sloping field, broken by little brooks into rough divisions, lies a tract of forest known as the Meierholz, where the Confederates lay in hiding on that eventful day, waiting for the arrival of the Austrians from Sursee.

As soon as war had been declared the various states of the Confederation had taken steps to put their frontiers into a defensive condition, Bern alone remaining inactive and preserving an expectant attitude. About fifteen hundred troops marched to Zürich to defend that city, because it was generally believed that Leopold would select it for his principal attack; but at the last moment news came that the Austrians were advancing upon Lucerne, and the troops hastened to take up a position from which they could surprise Leopold on the march. Thus it happened that when

the Austrians reached the uneven plateau which I have described above, the battle came upon them as a complete surprise, and in a locality ill suited for the evolutions of their cavalry. The majority of the knights dismounted, sent their horses and squires to one side, and stationed themselves in long and deep lines, clad in heavy armor, and holding before them the lances they were accustomed to wield on horseback. The rest, amongst whom rode Leopold himself, remained behind to act as a reserve with the contingents sent by Austria's partisans. According to the most reliable accounts, some adventurous young noblemen, eager to win their spurs that day, straightway rushed upon the Confederates, who were drawn up in a wedge-shaped column peculiar to them, and were armed with their famous halberds and a variety of short weapons.

There can be no question that the first part of the battle proved most unfavorable to the Confederates. It appears that their short weapons were useless against the long spears which confronted them, for they could not reach the Austrians to strike them, and could at best only shatter the wooden shafts. In vain they rushed against the bristling array, in vain they attempted to break through that solid phalanx; the foremost were invariably pierced through before they could make use of their short weapons. By degrees the Austrians were pressing the Confederates off the field, and victory seemed assured to the noblemen against the peasants.

Suddenly, however, the tide of battle turned; defeat was changed to triumph as though by a miracle. How this came about is a problem which has exercised the minds of many historians, for it is at this point that certain versions introduce the much-contested episode of Arnold Winkelried, while others ascribe the cause of this good fortune to a change of tactics adopted by the Confederates, or to the hot July sun acting upon the heavy armor in which the Austrians were encased. Probably these circumstances affected the issue of the battle to a certain extent; but it seems to me that there is room for the heroic deed of Winkelried as well. In the words of the anonymous chronicler who is the first to mention the subject: "To this [victory] a trusty man amongst the Confederates helped us. When he saw that things were going so badly, and that the lords with their lances and spears always thrust down the foremost before they could be touched by the halberds, then did that honest man and true rush forward and seize as many spears as he could, and press them down, so that the Confederates smote off all the spears with their halberds, and so reached the enemy." As soon as the Confederates had succeeded in breaking through the enemy's line, and were at close quarters, whatever the manner in which this was accomplished, their short weapons at once became superior to the enemy's long spears, and their light equipment gave them a great advantage over the knights, whose movements were hampered by heavy armor. The Austrian knights, encased in plates of iron and steel, half suffocated under heavy helmets heated by a broiling sun, their legs covered with greaves, could not long withstand the light-footed peasants. Austria's standard was seen to sway to and fro, threatening to fall, and the cry went up, "Austria to the rescue!" Then Leopold, who had been watching the fray from his post amongst the reserves, sprang forward, unmindful of his followers' prayers, plunged into the thick of the fight to save the honor of his house, and, after a brave struggle, fell himself beneath the strokes of the victorious Confederates. Then ensued a moment of indescribable confusion, for the mounted knights, seeing their leader's fate, fled precipitately, while the dismounted ones called aloud for their squires and horses. But alas! they

too had fled; and thus abandoned by their friends, weak from exhaustion, and imprisoned in their armor, these warriors perished, an easy prey of the relentless peasants. When all was over, the Confederates, as was their wont, fell upon their knees to sing a Kyrie, and to thank God for their victory. Then they remained three days upon the battle-field, to gather up the spoils, to bury their dead, and to be ready to meet the enemy should they return.

Beside Leopold the Austrians mourned the loss of a host of nobles, whose names are carefully recorded in various annals, in all more than six hundred of the best blood of Swabia and the lands subject to the Habsburg family. The victors also lost some of their best leaders, notably Conrad der Frauen, the Landammann of Uri, and Peter von Gundoldingen, late Avoyer of Lucerne. Great booty in costly weapons, garments, and jewels fell into their hands, of which they could hardly understand the uses or appreciate the value. The museum of Lucerne still contains a few authenticated trophies captured in the battle, but most of the spoils were scattered about, and are of course extremely difficult to identify at this late date. It is interesting to know that, when Leopold's body was transported to Austria from the monastery church of Königsfelden, near Brugg, where he had been temporarily laid to rest after the battle, an eye-witness of the ceremony reported that his head was covered with long reddish-gold hair, and that no wound whatever was visible on his head.

In forming an estimate of the duke's character, we must not allow ourselves to be influenced by the humiliating defeat which he sustained at Sempach. He seems to have been every inch a knight; not by any means free from the failings peculiar to his class and his age, but a man possessed of the manly virtues, brave, keen, and well practiced in arms. There was something extraordinary in the sensation caused by the reports of this rout of the nobles. The news flew like wildfire in every direction, so that we find it mentioned in the chronicles of places as far removed from the scene of battle as Lübeck and Limburg in the far north, and an Italian city in the south. A Swabian writer expressed the pious wish "that the cursed Swiss at Sentbach [Sempach] might be confounded, and their descendants destroyed forever," while the Confederates, on their side, made all manner of fun of the vanquished knights, accumulating a large stock of anecdotes and war songs upon the subject. It is related, for instance, that the dismounted horsemen were obliged to cut off the awkward beak-shaped points to their shoes, which were fashionable in those days, before entering into battle, and that this is the reason why a field near by is still called the Schnabelacker, or Beakfield.

A further task in historical criticism remains to be accomplished before leaving this subject, — a disagreeable duty in many respects, for it is to examine whether Arnold Winkelried did really perform the heroic act attributed to him, or whether his story is merely an interpolation, inserted by unscrupulous chroniclers. Let me say at once that the evidence which has so far been gathered — and there is a vast pile of it already — is not conclusive either one way or the other, so that the most recent of Swiss historians are still divided in their estimate of this evidence.

There is, first, the ominous silence of contemporary chronicles, for the heroic act is not mentioned until something like half a century after the battle, and even this date is open to question. The name of Winkelried does not occur in the version which has been quoted above in the description of the course of the battle, where he is described simply as "a trusty man amongst the Confederates;" in fact, we meet the name for the first time in a certain battle song attributed

to one Halbsuter of Lucerne, the date of its production being also a matter in dispute, but generally conceded to be about 1476. I have translated from the rude original dialect the three stanzas which deal with the Winkelried episode, and present the result here in all its naive simplicity : —

The nobles' force was firm,
Their order deep and broad;
This vexed the pious guests.[1]
A Winkelriet, he said:
"Ha! if you 'll make amends
To my poor child and wife,
I 'll do a daring deed.

"True and dear Confederates,
I 'll lose my life with you:
They 've closed their line of battle,
We cannot break it through;
Ha! I will force an opening,
Because to my descendants
You 'll make amends forever!"

With this he then did seize
Of spears an armful quickly;
For them he makes a way,
His life is at an end.
Ah! he has a lion's courage;
His brave and manly death
Saved the Four Forest States.

In 1538, Rudolph Gwalther,[2] Zwingli's son-in-law, tells the same story, without, however, mentioning Winkelried's name. Two lists of those who fell in the battle have put the hero's name on record; but, unfortunately, they were both drawn up long after Sempach, almost two hundred years having elapsed since that event, so that their testimony is open to suspicion. In the course of this controversy, it has also transpired that five similar feats are on record in Swiss history. One historian (K. Bürkli) has gone so far as to assert that the whole story has been transferred to Sempach from the fight which occurred at Bicocca, near Milan, in 1522, where another Arnold Winkelried met his death in a similar manner; while somebody else even maintains that Winkelried did not seize the enemy's spears at all, but himself used a bundle of spears to break through the enemy's ranks.

The upshot of the whole discussion seems to be somewhat as follows : —

The strictest historical research has established that a man Arnold Winkelried lived in Stans of Unterwalden at about the time of the battle of Sempach, but it is still a debatable question whether he was present at the battle. The fact that he came from a knightly family, distinguished for its warlike character, would lead one to suppose that he would not absent himself at a critical moment, such as the day of Sempach undoubtedly was. As for the act itself, the evidence for and against seems fairly well balanced. There was, unquestionably, a wonderful turning-point in the course of the battle, and Winkelried's act might have accomplished all that has been claimed for it; but, on the other hand, the silence of contemporary accounts, the similarity of the feat recorded of the battle of Bicocca, and the unscrupulousness of chroniclers and balladmongers in glorifying their particular locality are arguments which must be considered to weigh heavily against the story of the patriotic self-sacrifice.

Personally, I confess to an intense enthusiasm for this heroic act, whether performed at Sempach or at Bicocca, by a Winkelried or by an unknown "trusty man amongst the Confederates." It has in it something exceptionally noble, something classic, as though destined to fire the imagination and arouse the devotion of mankind for all time. William Tell's disappearance from the historical stage has proved a great gain, especially by opening the way for a serious study of the origin of the Swiss Con-

[1] Referring, probably, to the fact that the men of Unterwalden were, in a sense, military guests of Lucerne, in whose territory the battle of Sempach was fought.

[2] It may be interesting to know that a descendant of this Gwalther, a personal friend of the writer, is now established in business in New York.

federation. His conduct never merited the eulogisms which have always been lavished upon it; for to imperil the life of his own child by an exhibition of fancy shooting, and then to murder the tyrant from ambush, were acts which we cannot sanction unreservedly. William Tell's story is picturesque, but Winkelried's is heroic, unsoiled even by the semblance of self-interest. If it be destined to disappear from the pages of strict history, let it at least live in the hearts of men forever as a divine fiction.

W. D. McCrackan.

NOTO: AN UNEXPLORED CORNER OF JAPAN.

XVII.

OVER THE SNOW.

When Yejiro pushed the *shōji* and the *amado* (night shutters) apart in the morning, he disclosed a bank of snow four feet deep; not a snowfall overnight, but the relic of the winter. I found myself in a snow grotto beyond which nothing was visible. He then imparted to me the cheerful news that the watchman had changed his mind, and now refused to set out with us. It was too late in the day to start, the man said, which, in view of his having informed us only the night before that the snow would not be fit to travel on till this very hour, was scarcely logical. The trouble lay not in the way, but in the will. The man had repented him of his promise. Things look differently as certainties in the morning from what they do as possibilities overnight. Fortunately, he proved amenable to importunity, and finally consented to go. His fellow was much worried, and followed him distressfully to the outer threshold; whence, in perturbation of spirit, he watched us depart, calling out pathetically to his mate to be very careful of himself. His almost motherly solicitude seemed to me more comical at the time than it came to seem later.

The sky was without a fleck of cloud, and, as we struck out across the snow, I feared at first for my eyes, so great was the glare; for I had neither goggles nor veil. In fact, we were as unprepared a troop as ever started on such an expedition. We had not a pair of foot spikes nor a spiked pole to the lot of us.

The jagged peaks of the valley's wall notched the sky in vivid relief, their sharp teeth biting the blue. We below were blinking. Luckily, before very long we had crossed the level and were attacking the wall, and once on it the glare lessened; for we were facing the south, and the slant of the slope took off from the directness of the sun's rays. The higher we rose, the greater the tilt became. The face of the slope was completely buried in snow except where the *arêtes* stuck through, for the face was well wrinkled. The angle soon grew unpleasant to look upon, and certainly appeared to have exceeded the limit of stable equilibrium. In mid-ascent, as we were winding cautiously up, a porter slipped. He stopped himself, however, and was helped on to his feet again by his fellow behind. The bad bit was preface to a worse effect round the corner, for, on turning the arête, we came upon a snow slope like a gigantic house-roof. It was as steep as you please, and disappeared a few hundred feet below over the edge into the abyss. Across and up this the guide, after looking about him, struck out, and I followed. The snow was in a plastic state, and at each step I

kicked my toes well in, to wedge my footing. The view down was very unnerving. It soon grew so bad that I fixed my thought solely on making each step secure, and went slowly, which was much against my inclination. In this manner we tacked gradually upward in zigzags, some forty feet apart, each of us improving the footprints of his predecessor.

After a short eternity we came out at the top. I threw myself upon the snow, and when I had sufficiently recovered my breath asked the guide, with what I meant for sarcasm, whether that was his idea of "a good road." He owned that it was the worst bit on the way, but he somewhat grudgingly conceded it a "*gake.*" I sat corrected, but in the interest of any future wanderer I submit the following definition of a "gake," which, if not strictly accurate, at least leans to the right side. If the cliff overhang, it is a "gake;" but if a plumb line from the top fall anywhere within the base, it is no longer a "gake," but "a good road."

On the other side the slope was more hospitable. Even trees wintered just below the crest, their great gaunt trunks sunk deep into the snow. We glissaded down the first few hundred feet, till we brought up standing at the head of an incipient gorge, likewise smothered in snow. Round the boles of the trees the snow had begun to thaw, which gave me a chance to measure its depth, by leaning over the rim of the cup and thrusting my pole down as far as I could reach. The point of it must have been over seven feet from the surface, and it touched no bottom. My investigations took time enough to put a bend of the hollow between me and the others, and when at last I looked up they were nowhere to be seen. As I trudged after them alone I felt like that coming historical character, the last man on our then frozen earth.

For some minutes past a strange, far-away musical note, like the murmur of running water, had struck my ear, and yet all about everything looked dead. Of animate or even inanimate pulsation there was no sign. One unbroken sheet of snow stretched as far as I could see, in which stood the great trees like mummies. Still the sound continued, seeming to come from under my feet. I stopped, and, kneeling down, put my ear to the crust; and there, as distinct as possible, I heard the wimpling of a baby brook, crooning to itself under its thick white blanket. Here, then, was the cradle of one of those streams that later would become such an ugly customer to meet. It was babily innocent now, and the one living thing beside myself, on this May day, in the great snow-sheeted solitude.

Perhaps it was the brook that had undermined the snow. At all events, soon after I overtook the others, the guide, fearing to trust to it farther, suddenly struck up again to the left. We all followed, remonstrating. We had no sooner got up than we went down again the other side, and this picket-fence style of progress continued till we emerged upon the top of a certain spur, which commanded a fine view of gorges. Unfortunately, we ourselves were on top of some of them. The guide reconnoitred both sides for a descent, pushing his way through a thick growth of dwarf bamboo, and brought up each time on the edge of an impassable fall to the stream below. At last he took to the arête. It was masked by trees for some distance, and then came out as a bare knife edge of rock and earth. Down it we scrambled, till the slope to the side became passable. This was now much less steep, although still steep enough for the guide to make me halt behind a tree, for fear of the stones dislodged by those behind. These came down past us like cannon balls, ricochetting in big bounds.

At the bottom we reached the stream, and beside it we halted for lunch. Just below our resting-place another stream

joined our own, both coming down forbidding-looking valleys shut in by savage peaks. On the delta, between the waters, we made out a band of hunters, three of them, tarrying after an unsuccessful chase. This last was a general inference rather than an observed fact.

The spot was ideal for picturesque purposes, — the water clear as crystal, and the sunshine sparkling. But otherwise matters went ill with us. Our extempore guide had promised us, over his own fire the evening before, a single day of it to Arimine. On the road his estimate of the time needed had increased alarmingly. From direct questioning it now appeared that he intended to camp out on the mountain opposite, whose snowy slopes were painfully prophetic of what that night would be. Besides, this meant another day of it to Arimine; and even when we reached Arimine we were nowhere, and I was scant of time. We had already lost three days; if we kept on, I foresaw the loss of more. It was very disheartening to turn back, but it had to be done.

Our object now was to strike the Ashikura trail and follow it down. The guide, however, was not sure of the path, so we hailed the hunters. One of them came across the delta to the edge of the stream, within shouting distance, and from him we obtained knowledge of the way.

At first the path was unadventurous enough, though distressingly rough. In truth, it was no path at all; it was an abstract direction. It led straight on, regardless of footing, and we followed; now wading through swamps, now stumbling over roots, now ducking from whiplike twigs that cut us across the face, until at last we emerged above the stream, and upon a scene as grandly desolate as the most morbid misanthrope might wish. A mass of boulders of all sizes, from a barn to a cobblestone, completely filled a chasm at the base of a semicircular wall of castellated clay cliffs. Into the pit we descended. The pinnacles above were impressively high, and between them were *couloirs* of *débris* that seemed to us to be as perpendicular as the cliffs. Up one of these breakneck slides the guide pointed for our path. Porters and all, we demurred. Path, of course, there was none; there was not even an apology for a suspicion that any one had ever been up or down the place. We felt sure there must be some other way out. The more we searched, however, the less we found. The stream, which was an impassable torrent, barred exit below on our side by running straight into the wall of rock. The slide was an ugly climb to contemplate, and we looked at it some time before we accepted the inevitable.

When, in desperation, we finally made up our minds, we began picking our dubious way up among a mass of rocks that threatened to become a stone avalanche at any moment. None of us liked it, but none of us knew how little the others liked it till that evening. In the expansion of success we admitted our past feelings. One poor porter said he thought his last hour had come, and most of us believed a near future without us not improbable. It shows how danger unlocks the heart that, just because, halfway up, I had relieved this man of his stick, which from a help had become a hindrance, he felt toward me an exaggerated gratitude. It was nothing for me to do, for I was free, while he had his load; but had I really saved his life he could not have been more beholden. Indeed, it was a time to intensify emotion.

As we scrambled upward on all fours, the ascent, from familiarity, grew less formidable. At least, the stones decreased in size, although their tilt remained the same, but the angle looked less steep from above than from below.

At last, one after the other, we reached a place at the side of the neck of the couloir, and, scrambling round the cop-

ing of turf at the top, emerged, to our surprise, upon a path, or rather upon the ghost of one. For we found ourselves upon a narrow ridge of soil between two chasms, ending in a pinnacle of clay; and along this ribbon of land ran a path, perfectly preserved for perhaps a score of paces out, when it broke off bodily in mid-air. The untoward look of the way we had come stood explained. Here, clearly, had been a cataclysm within itinerary times. Some gigantic landslide must have sliced the mountain off into the gorge below, and instead of a path we had been following its still unlaid phantom. The new-born character of the chasm explained its shocking nakedness. But it was an uncomfortable sight to see a path in all its entirety vanish suddenly into the void.

The uncut end of the former trail led back to a little tableland, supporting a patch of tilling and tenanted by an uninhabited hut. The Willow Moor they called it, though it seemed hardly big enough to bear a name. On reconnoitring for the descent, we found the farther side fallen away like the first; so that the plateau was now cut off from all decent approach. One of us, at last, struck the butt end of a path; but we had not gone far down it before it broke off, and delivered us to the gullies. This side, however, was much better than the other, and it took none of us very long to slip down the slope, repair the bridge, and join the Ashikura trail.

We were now once more on the path we had come up, with the certainty of bad places instead of their uncertainty ahead of us, — a doubtful betterment. The Oni ga Jo lay in wait round the corner, and the rest of the familiar devils would all appear in due course of time.

Tied over my boots were the straw sandals of the country. They were not made to be worn thus, and showed great uneasiness in their new position, do what we might with the thongs. Everybody tried his hand at it, first and last; but the fidgety things always ended by coming off at the toe or the heel, or sluing round to the side till they were worse than useless. They were supposed to prevent one from slipping, which no doubt they would have done had they not begun by slipping off. They wore themselves out by their nervousness, and had to be renewed from time to time from the stock the porters carried. In honor of the Oni ga Jo I had a fresh pair put on beside the brook sacred to the memory of my pocket handkerchief. We then rose to the Devil Place, and threaded it in single file. Whether it were the companionship, or familiarity, or simply that my right side instead of my left next the cliff gave greater seeming security, I got over it a shade more comfortably this time, though it was still far from my ideal of an afternoon's walk. The road to the next world branched off too disturbingly to the left.

At last the path descended to the river bottom for good. I sat down on a stone, pulled out my tobacco pouch, and lit a pipe. The porters passed on out of sight. Then I trudged along myself. The tension of the last two days had suddenly ceased, and in the expansion of spirit that ensued I was conscious of a void. I wanted some one with me then, perhaps, more than I ever craved companionship before. The great gorge about me lay filled to the brim with purple shadow. I drank in the cool, shade-scented air at every breath. The forest-covered mountain sides, patched higher up with snow in the gullies, shut out the world. Only a gilded bit here and there on some lofty spur lingered to hint a sun beyond. The strip of pale blue sky, far overhead, bowed to meet the vista of the valley behind, a vista of peaks more and more snow-clad, till the view was blocked at last by a white, nun-veiled summit, flushed now, in the late afternoon light, to a tender rose. Past strain had left

the spirit as past fatigue leaves the body, exquisitely conscious; and my fancy came and walked with me there in that lonely valley, as it gave itself silently into the arms of night.

Probably none I know will ever tread where I was treading then, nor I ever be again in that strange wild cleft, so far out of the world; and yet, if years hence I should chance to wander there alone once more, I know the ghost of that romance will rise to meet me as I pass.

I own I made no haste to overtake the caravan. Darkness fell upon us while we were yet a long way from Ashikura, with an uncertain cliff path between us and it; for the path, like a true mountain trail, had the passion for climbing developed into a mania, and could never rest content with the river's bed whenever it spied a chance to rise. It had just managed an ascent up a zigzag stairway of its own invention, and had stepped out in the dark upon a patch of tall mountain grass, as dry as straw, when Yejiro conceived the brilliant idea of torches. He had learned the trick in the Hakone hills, where it was the habit, he told the guide, when one was caught out at night; and he proceeded to roll some of the grass into long wisps for the purpose. The torches were remarkably picturesque, and did us service beside. Their ruddy flare, bowing to the breeze, but only burning the more madly for its thwarting, lighted the path like noonday through a circle of fifteen feet, and dropped brands, still flaring, into the stubble, which we felt it a case of conscience to stop and stamp out. The circle, small as it was, sufficed to disclose a yawning gulf on the side, to which the path clung with the persistency of infatuation.

The first thing to tell us of approach to human habitation was the croaking of the frogs. After the wildness of our day it sounded like some lullaby of Mother Earth, speaking of hearth and home, and we knew that we were come back to rice fields and man. It was another half hour, however, before our procession reached the outskirts of the village. Here we threw aside our torches, and in a weary, drawn-out file found our way, one by one, into the courtyard of the inn. It was not an inn the year round; it became such only at certain seasons, of which the present was not one. It had the habit of putting up pilgrims on their way to the Dragon Peak; between the times of its pious offices it relapsed into a simple farmhouse. But the owner received us none the less kindly for our inopportune appearance, and hastened to bring the water-tubs for our feet. Never was I more willing to sit on the sill a moment and dabble my toes; for I was footsore and weary, and glad to be on man's level again. I promise you, we were all very human that evening, and felt a deal aloud.

XVIII.

A GENIAL INKYO.

The owner of the farmhouse had inherited it from his father. There was nothing very odd about this even to our other-world notions of property, except that the father was still living, as hale and hearty as you please, in a little den at the foot of the garden. He was, in short, what is known as an *inkyo*, or one "dwelling in retirement," — a singular state, composed of equal parts of this world and the next; like dying in theory, and then undertaking to live on in practice. For an inkyo is a man who has formally handed in his resignation to the community, and yet continues to exist most enjoyably in the midst of it. He has abdicated in favor of his eldest son, and, having put off all responsibilities, is filially supported in a life of ease and pleasure.

In spite of being no longer in society,

the father was greedily social. As soon as he heard a foreigner had arrived he trotted over to call, and nothing would do but I must visit his niche early in the morning, before going away.

After breakfast, therefore, the son duly came to fetch me, and we started off through the garden. For his sire's place of retirement lay away from the road, toward the river, that the dear old gentleman might command a view of the peaks opposite, of one of which, called the Etchiu Fuji from its conical form, he was dotingly fond.

It was an expedition getting there. This arose, not from any special fault in the path, which for the first half of the way consisted of a string of stepping-stones neatly laid in the ground, and for the latter fraction of no worse mud than could easily be met with elsewhere. The trouble came from a misunderstanding in foot-gear. It seemed too short a walk for one to put one's boots twice on and off. On the other hand, to walk in stocking-feet was out of the question, for the mud. So I attempted a compromise, consisting of my socks and the native wooden clogs, and tried to make the one take kindly to the other. But my mittenlike socks would have none of my thongs, and, failing of a grip for my toes, compelled me to scuffle along in a very undignified way. Then every few steps one or the other of the clogs saw fit to stay behind, and I had to halt to recover the delinquent. I made a sorry spectacle as I screwed about on the remaining shoe, groping after its fellow. Once I was caught in the act by my cicerone, who turned round inopportunely to see why I was not following; and twice in attempting the feat I all but lost my balance into the mud.

The worthy virtuoso, as he was, met us at the door, and escorted us upstairs to see his treasures. The room was tapestried with all manner of works of art, of which he was justly proud, while the house itself stood copied from a Chinese model, for he was very classic. But I was pleased to find that above all his heart was given to the view. It was shared, as I also discovered, by the tea ceremonies, in which he was a proficient; such a mixture is man. But I believe the view to have been the deeper affection. While I was admiring it, he fetched from a cupboard a very suspicious-looking bottle of what turned out to be honey, and pressed a glass of it upon me. I duly sipped this not inappropriate liquor, since cordials savor of asceticism, and this one, being of natural decoction, peculiarly befitted a secular anchorite. Then I took my leave of one who, though no longer in the world, was still so charmingly of it.

The good soul chanced to be a widower, but such bereavement is no necessary preliminary to becoming a "dweller in retirement." Sometimes a man enters the inkyo state while he still has with him the helpmate of his youth, and the two go together to this aftermath of life. Surely a pretty return this of the honeymoon! Darby and Joan starting once more hand in hand, alone in this Indian summer of their love, as they did years ago in its springtide, before other generations of their own had pushed them on to less romantic parts: Darby come back from paternal cares to be once more the lover, and Joan from mother and grandam again become his girl.

We parted from our watchman-guide and half our porters with much feeling, as did they from us. As friendships go we had not known one another long, but intimacy is not measured by time. Circumstances had thrown us into one another's arms, and, as we bade good-by first to one and then to another, we seemed to be severing a tie that touched very near the heart.

Two of the porters came on with us, as much for love as for money, as far as Kamiichi, where we were to get *kuruma*. A long tramp we had of it across leagues of rice fields, and for a part of the way

beside a large, deep canal, finely bowered in trees, and flowing with a swift, dark current, like some huge boa winding stealthily under the bamboo. It was the artery to I know not how many square miles of field. We came in for a steady drizzle after this, and it was long past noon before we touched our noontide halt, and stalked at last into the inn.

With great difficulty we secured three kuruma, — the place stood on the limits of such locomotion, — and a crowd so dense collected about them that it blocked the way out. Everybody seemed smitten with a desire to see the strangers, which gave the inn servants, by virtue of their calling, an enviable distinction to village eyes. But the porters stood highest in regard, both because of their more intimate tie with us and because here we parted from them. It was severing the final link to the now happy past. We all felt it, and told our rosary of memories in thought, I doubt not, each to himself, as we went out into the world upon our different ways.

Eight miles in a rain brought us to the road by which we had entered Etchiu some days before, and that night we slept at Mikkaichi once more. On the morrow morning the weather became fair, and toward midday we were again facing the fringe of breakers from the cliffs. The mountain spurs looked the grimmer that we now knew them so well by repulse. The air was clearer than when we came, and as we gazed out over the ocean we could see for the first half day the faint coast line of Noto, stretching toward us like an arm along the horizon. We watched it at intervals as long as it was recognizable; and when at last it vanished beyond even imagination's power to conjure up, we felt a strange pang of personal regret. The sea that snatches away so many lands at parting seems fitly inhuman to the deed.

In the course of these two days, two things happened which pointed curiously to the isolation of this part of Japan. The first was the near meeting with another foreigner, which would seem to imply precisely the contrary. But the unwonted excitement into which the event threw Yejiro and me was proof enough of its strangeness. It was while I was sipping tea, waiting for a fresh relay of kuruma at Namerigawa, that Yejiro rushed in to announce that another foreigner was resting at an inn a little further up town. He had arrived shortly before from the Echigo side, report said. The passing of royalty or even a circus would have been tame news in comparison. Of course I hastened into my boots and sallied forth. I did not call on him formally, but I inspected the front of the inn in which he was said to be with peculiar expectation of spirit, in spite of my affected unconcern. He was, I believe, a German; but he never took shape.

The second event occurred the next evening, and was even more singular. Like the dodo it chronicled survival. It was manifested in the person of a policeman.

Some time after our arrival at the inn Yejiro reported that the police officer wished to see me. The man had already seen the important part of me, the passport, and I was at a loss to imagine what more he could want. So Yejiro was sent back to investigate. He returned shortly with a sad case of concern for consideration, and he hardly kept his face as he told it. The conscientious officer, it seemed, wished to sleep outside my room for my protection. From the passport he felt himself responsible for my safety, and had concluded that the least he could do would be not to leave me for a moment. I assured him, through Yejiro, that his offer was most thoughtful, but unnecessary. But what an out-of-the-world corner the thought implied, and what a fine fossil the good soul must have been! Here was survival with an emphasis! The

man had slept soundly through twenty years or more of change, and was still in the pre-foreign days of the feudal ages.

The prices of kuruma, too, were pleasingly behind the times. They were but two fifths of what we should have had to pay on the southern coast. As we advanced toward Shinshiu, however, the prices advanced too. Indeed, the one advance accurately measured the other. We were getting back again into the world, it was painfully evident. At last fares rose to six cents a *ri*. Before they could mount higher we had taken refuge in the train, and were hurrying toward Zenkoji by steam.

Our objective point was now the descent of the Tenriūgawa rapids. It was not the shortest way home, but it was part of our projected itinerary, and took us through a country typical of the heart of Japan. It began with a fine succession of passes. These I had once taken on a journey years before with a friend, and as we started now up the first one, the Saru ga Bamba no tōge, I tried to make the new impression fit the old remembrance. But man had been at work upon the place without, and imagination still more upon its picture within. It was another tōge we climbed in the light of that latter-day afternoon. With the companion the old had passed away.

Leaving the others to follow, I started down the zigzags on the farther side. It was already dusk, and the steepness of the road and the brisk night air sent me swinging down the turns with something of the anchor-like escapement of a watch. Midway I passed a solitary pedestrian, who was trolling to himself down the descent; and when in turn he passed me, as I was waiting under a tree for the others to catch up, he eyed me suspiciously, as one whose wanderings were questionable. They were certainly questionable to me, for by that time we were come to habitations, and each fresh light I saw I took for the village where we were to stop for the night, in spite of repeated disillusionings.

Overhead, the larger stars came out and winked at me, and then, as the fields of space became more and more lighted with star-points, the hearth-fires to other homes of worlds, I thought how local, after all, is the great cone of shadow we men call night; for it is only Nature's nightcap for the nodding Earth, as she turns her head away from the Sun to lie pillowed in space.

The next day was notable chiefly for the up-and-down character of the country even for Japan; which was excelled only by the unhesitating acceptance of it on the part of the road, and this in its turn only by the crowds that traveled it. It seemed that the desire to go increased inversely as the difficulty in going. The wayfarers were most sociable folk, and for a people with whom personality is at a discount singularly given to personalities. Not a man who had a decent chance but asked whither we were going and whence we had come. To the first half of the countryside we confided so much of our private history; to the second we contented ourselves with saying, with elaborate courtesy, "The same as six years ago," an answer which sounded polite, and rendered the surprised questioner speechless for the time we took to pass.

Especially the women added to the picturesqueness of the landscape. Their heads done up in gay-colored kerchiefs, framing round and rosy faces, their kit slung over the shoulder, and their *kimono* tucked in at the waist, they trudged along on useful pairs of ankles neatly cased in lavender gaiters. Some followed dutifully behind their husbands; others chatted along in company with their kind, — members these last of some pilgrim association.

There were wayfarers, too, of less happy mind. For over the last pass the authorities were building a new road, and long lines of pink-coated convicts

marched to and fro at work upon it, under the surveillance of the dark-blue police; and the sight made me think how little the momentary living counts in the actual life. Here we were, two sets of men, doing for the time an identical thing, trudging along a mountain path in the fresh May air; and yet to the one the day seemed all sunshine, to the other nothing but cloud.

XIX.

OUR PASSPORT AND THE BASHA.

It was bound to come, and we knew it; it was only a question of time. But then we had so far braved the law so well, we had almost come to believe that we should escape altogether. I mean the fatal detection by the police that we were violating my passport. That document had already outrun the statute of limitations, and left me no better than an outlaw. For practical purposes my character was gone, and being thus self-convicted I might be arrested at any moment!

In consequence of pending treaty negotiations, the government had become particular about the privileges it granted. One of the first countermoves to foreign insistence on exterritoriality was the restricting of passports to a fortnight's time. You might lay out any tour you chose, and if permitted by the government the provinces designated would all be duly inscribed in your passport, but you had to compass them in the fortnight or be punished. Of course this could be evaded, and a Japanese friend in the foreign office had kindly promised to send me an extension by telegraph. But the dislike of being tied to times and places made me sinfully prefer the risk of being marched back to Tōkyō under the charge of a policeman, a fate I had seen overtake one or two other malefactors, caught at somewhat different crimes, whom we had casually met on the road. The Harinoki tōge was largely to blame for the delay, it is true. But then, unluckily, the Harinoki tōge could not be arrested, and I could.

The bespectacled authorities who examined my credentials every night had hitherto winked at my guilt, so that the bolt fell upon us from a clear sky. It is almost questionable whether it had a right to fall at that moment at all. It was certainly a case of officious officialdom. For we had stopped simply to change kuruma, and the unwritten rule of the road runs that so long as the traveler keeps moving he is safe. To catch him napping at night is the recognized custom.

Besides, the police might have chosen, even by day, some other opportunity to light upon us than in the very thick of our wrestle with the extortionate prices of fresh kuruma. It was inconsiderate of them, to say the least; for the attack naturally threw us into a certain disrepute not calculated to cheapen fares. Then, too, our obvious haste helped furnish circumstantial evidence of crime.

Nevertheless, in the very midst of these difficult negotiations at Matsumoto, evil fate presented itself, clothed as a policeman, and demanded our papers. Luckily they were not at the very bottom of the baggage, but in Yejiro's bosom; for otherwise our effects would have become a public show, and collected an even greater crowd than actually gathered. The arm of the law took the passport, fell at once on the indefensible date, and pointed it out to us. There we were, caught in the act. We sank several degrees instantly in everybody's estimation.

How we escaped is a secret of the Japanese force; for escape we did. We admitted our misfortune to the policeman, and expressed ourselves as even more desirous of getting back to Tōkyō

than he could be to have us there. But we pointed out that now the Tenriūgawa was, to all intents, as short a way as any, and, furthermore, that it was the one expressly nominated in the bond. The policeman stood perplexed. Out of doubt or courtesy, or both, he hesitated for some moments, and then reluctantly handed the passport back. We stood acquitted. Indeed, we were not only suffered to proceed, and that in our own way, but he actually accelerated matters himself, for he turned to against the kuruma, to their instant discomfiture. Indeed, this was quite as it should be, for he was as anxious to be rid of us as we were to be quit of him.

On the road the kuruma proved unruly. The exposure we had sustained may have helped to this, or the coercion of the policeman may have worked revolt. They jogged along with increasing hesitation, till at last the worst of them refused to go on at all. After some quite useless altercation, we made what shift we might with the remainder, but had not got far when we heard the toot of a fish-horn behind, and the sound gradually overhauled us. Now, a fish-horn on a country road in Japan means a *basha*, and a basha means the embodiment of the objectionable. It is a vehicle to be avoided; both externally, like a fire-engine, and internally, like an ambulance or a hearse. Indeed, so far as its victim is concerned, it usually ends by becoming a cross between the last two named. It is a machine absolutely devoid of recommendations. I speak from experience, for, in a moment of adventure, I once took passage in one, some years ago, and I never mean to do so again. Even the sound of its fish-horn now provokes me to evil thoughts. But we were in a bad way, and, to my wonder, I found my sentiments perceptibly softening. Before the thing caught up with us I had actually resolved to take it.

We made signals of distress, and, rather contrary to my expectation, the machine stopped. The driver pulled up, and the guard, a half-grown boy, who sat next him on the seat in front, making melody on the horn, jumped down, a strange bundle of consequence and courtesy, and helped us and our belongings in. He then swung himself into his seat, as the basha set off again, and fell to tooting vociferously. We had scarce got settled before the vehicle was dashing along at what seemed, to our late perambulator experience, a perfectly breakneck speed. The pace and the enthusiasm of the boy infected us. Yejiro and I began to congratulate each other with some fervor on our change of conveyance; and each time we spoke, the boy whisked round in his seat and cried out, with a knowing wag of his head, "I tell you, it 's fast, a basha! Hé!" and then as suddenly whisked back again, and fell to tooting with renewed vigor, like one who had been momentarily derelict in duty. The road was quite deserted, so that the amount of noise would have seemed unnecessary. The boy thought otherwise. Meanwhile, we were being frightfully jolted, and occasionally slung round corners in a way to make holding on a painful labor.

I suppose the unwonted speed must have intoxicated us. There is nothing else that will account for our loss of head. For before we were well out of the machine we had begun negotiations for its exclusive possession on the morrow; and by the time we were fairly installed in the inn at Shiwojiri the bargain stood complete. In consideration of no exorbitant sum, the vehicle, with all appertaining thereto, was to be taken off its regular route, to wander, like any tramp, at our sweet will, in quite a contrary direction. The boy with the horn was expressly included in the lease. By this arrangement we hoped to compass two days' journey in one, and reach by the morrow's night the point where boats are taken for the descent of the Tenriūgawa rapids. We knew the drive

would be painful, but we had every promise that it would be fast.

The inn at Shiwojiri possessed a foreign table and chairs, a bit of furnishing from which the freshness of surprise never wore off. What was even less to be looked for, the son of the house was proficient in English, having studied with a missionary in Tōkyō. I had some talk with him later, and lent him an English classic which he showed a great desire to see.

Betimes the next morning the basha appeared, both driver and guard got up in a fine dark-green uniform, a spruceness it much tickled our vanity to mark. With a feeling akin to princely pride we stepped in, the driver cracked his whip, and, amid the bows of the inn household, we went off up the street. Barring the loss of an umbrella, which had happened somewhere between the time when we boarded the basha on the yestereve and the hour of departure that morning, and an exhaustive but vain hunt for the same, first in the vehicle and then at the stables, nothing marred the serenity of our first half hour. The sky was dreamy; a delicate blue seen through a golden gauze. I fancy it was such a sky with which Danaë fell in love. We rose slowly up the Shiwojiri pass, which a new road enabled even the basha to do quite comfortably; and the southern peaks of the Hida-Shinshiu range rose to correspond across the valley, the snow line distinctly visible, though the nearer ranges did their best to cut it off. Norikura, the Saddle, especially, showed a fine bit of its ten thousand feet, wrapped in the indistinctness of the spring haze. The heavy air gave a look of slumber to the peaks, as if those summits, waked before the rest of the world, had already grown drowsy. We had not yet ceased gazing at them when a turn of the road shut them out. A rise of a few feet, a dip, a turn, and the lake of Suwa lay below us on the other side, flanked by its own mountains, through a gap in which showed the just perceptible cone of Fuji.

The Shiwojiri tōge is not a high pass, and yet it does duty as part of a great divide. A drop of water falling on the Shiwojiri side, if it chance to meet with other drops before it be snatched up again into the sky, wanders into the Sea of Japan; while its fellow, coming to earth not a yard away, ends its journey at last in the Pacific Ocean. Our way now lay with the latter, for the Tenriūgawa, or River of the Heavenly Dragon, takes its rise in the lake of Suwa, a bowl of water a couple of miles or more across. It trickles out insignificantly enough at one end, gathers strength for fifty miles of flow, and then for another hundred cuts its way clean across a range of mountains. How it ever got through originally, and why, are interesting mysteries. Its gorge is now from one to two thousand feet deep, cleft, not through a plateau, but through the axis of a mountain chain. In most places there is not a yard to spare.

We were still a doubtful day off from where it is customary to take a boat. We had started somewhat late, stopped for the lack of umbrella, and now were committed to a digression for letters I expected at Shimonosuwa. I never order my letters to meet me on the line of march but I bitterly repent having chosen that special spot. There is always some excellent reason why it turns out most inconvenient. But as yet I was hopeful, for I thought I knew the speed of the basha, and the day was still young.

The day had grown older and I wiser by the time my letters were read, with their strange perfume from *outre-mer*, the horses harnessed afresh, and we under way once more, clattering down the main street of the village. It was not only in the village that we made a stir. A basha is equal to the occasion anywhere. The whole countryside stopped

in its tracks to turn and stare as we passed, and at one point we came in for a perfect ovation; for our passage and the noonday recess of a school happening to coincide, the children, at that moment let loose, instantly dashed after us pell-mell, in a mass, shouting. One or two of them were so eager in the chase that they minded not where they went, and, tripping over stones or ruts, fell headlong in the mud. The rest pursued us, panting, each according to his legs, and gave over at last only for want of wind.

The guard was supremely happy. What time the upper half of him was too tired to toot, the lower half spent in hopping off his seat and on again upon imaginary duty. Meanwhile, in spite of enlivenments not included in the bill, my old dislike was slowly but surely coming back. I began to be uneasy on the score of time. The speed was not what hope and the company had led me to expect. I went through some elaborate rule-of-three calculation between the distance, the speed, and the time, and, as far as I could make out, it began to look questionable whether we should arrive that night at all. I had already played the part of goad out of precaution; I now had to take to it in good earnest, — futilely to boot. Meanwhile, my body was as uneasy as my mind. In the first place, the seats faced sideways, so that we progressed after the fashion of crabs. Secondly, the vehicle hardly made apologies for springs. We were rattled about like parched corn in a hopper.

What a blessed trick of memory that of winnowing the joys of travel from its discomforts, and letting the latter slip unconsciously away! The dust and the heat and the thousand petty annoyances pass with the fact to be forgotten, while the snow-hooded mountains and the deep blue sky and the smiling fields stay with us, a part of ourselves. That drive seems golden as I look back upon it, yet how sadly discomforting it was at the time!

Toward afternoon a rumor became current that the road had been washed away ahead, and that the basha would have to stop some miles short of where we had hoped to be that night. This was disheartening, for, with all its shortcomings, the basha was undeniably faster than perambulators. The rumor gathered substance as we advanced, until in consequence we ceased to advance at all. At a certain village called Miyada the basha drew up, and we were informed that it was impossible to proceed further.

There was nothing for it but to hire kuruma. The men were a rascally lot, and made gain of our necessity. But we were not so sorry to leave the basha as we might have been, and the reports of impassability substantiated themselves before we had got a mile out. In further consolation the kuruma men turned out well on the road, and bowled us along right merrily. The road ran along the skirts of the mountains on the right, which fell in one long sweep to the river, a breadth of plain unexpectedly gored by streams. The cañons were startlingly abrupt, and the darkness which now came on took nothing from the effect. A sudden zigzag down to a depth of a hundred feet, a careful hitching over a decrepit bridge, and a zigzag up the other side, and we were off at a good trot again. This dispatch on the part of the men brought us in much-improved spirits and in very good time into Iijima, our hoped-for goal.

XX.

DOWN THE TENRIŪGAWA.

We had made arrangements overnight for a boat, not without difficulty, and in the morning we started in kuruma for the point of embarkation. We were

eager to be off upon our voyage, else we should have strolled afoot down the long meadow slope, such invitation lay in it: the dew sparkling on the grass blades, the freshly tilled earth scenting the air, and the larks rising like rockets up into the sky, and bursting into song as they went. It seemed the essence of spring, and we had a mile or more of it all before we reached the brink of the cañon; for even here the river had begun a gorge for itself through the plain. We left our jinrikisha at the top, and zigzagged on foot down the steep descent; and straightway departed the upper life of fields and larks and sunshine for a new and semi-subterranean one. It was not simply a change of scene; it was a complete change of sphere. The world with its face open to the day in a twinkling had ceased to be, and another world, a world of dark water girt by shadowed walls of rock and trees, had taken its place.

Amid farewell wavings from the jinrikisha men we pushed off into the stream. In spite of the rush of the water and the creaking of the oars, a strange stillness had fallen on everything. The swirling, inky flood swept us on past the hushed banks, heights of motionless leaves nearly hiding the gray old rock. Occasionally some puff of wind more adventurous than its fellows swooped down to make the leaves quiver a moment, and then died away in awe, while here and there a bird flew in and out among the branches with strangely subdued twitter.

Although this part of the river could show its gorge and its rapids, it made only the preface to that chapter of its biography we had come to read. At Tokimata, some hours further down, begins the voyage proper. But even the preface was imposing. The black water glided sinuous along, its stealthy course now and again interrupted by rapids, where the sullen flood lashed itself to a passion of whitecaps with a kind of hissing roar. Down these we shot, the boat bowing first in acquiescence, and then plunging as madly as the water itself. It was hard to believe that both boat and river were not sentient things.

At intervals we met other boats toiling slowly up stream, pulled laboriously by men who strained along the bank at the ends of hundreds of feet of tow-rope, — the ropes themselves invisible at first for distance; so that we were aware only of men walking along the shore in attitudes of impossible equilibrium, and of boats that followed them doglike from pure affection. It would seem weary work even for canal-boating. It takes weeks to toil up what it once took only hours to float down. As we sped past the return convoys, we appeared sad profligates, thus wantonly to be squandering such dearly won vantage of position. The stream which meant money to them was, like money, hard come and easy go.

Still the stream hurried us on. We hugged the cliffs, now on one side, now on the other, only to have them slip by us the quicker. Bend after bend opened, spread out, closed. The scene changed every minute, and yet was always the same. Then at times we were vouchsafed openings in the surrounding hills, — narrow bits of foreground, hints of a something that existed beyond.

For three hours and more we kept on in our serpentine course, for the river meandered as whimsically as if it still had a choice of its own in the matter. Then gradually the land about began to make overtures toward sociability. The trees on the banks disappeared, the banks themselves decreased in height; then the river took to a more genial flow, and presently we were ware of the whole countryside to the right coming down in one long sweep to the water's edge.

The preface was over. The stream was to have a breathing-spell of air and sunlight before its great plunge into sixty miles of twilight cañon. With a quick

turn of his rudder oar the boatman in the stern brought the flat-bottomed craft round, and in a jiffy she lay beached on the shingle at Tokimata. It was now high noon.

The greater part of the village kindly superintended the operation of disembarking, and then the more active of its inhabitants trotted before as guides to the inn. For our boat would go no further, and therefore all our belongings had to come out. It was only when we inquired for further conveyance that the crowd showed signs of satiety and edged off. To our importunities on this head the populace were statuesque, or worse. A Japanese assent is not always the most encouraging of replies, and a Japanese "No" touches in you a depth not unlike despair. They have a way of hinting the utter hopelessness of your wish, past, present, and to come, an eternity of impossibility to make you regret that you ever were born. After we had reached the inn, and had stated our wants to a more informed audience, we were told that the nautical part of the inhabitants were in the fields, gathering mulberry leaves for the silkworms. From the bribe we offered to induce a change in pursuit, we judged money to be no object with them. There remained nothing, therefore, but the police.

It is good policy never to invoke the law except in the last extremity, for you are pretty sure to have some flaw shown up in you before you are through with it. The law in this case was represented, Yejiro found, by a person still yellow with the jaundice. He met the demand for boatmen with the counter-demand for the passport, and when this was produced his official eye at once detected its anachronism.

"This," said he, "is not in order. I do not see how you can go on at all."

To add artificial impossibility to natural was too much. Yejiro answered that he had better come to the inn; which he accordingly did. Poor man! I pitied him. For, in the first place, he was still jaundiced; and, in the second, although conscious of guilt as I was, I was much the less disturbed of the two. I was getting used to being a self-smuggler; while he, as the Japanese say, was "*taihen komarimasŭ*" (exceedingly "know not what to do"), a phrase which is a national complaint. In this instance he had cause. What to do with so hardened a sinner was a problem passing his powers. Here was a law-breaker, who by rights should at once be bundled back to Tōkyō under police surveillance. But he could not go himself, he had no one to send, and, furthermore, the delinquent seemed only too willing to escort himself there, free of government expense, as speedily as possible. All I had to do was to whet his perception that the sooner boatmen were got, the sooner I should be on the right side of the law again. After a conflict with himself he went in search of men.

I was left to study the carp-pond, with its gold and silver fish, the pivot of attention of the pretty little garden court which stood handy to the kitchen. This juxtaposition was no accident; for such ponds are landscape and larder in one. Between meals the fish are scenery; at the approach of the dinner hour they turn into game. The inn guest, having sufficiently enjoyed the gambols of future repasts, picks out his dish to suit his taste or capacity, and the fish is instantly netted and translated to the gridiron. The survivors, none the wiser, continue to steamboat about, intent on their own dinners, flashing their colors as they turn their armored sides in and out of the light. Eccentric nature has fitted these prototypes of navigation with all the modern improvements. Double and even triple sets of screws are common things in tails, and sometimes the fins too are duplex. As for me, I had neither the heart nor the stomach to help depopulate the pond. But I took much mechanical delight in the motions of

the fishes; so I fed them instead of they me.

I had my choice between doing this and watching the late boatmen at their dinner in the distance. No doubt moods have an æsthetic conscience of their own, — they demand appropriate setting; for I was annoyed at the hilarity of these men over their midday meal. I bore them no malice, but I must own I should have preferred not to have seen them thus making free with time they had declared themselves unable to sell to me.

Thanks in part to my quality of outlaw, and in part to four hours' propitiation of the gods of delay, the jaundiced policeman finally succeeded in beating up a crew. There were four conscripts in all, kerchiefed, not to say petticoated, in the native nautical costume, — a costume not due to being fresh-water sailors, since their salt-water cousins are given to a like disguise of sex. These mariners made us wait while they finished their preparations. It meant a long voyage to them, — a *facilis descensus Averni; sed revocare gradum*, — a very long pull. Then the bow was poled off, the current took us in its arms and swung us out into the stream, and the crowd on the shingle dropped perspectively astern.

While I was still standing gazing at lessening Tokimata, I heard a cry from behind me, and, turning, ducked just in time to escape being unceremoniously somersaulted into the water by a hawser stretched from bank to bank at a level singularly suited to such a trick. The rope was the stationary half of a ferry to which I had neglected to make timely obeisance. It marked, indeed, an incipient stage in the art of suspension bridges, the ferryboat itself supporting a part of the weight, while the ferryman pulled it and himself across. We met several more in the course of the next few minutes, before which we all bowed down into the bottom of the boat, while the hawser scraped, grumbling impotently, overhead.

Our boat was of adaptive build. It was forty-five feet long, not quite four feet wide, and somewhat over two feet deep. These proportions and the character of the wood made it exceeding lithe, so that it bent like a willow before necessity. In the stern stood the headman, wielding for rudder an oar half as long again as those the others used. There was very little rowing done, nor was there need; the current itself took us along at racing speed.

Shortly after ducking under the last ferry rope we reached the gateway to the cañon. Some rapids made an introduction, rocks in places jutting out of the foam; and while we were still curveting to the waves the hills suddenly closed in upon the stream in two beetling cliffs, spanned surprisingly by a lofty cantalever bridge. A person who chanced to cross at the moment stopped in mid-path to watch us through. The stream swept us in, and the countryside contracted to a vanishing vista behind. We were launched on our long cañon voyage.

The change was as immediate as a thunderstorm on a smiling summer afternoon. It was an eclipse of the earth by the earth itself. Dark rocks picketed with trees rose in still darker shadow on either hand, higher than one could see. The black river swirled beside us, silent, sullen, swift. At the bottom of that gorge, untrodden by man, borne by the dark flood that, untouched by sunlight, coiled snakelike along, we seemed adventured on some never to be forgotten Styx.

For some time we had voyaged thus with a feeling not unlike awe, when all at once there was a bustle among the boatmen, and one of them went forward and stood up in the bow. We swept round a corner, and saw our first great rapids three hundred yards ahead. We could mark a dip in the stream, and

then a tumbled mass of white water, while a roar as of rage came out of the body of it. As we swept down upon the spot, the man in the bow began beating the gunwale with his oar in regularly repeated raps. The board gave out a hollow ring that strangely filled the river chasm, a sound well calculated to terrify the evil spirits of the spot; for indeed it was an exorcism of homœopathic design. His incantation finished, he stood motionless. So did the rest of us, waiting for the plunge. The boat dipped by the bow, darted forward, and in a trice we were in the midst of a deafening turmoil of boiling waters and crashing breakers. The breakers laid violent hands upon us, grappling at the frail gunwale and coming in part aboard, and then, as we slipped from their grasp, impotently flung their spray in our faces, and with a growl dropped astern. The boat trembled like a leaf, and was still trembling when, with nightmare speed, the thing had slid into the past, and we were shot out into the midst of the seething flood below.

Not the least impressive part of the affair was the strange spirit-rapping on the bow. The boatmen valiantly asserted that this was simply for a signal to the man in the stern. Undoubtedly now the action has largely cloaked itself in habit, but that it once was superstitious is unquestionable. Devils still constitute far too respected a portion of the community in peasant parts of Japan.

The steering the boatmen did was clever, but the steering the stream managed of its own motion was more so; for between the rapids proper were swirls and whirlpools and races without end. The current took us in hand at the turns, sweeping us down at full speed straight for a rock on the opposite bank, and then, just as shipwreck seemed inevitable, whisked us round upon the other tack. A thick cushion of water had fended the boat off, so that to strike would have been as impossible as it looked certain. And then at intervals came the roar of another rapid, like a stirring refrain, with the boatman in the bow to beat the time. So we swept on, now through inky eddies of tide, now through snow-capped billows, moods these of the passing stream, while above the grand character of the gorge remained eternally the same.

The trees far up, sharp-etched against the blue,
Let but the river's strip of skylight through
To trees below, that on each jutting ledge
Scant foothold found to overlook the edge, —
As still as statues in their niches there,
Where no breeze stirred the ever-shadowed air, —
Spellbound spectators, crowded tier on tier
From where the lowest, bending to be near
The shock of spray, with leaves a-tremble stood
In shuddering gaze above the swirling flood.
The whole deep chasm some vast natural nave
That to the thought a touch of grandeur gave,
And touch of grace, — for that wistaria clung
Upon the trees, its grapelike bunches hung
In stretch to catch their semblance in the stream:
Pale purple clusters, meant to live in dream,
Placed high above man's predatory clutch,
To sight alone vouchsafed, from harming touch
Wisely withheld as he is hurried past,
And thus the more a memory to last,
A violet vision; there to stay — fair fate —
Forever virginly inviolate.

Slowly the strip of sky overhead became steeped in color, the half light at the bottom of the gorge deepened in tint, and suddenly a turn brought us out at a blaze in the cliff, where a handful of houses straggled up toward the outer world. We had reached Mitsushima, a shafting in the tunnel, and our halting-place for the night.

XXI.

TO THE SEA.

It was a ten minutes' walk, the next morning, from the inn down to the boat: an ever-winding path along a succession of terraces studded with trees just break-

ing into leaf, and dotted with cottages, whose folk gave us good-day as we passed. The site of the village sloped to the south, its cheek full turned to the sunshine that stole down and kissed it as it lay. On this lovely May morning, amid the slumbering air, it made as amorous a bit of springtide as the heart could wish. In front of us, in vignette, stretched the stream, half a mile of it to where it turned the corner. Each succeeding level of terrace reset the picture, as if for trial of effect.

The boat was waiting, lightly grounded on a bit of shingle left by a turn of the current. Several enthusiastic followers accompanied us out to it with respectful insistence.

On reaching our craft, we found, to our surprise, that it was full of bales of merchandise, of large and plethoric habit. We asked in astonishment what this cargo meant. The men answered sheepishly that it was to make the boat ride better. The boat had ridden well enough the day before, and on general principles should, it would seem, ride all the better for being light. But indeed their guilt was plain. Our rascally boatmen, who had already charged a goodly sum for their craft, had thought to serve two masters, and, after having leased the whole boat to me, were intending now to turn a dishonest penny by shipping somebody else's goods into the bargain. In company with the rest of my kind, I much dislike to be imposed upon; so I told them they might instantly take the so-called ballast out again. When I had seen the process of disembarkation fairly begun, I relented, deciding, as long as the bales were already aboard, to take them on to the first stopping-place, and there put them ashore.

The river, its brief glimpse at civilization over, relapsed again into utter savagery. Rocks and trees, as wild apparently as their first forerunners there, walled us in on the sides, and appeared to do so at the ends, making exit seem an impossibility, and entrance to have been a dream. The stream gave short reaches, disclosing every few minutes, as it took us round a fresh turn, a new variation on the old theme. Then, as we glided straight our few hundred feet, the wall behind us rose higher and higher, stretching out at us as if to prevent our possible escape. We had thought it only a high cliff, and behold, it was the whole mountain side that had stood barrier there.

I cannot accent the wildness of it all better than did a certain sight we came upon suddenly, round a corner. Without the least warning, a bend in the current introduced us to a fishing-pole and a basket reposing together on the top of a rock. These two hints at humanity sat all by themselves, keeping one another company; no other sign of man was visible anywhere. The pair of waifs gave one an odd feeling, as might the shadow of a person apart from the person himself. There was something uncanny in their commonplaceness in so uncommon a place. While we were still wondering at the whereabouts of their owner, another turn disclosed him by a sort of cove where his boat lay drawn up. Indeed, it was an ideal spot for an angler, and a lucrative one as well, for the river is naturally full of fish. Were I the angler I have seen others to be, I would encamp here for the rest of my life, and feed off such phosphoric diet as I might catch, to the quickening of the brain and the composing of the body. But, fortunately, man has more of the river than of the rock in his composition, and, whether he will or no, is steadily being hurried past such nicks in life toward adventures beyond.

The rapids here were, if anything, finer than those above Mitsushima. There are said to be more than thirty of them in all. Some have nicknames, as "the Turret," "the Adze," "Boiling Rice," and "the Mountain Bath." Probably all of them have distinctive appellations,

but one cannot ask the names of everybody in a procession. There were some bad enough to give one a sensation. Two of the worst rocks have been blown up, but enough still remain to point a momentary moral or adorn an after tale. All were exhilarating. Through even the least bad I should have been more than sorry to have come alone. But confiding trust in the boatmen was not misplaced; for, if questionable in their morals, they were above reproach in their watercraft.

The rapids were incidents; the gorge we had always with us, superb cleft that it was, hewn as by some giant axe, notching the mountain chain imperiously for passage. Hour followed hour with the same setting. How the river first took it into its head to come through so manifestly unsuitable a place is a secret for the geologist to tell; but I for one wish I had been by to see.

From morning till noon we raced with the water at the bottom of the cañon. Each turn was like, and yet unlike, the one before, so that I wonder that I have other than a blurred composite picture on my mind's plate. Yet certain bits have picked themselves out and ousted the rest, and the river comes up to me in thought as vivid as in life.

These repeated disclosures that disclosed nothing lulled us at last into a happy unconsciousness of end in this subterranean passage to a lower world. Though we were cleaving the mountain chain in part against the grain, indeed because we were, it showed no sign of giving out; until, without premonition, a curve shot us out at the foot of a village perched so perpendicularly on terraces that it almost overhung the stream. It was called Nishinotō, and consisted of a street that sidled up between the dwellings in a more than alpine way. Up it we climbed aerially to a tea house for lunch; but not before I had directed the boatmen to discharge the smuggled goods.

In another hour we were under way again less the uninvited bales, which, left sitting all alone on the sands, mutely reproached us till they could be seen no more. At the first bend the gorge closed round about us as rugged as ever. The rapids were not so dangerous as those above, but the stream was still fast, if less furious. When we looked at the water we did not appear to be moving at all, and when we looked up again at the bank we almost lost our balance for the sudden start.

Then gradually a change crept over the face of things. The stream grew a thought more steady, the cañon a shade less wild. We passed through some more rapids, — our last, the boatmen said. The river began to widen, the mountains standing more respectfully apart. They let us see nothing new, but they showed us more of themselves, and grand buttresses they made. Then the reaches grew longer, and other hills less high became visible ahead. By all signs we were come to the beginning of the end. Another turn, and we were confronted with a real view, — a very hilly view, to be sure, but one that belonged to the world of man. It was like coming out of a tunnel into the light.

The current hurried us on. At each bend the hills in front rose less wild than at the bend before. Villages began to dot the shores, and the river spread out and took its ease. Another curve, and we no longer saw hills and rocks ahead. A great plain stretched before us, over which our eyes wandered at will. Looking back, we marked the mountains already closing up in line. I tried to place the river's gap, but the barrier had grown continuous to the eye. As if we had been adventurers in a fairy tale, the opening through which we had come had closed unrecognizably behind us.

In front all was an every-day plain, with people tilling it, and hamlets; and in the immediate foreground, directly athwart our course, a ferryboat full of

folk. As we bore down between it and the landing-place, two men gesticulated at us from the bank. We swerved in toward them. They shouted something to the boatmen, and Yejiro turned to me. The wayfarers asked if we would let them go with us to the sea. There was no regular conveyance, and they much desired to reach the Tōkaidō that night. What would I do?

"Oh! Very well," said I reluctantly, "take them on board."

So it had come to this, after our romantic, solitary voyage! We were to end as a common carrier, after all. One is born a demigod, the French say, to die a grocer.

Our passengers were honest and business-like. Soon after coming aboard they offered to pay for their passage, — an offer I politely declined. Then they fell to chatting with Yejiro, and I doubt not in five minutes had possessed themselves of all our immediate history.

Meanwhile, the river was lazily dropping us down to the sea. On the left, at a respectful distance, a long, low rise, like a bit of fortification, ran down indefinitely in the same direction, by way of encouraging the stream. Pitiable supposition! Was this meadow-meandering bit of water indeed our wild Tenriūgawa? It seemed impossible. Once we had a bathetic bit of excitement over a near case of grounding, where the water had spread itself out to ripple down to a lower level. This was all to recall the past. The stream had grown steady and profitable. More than once we passed craft jarringly mercantile, and even some highly respectable automatic water-wheel boats anchored in the current, nose to tail, in a long line, apparently paddling up stream, but never advancing an inch. All these sights had a workaday, machine look like middle age.

The afternoon aged to match. The sun began to dip behind the distant hills; and toward the east, in front of us, came out the long outline of the Tōkaidō bridge, three quarters of a mile in length, like a huge caterpillar crawling methodically across the river bed. Gradually we drew toward it, till its myriad legs glinted in the sunset glow; and then, as we swept under, it wheeled round, to become instantly a gaunt stalking silhouette against the sky. From below, by the river's mouth, the roar of the surf came forebodingly up out of the ashen east; but in the west was still a glory, and as I turned to it I seemed to look down the long vista of the journey to western Noto by the sea. I thought how I had pictured it to myself before starting, and then how little the facts had fitted the fancy. It had lost and gained; if no longer maiden, it was mine, and the glamour that fringes the future had but changed to the glamour that gilds the past. Distance had brought it all back again. Delays, discomforts, difficulties, disappeared, and its memory rose as lovely as the sky past which I looked. For the better part of place or person is the thought it leaves behind.

Percival Lowell.

A THOUGHT.

DIVERGENT as the zone and pole
Are man's gross body and white soul;
Yet both must win to heavenly light,
Or walk the shadow-ways of night.

Thomas S. Collier.

PREHISTORIC MAN ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

CALIFORNIA, after having been a potent factor in the history of modern times, seems likely to contribute in a very positive manner to our knowledge of the earliest history of mankind. An object of greatest moment with archæologists is to find early relics of man so related to geological changes as to give definite information concerning their antiquity. An implement or skeleton found upon the surface *may* be of great antiquity; the same things found imbedded in certain well-defined geological strata *must* be of great antiquity, and thus the sciences of archæology and geology become united in their interests.

About twenty-five years ago much discussion was created by the report that implements and human relics of tertiary age had been found upon the flanks of the Sierra Nevada in California. The geologist responsible for this report was Professor J. D. Whitney, of Harvard College, then and for some years after in charge of the Geological Survey of California. The facts of most interest reported by him relate to a region in the vicinity of Sonora, near the boundary line between Tuolumne and Calaveras counties, and about one hundred and fifty miles directly east of San Francisco. This is a portion of California in which the early gold excitement was intense; many million dollars' worth of the metal having been found in the surface gravels of the vicinity. Before giving, however, the particulars about the discovery of the Calaveras skull and other relics of early man in the same neighborhood, it will be profitable to fix the reader's attention upon the geological problems relating to the case.

By the geologist the whole region west of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers is spoken of as new. In the earliest geological times, when the Atlantic coast was already outlined, and the northeastern part of the continent had been elevated long enough to show signs of great age, the whole area west of the Mississippi Valley, with the exception, perhaps, of some long, low lines of islands marking the course of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, was still beneath the ocean level. As the building of the continent proceeded, and the great areas of stratified rock between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi River were formed, the development was still slow west of this region; so that, long after the eastern half of the continent had assumed nearly its present form, it was separated from the western part by a vast expanse of water, extending from the Mississippi to the very edge of the Rocky Mountains. These plains were for the most part deposited during the cretaceous period, which just preceded the tertiary. At the close of the cretaceous period, the whole region slowly rose from its watery depths. So extensive was the area of elevation, however, that the strata were scarcely disturbed, and they have retained still their practically horizontal position, sloping gradually up to the west from Omaha at an average rate of not more than ten feet to the mile.

But the elevation of this region was not uniform in all its parts, and freshwater lakes occupied the depressions, and remained for a long time, covering a great portion of Nebraska and Wyoming, and territory adjacent. These lakes lasted through the tertiary period, and there were accumulated in them the immense beds of sediment inclosing the gigantic reptiles and the diminutive fossil horses concerning which so much has been written by Professors Cope and Marsh. From these fossils it appears that the shores of these lakes witnessed

several of the most important stages in the evolution of existing animals.

While this period of fresh-water lakes was obtaining east of the Rocky Mountains, what is now the Pacific coast still remained deep beneath the level of the sea. The Coast Range, which presents a solid front to the Pacific Ocean from the straits of Juan de Fuca to the Bay of San Francisco, and thence onward to beyond the southern limit of California, consists of rocks containing marine fossils entirely of tertiary age. At the time of their deposition, the waters of the Pacific beat directly against the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, more than one hundred miles to the east. In that crumpling of the earth's crust, however, which has periodically built, one by one, the various mountain systems of the world, the Coast Range was at last thrust as a barrier between the flanks of the Sierra and the Pacific Ocean, leaving between the old mountain systems and the new one of the most remarkable valleys in the world. Entering through the Golden Gate to the Bay of San Francisco, and ascending its principal eastern tributary for about fifty miles, the traveler finds himself where the Sacramento and the San Joaquin rivers meet, the one coming from the north, the other from the south. These streams bring together the drainage of valleys whose united length is more than four hundred miles, their breadth between the mountains averaging something like seventy-five miles. Eastward from these valleys the ascent to the summits of the Sierra Nevada is pretty regular, and is accomplished in a distance of about one hundred miles.

From these heights, with many peaks upwards of fourteen thousand feet above the sea, one sees upon the horizon to the west the continuous line of the Coast Range, while to the east he looks out on the barren wastes of the great inclosed basin, extending several hundred miles in width to the Wahsatch Mountains.

For about two thousand feet up the western flanks of the Sierra the rocks consist of hard slatestone of the triassic period, which comes in the geological horizon just below the cretaceous strata so extensively developed east of the Rocky Mountains. The fact that the western foothills of the Sierra belong to the triassic age shows that they were existing as dry land during the long period required for the deposition of the sediment now constituting the Coast Range; otherwise tertiary deposits would have covered the foothills of the Sierra also. The upper part of the Sierra consists of massive granite, which may have existed as dry land from a very early geological period.

We have already remarked that the ascent eastward from this central valley of California to the summit of the Sierra is along a pretty regular slope, and can be made without great inconvenience. But if, at any point midway between the base and the summit, one endeavors to go north or south parallel with the axis of the range, he finds the journey beset with great difficulties. The immense snowfall in the higher altitudes gives rise to frequent torrents, which, in flowing down the western flanks, have in all cases worn gorges of great depth, scarcely ever less than two thousand feet, and sometimes much more. The Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy valleys are the best known examples, the former being an enlargement of the gorge of the Merced River, and the latter of that of the Tuolumne.

All along the flanks of the Sierra, also, from two to four thousand feet above the base, there exists a most remarkable belt of gravel which was doubtless deposited by streams corresponding in the main with existing lines of drainage, but at a time when the supply of water was greater than at present, and when there were no deep channels to determine and limit, as now, the direction of the water's flow. The deep

mountain gorges had not yet been made. These gravels are of enormous extent, and in places hundreds of feet in depth, and have proved to be one of the greatest depositories of gold ever discovered. It is the activity of miners in searching for this coveted metal which has laid the gravel banks open to the inspection of scientific men, and so revealed the hidden archæological treasures. Now for more than forty years miners have been at work upon these banks by every conceivable process, — with butcher-knives, picks, shovels, gunpowder, dynamite, and jets of water, — to separate the gold from the immense quantities of gravel with which it is associated.

In these operations there have, from time to time, come to light sufficient relics of human workmanship to give a faint clue to the domestic arts prevailing in the region at the time of the deposition of the gravel; but the circumstances have not been favorable either for the discovery or the preservation of many relics of any kind. Especially is this true of the more recent modes of mining, in which the vast deposits are attacked by directing against them jets of water under tremendous hydraulic pressure, such as to tear everything to pieces. Hence we cannot suppose that anything more than a small part of the remains either of animals or of man and his workmanship which these beds of gravel originally contained has been saved from destruction. The introduction of hydraulic mining will account also for the fact that the most of the discoveries valuable to the palæontologist and to the archæologist were made in the earlier periods of the gold excitement, when simpler modes of mining were in vogue.

As is to be expected, many of the objects of archæological interest coming to the notice of the miners are poorly authenticated, since, in the eagerness shown for the gold, little attention has been paid to objects of mere curiosity. But from many different places stone mortars and pestles of rude manufacture have been reported by the miners as discovered in the gold-bearing gravel. Whether in most cases these objects may not have fallen down from near the surface of the gravel, and whether in some instances their location in the gravel may not have been determined by intrusive burial or by local landslides, it is impossible to determine, as quite generally the miners are too intent on their main business to observe all these particulars or retain them in their memory. But so many of such discoveries have been reported as to make it altogether improbable that the miners were in every case mistaken; and we must conclude that rude stone implements do actually occur in connection with the bones of various extinct animals in the undisturbed strata of the gold-bearing gravel.

Properly enough, however, Professor Whitney and other scientific men have been slow to build any archæological theory except on facts which were capable of definite proof; and as in this instance we are called upon to prove our facts as well as our theories, since up to the present time both have been persistently challenged, it will be necessary to discuss somewhat in detail the evidence adduced by Professor Whitney some years ago, as well as to present the confirmatory evidence which has recently come to light.

As will have been perceived, the reported occurrence of human remains in uncovered banks of gravel is specially open to suspicion from the possibility of the remains having been buried subsequent to the deposition of the material. Whether this were the case or not might indeed be determined by a well-trained and accurate observer, if his attention were called to the situation in time; but the chances of having such an observer upon the ground at the instant of discovery are, as any one can see, very small. It becomes, therefore,

an object of great importance to find remains in such a situation that their position can be satisfactorily proved by the ordinary kinds of evidence. The opportunity to obtain such proof is presented by the existence of another class of geological facts, which we will now describe.

One of the most remarkable of all the natural features west of the Rocky Mountains is to be found in the extensive lava beds which cover so much of the surface. So immense are these deposits that when they were first reported the European geologists, with general consent, discredited the stories, and set them down as Western exaggerations. But all are now convinced that at the first the half had not been told. There are hundreds of thousands of square miles west of the Rocky Mountains which have been covered by these vast lava flows; and this since the beginning of the tertiary period, and in considerable part during the glacial period. The larger and more continuous area extends from the northern part of California, over Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, and up the Snake River valley in Idaho to the Yellowstone Park.

The thickness of these lava deposits is as surprising as their superficial extent. For fifty miles or more the great cañon of Snake River, in the vicinity of Shoshone Falls in Idaho, is bounded on either side by perpendicular walls of columnar basalt from 300 to 700 feet in height, and in a portion of its course by perpendicular walls 1000 feet in height, the upper half of which is basalt, and the lower half an older eruptive rock. At the cascades of the Columbia River, which occur where the stream cuts through the axis of the Cascade Mountains, the rocks on either side, to a height of from 3000 to 4000 feet, consist of this late tertiary or post-tertiary basalt, the whole mountain range at this point being composed of that material; while seventy miles to the south of this the great basaltic plain has been cut into by the Deschutes River for a distance of one hundred and forty miles, to a depth of from 1000 to 2500 feet, without reaching the bottom of the lava.

But it would be a mistake to think of all this lava as belonging to one continuous flow. Examination shows, on the contrary, that there has been a great number of centres of eruption, and in places, especially in the Snake River valley, numerous circular, fresh-looking craters, a few hundred feet in height, dot the surface of the great basaltic plain. Many of these can be seen by the traveler from the car windows on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, which passes through Idaho. These craters are not sufficient, however, to account for the vast lava plains surrounding them. They represent rather points where the expiring volcanic forces have kept relief vents open, which in some cases have been active until within a few centuries. But the great mass of the lava must have poured forth from fissures now covered from sight by their own ejected material. In some distant geological age, when the erosive agencies ever at work shall have laid bare the roots of these mountains, as has already been done in northern Scotland and in New England, these filled-up fissures will appear as trap-dykes, like those with which we are familiar in the Palisades of the Hudson, and in East and West Rocks, on either side of New Haven.

The geological disturbances which caused these late, or post-tertiary, lava flows on the Pacific coast, while greatest north of California, extended with more or less force all the way down to the Mexican border, especially in the great basin between the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains. In one place, as Major Powell has detailed, the lava poured into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which was already in existence, and dammed up the waters of that

river, making a temporary lake, which must have continued until the stream had time to wear down a new channel through the lava dam. West of the Sierra Nevada in California the lava flows were infrequent, except in the northern part of the State; but, fortunately, in the vicinity of Sonora there was one which has produced just the conditions which the archæologist so strongly desires to find.

During the deposition of the gold-bearing gravel upon the western flanks of the Sierra, and especially towards the latter part of that period, there were great outbursts of volcanic material near the summits of the range, and twenty or twenty-five miles north of Yosemite Park. When this eruption had nearly spent itself, a vast stream of liquid lava flowed down the side of the mountain through the shallow valley of the ancient Stanislaus River, filling up its channel, and covering its extensive gravel deposits. Thus these gravels have been preserved from disturbance, and the antiquity of the objects of geological or archæological interest found in them is certified to by the best of testimony. For forty miles or more from its source this molten stream came down the mountain side, following nearly the line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties, and extending fifteen or twenty miles beyond Sonora at two or three points. The modern Stanislaus River has cut across its former bed, and now flows in a gorge from 1200 to 2000 feet deeper than the old valley which was occupied and filled up by the ancient lava stream; and the long, winding, even surface of this lava appears as a conspicuous flat-topped ridge, known as Table Mountain. In many places the rims of the valley which originally directed the course of the lava flow have been worn away by existing streams, so that the walls on either side present a perpendicular face, one hundred feet or more in height.

Early in the mining excitement, it was found that the auriferous gravel of the ancient Stanislaus River ran under Table Mountain, and an incredible amount of money has been expended in efforts to penetrate it, and reach its depositories of precious metal. Millions of dollars are said to have been spent in driving tunnels through the rim rock, and in sinking shafts from the surface of the lava, in order to bring to the light of day the buried treasures of this singularly preserved deposit.

The evidence that human implements and fragments of the human skeleton have been found in the stratum of gravel underneath the lava of Table Mountain seems to be abundantly sufficient; but as the witnesses have been challenged, and as so much depends upon the truth of their report, it is necessary to give the evidence again in some detail. One of the most active collectors in the vicinity of Sonora was Dr. Snell, a man of unquestioned reputation and intelligence. At different times from 1850 to 1860 various implements and a human jaw were given to him by miners, with the statement that they came "from under Table Mountain," — a form of statement which we have seen can have no ambiguity of meaning. If, therefore, these miners told the truth, the objects in question must have lain in the position in which they were found ever since the period of this great lava flow. One of the stone implements thus described seems to have served as the handle for a bow, and there were, besides, one or two spearheads and "several scoops or ladles with well-shaped handles." With reference to these objects, Professor Whitney remarks that there is no evidence except the simple word of the miners; but in the absence of any motive for deception, as in this case, when they were presented to a collector without price, that ought to be sufficient to establish the facts. There was, however, one object in this collection, namely, a stone implement for grinding, which Dr.

Snell says he himself took from a carload of dirt as it came out of one of the shafts under Table Mountain.

During this same decade, Hon. Paul K. Hubbs, a well-known citizen of Vallejo, Cal., and at one time state superintendent of public instruction, found a portion of a human skull in the mining sluice into which the dirt from one of the shafts under Table Mountain was being shoveled; and there was clinging to the specimen, when found, portions of the gold-bearing gravel. This fragment was given by Mr. Hubbs to Rev. C. F. Winslow, who divided it into two pieces, and sent one to the Boston Society of Natural History, the other to the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences; and an account of the discovery is given in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History for October, 1857. The point in the tunnel from which the bucketful of dirt containing this object came was 180 feet below the surface of Table Mountain. At about the same time, one of the owners found in this shaft, also, a large stone mortar, fifteen inches in diameter; but no pains was taken to preserve it, and it has disappeared, as the fragment of the skull would have done except for the intelligent interest in it of Mr. Hubbs and Mr. Winslow. Important as was this discovery by Mr. Hubbs, and though promptly reported to two of the best known scientific societies of the country, it attracted no general notice until Professor Whitney's attention was turned to it, ten or twelve years later, when the ground was revisited, the original parties were questioned, and the facts as above stated were placed beyond reasonable doubt.

Upon making further inquiry, Professor Whitney found in the hands of the miners various other articles said to have come from under the Sonora Table Mountain. Among these was a large white marble bead, about an inch and a half long and an inch and a quarter in diameter, with a perforation suitable for a string. This bead was taken in 1853, by Mr. Oliver W. Stevens, from a carload of gravel as it came out of the tunnel. The load was obtained 200 feet in, and 125 feet below the surface of the lava. Beside the bead there was found the tooth of a mastodon. Both objects bore evidence in themselves to the situation from which they came, being partially incrusted with sulphuret of iron. Mr. Llewellyn Price also gave to Professor Whitney the particulars concerning a stone mortar, about thirty inches in circumference, which he himself found in 1862 in what was known as the Boston tunnel, about 1800 feet in from its mouth, and where the overlying lava was more than sixty feet deep.

It will be observed that these are all independent cases of evidence, dating from the time of greatest activity in pushing mines under this lava deposit. Unfortunately, the expense of reaching the gravel was so great that after a time the work was suspended in nearly all the mines. It is estimated that in their efforts to get the gold from under Table Mountain the miners spent a million dollars more than was ever actually returned to them. But up to the present time spasmodic efforts have been made to reach this gold, and the discoveries which have recently been made will, in the opinion of many, add greatly to the force of the evidence previously detailed as collected by Professor Whitney.

At the meeting of the Geological Society of America, December 30, 1890, three such recent archæological discoveries were reported as from under Table Mountain. Mr. George F. Becker (one of the most accomplished and able of the gentlemen employed upon the present staff of the United States Geological Survey, to whom has been committed the responsible work of reporting upon the gold-bearing gravels of California) exhibited to the society a stone mortar and some arrowheads or spear-

heads, with the sworn statement from Mr. J. H. Neale, a well-known mining superintendent, of established character, that in 1877 he took them with his own hand from undisturbed gravel in the mine of which he had charge at Rawhide Gulch, under the lava of Table Mountain, about five miles southwest of Sonora. Upon this testimony, Mr. Becker justly remarked that the mining superintendents are, of all men in the world, best able to judge whether in such cases the gravel has been disturbed, since that is a point to which their attention is constantly directed because of the danger encountered when an old working is intercepted. Besides, there is no evidence that the gravel anywhere under Table Mountain had ever been worked until modern mining operations began. The theory that it had been is in the highest degree improbable. Therefore it does not require an expert to decide whether an implement or fossil brought out from under Table Mountain is from undisturbed gravel. A workman can tell just as well as a scientific man whether an object came from the end of the tunnel or not; and if it did, that is all we need to know.

A second object exhibited by Mr. Becker was a pestle, with a communication from Mr. Clarence King, who had charge, some years ago, of the important geological survey of the fortieth parallel, and who was at one time general director of the United States Geological Survey. This pestle was found by Mr. King in 1869; and although it was not so far under Table Mountain as to establish the character of the gravel if it had been reported upon by an inexperienced observer, yet Mr. King is an expert whose judgment in such matters should be final, and this was that the gravel in which he found the object, though but slightly under the face of Table Mountain, must have lain in place ever since the lava came down and covered it.

The third instance presented at this meeting was one brought to my own attention while visiting Sonora, last autumn, the circumstances of which it will be instructive to detail somewhat minutely.

Early in October, while waiting in the evening to obtain a team to drive from Sonora to the Yosemite Park, I chanced to meet Mr. C. McTarnahan, a young man acting as assistant surveyor of Tuolumne County. He had been invited to the hotel at my request, to give me information concerning the mining claims about Table Mountain. His knowledge respecting these was most definite and accurate, and perfectly at his command. On inquiring concerning the Valentine shaft, which I recalled as one in which Professor Whitney had reported archæological discoveries, the situation was immediately indicated to me; but on being asked if he had heard of those discoveries, he said that he had not. This, however, was not strange, since they were made before he was born, and he had not read Professor Whitney's report. But he at once said that, three years ago, he had himself found a stone mortar in the Empire mine, which was in part owned by his father, and was on the opposite side of Table Mountain, about a mile from the Valentine shaft. Subsequently I visited the locality, and Mr. McTarnahan drew for me a plan of the mine, and indicated the exact place in the gravel from which the mortar was obtained. The tunnel was driven diagonally 748 feet through the rim of the ancient valley, down which the lava stream had flowed, and the old gravel was reached 175 feet from the western edge of the basalt cliff, and 100 or more feet below the surface of the flat top of Table Mountain. Any one visiting the grounds must readily see that here there could be no mistake, unless the witness had deliberately falsified. But that he was not falsifying is evident from the established character of the

man, from the absence of any motive to deceive, and from certain incidental confirmations brought out by later inquiries. These last two points will appear in the further narrative.

Upon intimating a desire to see the mortar, I was at once informed that it was not to be obtained, since he had given it to Mrs. M. J. Darwin, of Santa Rosa (a town in a distant part of the State). After my return to the East I wrote to Mrs. Darwin, giving the circumstances as related by Mr. McTarnahan, and requesting photographs of the mortar. These I in due time received, they having been taken specially for my benefit; but, to my surprise, they were accompanied with the statement that she had never before heard that the mortar came from under Table Mountain, — that in fact she had not known anything about the place in which it had been found.

In answer to a second letter, asking for an account of the circumstances under which she obtained the object, Mrs. Darwin wrote that she was visiting in Sonora, and staying for a short time at the house of Mr. McTarnahan's father, near the Empire mine; that, upon occasion of visiting the mine with Mr. McTarnahan's mother, she saw the mortar lying near the mouth of the tunnel, whereupon she expressed her surprise, saying that it was the first object of the kind she had ever seen which was not owned and prized by some one, adding that she should be glad to own one herself. Mrs. McTarnahan at once said, "Put this in your trunk and take it home; we have no use for it." This was done, and nothing more was thought or said about it until interest was revived in the subject by my inquiries, three years later. All this agrees with what both Mr. Becker and Professor Whitney say, — that the miners are not on the lookout for such objects as these, and do not know their significance, or prize them enough to be under any temptation to make false statements respecting them. The accumulation of instances like this has now been so great that it will be difficult for the most skeptical to remain unconvinced.

The above account will prepare the reader, therefore, the more easily to credit the evidence supporting the genuineness of the celebrated Calaveras skull, which was found under this same lava flow, about twelve miles to the northeast, and somewhat farther up the slope of the mountain. To the detailed statement made by Professor Whitney my own recent visit to the locality enables me to add some important circumstantial confirmation. The facts are as follows: In February, 1866, Mr. Mattison, a blacksmith, living at Altaville, between the two mining camps known as Murphy's and Angel's, near the line between Calaveras and Tuolumne counties, was employing his spare earnings in running a mining shaft under that portion of the Sonora lava flow known as Bald Hill. He had penetrated the base of the hill with his tunnel until it was 150 feet below the surface, the intervening space being occupied by distinct strata of lava intercalated with thin beds of gravel, — the superincumbent lava being altogether nearly one hundred feet thick. Here, in connection with some petrified wood, Mr. Mattison found, thickly encased in cemented gravel, an object which he first thought was the root of a tree. But what he mistook for a root proved to be the lower jaw attached to the skull above referred to. Having brought the shapeless mass to the surface, and finding it of no value to himself, Mr. Mattison gave it to Mr. Scribner, who was then acting as agent for an express company, and who is still a prominent and highly respected business man in the neighborhood, living now at Angel's. Mr. Scribner, on perceiving what it was, at once passed it into the hands of Dr. Jones, an intimate friend of his, living a few miles away,

at Murphy's. Dr. Jones now resides in San Francisco, and, like Mr. Scribner, is a gentleman of the highest reputation. Not having a very definite idea of the situation in which the relic had been found, Dr. Jones laid it aside in his yard, and paid little attention to it until the following June, when Mr. Mattison chanced to come to his office for a medical prescription. Recalling Mr. Mattison's relation to the discovery, Dr. Jones questioned his patient as to the circumstances attending the discovery of the skull, and elicited the facts as above stated. Dr. Jones immediately communicated with Professor Whitney at San Francisco, and at his request forwarded the skull to him. As soon as was convenient Professor Whitney visited Altaville, and made a careful examination of the evidence, both as to the genuineness of the discovery and as to the geological conditions in which the skull was reported to have been found.

Not long after, Professor Whitney was permitted to take the skull with him, on his return home to Cambridge, where, in connection with Dr. Jeffries Wyman, he subjected it to a very careful investigation, to see if the relic itself confirmed the story told by the discoverer; and this it did to such a degree that the circumstantial evidence alone places its genuineness beyond all reasonable question. According to this examination, the skull was in a fossilized condition, — that is, the phosphate of lime had been largely replaced by the carbonate of lime (as would not have been the case had it lain near the surface in loose gravel), — and evidently it had been exposed to considerable rough treatment while rolled along in the channel of the ancient stream.

It is to be regretted, in some respects, that the efforts of Dr. Wyman to determine the size and character and fossilized condition of the skull have removed from it the indications of genuineness and antiquity furnished by the incrustation of gravel which originally adhered to it. Mr. Dall, of Washington, who saw it, assures me that the evidence thus presented was of a most convincing character.

Such, in brief, is the evidence of the genuineness of the human relics reported as found under the lava of Sonora, Table Mountain, California. If it has failed heretofore to produce general conviction, this is due partly to the fact that it has not been known to the public in detail, and partly to the fact that the occupation of the Pacific coast by man at that early period was supposed to be out of harmony with the conditions generally thought to have existed at that time. Before remarking upon these conditions, however, a few words should be added concerning another discovery recently made, under circumstances somewhat similar to those in California, but in a locality several hundred miles distant. I refer to the so-called "Nampa image."

This is a skillfully formed miniature image of the human body, one inch and a half long, made from clay, and slightly burned, which was brought to my notice in October, 1889, by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, its genuineness being certified to by evidence that was perfectly satisfactory to him, all of which I have detailed in a communication to the Boston Society of Natural History, and which may be found in their Proceedings for January 1, 1890. During the past summer, also, I visited the locality, and found abundant confirmatory evidence.

The image in question was found about August 1, 1889, at Nampa, Ada County, Idaho, by Mr. M. A. Kurtz, who was engaged in sinking an Artesian well. The whole surface of the country here is covered with basaltic lava, which has poured out from a centre or vent thirty or forty miles to the east, but which at Nampa has pretty well thinned out, being there only fifteen feet thick,

and disappearing entirely five miles farther west. Beneath the thin sheets of lava at this place, the well penetrated alternate layers of clay and quicksand to a depth of 320 feet, from which point the image was brought up by the sand-pump. A general study of the region shows that this lava, like that in California, is geologically recent, since in both places it overlies late tertiary deposits. But the amount of erosion effected by streams subsequent to the volcanic eruption indicates in both cases an age which, as we reckon human history, is very great, though possibly it may fall considerably within a hundred thousand years.

Turning now to consider the conditions under which man existed at this early time upon the Pacific coast, we find them extremely interesting apart from their mere antiquity, and indicative of changes of a most striking order since man's first occupation of the region. For one thing, the character of the vegetation was almost completely changed. The existing forests of the Pacific slope consist almost entirely of coniferous trees. The deciduous, or hard-wood, trees familiar on the Atlantic coast are either entirely absent from the Pacific side of the continent, or are of smaller size and poorer quality. The Pacific coast has indeed maples, ashes, poplars, walnuts, oaks, and in Washington birches, but they all compare unfavorably with their brethren upon the Atlantic coast, and are so inferior in economic value that, as Professor Gray has said, "a passable wagon wheel cannot be made of California wood, nor a really good one in Oregon." But California has, at the present time, no birch, beech, elm, holly, gum-tree, magnolia, catalpa, mulberry, linden, or hickory. The flanks of the Sierra above the altitude of 2000 feet are covered with majestic but monotonous forests of pine, cedar, spruce, Sequoia gigantea, and tamarack, interspersed in the lower portion with inferior kinds of black oak and the diminutive California buckeye and manzanita.

But from the vegetable remains found associated with traces of man in the deposits under Table Mountain it would appear that, at the time of that volcanic outflow, there were no coniferous trees on the flanks of the Sierra, whereas many of the hard-wood trees above mentioned as now peculiar to the Atlantic States flourished there in abundance. Primeval man in California found shelter in forests very similar to those which, on the discovery of America by Columbus, covered the whole eastern part of the continent. The elm, the birch, the willow, the poplar, the sycamore, the gum-tree, the magnolia, and the maple spread for him their protecting branches, while the beech-tree, as well as the oak and the fig, added its fruit to his limited stock of vegetable food.

The animal companions of man upon the Pacific coast were also, in this early period, as different from the existing species as were the plants. From the remains of animals found associated with man in deposits beneath Table Mountain, or others equally old, we find that he was then as familiar with the unwieldy form and the long, curved tusk of the mammoth and the mastodon as the modern inhabitant of India or Africa now is with the reduced dimensions of the elephant; cartloads of their fossil bones having been collected from the gold-bearing gravels, as might be inferred from Truthful James's account of the Row upon the Stanislow. The llama, an ally to the camel, now confined to South America, was another companion of man in California at that time. The rhinoceros can scarcely be said to have been his companion, but from the remains discovered it could have been no unusual event for the hunter of those days to have encountered this animal in his haunts. Those were times, too, when beggars could have ridden on horseback, had they been able to domes-

ticate any one of the several species of the horse which then abounded in the region. Extinct gigantic species of the cow and deer are also proved, by their remains, to have been then living in companionship with man; while, as is to be expected, the wolf was present to worry and trouble him.

From still another point of view, the changes which have taken place since man became an inhabitant upon the Pacific coast appear enormous. The vast deposits of gold-bearing gravel upon the flanks of the Sierra Nevada, in which the remains of man are found, are referred for their origin to the climatic conditions accompanying the great ice age of North America. Glaciers, indeed, did not extend far down the sides of this range of mountains, since there are no signs upon them of the direct action of ice much below the level of 5000 feet. But the ice age was one of great precipitation all over North America, in which the rainfall and snowfall were far larger than at the present time, and in which evaporation was far less than now.

This climatic condition is clearly indicated by the great enlargement which took place at that time in the lakes of the vast interior basin stretching from the Sierra to the Wahsatch Mountains. The lakes now found in this area have no outlet, and are intensely salt; but under the influence of the climatic conditions causing the glacial period Great Salt Lake rose to a height of nearly 1000 feet above its present level, and became fresh, pouring its surplus waters northward through the Port Neuf into the Snake River. The various lakes in the western part of Nevada also increased in corresponding measure, becoming a single body of water, nearly 300 miles in length and 200 in width.

It is just such a climate as this, with its vast floods of water, which is required to explain the immense accumulations of gold-bearing gravel, already described, in which man's remains have been found. No amount of time would cause such accumulations of gravel by the action of streams of the size they now show. But it may be necessary for us to suppose that there has been since that period a considerable elevation of the axis of the mountains, so that the slope of the sides is much greater than formerly. The slope now, however, is scarcely more than 100 feet to a mile, or three degrees, and the frequent earthquakes on the Pacific coast make it not at all improbable that the process of elevation is still going on. With the gentler slope of early times and the increased floods of the glacial period (fed towards the close by the melting glaciers near the summit), and with the watercourses but partially determined, we have exactly the conditions necessary to account for these immense gravel deposits, and therefore the conditions with which we may picture the human race to have been for a long time struggling.

At last there came upon the inhabitants of that region, both man and beast, the added disturbances of the vast volcanic eruptions which have covered so much of the surface with indestructible basalt; though we are not compelled to suppose in California any great direct destruction of plants and animals by these volcanic outbursts. The extinction of species was due rather to that general disturbance of the conditions of life brought about by this new element in the problem. But that a great extinction of plants and animals was indirectly occasioned is shown by the fact already adduced with reference to the complete change which has taken place in the character of the forests, and in large part of the species of animals occupying the region. Whether the race of men whose remains are found under Table Mountain became extinct with the horse, rhinoceros, and mammoth, or whether it migrated south with the llama, we may never know.

It cannot be denied that the character

of man's remains found beneath the lava beds of the Pacific slope is such as to indicate a being of no insignificant capacity, even though, so far as we can see, his actual development was but moderate. It is for this reason that so great hesitation has been manifested in giving credit to the evidence adduced. It is said that these remains are out of harmony with the other evidence we possess concerning the early condition of the human race. The mortars and pestles, which are the principal utensils found beneath Table Mountain, would be classed among the so-called smooth-stone, or neolithic, implements, — such as in Europe are said to belong to a comparatively late period in the human occupation of that country, — while the Nampa image shows a high degree of skill in representing the human form. The Calaveras skull, too, is by no means of inferior type, but is capacious enough to have held the brain of a philosopher.

Our only answer to these general considerations is, that it is unsafe to apply a classification of facts relating to the human race in Europe to a region so distant and so peculiarly situated as the western coast of our own continent. As to the mortars, also, it is proper to observe that they are the most natural things in the world for rude people to invent. Even a savage would not be long in discovering that it is easier to pound his acorns in a hollow in the rock rather than on a flat surface, and it would be no great stroke of genius to discover that a portable stone with a hollow in it would often be of great convenience ; and when once introduced, the smoothing off of the corners and the making of it into a comely shape would be almost a matter of course. As Professor Putnam has suggested, also, some considerable skill in representing the human form is, both with children and with infant races, in the line of their earliest impulses and efforts. Consequently, we see no reason, in the nature of the case, why the evidence of man's early occupation of the Pacific coast should be regarded with incredulity.

Palæontologists tell us that the extinct animals with which prehistoric man is associated in California are such as were existing in the pliocene, or latter portion of the tertiary epoch. Hence, if it is necessary to suppose a hard-and-fast line separating the tertiary epoch from the modern, we should have to say that these remains of man under Table Mountain relegate the beginnings of his history to the tertiary period. But it is not probable that these geological periods were everywhere sharply separated from each other. The tertiary doubtless gradually shaded off or dovetailed into the quaternary period ; and Mr. Becker has given us much reason to believe that ancient California was a kind of health resort for the lower animals, as in these last days it is for man, and that these tertiary animals, taking advantage of the conditions there favoring them, lingered far down into quaternary times. The mingling of their bones with those of men may indicate, therefore, not so much an extremely early date for man as an abnormally late date for the species of tertiary animals with which he was associated.

We can scarcely close this account without adding a word concerning the cause of the extensive outpourings of lava which have taken place west of the Rocky Mountains in such recent geological times. There can be no question that these enormous eruptions of basalt are correlated with the equally surprising facts connected with the glacial period, and, as we have seen, these two periods were doubtless closely contemporaneous in California. When now one fixes his attention upon the forces actually at work tending to disturb the equilibrium of the earth's crust during the glacial period, he will see that it is by no means a baseless speculation

which has suggested a causal connection between the accumulation of ice over British America and the vast eruption of lava at about the same time on the Pacific coast. As was stated at the outset, the region from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific coast belongs to the later geological eras, and has been subject to comparatively recent elevation. The Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains doubtless mark lines of present weakness in the earth's crust. It is by elevations along such lines of weakness that the gradually contracting sphere of the earth gets relief.

Now during the glacial period an area in North America of about 4,000,000 square miles, extending northward from a line connecting New York and St. Louis, was covered with ice to an average depth of probably three quarters of a mile, making, we may suppose, 3,000,000 cubic miles of ice. This ice represents the excess of the snowfall above the melting power of the sun over that region, and it was all first lifted up in vapor from the ocean. To produce a glacial mass of such dimensions, water enough was taken from the ocean to lower its level, the world over, one hundred feet. Thus we have the ocean beds relieved from an enormous amount of pressure, and the same amount concentrated upon the northern and central portions of the continent, while there never was glacial ice to any great extent west of the Missouri River and south of Puget Sound.

Thus, if the crust of the earth be as unstable as men of science believe it to be, and as, in fact, geologists show it to be, we can hardly resist the conviction that in the icy accumulations of the glacial period we have a cause which would, by its local pressure alone, lay open immense fissures along the lines of weakness west of the Rocky Mountains, and force out of them the liquid streams of lava which have produced such significant changes upon the Pacific coast. And so we are brought anew to admire the marvelous complications of the system of nature in which we have our being, and to acknowledge that we should hesitate long before declaring that anything anywhere is foreign to man.

George Frederick Wright.

NÆNIA AMORIS.

SHOULD love return before I die,
If haply love could live so long,
He will not come with smile or sigh,
Nor wake in me the gift of song.

No, rather with a lordly scorn
I would receive the fatal trust;
For pleasures out of season born
Are ashes at the core, and dust.

And beauty's eyes might plead in vain,
And music's voice intone forever —
I should hear nothing in the strain
But one sad note of never, never.

Thomas William Parsons.

CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE NEW ENGLAND MILITIA.

II.

On board one of the transports was Seth Pomeroy, gunsmith at Northampton, and now major of Willard's Massachusetts regiment. He had a turn for soldiering, and, ten years later, fought in the battle of Lake George. Twenty years later still, when Northampton was astir with rumors of war from Boston, he borrowed a neighbor's horse, rode a hundred miles, reached Cambridge on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill, left his borrowed horse out of the way of harm, walked over Charlestown Neck, then swept by the fire of the ships of war, and arrived at the scene of action as the British troops were forming for the attack. When Israel Putnam, his comrade in the French war, saw, from the rebel breastwork, the old man striding, gun in hand, up the hill, he shouted: "By God, Pomeroy, you here! A cannon shot would waken you out of your grave!"

But Pomeroy, with other landsmen crowded in the small and malodorous fishing vessels that were made to serve as transports, was now in the gripe of the most unheroic of maladies. "A terrible northeast storm" had fallen upon them, and, he says, "we lay rolling in the seas, with our sails furled, among prodigious waves." "Sick day and night," writes the miserable gunsmith, "so bad that I have not words to set it forth."[1] The gale increased, and the fleet were scattered, there being, as a Massachusetts soldier writes in his journal, "a Very fierse Storme of Snow, som Rain and Very Dangerous weather to be so nigh ye Shore as we was, but we escaped the Rocks and that was all."

[1] Diary of Major Seth Pomeroy. I owe the copy before me to the kindness of his descendant, Theodore Pomeroy, Esq.

On Friday, April 5, 1745, Pomeroy's vessel entered the harbor of Canseau, about fifty miles from Louisbourg. Here was the English fishing hamlet, the seizure of which by the French had first provoked the expedition. The place now quietly changed hands again. Sixty-eight of the transports lay here at anchor, and the rest came dropping in from day to day, sorely buffeted, but all safe. On Sunday there was a great concourse to hear Parson Moody preach an open-air sermon from the text, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power," concerning which occasion the soldier diarist observes, "Several sorts of busnesses was Going on, Som a Exercising Som a Hearing Preaching." The attention of the listeners was, in fact, distracted by shouts of command and the awkward drill of squads of homespun soldiers on the pasture hard by.

Captain Ammi Cutter was ordered to remain with two companies at Canseau, to protect it from further vicissitudes. A blockhouse was also built, and mounted with eight small cannon. Some of the armed vessels had been sent to cruise off Louisbourg, which they did to good purpose, and presently brought in six French vessels loaded with supplies. They brought, on the other hand, the ominous news that Louisbourg harbor and the adjoining bay were so blocked with ice that, for the present, landing was impossible. This involved long delay, likely to ruin the expedition, as the expected ships of war might arrive meanwhile from France. In fact, they had already begun to appear. On Thursday, the 18th, heavy cannonading was heard far out at sea, and again on Friday, writes Pomeroy, "the cannon

fired at a great rate till about two of the clock." It proved to be some of the provincial cruisers attacking a French frigate of thirty-six guns, called the Renommée. Their united force being too much for her, she kept up a running fight, outsailed them, and escaped after a chase of thirty hours; being, as Pomeroy quaintly calls her, "a smart ship." She carried dispatches to the governor of Louisbourg, and, as she could not deliver them, sailed back for France to report what she had seen.

On Monday, the 22d, a clear, cold, windy day, a large ship, under British colors, sailed into the harbor, and proved to be the frigate Eltham, escort to the annual mast fleet from New England. On orders from Commodore Warren, she had left her charge in waiting and sailed for Canseau to join the expedition, bringing the unexpected and welcome news that Warren himself would soon follow. On the next day, to the delight of the army, he appeared in the ship Superbe, of sixty guns, accompanied by the Mermaid and the Launceston, of forty guns each. Here was force enough to oppose any ships likely to come to the relief of Louisbourg; and Warren, after communicating with Pepperell, sailed to blockade the port, along with the provincial cruisers, which, by order of Shirley, were placed under his command.

The transports lay at Canseau nearly three weeks, waiting for the ice to break up. The time was passed in drilling the men and forming them into divisions of four and six hundred each, according to the programme of Shirley. At last, on Friday, the 26th, they heard that Gabarus Bay was free from ice, and on the morning of the 29th, with the first fair wind, they sailed out of Canseau harbor, expecting to reach Louisbourg at nine in the evening, as prescribed in the governor's receipt for taking the fortress "while the enemy were asleep."[1] But a lull in the wind defeated their plan, and after sailing all day they found themselves becalmed towards night. It was not till the next morning that they could see the town; no very imposing spectacle, for, with a few exceptions, the buildings were small, and the massive ramparts that belted them round rose to no conspicuous height.

Louisbourg stood on a tongue of land which lay between its harbor and the sea, and the end of which was prolonged eastward by reefs and shoals that partly closed the entrance to the port, leaving for ships a passage not half a mile wide. This passage was commanded by a powerful battery called the Island Battery, being upon a small rocky island at the west side of the channel, and was also secured by another detached work called the Grand, or Royal, Battery, which stood on the shore of the harbor opposite its entrance, and more than a mile from the town. Thus, a hostile squadron trying to force its way in would receive a flank fire from the one battery, and a front fire from the other. The land front of the town consisted of a line of works about twelve hundred yards long, drawn from the harbor on one side to the sea on the other, across the base of the triangular promontory on which the town was built. The ditch was here eighty feet wide, and from thirty to thirty-six feet deep, and the rampart of earth, faced with masonry, was about sixty feet thick. The glacis sloped down to a vast marsh, which formed one of the best defenses of the place. The fortress, without counting its outworks, had embrasures for a hundred and forty-eight cannon, but the number in position was much less, and is variously stated. Pomeroy says that at the end of the siege a little above ninety were found, besides a "great number of swivels;" others say seventy-six.[2] In the Grand and

[1] The words quoted are used by General Wolcott in his journal.

[2] Brown, History of Cape Breton, 183. Parsons, Life of Pepperell, 103. An anony-

Island batteries there were sixty heavy pieces more. Against this formidable armament the New England men had brought thirty-four cannon and mortars of much inferior weight, to be used in bombarding Louisbourg if they should fail to capture it "while the enemy were asleep." They seem to have distrusted the efficacy of their siege train, though it was far stronger than Shirley at first thought sufficient; for they brought with them a good store of balls of forty-two pounds, to be used in French cannon of that calibre which they proposed to capture, their own largest pieces being but twenty-two-pounders.

According to the Habitant de Louisbourg, the garrison consisted of five hundred and sixty regular troops, two or three companies of whom were Swiss, and some thirteen or fourteen hundred militia, inhabitants partly of the town and partly of the neighboring settlements.[1] The regulars were in bad condition. About Christmas they had mutinied, being dissatisfied with their rations, and exasperated with getting no extra pay for work on the fortifications. The affair was so serious that, though order was at last restored, some of the officers lost confidence in the men, and this distrust proved most unfortunate during the siege. The governor, Chevalier Duchambon, successor of Duquesnel, who had died in the autumn, was not a man to meet a crisis, being deficient in decision of character, if not in capacity. He expected an attack. "We were informed of the preparations from the first," says the Habitant de Louisbourg. Some Indians who had been to Boston carried to Canada the news of what was going on there, but the story was thought so improbable that it excited no alarm. It was not so at Louisbourg, where, observes the French writer just quoted, "we lost precious moments in useless deliberations and resolutions no sooner made than broken. Nothing to the purpose was done, so that we were as much taken by surprise as if the enemy had pounced upon us unawares."

It was about the 25th of March[2] when the garrison first saw the provincial cruisers hovering off the mouth of the harbor. They continued to do so at intervals till daybreak of the 30th of April, when the whole fleet of transports appeared, standing towards Flat Point, which projects into Gabarus Bay three miles west of the town.[3] On this, Duchambon sent Morpain, a famous privateer or "corsair," to oppose the landing. He had with him eighty men, and was to be joined by forty more, already on the watch near the supposed point of disembarkation. At the same time, cannon were fired and alarm bells rung in Louisbourg to call in the militia of the neighborhood.

Pepperell managed the critical work of landing with creditable skill. The rocks and the surf were as dangerous as the enemy. Several boats filled with men rowed towards Flat Point; but on a signal from the flagship Shirley they rowed back again, and Morpain flattered himself that his appearance had frightened them off. On reaching the flagship they were joined by several other boats, and the united party, one hundred men in all, pulled for another landing-place, called Freshwater Cove, or Anse de la Cormorandière, two miles farther up Gabarus Bay. Morpain and his men ran to meet them, but the boats were first in the

mous letter, dated Louisbourg, 4 July, 1745, says that eighty-five cannon and six mortars have been found in the town.

[1] "On fit venir cinq ou six cens miliciens aux habitans des environs; ce que avec ceux de la ville pouvait former treise à quatorse cens hommes." (Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg.) This writer says that three or four hundred more might have been had from Niganiche and its neighborhood, if they had been summoned in time. The number of militia just after the siege is set by English reports at 1310.

[2] 14th of March, New Style.

[3] Gabarus Bay, a name absurdly corrupted into Chapeaurouge Bay, is a capacious harbor immediately west and south of Louisbourg.

race. As soon as the New England men got ashore they rushed upon the French, killed six of them, captured as many more, and put the rest to flight, with the loss on their own side of two men slightly wounded. Further resistance to the landing was impossible, for a swarm of boats pushed against the rough and stony beach, and the men dashed through the surf, till before night about two thousand were on shore.[1] The rest, or about two thousand more, landed at their leisure on the next day.

On the 2d of May Vaughan led four hundred men to the hills near the town, and saluted it with three cheers, somewhat to the discomposure of the French, although they describe their unwelcome visitors as a disorderly crowd. Vaughan's next proceeding pleased them still less. He marched behind the hills in rear of the Grand Battery to the northeast arm of the harbor, where there were extensive magazines of naval stores. These his men set on fire, and the pitch, tar, and other combustibles made a prodigious smoke. He was returning, the next morning, with a few of his party, behind the hills, when, coming opposite the Grand Battery, and observing it from the ridge, he saw neither flag on the flagstaff nor smoke from the chimneys. One of the men with him was a Cape Cod Indian. Vaughan bribed him with a flask of brandy which he had in his pocket, — though, as his clerical historian takes pains to assure us, he never drank it himself, — and the Indian, pretending to be drunk, or, as some say, mad, staggered towards the battery to reconnoitre. Nothing was stirring. He clambered in at an embrasure, and found the place empty. The rest of the party followed, and one of them, William Tufts, of Medford, a boy of eighteen, climbed the flagstaff, holding in his teeth his red coat, which he made fast at the top as a substitute for the British flag, — a proceeding that drew upon him a volley of unsuccessful cannon shot from the town batteries.[2] Vaughan then sent this hasty note to Pepperell: "May it please your Honour to be informed that by the grace of God and the courage of thirteen men I entered the Royal Battery about nine o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement and a flag." Soon after, four boats filled with men approached from the town to reoccupy the battery, in order, no doubt, to save the munitions and stores and complete the destruction of the cannon. Vaughan and his thirteen followers, standing on the open beach under the fire of Louisbourg and the Island Battery, plied the boats with musketry, and kept them from landing till Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet appeared with a reinforcement, on which the French pulled back to the town.[3]

The English supposed that the French in the battery, when the clouds of smoke drifted over them from the burning storehouse, imagined that they were to be attacked in force, and abandoned their post in a panic. This was not the case. "A detachment of the enemy," writes the Habitant de Louisbourg, "advanced to the neighborhood of the Royal Battery." This was Vaughan's four hundred on their way to burn the storehouses. "At once we were all seized with fright," pursues this candid writer, "and on the instant it was proposed to abandon this magnificent battery, which would have been our best defense if our commanders had known how to use it. Various councils were held in a tumultu-

[1] Bigot says six thousand, which was two thousand more than the whole English force. Fortunately for the assailants, the French constantly overestimated their number.

[2] John Langdon Sibley in New England Historic and Genealogical Register, xxv. 377. The Boston Gazette of 3 June, 1771, has a notice of Tufts's recent death, with an exaggerated account of his exploit and an appeal for aid for his destitute family.

[3] Vaughan's entire party seems to have consisted of sixteen men, three of whom took no part in this affair.

ous way. It would be hard to tell the reasons for such a strange proceeding. Not one shot had yet been fired at the battery, which the enemy could not take except by besieging it, so to speak, in form, making regular approaches as if against the town itself. Some persons remonstrated, but in vain; and so a battery of thirty cannon, which had cost the king immense sums, was abandoned before it was attacked."

Duchambon says that soon after the English landed he received a letter from Thierry, the officer commanding at the Grand Battery, advising that the cannon should be spiked and the works blown up. It was then, according to the governor, that the council was called, and a unanimous vote passed to follow Thierry's advice, on the ground that the fortifications of the battery were in bad condition, and that the four hundred men posted there could not hold out against three or four thousand.[1] The engineer, Verrier, opposed the blowing up of the works, and they were therefore left untouched. Thierry and his garrison came off in boats, after hastily spiking the cannon, without stopping to knock off the trunnions or burn the carriages. They threw their loose gunpowder into the well, but left behind a good number of cannon cartridges, two hundred and eighty large bombshells, and other ordnance stores, invaluable both to the enemy and to themselves.

Brigadier Waldo was sent to occupy the battery with his regiment, and Major Pomeroy, the gunsmith, with twenty soldier mechanics, was set at drilling out the spiked touchholes of the cannon. These were twenty-eight forty-two-pounders and two eighteen-pounders.[2] Several were ready for use on the next morning, and immediately opened upon the town, which, writes a soldier in his diary, "damaged the houses and made the women cry." "The enemy," says the Habitant de Louisbourg, "saluted us with our own cannon and made a terrific fire, smashing everything within range."

The English occupation of the Grand Battery may be called the decisive event of the siege. There seems no doubt that the French could have averted the disaster long enough to make it of little help to the invaders. The water-front of the battery was impregnable. The rear defenses consisted of a loopholed wall of masonry, with a ditch ten feet deep and twelve feet wide, and also a covered way and glacis, which General Wolcott describes as unfinished. This was a mistake. These parts of the fortification had been partly demolished with a view to reconstruction. The rear wall was flanked by two towers, which, says Duchambon, had been destroyed; but General Wolcott testifies that swivels were still mounted on them, and he adds that "two hundred men might hold the battery against five thousand without cannon." The English landed their cannon near Flat Point, but before the guns could be used against the Grand Battery they must be dragged four miles over hills and rocks, through spongy marshes and jungles of matted evergreens. This would have required a week or more. The alternative was an escalade, in which the undisciplined crowd would no doubt have met a bloody rebuff. Thus, the Grand Battery, which, says Wolcott, "is in fact a fort," might at least have been held long enough to save the munitions and stores, and effectually disable the cannon which supplied the English with

[1] Duchambon au Ministre, 2 Septembre, 1745. This is the governor's official report. "Four hundred men" is perhaps a copyist's error, as the number in the battery was not above two hundred.

[2] Waldo to Shirley, 12 May, 1745. Some of the French writers say twenty-eight thirty-six-pounders, while all the English call them forty-twos, which they must have been, since the forty-two-pound shot brought from Boston fitted them.

the only artillery they had competent to the work before them. The hasty abandonment of this important post was not Duchambon's only blunder, but it was the worst of them all.

On the night after their landing the New England men slept in the woods, wet or dry, with or without blankets, as the case might be; and in the morning they set themselves to encamping with as much order as they were capable of. A brook ran down from the hills, and entered the sea two miles or more from the town. The ground on each side, though rough, was high and dry, and here most of the regiments made their quarters, — Willard's, Moulton's, and Moore's on the east side, and Burr's and Pepperell's on the west. Some of those on the east saw fit to extend themselves towards Louisbourg as far as the edge of the intervening marsh, but were soon forced back to a safer position by the cannon balls of the fortress which came bowling amongst them. This marsh was that green, flat sponge of mud and moss that stretched from this point to the glacis of Louisbourg.

There was great want of tents, as proper material for them was scarce in New England. Old sails were often used instead, being stretched over poles, perhaps after the fashion of a Sioux tepee. When such shelter could not be had, the men built huts of turf, with roofs of spruce boughs overlapping like a thatch; for at that early season the bark would not peel from the trees. The landing of guns, munitions, and stores was a formidable task, consuming many days and destroying many boats, as happened again when Amherst landed his cannon at this same place. Large flat boats, brought from Boston, were used for the purpose, and the loads were carried ashore on the heads of the men, wading through ice-cold surf to the waist; after which, having no change of clothing, they slept on the ground through the chill and foggy nights, reckless of future rheumatisms.[1]

A worse task was before them. The cannon must be dragged across the marsh to a place called Green Hill, where the first battery was to be planted, and thence onward to more advanced stations, — a distance in all of more than two miles, which the French engineers and inhabitants thought impassable.

So in fact it seemed, for at the first attempt the wheels of the cannon sank in mud and moss; then the carriage, and finally the piece itself, slowly disappeared. Lieutenant-Colonel Meserve, of the New Hampshire regiment, by trade a ship-builder, presently overcame the difficulty. By his direction sledges of timber were made, sixteen feet long and five feet wide; a cannon was placed on each of these, and it was then dragged over the marsh by a team of two hundred men, harnessed with rope traces and breast-straps, and wading to the knees. Horses or oxen would have foundered in the mire. The path had often to be changed, as the mossy surface was soon churned into a hopeless slough along the line of march. The work must be done at night or in thick fogs, the men being completely exposed to the cannon of the town. Thirteen years later, when General Amherst besieged Louisbourg, he dragged his cannon to the same hill, over the same marsh; but having at his command, instead of four thousand militiamen, eleven thousand British regulars, with all appliances and means to boot, he made a road with prodigious labor through the mire, and protected it from

[1] The author of The Importance and Advantage of Cape Breton says: "When the hardships they were exposed to come to be considered, the behavior of these men will hardly gain credit. They went ashore wet, had no [dry] clothes to cover them, were exposed in this condition to cold, foggy nights, and yet cheerfully underwent these difficulties for the sake of executing a project they had voluntarily undertaken."

the French shot by an epaulement, or lateral earthwork.

Pepperell writes warmly of the cheerfulness of his men "under almost incredible hardships." Shoes and clothing failed, till many were in tatters and many barefooted; yet they toiled on with unconquerable spirit, and within four days had planted a battery of six guns on Green Hill, which was about a mile from the King's Bastion of Louisbourg. In another week they had dragged four twenty-two-pound cannon and ten coehorns — gravely called "cowhorns" by the bucolic Pomeroy — six or seven hundred yards farther, and planted them within easy range of the citadel. Two of the cannon burst, and were replaced by four more and a large mortar, which last burst in its turn, and Shirley was begged to send another from Boston. Meanwhile, a battery, chiefly of coehorns, had been planted on a hillock four hundred and forty yards from the West Gate, where it greatly annoyed the French; and on the next night an advanced battery of fascines was placed opposite the same gate, and scarcely two hundred and fifty yards from it. This West Gate, the principal entrance of Louisbourg, opened on the tract of high, firm ground that lay on the left of the besiegers, between the marsh and an arm of the harbor which here extended westward beyond the town, and ended in what was called the Barachois, a salt pond formed by a projecting spit of sand.[1] On the side of this arm of the harbor was a rising ground, on which had stood the house of a *habitant* named Martissan. Here, on the 20th of May, a fifth battery was planted, consisting of two of the forty-two-pound French cannon found in the Grand Battery, to which three others were afterwards added. Each of these heavy pieces was dragged to its destination by a team of three hundred men over rough and rocky ground swept by the French artillery. This fifth battery, called the North West, or Titcomb's, Battery, proved most destructive to the fortress.

All these operations were accomplished with the utmost ardor and energy, but with a scorn of rule and precedent that amazed and bewildered the French. The raw New England men went their own way, laughed at trenches and zigzags, and persisted in trusting their lives to the protection of the night and the fogs. Several writers say that it was the English engineer, Bastide, who tried to teach them wisdom on this occasion; but this could scarcely be, for Bastide, whose station was Annapolis, did not reach Louisbourg till the 5th of June, when the batteries were finished and the siege was nearly ended. A French writer makes the curious statement that it was one of the ministers or army chaplains who took upon him to instruct his flock in the art of war.

The ignorant and self-satisfied recklessness of the besiegers might have cost them dear if the French, instead of being perplexed and startled at the novelty of their proceedings, had taken advantage of it; but Duchambon and some of his officers remembered the mutiny of the past winter, and were afraid to make sorties, lest their soldiers might desert or take part with the enemy. This danger seems to have been small. In his letters, Warren speaks with wonder of the rarity of desertions, of which there seem to have been but three during the siege. A bolder commander than Duchambon would not have stood idle while his own cannon were planted to batter down his walls; and whatever the risks of a sortie, the risks of not making one were greater. "Both troops and militia eagerly demanded it, and I believe it would have succeeded," writes the intendant Bigot. The attempt was actually made more than once, in a hesitating and half-hearted way; notably on the 8th of May, when the French attacked

[1] The name *barachois* was applied to any salt-water pond communicating with the sea.

the nearest battery, and were repulsed, with little loss on either side.

The Habitant de Louisbourg remarks, "The enemy did not attack us with the least regularity, and made not the least intrenchment to cover themselves." This last is not exact. As they were not wholly demented, they made intrenchments such as they were, at least at the advanced battery; otherwise they would have been swept out of existence, being under the concentred fire of several French batteries within close range.

The scarcity of good gunners was one of the chief difficulties of the besiegers. The privateering, not to say piratical, habits of certain New England towns had taught some of Pepperell's men how to handle cannon; but their number was small, and the general sent a note to Warren, begging that he would lend him a few experienced gunners to teach their trade to the raw hands at the batteries. Three or four were sent, and they found apt pupils.

Pepperell placed the advanced battery in the hands of Captain Joseph, or Josiah,[1] Sherburn, telling him to enlist as many gunners as he could. Sherburn reported on the next day that he had found six, one of whom seems to have been sent by Warren. With these and a number of raw men he repaired to his perilous station, where he says that he found "a very poor entrenchment. Our best shelter from the French fire, which was very hot, was hogsheads filled with earth." Their chief mark was the West Gate; but before they could get a fair sight of it they were forced to shoot down the fish-flakes, or stages for drying cod, that obstructed the view. Some of the party were soon killed, — Captain Pierce by a cannon ball, Thomas Ash by a "bumb," and others by musketry. In the night they improved their defenses and mounted more guns, one of eighteen-pound calibre and the others of forty-two. These were French pieces dragged from the Grand Battery a mile and three quarters round the head of the Barachois.

The cannon could be loaded only under a constant fire of musketry, which was briskly returned by the French, whose practice was excellent. A soldier who, in bravado, mounted the parapet, and stood there for an instant, was shot dead with four bullets. The men on each side called one to another in scraps of bad French and broken English; while the French drank ironical healths to the New England men, and gave them bantering invitations to breakfast.

Sherburn continues his diary: "Sunday morning. Began our fire with as much fury as possible, and the French returned it as warmly from the Citidale [citadel], West Gate, and North East Battery, with Cannon, Mortars, and continual showers of musket balls; but by 11 o'clock we had beat them all from their guns." He goes on to say that at noon his men were forced to cease firing from want of powder; that he went with his gunners to get some; and that, while they were gone, somebody, said to be Mr. Vaughan, came with a supply, on which the men loaded the forty-two-pounders in a bungling way and fired them. One was dismounted and the other burst; a barrel and a half barrel of powder blew up, killed two men and injured two more. Again: "Wednesday. Hot fire on both sides till the French were beat from all their guns. May 29th. Went to the 2 Gun [Titcomb's] Battery to give the gunners some directions; then returned to my own station, where I spent the rest of the day with pleasure, seeing our Shott Tumble down their Walls and Flagg Staff."

The following is Bigot's account of the effect of the New England fire: "The enemy established their batteries to such purpose that they soon destroyed the greater part of the town, broke the right flank of the King's Bastion, ruined the Dauphin's Battery with its

[1] He signs his name "Jos. Sherburn."

spur, and made a breach at the Porte Dauphine [West Gate], the neighboring wall, and the sort of redan adjacent." Duchambon says that the cannon of the right flank of the King's Bastion could not be served by reason of the continual fire of the enemy, which knocked the embrasures to pieces; that when he had them repaired they were destroyed again; and that nobody could keep his stand behind the wall of the quay, which was pierced through and through and completely shattered. The town was ploughed with cannon balls; the streets were raked from end to end, nearly all the houses damaged, and the people driven for refuge into the stifling casemates. The results did credit to novices in gunnery. The repeated accidents from the bursting of cannon were due largely to unskillful loading and the practice of double shotting to which the over-zealous artillerists often resorted.[1]

It is said, in proof of the orderly conduct of the men, that not one of them was punished during all the siege; but this shows the mild and conciliating character of the general quite as much as any peculiar merit of the soldiers. The state of things in and about the camp was compared by Dr. Douglas to a "Cambridge Commencement," which academic festival was then attended with much rough frolic and boisterous horseplay by the disorderly crowds, white and black, bond and free, who swarmed among the booths on Cambridge Common. The careful and scrupulous Belknap, who knew many who took part in the siege, says: "Those who were on the spot have frequently in my hearing laughed at the recital of their own irregularities, and expressed their admiration at the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction." While the cannon were bellowing in the front, frolic and confusion reigned at the camp, where the men raced, wrestled, pitched quoits, fired at marks, — though there was no ammunition to spare, — and ran after the French cannon balls, which were carried to the batteries to be returned to those who sent them. Yet through all these gambols ran an undercurrent of enthusiasm, born in brains still hot from the Great Awakening. The New England soldier, a product of sectarian hotbeds, fancied that he was doing the work of God, and was the object of his special favor. The army was Israel, and the French were Canaanitish idolaters. Red-hot Calvinism, acting through generations, had modified the transplanted Englishman; and the descendant of the Puritans was never so well pleased as when teaching somebody else his duty, whether by pen, voice, or bombshell. The ragged artilleryman, battering the walls of papistical Louisbourg, flattered himself with the notion that he was a champion of gospel truth.

Barefoot and tattered, the home-made warriors toiled on with unconquerable pluck and cheerfulness, doing the work that oxen could not do, and with no comfort but their daily dram of New England rum, as they plodded through the marsh and over the rocks, dragging the ponderous guns through fog and darkness. Their spirit could not save them from the effects of excessive fatigue and exposure. They were ravaged with diarrhœa and fever, till fifteen hundred men were at one time on the sick-list; and at another Pepperell reported that, of the four thousand, only about twenty-one hundred were fit for duty. Nearly all at last recovered, for the weather

[1] "Another forty-two-pound gun burst at the Grand Battery. All the guns are in danger of going the same way by double shotting them, unless under better regulation than at present." (Waldo to Pepperell, 20 May, 1745.) Waldo had written four days before: "Captain Hale of my regiment is dangerously hurt by the bursting of another gun. He was our mainstay for gunnery, since Captain Rhodes's misfortune" (also caused by the bursting of a cannon).

was unusually good, yet the available force remained absurdly small. Pepperell begged for reinforcements, but got none till the siege was over.

It was not his nature to rule with a stiff hand, and perhaps it was well that it was so. Order and discipline, the sinews of an army, were out of the question, and it only remained to do as well as might be without them, — keep men and officers in good humor, and avoid everything that could dash their ardor. For this, at least, the merchant general was well fitted. His popularity had helped to raise the army, and perhaps it helped now to make it efficient. His position was not easy. Worries, small and great, pursued him without end. He kept a bountiful table, made friends of his officers, and labored to soothe their disputes and jealousies and satisfy their complaints. So generous were his contributions to the common cause that, according to a British officer who speaks highly of his services, he gave to it, in one form or another, ten thousand pounds out of his own pocket.

His letter books reveal a swarm of petty annoyances, which perhaps tried his strength and patience as much as more serious troubles. The soldiers complained that they were left without clothing, shoes, or rum; and when he begged the committee of war to supply their needs, Osborne, the chairman, sent nothing but explanations why it could not be done. Letters came from wives and fathers, entreating that husbands and sons who had gone to the war might be sent back. At the end of the siege a captain "humble begs leave for to go home," because he lives in a dangerous country, and his wife and children are "in a declining way" without him. Then two entire companies, raised on the frontier, offered the same petition on similar grounds. Sometimes Pepperell was beset with requests for favors and promotion; sometimes with complaints from one corps or another that an undue share of work had been imposed on it. One Morris, of Cambridge, writes a moving prayer that his slave, Cuffee, who had joined the army, should be restored to his lawful master. One John Alford sends the general a packet of the Rev. Mr. Prentice's late sermon for distribution, assuring him that "it will please your whole army of volunteers, as he has shown them the way to gain by their gallantry the hearts and affections of the Ladys." The end of the siege brought countless letters of congratulation, which, whether lay or clerical, never failed to remind him in set phrases that he was but an instrument in the hands of Providence.

One of his busiest correspondents was his son-in-law, Nathaniel Sparhawk, a thrifty merchant with an unfailing eye to business, who generally began his long-winded epistles with a bulletin concerning the health of "Mother Pepperell," and rarely ended them without charging his father-in-law with some commission, such as buying the cargo of a French prize if he could get it cheap; or thus: "If you could procure for me a hogshead of the best Clarett and a hogshead of the best white wine, at a reasonable rate, it would be very grateful to me." After pestering him with a few other commissions, he tells him that his, Pepperell's, children "Andrew and Bettsy send their proper compliments," and signs himself, with the starched flourish of provincial breeding, "With all possible Respect, Honoured Sir, Your Obedient Son and Servant." Pepperell was much annoyed by the conduct of the masters of the transports, of whom he says, "The unaccountable irregular behaviour of these fellows is the greatest fatigue I meet with;" but it may be doubted whether his son-in-law did not prove an equally efficient persecutor.

Francis Parkman.

THE ARMENIANS AND THE PORTE.

THE Eastern question has passed through many critical phases, but the present restlessness of the Armenians may possibly prove to be the most grave and insidious for the integrity of Turkey and the peace of Europe. Belittled by some, exaggerated by others, there is yet no doubt that this agitation is fomented by men of prominence, ambition, and ability. Although but a small minority of the nation, they are still in a position to press their claims with earnestness and often with impunity; for many of them reside outside of Turkey, while their desire for liberty is stimulated by the political activity of the nations among whom their lot is thrown. The latter fact, at least, leads them to urge their countrymen in Turkey to make demands and to resist oppression to a degree that may, perhaps, precipitate results quite opposite to those they intend. This agitation derives very great importance, likewise, from the circumstance that the integral rights of the Armenian people were emphatically recognized, and a clause looking to the amelioration of their condition was incorporated, in the famous Treaty of Berlin. It is not denied that, in some respects, Turkey has failed to carry out the engagements incurred under that international contract.

Here, then, we have something tangible. The chief support of the Armenian claims must be looked for in Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty. The Armenians, however worthy, cannot rely on the assistance of Europe to secure for them the advantages they seek on any sentimental grounds such as led the great powers, together with a multitude of chivalrous adventurers, to bring such effectual aid to Greece in her great revolution. It was the arts, the poetry, the great men, the wonderful romance and history of Greece, appealing to the enthusiasm of scholars and soldiers alike, that summoned the world to her aid. Interesting as are some of the incidents of Armenian history, it is only the truth to assert that Armenia has not and never had a hold on the imagination of Europe like that of Greece. It is, therefore, a most extraordinary piece of good fortune that the Armenians were remembered in the Treaty of Berlin; for without that they might sue in vain for the attention of any of the European governments except Russia, who, for reasons of her own, is ever ready to interpose in favor of the oppressed, unless they happen to be her own subjects.

During the last twenty-five hundred years, or since they first emerged from their legendary period into the scope of authentic history, the Armenians have enjoyed a distinct political independence for less than a century and a half; portions of that people have also maintained a certain independence within limited districts of Armenia for short intervals. But by far the larger part of their historic existence has been passed under vassalage to Parthia, Persia, and Rome. At one time, indeed, their satraps actually paid tribute to Rome and Persia simultaneously. Their dynasties were either Arsacid, allied to the Parthian throne, or of the Bagratid Hebrews family. For several centuries Armenia has been divided among Persia, Turkey, and Russia. Nor are the limits of ancient Armenia so precise and well defined as to afford any positive outline that the imagination can easily grasp, or on which a statesman could base distinct demands for the rehabilitation of the ancient Armenian dominion, such as we see so clearly marked out in Greece and the Greek islands, or, in a less degree, in the liberated

provinces of Turkey in Europe. Such details are not unimportant in the case of a people which is looking for assistance in asserting its independence. They are essential in order to arouse that popular foreign interest which plays so important a part in directing the counsels of cabinets, and the movement of armies to relieve the real or alleged distresses of the oppressed. Here, again, we see the great value of Article 61 of the Berlin Treaty. What their cause lacks, therefore, in other directions, the Armenians can supply by planting themselves on that treaty. It gives them a relative importance, which they could hardly hope to obtain as yet from any other claim they could urge. It is true that most of the powers, while recognizing all the provisions of the treaty, would still be loath, except in extreme necessity, to hold the Porte to absolute fulfillment of every clause of that instrument, because they are aware of the difficulties attending administration and reform in a theocratic government made up of many antagonistic nationalities. They would also hesitate to give Russia too much encouragement in pushing the network of mines with which she proposes to blow up the Turkish Empire. Europe needs that empire some time longer. While maintaining the principles of the treaty, therefore, they are disposed to accept the general good will of the Sultan, without laying too much stress on the letter of the compact.

With Russia it is quite otherwise. Article 61 may possibly prove of great use to her, for in case of any real or alleged maladministration she can arraign the Turkish government on the score of the very treaty which she herself has broken by fortifying Batoom. While penetrating her real designs through that philanthropic disguise, the powers could not openly accuse her of insincerity, or dispose of her assumptions to pose as the liberator of the Armenians. It is just here that we see the insidious character, the grave possibilities, of the present Armenian agitation. There is a plausibility in any advances made by Russia to relieve the Armenians which did not exist in the case of the Bulgarians, while any attempt to force Turkey to yield them territorial independence would prove exceedingly hazardous to the perpetuity of that empire.

As regards the reasons which the Armenians urge for the restoration of their freedom, one of the most specious is the fact that they are Christians, and hence should receive the united coöperation of Christendom in aid of such a result. Christians, they argue, should be unwilling to see Christians under subjection to pagans and infidels. They are of Aryan origin, belonging to the great Indo-European family, and were one of the first, or, as they claim, the first nation whose sovereigns embraced Christianity, slightly previous to the conversion of Constantine the Great. Their creed and hierarchical organization are similar to those of the Eastern Church; but by refraining from attending the Synod of Chalcedon, and by adopting, as it is alleged, views of their own regarding the question of the Father and the Son and the precession of the Holy Ghost, they have been considered by the Greek and Roman Catholic communions as of doubtful orthodoxy; if not absolutely doomed to hell fire for heresy, they are regarded as standing uncomfortably near the "danger line." They endured great persecution from their Persian rulers in the early centuries, and in the fifteenth century a violent schism rent the nation into two distinct and until now irreconcilable bodies. Jesuit missionaries induced probably a fourth of the Armenian nation to secede, and those sectaries have since then practically had their headquarters at Venice, and have been protected by the Catholic powers. The present agitation is confined chiefly to the so-called Old Armenians.

It is somewhat the habit of Protestants to speak of the Armenians as nominal Christians. The term seems to be ill advised, likely to arouse unnecessary prejudices, and is no more applicable to them than to any other people whom a tendency to exaggerate the importance of forms and ceremonies leads to substitute non-essentials for essentials, the letter for the spirit. Every sect, whether Christian, Buddhist, or Mohammedan, abounds in such dead-and-alive material. As for the orthodoxy of the Armenian Church, that is a question which no one has received a special dispensation for passing judgment upon. No men have a right to assume that they, and they alone, can settle questions so subtle and vexed as to tax the wisest, — questions whose solution can be decisively reached only in the next world. It is sufficient for the claim of the Armenians that they are Christians; the Russian Church tacitly admits this. While on the one hand condemning them as heretics, on the other hand she concedes their Christianity by undertaking to protect them on the ground that they are Christians.

The heroism displayed by the martyrs of the Armenian Church, which is urged by some as an additional reason for maintaining the solidarity of the nation and treating its claims with respect, is altogether a side issue, and should have no weight in deciding the question. For every nation and every religion has had its martyrs, equally heroic, whether Buddhists, Magians, Islamites, or Christians. It is sufficient that the Armenians are Christians, and their claim on that score merits serious consideration as a factor in the settlement of the present agitation. There is no doubt that this is with many Christian nations an all-sufficient argument in favor of the immediate emancipation of the Armenians.

While conceding, however, that if this is a sufficient argument to cause the liberation of all subject Christian races the Armenians are entitled to its full benefit, we maintain that the question of religion is one to be eliminated from all political discussions; the deliberations of statesmen should be conducted without admitting religion as an element in the settlement of national or race problems. The world is constantly growing more enlightened, more elevated in sentiment, more humane, and more tolerant and Christian in theory and practice. Hence should naturally follow a wider acceptance of the principle of absolute separation of church and state, each taking care of itself, — the one by guiding the conscience, the other by the exercise of civil power. The oppressed should learn to demand their freedom not because they belong to this or that sect, but because all are equally entitled to the enjoyment of natural rights. The Irish, for example, should learn that they are entitled to receive their independence, when they seek it, not as Roman Catholics, but solely as men inheriting and occupying the same soil. It is the community of civil, and not religious, interests that makes a nation. The Armenians will deserve a sympathy based on sounder principles if they demand their rights because they are Armenians, and not because their rulers are Moslems. That should be the only legitimate ground on which to assert a national bill of rights. Human sympathy should be awarded to the oppressed on the score of common humanity, not on the score of unity of belief.

Viewing the case from this point, we maintain that the Turks have quite as much right to hold dominion over the Christians whom they vanquished by their military genius as the English have to rule the Mohammedans of India. Again and *a fortiori*, under the established law which has ordained the survival of the fittest and the rule of the strongest, from the smallest insect to the greatest man, a law that will always obtain in this world, Turkey has an undisputed right to rule until

a stronger takes away that right. She has as much right to rule Greeks or Armenians as Prussia, Austria, or Russia have to throttle the life of Poland, or France has to subjugate Algeria, or the United States to wrest Texas from Mexico. To impugn the right of the Turks to hold territory and to rule wherever they have the power is to fly in the face of the laws by which empires have always been founded, and to question the title of every nation in Christendom. For the Armenians to seek their freedom, therefore, on the ground that their rulers are of another religion, or to assume that these have no rights over them because those rights were acquired by conquest, is intelligible enough, but does not furnish a reasonable ground for the interposition of other nations.

But, urge the Armenians, "we are oppressed beyond measure by the Turks." This, if entirely correct, would prove a very strong argument in favor of the agitation now going forward. What are the facts? It must be admitted, unfortunately, that the present condition of that people is one of considerable hardship. They are forced to pay heavy taxes, and are often subjected to the rapacity of unprincipled governors at a distance from the capital. Those who live in the eastern part of Asia Minor are also liable to the savage raids of the Kurds. Were it evident that the Armenians are singled out as the objects of such outrages, or that they are especially hated, or that they are harassed beyond any other people in Christendom, then indeed should Christendom arise as one man, hurl the Turk from his throne, and, gathering in the Armenians from all parts of the world, reëstablish them on the plateau of Armenia, and give them a chance to work out among themselves the problem of national existence. But this is very far from being the case. As regards the Kurds, they are an unruly lot, turbulent, treacherous, and cruel from the time when Xenophon hewed his way through them to the present day. They have never been completely subdued. One of the first enterprises that a new Armenia would have to undertake would be to subdue these same Kurds; and a nice test it would be of the courage and military skill of the Armenians. No one would rejoice more than the Sultan to see the lawless mountaineers of Kurdistan civilized and tamed.

As to the oppression of Turkish officials, it is a well-known fact that they are no respecters of persons. It matters not to them whether the subjects are Greeks, Jews, Armenians, or Turks. All are more or less liable to oppression resulting from the necessity of raising heavy taxes in a poor country. The treasury must be supplied to maintain a large standing army, whose numbers might be greatly reduced if the Christian subjects of the Porte would cease their chronic agitations, and if Russia, already mistress of half a world, would cease to hunger for additions to her unwieldy possessions.

Nor are the Armenians oppressed to any such degree as some of the people of Christian nations. They have liberty to go and come when and where and how they please, to study abroad and acquire every modern idea of progress and freedom. They are not obliged to serve in the army, which is an enormous immunity. To be sure, they pay a special tax for this privilege; but how many of them would be willing to exchange this tax for conscription into an ill-paid service during the best years of their lives, with a chance of being riddled with balls from time to time? There are many Turks who would willingly give half their substance to escape the conscription.

The Armenians also enjoy every liberty for trade and business, and as they are essentially a commercial people this is no small advantage. Armenians have

generally been the *serâphs*, or bankers, of the empire, and some of the largest fortunes in Turkey have been accumulated by individuals of that race. Man for man, it is quite likely that the average amount of wealth distributed among the Armenians is equal to, if not greater than, that of the Turks themselves.

It is to be remembered also that these people in Turkey enjoy a degree of religious liberty far greater than is popularly supposed. Recently, it is true, the government forbade the printing of the ritual and of certain books that have been published there for centuries. This led to the resignation of the Patriarch, or Catholicos, of Constantinople. But he has resumed his position, which indicates a modification or rescinding of the obnoxious order. It was caused by the extreme irritation of the Turks, and their apprehensions as well, owing to the Armenian agitations. The Sultan is friendly to the Armenians, and is well aware that their alleged grievances spring from no intention of the government to discriminate against them. The Armenians of the intelligent classes suffer somewhat from the severe censorship of the press in Turkey. But here again they are partially to blame. The swarms of foreign and native intriguers, who are perpetually straining every nerve and employing every means to foment disturbances in Turkey, force the government, against its own preferences, to guard the issues of the press. Self-protection is the first law of nature, and an unrestricted press is possible only when representative government is very fully developed. Even France is timid in this regard. If these agitations were to cease, the censorship of the press would be greatly modified, and many reforms would gradually be introduced; for the Turkish government is far more inclined to be liberal towards all its subjects than some of the governments of Europe to their own subjects. We think, if those who are now striving to disturb the *entente cordiale* between the Porte and its Armenian subjects were to look over the border into Russia, they would discover that, whatever may be alleged against Turkish rule, that of Russia is infinitely more iniquitous. Turkey is gradually reaching out towards reform, while Russia is rapidly returning to a bondage, an oppression, a terrorism, an intolerance, for whose parallel we must go back to the dark ages.

But granting everything they urge in favor of an agitation for national independence, what prospect have the Armenians of gaining their end by such means? Absolutely none. They are a sturdy, handsome, ambitious, sober, industrious, and thrifty people; not brilliant, perhaps, but abounding in common sense. Asiatic and retaining many early Asiatic customs and traits, they yet take more kindly to city life and to European habits and methods of thought than almost any other Asiatics. They are, however, widely dispersed. Numbering not over four millions, of whom probably a million are Roman Catholics who are little concerned in the movement for a new Armenia, there is no one spot where there is an appreciable collection of Armenians equaling the other populations of such locality. They are scattered all over the Turkish Empire. Many of them are subjects of Russia and Persia. In Constantinople and Smyrna there are over three hundred thousand; but even there they are vastly outnumbered by the Turks. They are not a warlike people, by which we do not mean to say they are lacking in spirit and courage; but it is useless to deny that their record is not that of a nation of soldiers. Still, if a million or two of them were concentrated in a mountain district, as were the Circassians, thoroughly armed and organized and inured to fighting, they might present a very respectable front against attack, and hold their own until they

should command respect and assistance from abroad, as was the case with the Greeks in their revolution. But nothing in the remotest degree resembling such a condition exists among the Armenians.

They form scarcely an eighth of the population of the Turkish Empire, in the midst of a military people, having a standing army well equipped and trained, and capable of displaying soldierly qualities unsurpassed by any troops in Europe. The world has not forgotten how Osmân Pashâ held the whole of Russia at bay at Plevna, and was only forced to yield at last when Russian gold insinuated itself into the pockets of certain officials who managed to withhold reinforcements. What, we ask, can the Armenians expect to accomplish, unaided, against the strong arm of the Osmanlis? They would be totally demolished, and the Turks would be justified in crushing them so that they would never revolt again, because every established government has a right to protect itself in the interests of all concerned. It is, moreover, a crime for any people or faction to create a rebellion and attack the public peace unless there is some reasonable hope of success. In this case there is absolutely not the slightest basis for such a hope, and the only result would be great bloodshed and increased acerbity of feeling.

There remains, however, another resource. The European powers might be appealed to for intervention, since they have already recognized the rights in equity, if not in law, of the Armenian people in the Treaty of Berlin. But it is not likely, for obvious reasons, that any of them but Russia would do more than that at present. England, were Mr. Gladstone in power, might offer more positive intervention; but the influence of that statesman in foreign affairs has been greatly weakened by the loss of prestige to England during his last administration. It would also be an act of the grossest injustice to force Turkey to liberate her part of Armenia unless Persia and Russia also ceded back to the Armenians their shares of that country. Turkey's right to possess a third of Armenia is equal to that of those two governments, while her rule is, to say the least, as benign as that of Russia.

The recourse which the Armenians might have to Europe for aid is reduced, then, to the simple fact that it would be from Russia, and Russia alone, that such aid could be reasonably expected. Russia only waits the word and the hour. Her agents are found everywhere instigating the Armenians to agitate and revolt. She yearns, she burns, for the day when, her intrigues having matured, the Armenians shall rise against the Turks. By asserting their rights and causing the suppression of riots and revolts with unavoidable bloodshed, the latter will then furnish Russia with the *casus belli* which she has plotted, and for which her pious legions are camping on the border.

The first result might be the liberation of the Armenians, and the temporary establishment of a small Armenian state, of course under the tender protection of Holy Russia. But the end would be the rapid absorption of that state by Russia, who would need only the flimsiest pretext. The position of Servia and Bulgaria, adjacent to powers watchful of Russia, and able to manœuvre on her flank much to her disadvantage, has prevented that power from swallowing up those two countries, as she intended to do when hypocritically fighting for their liberation from Turkey. By the perpetual intrigues she has maintained in those states, she has unmistakably shown her hand to all but those who are determined not to see. But such reasons would have little or no weight in Asia, and the Armenians would soon learn, to their eternal sorrow, that their hopes of again enjoying the privilege of becoming an independent nation must be postponed until the fall of the Russian Empire.

There are, as we see, two points to consider in this question: the rights of the Turkish government, which are as sound as those of any other government having territory and subjects won by conquest, — and there are few or none that are not in that position, — and the rights and aspirations of the Armenians. The Turks cannot be expected to abandon their rights any more than any other ruling people; it would afford a dangerous precedent, and would practically amount to committing hara-kiri. But the Porte is not ill disposed towards its Armenian subjects, and but for the present unfortunate agitations and intrigues might have been expected to grant further concessions.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, better known as Sir Stratford Canning, was the ablest diplomat and the most clear-sighted statesman of England, and perhaps of Europe, in this century. England has had abundant cause to deplore his loss. He knew the Turks well, and appreciated their good no less than their evil qualities. He was also a true and noble benefactor of the Christians and Hebrews of Turkey. It was precisely because he could see the merits and rights of each that he was able to persuade the Sultan to issue, in 1856, the famous charter of reform, or bill of equal rights, called the Hatti-Humayun. If the complete fulfillment of the reforms it promised has been somewhat retarded, owing partly to the influence of such unfit envoys as Sir Henry Bulwer, there is, on the other hand, no reason to infer that the Porte has ever desired to revoke its provisions. And every candid and intelligent observer of the affairs of Turkey must allow that very decided progress in many directions has been made in that country, and that the tendency continues favorable. What Turkey most needs at present is freedom from foreign interference.

The best friends of that most interesting and progressive people, the Armenians, cannot but feel that by far the wisest course for them is, therefore, by moderation and patience to establish a *modus vivendi* between themselves and the government, doing all they can to restore the confidence of the latter in their loyalty and subordination. In this way they may gradually gain more offices, and eventually have a certain province set aside for them under an Armenian governor tributary to the Sultan. A similar experiment has been successfully tried in other parts of the empire. The rest will come in time, with the maturing of the designs of an overruling Providence. But if the Armenians allow hot-headed or unprincipled agitators to push them into open revolt, they are bound to suffer enormous misery when the Turks distinctly understand their purpose. If they should succeed in bringing about the fall of the Turkish Empire, they would themselves plunge into the abyss of national annihilation by absorption into the Russian Empire, with all that such a calamity implies.

The Turks are not the worst nor the most cruel people in the world, as they are represented to be. The Armenians are far from being the most oppressed of men. They have energy and ability on their side. If to these qualities they add the wisdom of patience, Fortune will of herself relent at last in their favor.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE MUSES IN THE COMMON SCHOOL.

If we turn back to the days of Socrates and Phædrus, and compare their literary horizon with that of our own day, we can easily see that, much as the Muses gave to them, it was little or nothing in comparison with the wealth which they have placed within our reach. In every department of literature, art, and science they have poured forth their gifts lavishly on such as were ready to receive them, and we have only to open our ears to catch the sound of their heavenly music. How many of all these glorious gifts belong to the teacher whose work lies in the common school? There are those who would answer, "Very few." I have known a teacher to say that she did not see what she wanted of the Augustan age, or the centuries following it before Chaucer. The life of fourteen centuries! She might as well have said: "The growth of mankind means nothing to me. I can afford to lose out of my life the condition of the world when our Saviour came into it. I can see what is best for the future of my pupils without anything in the past from which to judge. The motives which have moved mankind, the rise and fall of nations, the stories people have loved through the ages, the songs they have sung, the thoughts which have as a consequence found their expression in literature, — all these have no lesson for me!"

If we were called upon to study some great picture, should we feel that we knew much about it if we covered up all but a small part, and examined that part alone without knowing anything of its relation to the rest? In the same way, if we give the child only one little corner of the picture of the world's history to study, as, for example, the history and literature of his own century, can it ever have a great meaning to him, let him examine it ever so closely, until he compares it with the life and thought of other times? But if we take the picture as a whole, what a changed aspect it presents! How the parts fall into place, and how each one seems to supplement and explain the others! Just so will the picture of the world's history appear to the child if he is given a broad and comprehensive view of it, instead of being confined to isolated fragments which have little or no meaning without the connecting links which join them into one whole. But would not such a view be superficial? Yes, our glance at that picture has been superficial; but that one glance has given us the best the picture contains, the one large thought that the artist intended to convey to us. His methods of work and the details of the picture we have yet to study, but we are no longer in danger of attaching undue importance to one part over another. We can now judge of the details in the light of their relation to the whole, and are much more likely to judge fairly.

No really good teacher will be content to give anything to her pupil but the best there is to give, — the whole picture; nor will she rest satisfied until she has the whole to give. She will not feel that she has taught American history in a truly patriotic manner until she has taught the root, stem, and leaves as well as the flower. The Old Man of the Sea, seen in the light of Ovid and Virgil with the Cross towering above them, will tell her a deeper secret than that which she will learn through Hawthorne alone; for he will tell her what Christianity and what America did for the later romancer that heathen Greece and Rome never did for the earlier poets. Washington will mean more to her when placed by the side of Hannibal or Cæsar; Webster and Clay will mean more when

compared with Demosthenes; Franklin will seem a greater American when his theory of electricity is contrasted with the primitive notions of the lightning-fearing people who ascribed all unknown power to Zeus.

The first point, then, to dwell upon is that entirety is the gift of the Muses to the child; not only entire pieces of literature, even masterpieces, but a view of the entire life and growth and development of mankind as contained in literature. The second point which I would emphasize is the danger of overburdening the child's mind with commonplaces, or perhaps they should more properly be called inanities. Among children the Muses seldom go begging for an audience, unless their taste has been corrupted by poor literature. If their minds are left untrammeled, they will quickly recognize the heavenly Muse, and welcome her gladly. She is never commonplace or inane, nor are children disposed to be so unless led into the same barren field. As an illustration of the better class of commonplace in reading, I take the following stanza from a first reader: —

> "Run, Dolly, run!
> Run out in the golden sun;
> Run up the hill with me,
> Now down to the apple-tree.
> Run, Dolly, run!"

No Muse ever gave that to children. It is a type of many poems and much prose written by persons of scant literary attainments. Neither the Muses nor the children can be greatly interested in it. I do not say that the children will be wholly uninterested in it, but I do say they will not be greatly interested; for to be greatly interested or interested in any great way is to be permanently interested, and there is nothing in such writing as this to give it any permanence in the child's mind. Some time ago I experimented, in order to see if this story would take any permanent hold on the mind of children. I went into a school-room where there were fifty little children, whose average age was not far from six years. After saying that I would tell them two stories, one about a doll and the other about the winds, I repeated this doll poem to them. They received it good-naturedly; some of them smiled. They tried to appear pleased, for they were evidently desirous to be polite. Then I told them the story of Ulysses and his gift from Æolus. I chose this story because, when I entered the room, they were having a lesson on the winds and clouds. I gave the story as it is told in the tenth book of the Odyssey: the arrival of Ulysses at the dwelling of Æolus, situated on a floating island inclosed with a wall of brass; the present to Ulysses of a bag containing all the winds except the west wind, which was to waft him and his seamen home; the jealousy of the sailors, who feared Æolus had bestowed some important gift on Ulysses which they were not to share; their opening the sack while Ulysses slept, and their bitter lament when they found themselves blown back to the island of Æolus. After telling both stories, I left the room without commenting upon either. The children's teacher was absent, and the young cadet who had them in charge went on with their lesson. The next week I went again to the same room, and told the children that I had two stories for them, one a doll story and the other about the winds, and asked which I should tell them. They unanimously chose the latter, and I narrated the adventures of Æneas with Æolus as given in Virgil's Æneid. They enjoyed the account, and since then have been making and studying Æolian harps. When their teacher returned, she asked them what they had heard while she was away. Many hands went up, in anxious testimony of the owner's desire to tell the story of Ulysses, but hardly a child in the room could remember anything whatever

about the doll which ran to the apple-tree. A wee boy, six years old, repeated the story of Ulysses without missing one point, and all the other children listened as if the story were new. He added at the end a moral of his own, to the effect that the seamen should not have been so curious, and had been justly punished. There is no doubt that the children were more or less interested in the doll poem when I recited it to them, but it had no relation to universal life, as had the story of Ulysses, and consequently made no lasting impression. Of course the form itself was meagre, and admitted little expansion; but such a poem is a mere device to put before children words instead of thought. Nor is this specimen by any means the worst of its kind. Here is a poorer study of the same sort, from another reader; it has not even the pretty thought of the golden sun in it: —

"'Look at my fine wax doll.'

"'Let me see it, May. Is it a new doll?'

"'Yes, Lucy, I am sure it is a new doll.'

"'Has your doll blue eyes?'

"'No, it has black eyes and a blue dress.'"

And here is a worse one than the last, from still another first reader: —

"Has the girl with the doll a hat?

"The girl with a doll has a hat.

"Has the girl a doll and a dress?

"The girl has a doll and a dress.

In contrast with this inane reading I will mention a study which I heard given some months ago, in the presence of more than a hundred people, at a meeting of the Principals' Association in Chicago. None of the children had been in school more than nine months. The teacher related to them the story of Rip Van Winkle, which they repeated, and she wrote it out on a blackboard as fast as they gave it to her. Then they read it from the blackboard with great ease. She took no pains to use monosyllables. One of the words they learned in this lesson was "rheumatism," and they rather liked the word because it was long and "hard." Some one, to puzzle or test the little folk and see whether the work were genuine, gave them a queer cane as a subject; and the children observed it, talked of it, and without difficulty read from the blackboard what was said about it. Their interest in the Rip Van Winkle story was supreme. They quite forgot the crowd around them, and laughed over the story with unfeigned merriment.

Here is another story, a gift of the Muses, which several good primary-school teachers assure me has been listened to with delight by children, to some extent reproduced by them in writing, and read from their own reproductions; while, in addition to all this, they have used it in connection with studies of insects as examples of natural history: —

THE CRICKET AND THE POET.

Once upon a time many poets met at a minstrels' court to sing for a prize. Not only did each poet sing, but he played on the lyre while he sang. One poet sang better than the others; indeed, so well did he sing that the old judges could not find the least fault with him, although their ears were very sharp. So he sang out boldly, and he played in time and tune. After a while the judges said to each other that it was of little use to try to find fault with him, and that this must be the poet who ought to have the prize. Just then a mischief happened to the poet's lyre. It had seven strings, but one of them snapped, and he feared he could not finish his song. The poet's heart sank within him when he thought of the ill luck in store. He felt sure that he could not win the prize. But a cricket, which had been listening to the poet's song, left its home in the green bush, and for mere love of music flew, with its little heart on fire, and lighted on the broken

string. So when the singer felt for that string the cricket sang out the right note, and saved the poet from spoiling his music. When the song was ended the judges all cried out: "Take the prize! Who would not give the prize to such a sweet voice and such a fine lyre? Why, we took your lyre for a harp, so shrill was the sweetest note." This note was the sound which the cricket made.

The poet took the prize and went home, but he did not forget the cricket which had helped him. He made a life-size marble statue of himself holding a lyre, and on the lyre he perched a golden image of the cricket.

Now, what can a child get from this story that he cannot get from the story of the doll? In the line of science, he can compare the poet's idea of the cricket, its method of producing a noise, with his own observations in nature, and can be taught to listen for musical sounds in the out-of-door world. He can learn to trace the growth of a story from the myth-making age through mediæval times, until the Muse of Lyric Verse repeats it to us through the lips of a great nineteenth-century poet; and the child can in this way see the rise, progress, and growth of one thought. Again, he can, at a glance, get a vivid picture of real minstrel life in the Middle Ages. That is true history, and he can learn to separate the truth from the myth, while in the myth he can touch another corner of life, even the life of mankind in the time of Socrates and Phædrus; for the cricket sent by the Muse of Song to aid the minstrel poet belonged to the same choir which sang over the heads of the ancient philosophers. Finally, a teacher of tact and feeling can add the fine point which makes Browning's poem so exquisitely modern: the value of a child's affection when the one string which made his life's harmony complete "was snapped in twain, never to be heard again." Even if the only motive in giving reading to children were to teach them words, spelling, punctuation, surely a choicer vocabulary could be found in the latter story than in the ordinary feeble reading lessons. But the acquisition of a vocabulary is hardly ever a sufficient motive in a reading lesson.

Here is another example of a commonplace reading lesson from a first reader, where the only motive is that of increasing the child's list of words: —

"Nell and Jip have had a long walk, and now they are glad to stop and rest.

"As Nell went by the mill, she met Frank with his big dog, Dash.

"Dash and Jip ran at a hog, and Jip bit it on the leg.

"Then a man came and hit Jip, and made him and Dash run off."

What a picture to put before a child for his contemplation! A dog biting a hog on the leg! Just imagine the heavenly Muse choosing such a subject for her song! What a contrast between this and the story of the dog Gelert, or that of Dick Whittington and his cat!

I give another illustration of the same sort: —

THE SLEEPY MULE.

Here is old Bob! Come, boys, let us have a ride!

I am afraid to get on him, Fred; he may throw us off.

Fie, Paul! What are you afraid of? Bob is a sleepy old mule. I am sure any one can ride him. Come on, boys!

The second part of the lesson tells us that the boys climbed up on the mule's back, whereupon he jumped and kicked, throwing one boy to the ground and another into the mud. The point of the story is that the mule was not so sleepy as he looked.

Now, I do not doubt that, as a study from nature, the mule might prove a very profitable object, and we should

never undervalue sense-perception and its relation to reading. By studying the animal itself, however, the child could learn more words than from any reading lesson, and much in regard to his habits and characteristics which would prove fully as interesting, if not so exciting, as his kicking; as, for instance, whether he walks on his feet or his toes, in what way his knee corresponds with the human knee. With the assistance of such facts, drawn from his own observation, the child can make commonplaces himself, and learn something of comparative zoölogy while he is learning to read. Æsop's story of the donkey which wanted to be a pet, or that of the miller who lost his mule by trying to please everybody, are either of them far better animal stories than the one given. They are classic fables instead of modern ones made up to sell, and they hold the germs of eternal truth.

The story of Athena and Poseidon, the gift of the horse to Athens by the latter, the gift of the olive-tree and the naming of the city by the former, — such lessons are organic parts of universal literature, and give the child glimpses of the thought of the universal man, glimpses which he must get from books if he gets them at all. They include reading, history, spelling, punctuation, and above all thought. They do not seal the pores of the child's observation by seeing for him what he is quite able to see for himself. I do not wish to give the impression that I consider the story of the sleepy mule "bad reading," but I certainly do not wish to give the impression that I consider it good reading. Here is a fox lesson which is much worse: —

"See the fox. He is on a box.
"Is the box for the fox?
"It is for the fox. It is his box.
"The fox can sit in the box.
"Can a fox eat?
"A cat, a rat, or a pig can eat.
"A fox can eat."

A child would have to study Delsarte many years before getting his tongue sufficiently limbered for such reading.

Here is an inanity written in dramatic form: —

WHO ATE THE PIE? A DIALOGUE.

Ned. Who ate my pie? Did you see a boy eat it?

May. No, a boy did not eat it.

Ned. But who did eat it?

May. I saw a cat get it.

Ned. A cat? Was it our old cat?

May. Yes, it was our cat; but the cat did not eat the pie.

Ned. Did not eat it, do you say? But who did eat it?

May. The dog saw the cat get it; and so the dog ran for it, and the cat let the dog get it. So, you see, the *dog* eat the pie. It was fun to see the dog run. I saw it all, as I sat on the rug.

Ned. Oh, you old dog! You *bad* old dog! Why did you eat my pie? Get out, you old dog! *You old cur, get out!*

May. No, no! Do not use the dog so. *You* eat pie, if you can get it. Why may not the *dog* eat it, if *he* can get it?

GREEK CHORAL ODE.

(Exercise for Lesson 74. Change "eat" to "ate.")

I eat pie. You eat pie.
The cat and the dog eat pie.
All of us eat of the pie.
You and I eat pie.

Here again the lesson contains no point which the child cannot easily make without the book. Such writing approaches closely the lowest depth of literary degradation, and not only serves to corrupt the child's natural good sense, but — and this is one of the worst features — it also corrupts the taste of the teacher who uses it. Nearly all of our primary-school teachers are young high-

school graduates, who are not mature enough to have given careful consideration to the subject. They become so accustomed to such composition that they begin to look upon it as necessary, and lose their appreciation of its worthlessness; and thus the evil is propagated, and the child is prepared for new inanities. Since his mind has thus been weakened instead of strengthened, he naturally continues to read trash the rest of his life, if he reads at all.

Contrast with the above lesson Hawthorne's Snow Image, Little Daffydowndilly, or any of the stories in Harriet Beecher Stowe's Queer Little People. The origin of the bees, as found in Virgil's fourth Georgic, is a better study. The youth tending the bees; his wooing of Eurydike; her death; the consequent destruction of the youth's bees; his visit to his mother, who lives in the depths of the Nile, surrounded by her handmaidens spinning and singing; his complaint to his mother of the death of the bees; his visit to the Old Man of the Sea to find out why they died; his return to his mother, who instructs him how to create new swarms of bees, — all these graphic incidents engage the attention, appeal to the imagination, and set the judgment of the child at work. I have repeatedly told this story to primary-school children, and they have discussed it as intelligently as the pie question is discussed in the dramatic effort already quoted. They never believe that bees came that way or that people can live under water, but they think that the folks of olden times loved honey.

The story of Donald, from Browning, if told simply, is a much better lesson for primary children than the dog-and-pie study. Donald was a hardy fellow who lived among the mountains, a good hunter who could fish and shoot. He was proud of his strong bones and large muscles, and would not let a fiend dispute with him the right of way without a tussle. Once when hunting he stepped upon a narrow rock, and found himself face to face with a gold-red stag, — a brave creature which had never grown cowardly by being shut up in parks. Donald looked at the deer, but was too proud to run away, and the deer looked at Donald fearlessly, but could escape from him only by throwing him off the rocks; so the young man lay down in the narrow path, that the deer might run over him, thinking to slay the stag as he bounded over. But the noble animal picked its way very daintily, for fear of injuring the young man, extending one foot and then the other, with as much care as a mother takes in removing a fly from the face of her sleeping babe; not even the tip of his hoof touched the body of the youth. Donald saw this, but was so much more of a hunter than a man that he reached up and killed the deer, even while it was tenderly raising its foot to avoid hurting him. Which was more human, the man or the deer?

This story is really a study; a lesson to set the child thinking; a lesson to develop tenderness towards animals. In the dog-and-pie lesson, notice that the moral — "No, no! Do not use the dog so. You eat pie, if you can get it" — is enforced upon the child. Children arrive at higher moral conclusions by reflecting on moral conditions than by having morality thrust upon them.

A child's reading should be distributed all along the known life of the human race. He may not know it, but the teacher should know it, the parent should know it, and the board of education should know it. He should have enough of the ancient to suggest the middle periods of history, and enough of the middle periods to furnish a connecting link for the modern, all so given and so directed that it may naturally lead to greater depth or fuller detail. Thus will the child gain a true perspective; thus will he learn to reason correctly, having true conditions from which to reason; thus will he know the real meaning of

such names as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Lincoln; and thus will he rise to the dignity of a true patriot. No one need flatter himself that he can make a good American citizen of a boy by keeping him on dog-and-pie literature.

The excuses urged by teachers for neglecting to cultivate a literary taste in their pupils are various.

"I cannot place an outline of the world's literature before children," says one; "it is too great a thing to attempt."

"I am obliged to teach reading" (meaning word-calling, or the "correct" method of pronouncing and emphasizing dog-and-pie literature), urges another.

"I do not know enough of literature," says a third.

"I could do it if I were a specialist and had plenty of time," pleads a fourth.

"I don't dare to go outside of the regular prescribed course of study. If the authorities above me direct me to teach dog-and-pie inanity, I must do it," says a fifth.

To all these objections educators may urge the following: —

Dog-and-pie literature is not reading. To teach word-calling is not to teach reading. To teach word-calling does not lead to good word-calling. Those pupils who are kept on feeble reading lessons that they may "recognize words at sight" are the very ones who never do learn to "recognize words at sight." They stumble over words and miscall them to a far greater extent than do the pupils who are searching for the thought in what they read. Let any one who doubts this give one of Lowell's poems to a class of high-school graduates or any normal-school training class, every member of which has been through the six inanities, the six school readers, and judge for himself whether or not the word-calling method leads to good word-calling.

Surely, the true economy of education clearly demands that we should crowd back into the most elementary period all that is merely designed to familiarize children with the looks of words. Most of the work of this class can be done without a book, by free use of blackboard and slate. Yet even in the very earliest period there are capital bits of nursery literature ready for use, and at each step of a child's training the field of genuine literature available for schools widens. A teacher with ever so little knowledge of universal literature, if she has any literary taste, will constantly get something new, and share it with her pupils as naturally as an artist speaks of a great picture to a fellow-artist. And there is no higher authority so stupid or so selfish as to wish to deny to the child the privilege of sharing to some extent with his teacher that which the great consensus of literary opinion through the ages has persisted in calling noble and permanent.

Mary E. Burt.

CAIN.

(BRONZE FIGURE IN THE PITTI PALACE.)

A SOMBRE brow whose dark-veined furrows bear
Remorseful fruit from God's curse planted there, —
Uplifted hands o'er eyes that look through Time
Big with the burden of unshriven crime.

William H. Hayne.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

FIRST PAPER: THE PROLOGUES.

LIBRARIES of commentary in every European language have grown up around the unsolved enigma, What is Faust? and still we seem in need of some more definite solution of the problem.

Learned and elaborate, the commentaries, for the most part, begin with the Faust legend of the fifteenth century, trace it back to the remotest past, tell all that there is to know about the historic personage of the name of Faust, and disclose the mythological sources from whence his fabulous story has, in the course of centuries, evolved itself. From this they proceed, in like manner, with every character or allusion in the play; and we have, as a result, a monument of learning, but not the definite idea of which we are in search. Though the commentators have delved into the remotest past for facts, and, constructing wonderful philosophies, have soared endlessly into the blue for fanciful interpretations; though the whole surface of the casket in which the treasure lies is scored with the tracings of these many wondrous "keys," they have not unlocked the secret.

"Ye instruments, indeed, ye mock at me,
With wheels and cogs and cylinders and braces.
I stood here at the gate, and ye should be the key;
Your ward is curious, but no bolt it raises."

The wards of the key are too curiously twisted. The explanations are too elaborate, for the elaborate can never penetrate the simple. "One must believe," writes Goethe to Zelter, "in simplicity, in what is originally productive, if one wants to go the right way." "German critics," says Goethe to Eckermann, "start from philosophy, and in the consideration and discussion of a poetical production proceed in such a manner that what they intend as an elucidation is intelligible only to philosophers of their own school, while for other people it is far more obscure than the work upon which they intended to throw light."

Where, then, shall we find this light, this solution of the problem? This is just the question which Goethe himself has taken special pains to answer. Eckermann, in continuation of the conversation from which the foregoing sentence was taken, reports it for us. Goethe goes on to say: "M. Ampère, on the contrary, shows himself quite practical and popular. Like one who knows his profession thoroughly, he shows the relation between the production and the producer, and judges the different poetical productions as different fruits of different epochs of the poet's life. He has studied most profoundly the changing course of my earthly career and the condition of my mind, and has had the faculty of seeing what I have not expressed, and what, so to speak, could only be read between the lines. . . . Concerning Faust his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistopheles."

Here is the answer to the question, Where are we to look for the key to Faust? We are to go to the poet himself, to the poet's life, to the poet's thought, and there we may read, by the light thrown on the poem, from the varying epochs of his earthly career, and find the answer to our enigma in the poem itself, and in the many thoughts

and experiences of the poet whose whole life and thought are reflected in it.

> "All through the book lie scattered the keys to unloosen enigmas,
> For there the Spirit, prophetic, speaks to intelligence still.
> That one I call the most skillful who lets the Day easily teach him;
> For the Day brings us, at once, problem and answer in one."

Speaking of what Faust is, "I have," says Goethe, "received into my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundred-fold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had as a poet nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them."

If we follow the course recommended by him, and note carefully what impressions and ideas were prominent in his mind at the time when the varying scenes of the drama were written, we shall, as he has taken pains to tell us, come at the deeper significance hidden under all the seeming trivialities of the action. "There is," he says, "always something higher at the bottom, and nothing is required but eyes and knowledge of the world and the power of comprehension to perceive the great in the small. For those who are without such qualities let it suffice to receive the picture of life as real life."

Here is our key, which the poet himself has given. Forget all elaborate theories about the play, and all facts concerning the historic Faust; they are but the colors on the artist's palette, the clay for the sculptor's modeling. We should ask only and always, What were the poet's thoughts and feeling when he wrote the scene; or, if he has said little directly about it, what were his surroundings? — for Goethe's life has been made an open book, where he who runs may read; and in his strong interest in himself he has supplied the reader of his Memoirs with an abundance of detail, from which to annotate his art. First, what has he said about the play? In announcing the Helena, the third act of the Second Part of Faust, Goethe remarks that "Faust's character presents a man who, impatient in the common bounds of earthly existence, reaches out on all sides for the highest knowledge and the enjoyment of the fairest good, yet whose longing is forever unsatisfied, — a spirit that always returns upon itself discontented and unhappy."

Pointing out the analogy to modern life and thought, Goethe says that it is mankind which he is depicting, not an historical or mythological personage. Elsewhere he observes that a commentator who sees in Faust, not an individual, but the soul of man, has come nearer the solution of the problem. "It is," he tells Eckermann, his young confidant, "the development of a human soul, that is tormented by all which afflicts humanity, and made happy by all which it desires." "A concise and clear representation of the existing in Man," as he tells Schiller. "For that is," he says in his Sayings, "the genuine poetry where the individual represents the Universal, not as a dream or a shadow, but as a living and visible revelation of the Inscrutable." "When the true poetic genius is born, he will set the moods of the inner life before us as the Universal, the World-life;" for "the life of an individual is forever the mirror of the life of Man."

Goethe's theme, then, is Human Life. We find it so stated in the Prologue in the Theatre, that dialogue in which the Theatre Manager, Poet, and the Merry Man set out the aims and purposes of the play. The whole subject is discussed by them at length from their different points of view, and the Merry Man, agreeing with the Poet, says: —

"So let us give a play, too, but contrive
To grasp in full this human life we live:
Each lives it, yet 't is not much known,
And where 't is seized there 's interest enough."

Look closely into this Prologue. The whole theory of the play, its scope and the motive of the drama, is to be found here. The individual life, Goethe is never weary of telling us, is the image of the life of the race; and the aim of the Second Part is to show how the same problem of life which we each face as individuals has been, and is being, worked out by the race, and to show also how simple this problem really is.

"All is simpler than men think, more succinct than one can imagine." "It annoys men to find the truth so simple," says Goethe. He writes to ask Schiller to "interpret his dreams for him," sending him the manuscript of Faust; and Schiller replies: "You grasp with your view entire Nature in order to throw light on its parts; in the totality of her manifestations you seek for the key which shall lay open the individual." Goethe agrees to this, and in his Italian Journey remarks that "the poet should sweep through the universe, and bring it down to a point of light, a burning point, that shall mirror for us the All." Wilhelm Meister has the same thought as to the work of the poet, and says, further, that the poet alone can give us knowledge of "that right enjoyment of the world." The Prologue in the Theatre, opening the play, still further sets forth this mission of the poet in that splendid passage in which we have Goethe's aim and motive minutely described. The Poet there says, in answer to the Manager, who clings to the usual theatrical notion, and advises him to give a multitude of isolated dramatic incidents, and to strive only to amuse and amaze the public: —

"Go hence, and seek yourself another slave to-night;
The poet shall, indeed, that highest right,
That right of man that Nature to him lent,
For your sake trifle wantonly away!
How is it he all hearts can sway?
How is it he controls each element?
Is 't not the harmony that from his breast will start,
And winds the whole world back into his heart?
When Nature will eternal threads, unseeing,
Carelessly whirling, on the spindle fling,
When all the unharmonious throngs of being
In sullen discord through each other ring,
Who parts th' unvaried series of Creation,
Quickening their flowing into rhymic time?
Who calls the Single to that common consecration
Of All, where it in grand accord can chime?
Who bids the storm with passion rage and lower,
The evening red with solemn meanings glow?
Who scatters springtime's every fairest flower
Along the pathway where the Loved will go?
Who weaves the simple leaves to crowns, requites us
With Honor's wreath, the prize of every field,
Secures Olympus, to the gods unites us?
That power of man the poet has revealed."

Goethe here says that the aim of the poem is not to present an ordinary dramatic episode or a number of detached incidents, but to show the relation of each to the All; to exhibit life, the whole of life, and call each separate individual to that common consecration where it can chime in grand accord with its Maker. Thus he will unite the mortal to the Immortal, — "to the gods unite us," — and find for us, in this harmony of all being, that "right enjoyment of life" of which Wilhelm Meister speaks. So uniting ourselves to the Immortal Energy, we are brought near to the "*Schaffender Freude*," the Joy which is the Maker; that Creative Activity which we see operating in the universe about us, and with which the poet would harmonize our lives, till they too become creative, a part of that Joy which is the Divine. "All Nature and we human beings," he said to Eckermann, "are so penetrated with the divine element that it sustains us; that in it we

live and work and are. . . . The divine power is everywhere manifest; . . . the divine love is everywhere active." But "with people who have Him daily upon their tongues God becomes a phrase, a mere name, which they utter without any accompanying idea." "We look at detached portions of life, and so miss its deeper significance." "The great trouble is, nobody remembers or gives us the All." Unless we join ourselves to the Divine, we live in darkness, or at least fail of the joy which is our birthright. "Ah, yes!" the Merry Man observes, "that is what we are after, — joy. So carry on this poet's trade of ours, and give us Human Life; that is indeed a romance; then all will be stirred, for each will see what he has in his own heart." Even the Manager becomes interested, and promises the Poet, if he will only set to work, he may use all the resources of the stage: —

"You know our German stage; in scenery
What any one would try he may.
So spare not anything to-day,
Either in scenes or in machinery.
Use both the great and lesser lights of heaven;
The stars you may at random squander,
Nor want for water, fire, nor beasts that wander,
Nor birds shall lack, nor precipices, even.
So stride, then, in this narrow booth's small bound,
The whole great circle of creation round;
And swiftly move, but thoughtfully as well,
From heaven through all the world to hell."

So, in this poem, the poet will sweep with his soaring thought through the whole circle of creation, — "from heaven through all the world to hell." In this view, which Goethe declares is the scope and aim of the work, the Faust legend, of which the commentators make so much, becomes of very little importance, except as it is significant and useful as an embodiment of the poet's abstract idea. "The facts of any man's life," Goethe says to Eckermann, apropos of Jean Paul's Truth of my Life as opposed to his own Dichtung und Wahrheit, Truth and Poetry of my Life, the title of his Memoirs, — "the facts of any man's life are of no consequence except as they are significant." Significant, that is, of the "operation of those eternal laws through which we rejoice or sorrow, and which we fulfill and which are fulfilled in us, whether we perceive them or not." This is the end of Faust, — to make us perceive these laws, and conform our lives to them, so that we may work in harmony with their eternal purposes. Thus it appears that Goethe, by his own admission, has used the Faust story only as a convenient peg upon which to hang conclusions. Indeed, he writes to Schiller that it is not the story of Dr. Faust at all, but his own life and the life of man, that he is depicting. "The First Part is wholly subjective;" wholly the picture, that is, of his own inner life, of the results of his own experience, and of the conclusions which he draws therefrom of the law of life and the way of joy. This is what makes the greatness and the special interest of the poem. In it the greatest soul of modern times actually puts the window in his breast, and lets us see into his inmost being, wherein the universe lies as in a mirror. "All the great forces of the universe centre here." "Men call their circumstances and surroundings God and the Devil, but within us is the problem; from the first two worlds are there." To Eckermann, too, he says: "The First Part is wholly subjective. I confess that the characters of Faust and Mephistopheles are both parts of my own being; but in the Second Part we enter into another, higher, clearer, more passionless world." "Yes, the whole of antiquity and half the history of the modern world are there; but I have brought so many figures before the eye, in themselves picturesque and interesting, that, as a picture full of sensuous life, it will prove attractive, even if one cares nothing for the thought behind it." "Word and picture are cor-

relate, — what comes to the ear should be seen by the eye; and so in the child ish times of the world we see, as in the Bible, the truth ever presented in a picture, a parable." In Wilhelm Meister he speaks of this way of presenting truth, and says it has often occurred to him to contrive a masque that should bring all the elements of modern life before us as characters in a masquerade or a drama. In the first act of the Second Part we find such a masque in the court revels; the masquerade that reproduces for us, as an allegory, the whole history of modern Europe. Indeed, the entire poem, with its utter simplicity of native diction and absolute freedom from any flowers of rhetoric, is a trope. "There is a poetry without tropes," says Goethe, "which is one trope," and this is peculiarly true of Faust. "This poetry," he tells us, "makes dead thought alive." "We see the law of life acting in and upon an individual, and therefore it becomes to us a living reality." "So give a drama," says the Merry Man of the Prologue, "and each will see what is in his own heart, and draw serious nourishment from your play."

Now, though the best commentators are agreed that Faust is in some sort an allegory, they lay so much stress on tracing historical allusions and minor details as to make us lose sight of the truth which Goethe declares is "so simple;" the picture of the operation of this law of life, which underlies and binds the play together. Their learned comment leaves us, for the most part, in the condition of the man who could not see the forest for the trees. But the poet promises to set this law of life before us in its simplest forms. All the incidents and episodes of the play are introduced as significant of that way of joy which is the perfect fulfillment of the law, or of the deviations from it which have led and are leading us to doubt and despair; that is, into the clutches of Mephistopheles. The figures and combinations are as varied as life itself, but behind and beneath them all is this simple truth, this law of life, which binds and holds all together, as the canvas backing holds the varied colors and figures of a tapestry in a complete whole. It is a picture of life, of a man, and of mankind.

"We 'll see the little, then the greater world,"

as Mephistopheles remarks to Faust when they first sail off through the air, in quest of that happiness which the devil promises him in self-gratification. The theme of Faust might indeed be called the Pursuit of Happiness. You cannot, by acquiring for your own gratification, by getting, obtain joy; that is beyond the power of selfishness to procure. Happiness, says the poet, is found only in giving, not in getting. As you give yourself forth for the purposes of the Creating Joy, and become a part of that Joy, a co-creator, do you know happiness; or, following your own selfish ends, become the slave of this Demon of Selfishness. Look with the poet for the proof of this in the life within us and in the world about us, and see what influences have led and are leading us to that perfect fulfillment of the law which joins us at last to that Joy which is the Maker.

Goethe tells Eckermann, "You will find the key of Faust's salvation in these lines" from the Chorus of Angels, near the conclusion of the Second Part: —

> "This noble member of the choirs
> Of spirit-worlds 's forever
> From Evil saved; whoe'er aspires
> And toils we can deliver;
> If in the Love he really share
> That from on high is freely given,
> The holy hosts will meet him there,
> And welcome him to heaven."

Here is the answer to that enigma of life, and "the right enjoyment of life;" for, as we have seen, Faust is life. In labor and in love is the solution of the problem. If we never forget that Faust is

always the poet himself, or his view of the history of the life of man, we can in the poet's life and thoughts find the key to unlock all the mysteries of the poem.

We recall Goethe's remark to Humboldt, that from his earliest years this thought of Faust had been in his mind; then, turning to his Memoirs, we see the poet looking up questioningly into the universe, and asking of the worlds about him the answer to that mighty problem, What is life? So, after the Prologue in the Theatre, which sets forth the aim of the play, we have the Prologue in Heaven, and look out with the poet into the universe. Here are the Lord, the Heavenly Host, and near by Mephistopheles.

The commentators have expended a good deal of energy in explaining the personality of this character whom Goethe introduces to us as *Der Herr*, the Lord. The point is important, for it involves Goethe's whole idea of the Deity; and in this drama of life, as in life itself, it is *Der Herr* — that is, the Deity, the Source of Life — which is the real centre, the hero, so to speak, of the play. At the very outset, indeed, we find this to be the endeavor of Faust, to which his whole being is devoted, — to reach the Source of Life.

"One yearns to reach Life's Brooks: ah! yonder,
On towards the Fount of Life would strain."

"We vainly seek the idea of a single Supreme Being," says Goethe. "The great Being whom we name the Deity manifests Himself not only in man, but in a rich, powerful Nature and in mighty World-events. A representation of Him framed from human qualities cannot, of course, be adequate, and the attentive observer will soon come to imperfections and contradictions which will drive him to doubt, — nay, to despair, — unless he be either little enough to let himself be soothed by an artful evasion, or great enough to rise to a higher point of view." But Eckermann reports him as saying, in reference to the somewhat similar conclusion of the drama, "I might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply drawn figures and images from the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

It is the Creative Energy (*Der Erschaffender*) which Goethe recognizes as the object of his homage. He sets this forth distinctly in a fragment from Mahomet, printed at the end of his collected works. It so clearly illustrates how the great thought lay and grew in the poet's mind that we may well pause to recall the lines, as giving us more truly than we can get elsewhere that desired end, the poet's point of view. Mahomet, alone in an open field, looks up into the star-strewn heaven and questions the universe about him, as we find the poet himself doing in this Prologue in Heaven.

MAHOMET.

Can I not share it with you, this feeling of
Soul?
Can I not feel it with you, this sense of the
All?
Who, who turns his ear to the prayer,
To eyes, still beseeching, a look?

See! he shineth aloft, prophet, friendly, the
Star.
Be thou my Lord, my God! gracious, beck'ning to me!
Stay! Stay! Turn'st thou thine eye away?
How, how can I love him who hides?

Be blessed, thrice blessed, O Moon, leader thou
of the stars!
Be thou my Lord, my God, thou who illumin'st the way!
Let, let me not in the darkness
Stray off, with people astray!

Sun, that glow'st, the heart, glowing, is given
to thee.
Be thou my Lord, my God! Lead, All-Seeing-
One, lead!
Come too, come down, thou Glorious!
For darkness has wrapt me around.

Lift thyself, loving heart, to the Creating
Soul!
Be thou my Lord, my God, thou All-Loving-
One, — thou

Who mad'st the Sun, the Moon, and the Star,
The Earth and the Heaven and me!

Here we have, then, first, the Lord (that is, the Lord of Life) manifest everywhere as the Creative Energy; second, all those elements of creation forever co-workers in the mighty work, — "the Heavenly Hosts," "the Archangels," "true sons of heaven," engaged in their Father's labors; Labor, Energy, Work, the Labor and the Laborer. Who are these three archangels, Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael? The three archangels who, according to the Chaldean philosophy, were present with the Creator, assisting at the creation of the universe; controllers of the elements, co-workers, co-creators, with the Master Workman. These, the poet says, are the "true sons of God," "the Archangels." Let us listen a moment to this sublime pæan of Labor, this song of the Workman and the Work, which they sing as the great Drama of Existence opens before our eyes. We can give only the meaning of the words, for, though we follow the metre exactly, the song is the poet's own, and cannot be appropriated.

RAPHAEL.

The Sun still sings, in ancient tourney
With brother spheres, a rival song;
Fulfilling his predestined journey,
With peals of thunder speeds along.
To look on him gives angels power,
Though none may sound him nor his ways:
Beyond our grasp the high works tower
As grand as at the first of days.

GABRIEL.

And round and round the earthly splendor
More swiftly rolls than thought's swift flight;
The glow of Paradise 't will render
And change to awful deeps of night.
The foaming sea in broad floods surges
Up from the ground, the rock's deep base;
And rocks and sea the swift whirl urges
On in the spheres' eternal race.

MICHAEL.

And storms rush, roaring and contending,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And, raging, form a chain unending,
Round all, of deepest energy.
There devastation flames and blazes,
The path where bolts of thunder play;
Yet, Lord, Thy messenger still praises
The gentle progress of Thy day.

THE THREE.

To look on these gives angels power,
Though none may sound Thee, nor Thy ways;
And all Thy high works o'er us tower
As grand as at the first of days.

Here are the real characters of our drama; not an historical personage, not the village maiden only, except as she is an incarnation of the Eternal-womanly, but the mighty conflict of Light and Darkness, of the Creator and the Destroyer, as we see it in the universe about us; mirrored, too, in the individual, in our own breasts and in the history of the race. Light, always the creative, joyful, beautiful principle, giving life and joy, — Light, "the highest imaginable Energy in the natural world," as Goethe elsewhere calls it, ever active, and inciter of activity; and Darkness, always the Destroyer, the bringer of sloth, and death. Notice, though, how this same Darkness and Destruction — even, indeed, the tempest and the thunderbolt — forward the gentle progress of thy Day.

This is the scene which the poet sees in the universe; an eternal giving forth of energy for the mighty purposes of the Maker, — the glorious spheres shining and singing as they roll. But we, for the most part, are intent on getting for ourselves; we walk by night beneath the baleful glare of the electric light, shutting out the universe, each intent upon his own errand, regardless of the All. So, near by, stands Mephistopheles, whose very name signifies "Not-Loving-the-Light," the Destroyer, the Demon of Selfishness, that stirs us all up, — stirs us to great deeds sometimes, as witness this great new world, with its new opportunity for all mankind. Who are you? says Faust, when he appears *in propria persona*, later in the play: this "black dog thought of living only

for what we can get," as Mr. Brockmeyer most happily calls him in his suggestive Letters on Faust.

FAUST.

What do you call yourself ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The question seems but small, you know,
For one who so disdains the Word ;
Who, far apart from all mere show,
The depths of Being would alone regard.

FAUST.

With you, sir, one can read the Being
Usually from the name, though, seeing
It shows itself but all too plainly there,
When men call you Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar.
Well, then, who are you ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of that Power that always would
The Evil do, and always *does* the Good.

FAUST.

What meaning in this riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit who denies !
And too with right, for all whiche'er arose
Deserves that it to ruin goes :
Therefore it better were that nothing rose at all.
So all, then, which you would call sin, or call
Destruction, briefly, evil, ill intent, —
That is my proper element.

FAUST.

You call yourself a part, yet whole you stand here too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I tell the modest truth to you.
If Man, the little World of Fools, would hold
Himself out for a whole (he mostly does, I 'm told),
I am a part of part, which at the first was all, —
A part of Darkness that brought forth the Light,
The haughty Light that now with Mother Night
Disputes her ancient rank, her right to room at all.

He is all this, but, as has been suggested, what good things he has wrought out unwittingly ! "Sometimes," says Goethe, "sometimes we come to full consciousness, and realize that an error as well as a truth can stir and drive us on to action, and what comes out of the deed, reaching endlessly on, is forever the best ; and so Destruction also is not without its good consequences." How could we live at all, for instance, if it were not for the destruction going on inside us ? How Selfishness and this Greed, as we see our friend Mephistopheles represented in the masque of the Second Part, riding behind the chariot of wealth, — how they drive us on to splendid results of art and civilization, which we might never attain without their spur to activity ! We have the Goethean suggestion here put into the mouth of "the Lord," that Evil is always to be traced to this Demon of Selfishness, this desire to get ; but that this very Selfishness is forever working out the Divine Purpose, in that it also drives us on to work, and so to create for the general good.

"Man's active powers sleep all too easily,
He loves too soon an undisturbed repose ;
And so I gave to him, to be his mate,
A devil, who will rouse and work, and must create.
But ye " —

who work with and for the Creator, with no thought of getting, forever giving yourselves forth to the purposes of the Maker —

"But ye, true sons of God, may ye
Enjoy this Beauty's rich and living round.
The Being, who forever works, and lives, and grows,
Enfolds you in Love's sweet and gentle bound ;
And all that, hovering, seems to float away
Fix with enduring thought, and bid it stay."

But now the heavens close, and the tragedy begins on earth, — this conflict which we are to trace in the individual lives of the First Part, and then in the wider arena of the Second Part, the life of the race. We shall see the Drama of Existence, which opens with the splendid pæan of Labor, closing with that exquisite Hymn to Love, — Love incarnate in the *Ewig-weibliche*, the

Eternal-womanly that, through all the history of the race, has been ever leading us out of the slavery of this Demon of Selfishness into the light of love, till we too become co-creators and unselfish workers in the Maker's service, and so know that joy which is of the Maker.

We must leave all this, however, for another opportunity, only stopping to note, and note well, that it is the mother element, "the Mater Gloriosa," who bids the penitent Gretchen rise to higher spheres, and so lead her lover upward and on.

Goethe gives us, then, as the play of Faust, fulfilling the promise of the Prologue, the mighty Drama of Existence; the conflict and the reward, the way of joy. But as we see it on the stage, the stage Manager has at last had his way with the lofty Poet, and we have a commonplace melodrama, the story of an impossible magician and a guileless maiden. "And yet," as Faust, borne from the ideal realm of the Beautiful to the high mountain of science, exclaims,

"And yet around her floats a bright and tender fold
Of mist, enlivening breast and brow with cool caress."

That

"Beauty of the Soul
Dissolves not, but exalts itself in ether, yonder, far,
And with it bears my being's Best away."

For round this gracious maiden presence yet lingers an essence that dissolves not, but leads us out of selfishness and self-seeking into light and day, till we too become, through her, co-creators with that Creative Energy, a part of that Love and Joy in which we live and move and have our being.

How this is made manifest in the somewhat darkened glass of the First Part, and in the brighter realm of the Second Part, the magic mirror of the World-life, we must leave for the present untold. But this we know, to borrow a figure from that scene in the Second Part which is entitled the Dark Passage: —

"Der Schluessel wird die rechte Stelle wittern."

The "key" will divine the right way for us to find the answer to our question, in the final phenomena of life. This shining key, which Goethe tells us lies ready in his life and varied works, will light as with a torch the darkest passage, "till," to use Faust's words again,

"Till, floating, round about yon gleam,
Lifeless, Life's images, that active seem.
What once was there we shall in glory see
Still move and stir, for 't will eternal be.
And ye impart it, ye Almighty Powers,
To Day's pavilioned, Night's high-vaulted hours.
There one shall seize Life's lovely course, no doubt,
Another seek the bold magician out;
For, confident, in rich profusion too,
He brings, what each desires, the Wonderful, to view!"

William P. Andrews.

JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY.[1]

Professor Toy has long been known as an accomplished scholar, of perceptions refined to acuteness, of precision in thought and statement, and of thorough familiarity with Old and New Testament studies; his writings have evinced the broad philosophical spirit as well as the close critical faculty and habit. In

[1] *Judaism and Christianity.* A Sketch of the Progress of Thought from Old Testament to New Testament. By Crawford Howell Toy, Professor in Harvard University. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1890.

these respects his latest volume more than fulfills the promise of what he has hitherto written. It is a book of grasp and power, — a book which exhibits a command of the subject and a repose and dignity of manner such as we should look for in the author, together with a sustained force, a self-propelling and self-impressing vigor, at times a brilliancy of combination and a luminousness of expression, which perhaps no subject hitherto treated by him in a connected way has encouraged to an equal degree. It is not merely a striking book, bearing marks of a strong and original mind. We have had a considerable number of such books, in the last twenty-five years, within the domain of theological literature, even on Biblical subjects. This one differs from most in having a substantial basis in minute investigation of details, so that it presents the character of scientific generalization. It does not take the speculative form, but the inductive. We have a scientist who knows his subject in particular, and who constructs his propositions with the easy skill of a master builder.

The book is significant, also, of a definite stage in the history of a new hypothesis. In any science a radical and fresh hypothesis at first excites wonder, and is accepted or rejected, in a comparatively narrow circle; the mass of workers keep on by the old path. If the new theory has elements of success in it at all, it at last divides the guild into opposing parties, assailing the theories and the motives one of the other. By and by there comes a time — sooner in some countries and in some minds than in others — when mere wonder has passed away, and the polemic stage, with its pamphleteering habit, has followed after it; when the new theory is simply taken for granted, and worked logically out to its conclusions, — the sword being dropped not so much because attack has ceased as because the student has ceased to believe in the power of attack to harm his theory or check its spread. He may be mistaken; this safety may be only a growth of his own firm conviction, without objective reality; but every hypothesis which, in the belief of a considerable number of competent persons, has reached this stage shows thereby a measure of vitality and at least an approach to adequacy which invest it with large importance.

It is to this stage that Professor Toy's volume belongs. This book is the outgrowth of a mind entirely in sympathy with the boldest and most radical criticism of the day; it takes the results of this criticism as its postulates, assumes their truth, and interprets Scripture on the basis of them. The calmness and security of its tone impress the reader, and tend to beget confidence in the conclusions it offers. It is totally lacking in sharpness and bitterness. There are very few references to divergent opinions; such as occur are absolutely impersonal and undemonstrative. Everywhere there is sobriety, even gravity of manner, not as of one oppressed by a solemn theme, but as of one wholly absorbed in a work of real seriousness and worth. The style is not fascinating, like that of Renan, — who is just now transforming the familiar Old Testament story into a socialistic romance, — but it quiets remonstrance and disarms objectors as that does not. It tends to produce an attitude of reasonableness and expectancy in the mind of the reader, to dispel prejudice, to call forth the powers of deliberate and dispassionate judgment. The sermonic element is not found in it. The occasions when the writer assumes a warmer tone, when we cease to see in him only the scientific inquirer, and feel something of the personal quality of the religious man, do not spring from the discussions of doctrine, but from perception of ethical truth; and therefore, while they cannot satisfy the theologian, they make a new tie between the author and those who

are non-theological, and yet morally sensitive and responsive.

Besides this general excellence of quality, there are certain obvious features of the book which will call out wide and sincere appreciation. In the first place, by its title and its contents it bears substantial testimony to the relation between the Old Testament and the New Testament. A good deal of modern criticism and a good deal of modern Christianity have been superficial enough to minimize or deny this relation. The exhibition of it in its proper light is of the utmost importance, both historically and practically. The practical aspects of the matter we may leave to the sermon-makers, but as an historical study the New Testament is inexplicable without the Old. This is true especially from the standpoint of Biblical Theology, the branch of theological science to which Professor Toy's book particularly belongs. The German habit of assigning Old Testament theology to an Old Testament professor, and New Testament theology to a New Testament professor, has a certain formal justification, of course, and is a matter of practical convenience, but it has led to serious mistakes and infelicities. In a real sense, Christianity sprang out of Judaism, Christian doctrine out of Jewish doctrine, Christian morals out of Jewish morals; to ignore or deny this is to pervert history. Professor Toy does not ignore or deny it. He affirms it and makes much of it, and in so doing renders a great service to religious history. It has long been a favorite study of his. It underlies his book on Quotations in the New Testament, published in 1884. "The present volume was begun," he now says in his Preface, "as a continuation of my Quotations in the New Testament, with the purpose of giving an orderly view of the development of religious thought apparent in the way in which Old Testament passages are interpreted and used by New Testament writers." The maintenance of this close connection between the two Testaments is an element of power because it is an element of truth.

Another point is the avowed use of the method of Biblical Theology. Biblical Theology, in the technical sense, is nothing but the comprehensive use of historical interpretation in studying the teachings of the Bible. It seeks to know exactly what is expressed on any topic of religion, theology or morals, by the various speakers and writers, each in his own environment, to recognize their differences and their agreements, to construct out of the scattered materials a statement of the religious beliefs and practices of those whose words supply the materials; not by selecting some and ignoring others, and not by paring down some to harmonize with others, but by combining all into one progressively growing and diversified whole. It seems strange that this simple, scientific method should have been applied so tardily to the Bible. With all the benefits of the habit of regarding the Bible as essentially different from other books has come also the injury of depriving the Bible of the light and vivacity which it gains by subjection to the critical processes. Professor Toy has given us a discussion of the central doctrines of Scripture, derived from what avows itself as a simple induction and generalization. The temper in which it is conducted may be indicated by a few sentences from the Preface of the earlier book: "No honest student of the Bible can object to a careful and honest sifting of its words, and no believer in God can fear that such a procedure will do harm. In the following discussions I have spoken plainly, yet never, I hope, irreverently. My aim has been to state what I hold to be the exact truth. I ask from those to whom some of the views here presented may seem strange a careful examination of the grounds on which they are based. I believe that

the ethical-religious power of the Bible will be increased by perfectly free, fair-minded dealing, and by a precise knowledge of what it does or does not say. As its friends, we ought not to wish anything else than that it should be judged strictly on its own merits; for to wish anything else is a confession of weakness. There is too much reason to suppose that the belief, which is so prevalent, in the mechanical infallibility of the Bible is seriously diminishing its legitimate influence over the minds and the lives of men." The spirit indicated here pervades the new volume also.

The Introduction is occupied with an account of the general principles of religious development as they have historically exhibited themselves. As a whole, it is clear, strong, and weighty. After a careful though brief discussion of various elements, the case is summarized in a section entitled The General Lines of Progress. These are named as the abandonment of local usages, the emphasizing of spiritual ideas, the choice of a central idea through the influence of some leader or leaders, and the conditions of the time, — all elements in the advance toward universality. The closing paragraph of this section is significant, and we quote it entire: —

"We are here, of course, employing the term 'universal' loosely to mean what is endowed with practically indefinite capacity of extension. We know of no religion which experience has shown to be really universal. No religion has yet been accepted by all nations; and we should hardly be warranted in going beyond the bounds of experience, and affirming that this or that religion has elements which must commend it to all peoples. It is indeed difficult to see why Christianity in its simplest New Testament form should not prove thus universally acceptable, though, on the other hand, it is impossible to say how far this simple faith, in order to commend itself, must be supported by a more elaborate system. And further, even when a religion is accepted in general by a nation, it may be rejected by a considerable circle. In the purest and highest historical religion there must remain something local and temporary; and the question to be decided by time will be how far it can dispense with this local part without losing its essential nature. The absolutely universal religion will be that which satisfies universal human needs, spiritual and intellectual; lacking nothing which is necessary for the practical guidance of human life, containing nothing which offends the most advanced thought, offering and claiming nothing which is not capable of universally acceptable demonstration." This will startle many, and radical enough it doubtless is. But it is only a new evidence of that which has been pressing itself home upon thoughtful religious men for a long time, — the fact that there is imperative need of an adjustment between the claims of an objective revelation and the self-respect of the human reason. If Christianity is to prevail, it must be through a recognition of its reasonableness, in the largest and truest sense of that term. It will not do for any religion that has universal aims to humiliate the universal and kingly endowment of man, by which alone the fundamental truths and facts of religion can be apprehended. The statement of the author is radical because it is needlessly hesitant as to the ability of Christianity to meet the demands of the fully enlightened reason, not because it gives utterance to those demands. The author himself seems less skeptical as to the future of Christianity in a later paragraph of this same Introduction, where, after considering the actual results of the historic religions, and declaring that, "as between the three great universal religions [Christianity, Buddhism, and Islam], there can be little doubt as to where the prospect of victory lies," he goes on to say: "Nor is it probable that

Christianity, if it should be the sole survivor of the world's religious creeds, would retain its present form unmodified. It is more likely that it will from generation to generation feel the double influence of territorial expansion and inward development of thought. Having the whole world for its heritage, it will adapt itself to the world's needs; and standing always in close contact with the world's highest thought, it will throw off from time to time what it feels to be opposed to the purest ethical-religious conception of life, and retain only that which the best thought of the time demands." With this we can agree, though perhaps in a sense quite different from that which the author had in mind.

But this is all preliminary. The essential business of the volume begins with the chapter on the Hebrew Literature. This is only a hasty sketch; it does hardly more than state the general view of the author. In his critical position he belongs to the extreme left wing of the Reuss-Kuenen-Wellhausen school. Like most extreme positions, this one has the advantage and the disadvantage of a degree of simplicity which makes possible a brilliant defense, but imposes an enormous cost, in the ravages upon the historical statements of our only sources of information which are required by the necessities of its own maintenance. Yet no Biblical discussions of recent years have done more to promote a true understanding of the literary history of the Old Testament than those of this school, — not so much, as is sometimes vaunted in regard to the effect of the Tübingen school on New Testament studies, by making the conservative position more intelligent, but by compelling the recognition of facts which had been ignored, and the large modification of traditional opinions. The conservative opponents of the Reuss-Kuenen-Wellhausen theories have, for the most part, hindered the advance of truth. But it remains certain that the extreme form of these theories is suspicious because of its simplicity, and burdensome because of its costly sacrifice of historical accuracy in the documents which make its own historical basis. This is a fundamental weakness, which of course affects one's view of the growth of doctrines.

It is, however, to the study of the doctrines themselves that the main part of the book is devoted. They are traced from their earliest forms in the Old Testament literature to their latest forms in the New Testament. One regrets, it may be said in passing, that there is no presentation of the author's critical opinions about the New Testament literature to even the same extent as in regard to the Old. They must be gathered from the use of the different books in tracing the advance of doctrinal statement. It is fair to say that they are moderately radical, going decidedly beyond Weiss and Meyer (to whom the author refers in his Preface), and agreeing perhaps substantially with those of Pfleiderer, whose work (without trace of dependence) the one before us not infrequently suggests: that is, Colossians and Ephesians are sub-Pauline in date, yet largely Pauline in tone and type; Second Timothy is in the same category; the Gospel and Epistle of John fall in the early decades of the second century, etc., — opinions which to us, again, seem needlessly negative.

The material which Professor Toy has gathered from all this literature — and no one who has not made the attempt can appreciate the labor involved in the process — he groups under six main heads: The Doctrine of God, Subordinate Supernatural Beings, Man, Ethics, The Kingdom of God, and Eschatology; these are followed by the closing chapter, on The Relation of Jesus to Christianity. This brief statement makes it clear that the book is really, in design, a compendious exhibition of Biblical Theology.

It is manifestly impossible, without

prolonging this notice beyond all bounds, and transforming it into a discussion for specialists, to enter upon an examination of all these chapters. Only some general remarks are here in place.

The first is, that, with all allowance for his extreme critical positions, Professor Toy has made an impressive showing as to the actual growth, within the time covered by the Biblical writings, of the beliefs which have become the historic faith of Christendom. We can see them advancing and expanding, observe the conditions of their growth, and more nearly comprehend their primary significance. The effect is not merely to increase our intelligence, but also — like that of all historical study, only in an exceptional degree — to enlarge our sympathy and temper our judgment. Historical inquiries, and especially in the history of religious doctrine, do not tend to indifferentism, but they do tend to destroy narrowness and bigotry. We see how largely men have been under the influence of their age and circumstances; we become aware that we too are thus circumscribed; the possibilities of truth grow larger. The second is, that a large amount of generally received truth — particularly ethical truth — gains confirmation by the process. We find how deep its roots are struck, how persistent it is, and how, under the different forms of its exhibition, it has been gradually throwing off trammels, laying aside impediments, and assuming, in its freedom, a position of command. The third is, that much which has been thought essential in forms of truth as now held appears, in this historic light, to be merely accidental and temporary, — something without which the truth has subsisted in real vigor, and without which it may still live and prosper.

To offset all these advantages and the great general merits of the book dwelt on earlier, it is just, however, to remark what seem to be serious defects. These have to do not so much with the principles of investigation and interpretation which the writer avows as with the scope he gives them, the method of his use of them, and the actual results at which he arrives. The main ground of criticism under the first head is an excessive regard for the theory of development. This appears in his literary criticism to some degree, as already noticed. It appears when he applies the general laws derived from a study of the ethnic religions to the growth of Judaism and Christianity, and in the account of the genesis and growth of particular beliefs. Judaism and Christianity claim a difference between themselves and all other religions. If there is a God, and if, without denying his influence in all religions, it is agreed that certain religions stand in a peculiar connection with him; and if, again, the documentary sources of these religions claim that particular and extraordinary divine agency has worked in their production and advance, then either this claim, made in the fundamental historical sources, should be allowed due weight, or else scientific research is bound to explain its disregard of it. A scientific inquiry that selects some of the statements of its historical sources, and neglects others, without justifying the omission, is open to the charge of generalizing on the basis of partial instead of complete induction.

A closely allied defect is one of method, — that of subjective criticism. It is easy to transplant a doctrine which seems out of keeping with its doctrinal surroundings to a more congenial place and time, nor is this always objectionable. But the critic is here dealing with a very sensitive apparatus. A breath of his own may derange it, or make it register falsely. Professor Toy has undoubtedly made the most earnest and honest attempts to avoid purely subjective criticism. It is only to say that he is human to say that he has not always succeeded. For the broad sweep

and steady movement in a very large part of his doctrinal history we have nothing but warm recognition and hearty praise. It is at some crucial points that he takes positions which bear marks of being the offspring of theory, and in these we cannot think that the large common sense of men will sustain him.

It would be very instructive to examine with some closeness the positions with regard to Christian belief at which the author arrives; particularly to consider how far the facts actually justify the picture given us of the Relation of Jesus to Christianity. We must content ourselves with saying that many of these results appear to us much more vague and far less affirmative with reference to great religious issues than the data warrant. But it would be wrong to leave the subject without emphasizing the only sound method of controverting them. It cannot be done by platform declamations. The truth or falsity of scientific positions, whatever the branch of science, cannot be thoroughly tested except by scientific procedure. We trust that Professor Toy's book will stimulate many students, of like conscientiousness and courage, to work along the lines of Biblical Theology, — not for the purpose of confirming or refuting him, but for the purpose of discovering and exhibiting the full truth. That this will tend to the establishment of sound doctrine, the upbuilding of righteous character, and the enrichment of the life of men there can be no manner of doubt.

JAMES'S PSYCHOLOGY.[1]

THE saying of the Preacher, that to everything there is a season, is easily forgotten when the passions run high. In the time of weeping we feel that no time can really be fit for laughter, but that the very existence of laughter denotes a frivolity and hardness of heart over which we should weep; and in the time of hopeful and enthusiastic building up we feel that a time to break down what we have built has never a right to come. Something of this exclusive and imperious passion seems to belong also to the spirit of an age. Whatever this spirit may be, it tends to pervade everything, and no department of life escapes the influence and contagion of the interest of the hour. Even philosophy, which boasts to be eternal, and is reproached with being unprogressive, succumbs to the fashions; and of late she has made many attempts to dress at least parts of her person in the newest garments of science. Science is now so "easily queen," and has recently contributed so much to human enlightenment and comfort, that nothing could be more natural than such attempts. Especially in psychology is it legitimate to wish to be scientific, and to arrive at conclusions that shall be not merely speculative, but capable of verification and of compelling universal assent. For our minds are parts and products of nature as much as our bodies, and the thoughts and feelings that arise in us are never separated from those physical phenomena which sometimes we call their causes, and sometimes their manifestations. Our cogitations and passions, and still more those of our neighbors, ought, we feel, to be accounted

[1] *The Principles of Psychology.* By WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University. American Science Series, Advanced Course. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1890.

for; and men's humors should be neither more nor less predictable than the weather. It is hard to believe that this nearest and most familiar province of nature, our own lives, should be impossible to survey and comprehend, when such remote and unimagined fields as those of chemistry and astronomy have been mapped out successfully. Nevertheless, in spite of the Germans, there is as yet no science of the mind. There are psychologies in plenty; but it must be confessed that each has its own method, and embodies a personal conception of what the facts of mind are and how they are to be studied. There is no body of doctrine, held by all competent persons, that can be set down in a book and called Psychology.

This fact, regrettable as it may be in itself, will persuade the judicious not to grieve that Professor James, while he has written fourteen hundred pages about psychology, has not produced a system of the human mind. His book does not pretend to cover the entire field, or to lay equal stress upon every portion of the subject. It deals with those points in which the author feels a personal interest, either on moral and philosophical grounds, or on account of recent experiments and controversies. It is essentially a collection of monographs, and in fact many of the chapters have already appeared in various reviews, in the form of articles. As a textbook the work is at once too incomplete and too voluminous, but as a book to be read and referred to it has every advantage; for by daring to be incomplete it avoids ever being dull and perfunctory, and by daring to be voluminous it succeeds in being exhaustive on several subjects. Indeed, nothing could be more instructive and interesting, or, considering the subtlety of the argument in some parts and the minuteness of the detail in others, so wonderfully clear and easy to read. The lively style no doubt contributes to this end. Professor James's manner is so homely and direct, so full of humorous and startling turns, that one seems to listen to an improvisation rather than to read set paragraphs written out in cold blood. But individuality is here more than a charm, more than a human warmth and personal flavor pervading the discussions; it is a safeguard against pretension and hollowness. Those who deal with the abstract and general, who think impersonally and along the lines of a universal system, are almost sure to ignore their own ignorance. They acquire what has been called the architectonic instinct; their conceptions of things are bound to be symmetrical and balanced, and to fit into one another with perfect precision. They fancy they overlook the world; they feel they comprehend every department of nature to which they have given a name. Their cold breath congeals the surface of truth into some system; and on that thin ice they glide merrily over all the chasms in their knowledge. But Professor James's simplicity and genuineness have saved him from this danger. He is eager for discovery, and conscious that too little is known for any final or comprehensive statements. The result is that in his book more than in many books of philosophy that which is known is set down, and the rest is omitted.

The general reader will probably be most interested in those chapters which have ethical and theological bearings, — the chapters on belief, on the theory of conscious automata, on the will, and on necessary truths. The last contains the author's theory of knowledge, and is the most interesting, perhaps, from the point of view of general philosophy. Necessary truths, like those of mathematics, he tells us, are not results of experience; they are expressions of certain ingrained habits of thought, habits which cannot be revised while human nature remains what it is. That the mind has such a structure and such inevitable

ways of thinking is to be accounted for by natural causes, by spontaneous variation, and by selection. The innate and inherited character of these habits and intellectual instincts is no pledge of their infallibility. A mind, to be sure, cannot escape from its own ways of seeing things; these ways of seeing things are its own individuality and essence; but another mind need not have the same structure, and may react differently on the world. There is a front and a back door, as Professor James puts it, through which external influences may reach the mind. The back door is the organic structure of the body, the state of the brain, spontaneous variations in bodily functions, growth, disease, and decay. Our thoughts and feelings, our very necessary truths and primary interests, are dependent on these bodily conditions. To change them is one way of changing our conscious life. The other way is by affecting the senses; this is to enter the mind by the front door. We can properly attribute to experience only that element of consciousness which is furnished by the objects of sense; the rest, and the more important part, is due to the innate structure of the body. In the same spot, animals of different species live different lives and have a different experience. A cat and a dog living in the same house live in different worlds. The same objects surround them, but their interests, habits, and instincts are diverse. In this way we see that, while man is a product of nature, nature has endowed him with a structure, and with mental and practical predispositions; so that our reactions on the world, and even our conceptions of it, are due much more to the sort of brain we are born with than to the sort of objects among which we live.

Professor James tells us that, in all this, he removes himself from the company of the empiricists, and joins the ranks of the *a priori* philosophers. But we may be allowed to doubt that he will be welcomed by his new friends, or estranged from his old. Few people are now inclined to deny that we inherit a nervous system, and that the quality of our experience depends on what that system is. The cause of quarrel is not so much the origin of our necessary truths as their authority. When empirical thinkers say all knowledge comes from experience, they are not so much denying that there are innate conditions of experience — the organs of sense and the structure of the brain — as they are asserting that our natural axioms and presuppositions have the value of knowledge only by virtue of such application and confirmation as experience gives them. Our ideas may come spontaneously, but only the gradual test of experience can teach us whether they are fit and true. A luxuriant imagination is alike the source of great discoveries and of great illusions; the possibility or impossibility of verification alone can teach us which is which.

It is not from the side of naturalism or empiricism that Professor James need fear attack. All his battles are with a metaphysical psychology. The most striking characteristic of his book is, perhaps, the tendency everywhere to substitute a physiological for a mental explanation of the phenomena of mind. Psychical for him is only the result, the product, the total consciousness of the moment. The machinery by which this is produced and explained, the links by which it is connected with other conscious states, are entirely physical. He will have no mentality behind the mind. In the abstract such a conception is familiar enough. It is held by all the believers in automatism, and by all the more avowed materialists. For them, too, a mental state is the direct transcript of its physical conditions; former mental states have nothing to do with it directly. Stop the brain, knock me on the head, and all the momentum and interest of my conscious life are helpless

to produce any further consequence. My demonstrations stop, my memory fails, my will lets go its object, and all the effort and labor of my thought lead to nothing. A psychological derivation of any mental fact can, therefore, never describe its true cause. The psychological antecedents could not have produced the result had the physical connection been broken; while this constellation of atoms in the brain, however produced, is bound to give rise to this particular thought and feeling. But Professor James, to whose religious and metaphysical instincts materialism is otherwise so repulsive, has here outdone the materialists themselves. He has applied the principle of the total and immediate dependence of mind on matter to several fields in which we are still accustomed only to metaphysical or psychological hypotheses.

One of these fields is the well-known theory of the association of ideas. For this he substitutes the connection of processes in the brain, and denies that ideas have any existence in the interval between their first and later appearance in the mind, or that they are the same ideas at all when they recur. It has been a habit of philosophers to speak of the association, combination, and persistence of ideas. These expressions, if taken literally, imply that ideas are beings; that they move in and out of the mind like so many personages in a comedy. But where have they been meantime? It may be said they have been stored in the memory; but is the mind a sort of green-room, where ideas gather to await their recall before the footlights of consciousness? One may say so; it is not an unnatural figure of speech. But if we look to the facts rather than to words, we shall hardly believe that ideas exist after they fade from consciousness. Ideas are not substances that exist by themselves, and now and then allow us to look upon them. They are creatures of our thought, bubbles of our stream of life, momentary figures in our mental kaleidoscope. When we lose sight of them they no longer exist. Nothing that may follow them in the mind can really call them back, for they are dead; they cannot hear the prompter or mind their cues, for they are not there. The non-existent cannot be acted upon; it can feel no attraction.

Association is purely a physiological matter. In the brain currents may tend to flow in beaten paths and revive former excitements, because the modified brain actually persists, and retains impressions and predispositions to habitual action. The repetition of a brain process will of course make the idea recur which was first connected with it; but neither the process nor the idea it produces will be absolutely similar to the previous phenomenon; and just as the brain process is only an arbitrarily bounded portion of the total active brain, so the idea will be but an arbitrarily bounded portion of the total consciousness of the moment. In fact, Professor James's conception may, perhaps, be best expressed by saying that the human mind is a series of single sensations, each of which has the whole brain for its cause and the whole world for its object.

A further illustration of this may be found in his striking theory of the emotions. These, according to him, are sensations caused by that motion of the body which we commonly call their expression. Fear is the sensation of trembling, anger the sensation of set teeth and clenched fists, joy the sensation of a bounding heart and expanded bosom. Extraordinary as this reversal of common conceptions may seem, it is really involved in the physiological principles we have been dwelling upon. The thought or perception which, as we say, arouses a passion can do so only indirectly, — only because the physical condition that involves the thought leads to the physical condition that involves the

passion. So much will hardly be denied by the unprejudiced; and if this concession does not amount to saying, with Professor James, that we do not tremble because we are afraid, but are afraid because we tremble, it amounts at least to this: fear is produced by a state of the brain by which trembling is generally caused also.

The question between Professor James and other modern psychologists is not, then, one of principle; it can only be one of detail. Professor James thinks that the cerebral condition that produces violent passion involves the excitement of the sensory centres; unless we feel the agitation of the body we cannot be greatly stirred by emotion. Others might say that the excitement of ideational centres would suffice. Unquestionably, the more vehement the passion, the more intense the cerebral excitement; and any great excitement in the brain can hardly fail to modify the whole attitude and expression of the man. It would be hard indeed, in such a case, to prove how much of the total consciousness is due to the rush of images in the fancy, and how much to the sense of strain in the body. The two factors commonly come together, and it would be necessary to isolate them to discover what is contributed by each. The hypothesis that all the emotional element comes from below the brain, and that the internal excitement of that organ would produce merely cold and intellectual perception, has certainly the charm of clearness and the merit of originality. It is so simple and luminous that one cannot help wishing it may be true. At the same time, what shall assure us that it does not abstract too much, or that the most limpid of the images of our fancy could ever have the tincture of emotion quite washed out of it?

These doctrines are perhaps the most distinctive and radical advanced by Professor James, — those that make his book a real contribution to psychology, and undoubtedly the most important that has yet been made in America. But to mention them alone would convey a false impression of the tone and temper of the author, and of his general attitude in philosophy. His treatment of every subject is not equally radical and incisive; where his sympathies are engaged the edge of his criticism is blunted. One has but to turn from the discussion of space perception, for instance, to that of free will, automatism, or the nature of the soul, to mark the change. In regard to these matters Professor James is cautious, puzzled, and apologetic; and in making his final decision he is avowedly guided by his æsthetic and moral bias. Such procedure is not unphilosophic for one who believes, with Lotze, that our moral and emotional instincts are the best guides to ultimate truth. Of course the skeptic will smile at such convictions, and murmur something about mysticism and superstition; and to hold such a faith and build upon it does, possibly, mar the unity and weaken the force of a treatise like this, the method of which is generally objective and experimental. But it would be pedantry to regret the loss of logical unity in a book so rich and living, in which a generous nature breaks out at every point, and the perennial problems of the human mind are discussed so modestly, so solidly, with such a deep and pathetic sincerity. Many, no doubt, will begin these two thick volumes with a shudder at the labor in store; but those who persevere will read them with increasing interest and pleasure, and no one who can draw from them the instruction and inspiration they contain will close them without gratitude.

PERRY'S HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.[1]

Our stock of positive knowledge in regard to Greek literature may never be much greater than it is now Neither a renewed search among the dust-covered and decaying libraries of the Greek monasteries, nor the skillful erasure of Christian palimpsests, nor even the recovery of the precious papyri from the tombs of Egypt, can be expected to restore to us more than tantalizing fragments of lost master works.[2] Even the signal triumphs of the spade in our own day have rarely cast more than an instructive side light upon the literary monuments of antiquity. And yet, though Hellenism changes not, and comes little nearer to us, we ourselves live on, and change, and learn. Hence each generation will desire to define afresh its attitude toward these Immortals. A new history of Greek literature, then, even though it come with no harvest of results from learned original research, has an undoubted claim upon the attention of intelligent men and women.

A veteran critic, a remarkably wide and industrious reader, above all an unwavering advocate of the development theory as applied to the fine arts, Mr. Perry here offers us a sustained essay in literary criticism, along the lines consistently followed by his school. We are forbidden hereafter to enter an angry complaint against any one — even against that patient old scapegoat Euripides — for not being other than he was. Not only does the environment make the artist, but the period of decline and decay follows as normally and inevitably on the heels of complete development as old age presses close upon the maturity of the individual man! We used to be thankful for genius, as a fresh miracle of creation; but that is an outworn and childish feeling, which our historian relegates to the lumber-room, many a time and oft, and with unwearied emphasis. Such a work, on such a subject, may well have a sufficient and consistent character, even though upon its material side it be avowedly little more than a compilation.

It is evident that a diligent and intelligent use has been made of good ancient and modern authorities. It is equally clear, however, that the most recent results of archæological studies and research have not been adequately utilized. Hence the work of Mr. Perry is at its best in those fields where our knowledge is definitely limited and already summarized by others. In particular, the chapters on the early lyric poets and the Anthology will be read with unalloyed pleasure. On the other hand, the detailed description of a Greek theatre, with its stage "forming the diameter of the semicircular orchestra;" the "curtain rolled down instead of up," etc.; above all, the illustration of the Athenian theatre "restored from recent excavations," — these things will certainly horrify the sturdy young graduates of our school at Athens.

This picture of the restored Dionysiac theatre is, we suppose, borrowed from the popular German work mentioned in the Preface. The few other modern pictures in the volume are, as a rule, unsatisfactory; especially so is the rough

[1] *A History of Greek Literature.* By Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1890.

[2] Hardly had these words been put into type when the news of a great discovery in the British Museum came to illustrate anew the perilous nature of general negations. Aristotle's much-lamented treatise on the Athenian constitution has been found, almost intact, among papyrus rolls purchased some time ago in Egypt.

drawing after Preller's beautiful painting of Odysseus and Nausicaa. On the other hand, the ancient monuments represented are well chosen and generally well copied. In only one case have we noted, in the text itself, an allusion to any of the illustrations, and it is often amusing to discover the reason for their insertion just where they are. A mention of Delphi brings out a picture of Delos. A poet tells us we must not talk at dinner about the wars of giants or Titans, and, like a death's-head at the banquet of the ancients, a sarcophagus adorned with a spirited battle scene emphasizes the admonition, just across the page!

We think the author, or the publishers, should have made due acknowledgment to the modern works from which these illustrations are nearly all copied. Baumeister's Monuments of Antiquity has probably been laid under the heaviest contribution. In general, the most surprising feature of the book is its absolute silence regarding almost all the others which have made its existence possible. This extends even to the translators most largely quoted. Thus, after a brief discussion of Chapman's famous version of Homer, Pope and Cowper are also casually mentioned, and they alone. And yet, soon afterward, a series of selections in Worsley's Spenserian stanzas begins, and occupies in all about forty pages. A brief discussion of the metrical question, or at least a remark that these are not hexameters, would have been helpful to an ignorant reader. But the entire suppression of Worsley's name is inexplicable. It never seems to occur to Mr. Perry that, in such a book as his, the choice extracts are valuable chiefly so far as they beguile us into seeking elsewhere the complete works from which they are taken. We think a popular history of Greek literature should also remark frankly upon the extreme poverty of really satisfactory modern versions. The number of English translations combining permanent literary value with scholarly accuracy is surprisingly small. The passages quoted by Mr. Perry will, upon the whole, bring this consciousness home to a critical reader, but some of the most striking gaps, at any rate, should have been pointed out. Thus, for most of Euripides we are dependent on a translation nearly a century old, which is extremely deficient in both accuracy and simplicity. Here the brief Preface arouses our interest by promising some of Louis Dyer's scholarly versions, which are as yet unpublished. It is, however, impossible to divine which of the passages cited are from Professor Dyer's hand. Even under the Medea, one or two quotations are credited to J. A. Symonds, and the rest are anonymous, as usual.

Such objections as we have here raised are apparently forestalled in the prefatory remark, that "the 'general reader' does not care for, and the scholar does not need, the frequent footnote, in a book of this sort." The obvious and truthful reply is, that certainly most of Mr. Perry's audience — we might indeed safely say all his real readers — belong to an intermediate class. The "scholar" who carries all the facts about Hellenic antiquity in his wise head belongs to an extinct — nay, let us be truthful, to an imaginary race. On the other hand, all of us who seriously undertake the perusal of this stately volume of nine hundred pages are willing and desirous to be instructed. Works like the Iliad and Odyssey of Andrew Lang and his associates, Rawlinson's Herodotus, Jowett's Thucydides and Plato, Plumptre's Æschylus and Sophocles, are surely a creditable beginning, after all, for an English classical library. Though we may never have mastered the Greek alphabet, we can, none the less, realize the importance of studying Greek literature, life, religion, history, at first hand, in the complete works of the ancient au-

thors. An historian of Greek literature is the very man who should, most of all, impress this lesson upon us.

It is far from our intention to speak in a querulous or disrespectful tone of this earnest, sustained, and, on the whole, creditable performance. But we regard it as the imperative duty of the critic, especially where much is given, to formulate as high and importunate a claim as he may for more, — for all that lies within the author's scope and power.

There is one direction in particular in which our author seems already to have gained much, but he might profit still more, from prolonged and intimate communion with the most gifted sons of Hellas. The claim has sometimes been made, in behalf of classical studies, that they are indispensable to a really good English style. This claim we regard as untenable and utterly injudicious. We even frankly prefer the prose of Bunyan to that of Milton. Yet, surely, it is true that he who sets forth for our admiration the strength, the simplicity and rapidity of Homer, the unadorned grace and charm of Lysias, the resistless and fiery directness of Demosthenes, is doubly bound to be himself at all times simple, direct, and dignified. Some of us may remember a recent Slavic attack on the confused and excessive use of metaphor by nearly all English writers. Even Panin seems to us almost justified by such sentences as this (page 121) : "The astounding brilliancy of the Greeks is here, as it were, in the bud, and we find it fascinated by the spectacle of the world in its newness, before literature had left its trail of association over the whole face of nature." Perhaps the critical historian may take refuge behind his favorite doctrine, that none of us is individually responsible for anything, least of all for his style ! Yet we must at any rate train ourselves to say the thing we mean. Now on page 3 we are told: "The early home of the Aryans was long held to be the high plateau, north of the Himalayas, in central Asia ; but of late this hypothesis has been much shaken, and it has been held with plausibility that the once heretical notion that it had its home in Europe has some interesting arguments in its favor." But in truth, as Mr. Perry well knows, no one has ever questioned that "this hypothesis" had, and still has, its abode in Europe. These are not fair specimen sentences, as we have already intimated ; but they are real blemishes.

Of misprints this handsome volume contains but few. Libation Poems (for Pourers) as the title of Æschylus' play (page 275) is easily the worst. On page 3 Taine is made to praise the "weird types" of the Greeks. Whether this rather uncanny expression is really to be credited to the French or the American critic, or rather to those other "weird types" which at one time or another bring us modern scribblers all to horror and despair, we have been unable to decide.

Upon the whole, those who are guiding the work of serious students in ancient literature, whether in the original languages or through translations, cannot safely commit them to this volume as to an unquestioned and wholly satisfactory guide ; yet both master and disciples will find it at times a helpful and instructive companion. It is avowedly offered, however, to "those who have no direct knowledge of the subject." If our author reaches any such unfortunate class, we are sure they will receive much profit and no harm.

We heartily agree with Mr. Perry that "in all history there is no such subject" as this glorious and inspiring one, — the creative and artistic achievements of the Greek intellect. It is a curious fact that the field has never been adequately covered by any one. The two greatest Germans who had attempted the task, Otfried Müller and Bergk, both died before completing it. The time is, we trust, at hand when our own classical

scholars will have the equipment and the courage for a great constructive undertaking of this character. Indeed, we believe there is one man among us already of whom such a work may be rightfully expected, and who could accomplish it in such a manner as to command the attention and gratitude of Hellenists everywhere. But that is another story.

GENERAL CULLUM'S WEST POINT REGISTER.[1]

THERE are some desired literary works, in the departments of science, history, and biography, that have failed of being prepared and published because of the lack of a writer combining the essential qualifications of an absorbing interest in the subject, the knowledge and intelligence to do full justice to it, the public and professional spirit to carry him through a laborious task, and the pecuniary means for bringing his work to a result. Some of these works, chiefly those relating to science, may well be, and have been, assumed, conducted, and made the basis of publications under the patronage of government. At first thought it might seem as if a work like that in our hands, a Register of the Officers and Graduates of a great and important training institution established by the government of the United States, should look to that able and sometimes generous dispenser of patronage for abundant aid from its treasury. But, for a reason which we shall point out presently, it might have been that the submitting of this elaborate work to the approval of Congress for preparation and publication would provoke some contention. It was none the less a work to be done, and as, for its able and faithful performance, it needed all the exacting qualifications we have mentioned, it is probable that it would have failed of achievement had it not been undertaken and completed by the distinguished man who has so generously given himself to the task.

General Cullum, who retains his vigor of body and all his intellectual powers after completing his fourscore years, gives us here the third edition of a work the first edition of which appeared twenty-three years ago. Through the whole interval he has been extending and perfecting it. It is probable that he is the only living person competent and disposed to have done this special service for his countrymen. Himself a graduate of West Point nearly sixty years ago, an officer in one of its departments, for a time its superintendent, and ever since, until his retirement, in intimate relations with it and with a long succession of its pupils and officers, he is also a thoroughly read scholar, a man of wide culture, and of observation and experience obtained by extended and frequent travel abroad. His three substantial volumes contain a register of the names of 3384 graduates of the Academy. These are designated by numbers prefixed to their names in the order of their cadetship. The ingenuities of typography are availed of to facilitate the arrangement of the matter

[1] *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., from its Establishment in* 1802 *to* 1890. With the Early History of the United States Military Academy. By Bvt. Maj.-Gen. GEORGE W. CULLUM, Colonel of Engineers, U. S. Army, Retired. Third Edition. Revised and Extended. In three volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

for the easy information of the reader and for consultation. It would be impossible to make an approach to an estimate of the industry, the patience, the extent and difficulty of research where records are missing or imperfect, and, above all, of the correspondence by thousands of letters in wide and distant directions, in order to obtain information, verification, or correction, as they have been spent upon these volumes. The method is, to give in order the name and number of each graduate, and then his military history, grade and form of service, advances in rank and honors, till his death; and if he left the service for civil life, his occupations and employments. In the cases of such graduates as left the service, and after civil employment returned to it, as during the civil war, the military history is resumed. These are written in a concise and simple way, with none of the materials common to memorial tributes, such as estimates of character, criticisms, eulogies, or private and domestic details. With due fullness, yet with modesty, the author's own professional record is given. He is in the first thousand, his number 709. Graduating in 1833, his place being in the engineer corps, his first service was in the construction of Fort Adams, in Newport harbor. Then follows a long succession of services: on docks and piers, dykes and sea walls; fortifications in Boston harbor; recruiting engineer service; directing of sappers, miners, and pontoon bridges in the Mexican war; engineering work and instruction and treasuryship and superintendency at West Point; Fort Sumter and other defenses in Charleston harbor; as aid-de-camp on the staff of General Scott and of Major-General Halleck; of many other services in the civil war, and again in Boston harbor. His honors for meritorious services are noted, and his retirement at the point of age in 1874. Absences for the sake of recuperating health were improved by the general for travel, for scientific, literary, and historical purposes, the fruits of which appear in scholarly and interesting publications by the author. Several of the biographical sketches are extended by the simple relation of the honorable careers, the heroism, and the renowned achievements of the subjects of them. It is to be remembered that these severely drilled and trained pupils of the nation have not only been fighters in the field, but have done hard and needful work on forts, harbors, surveys, coast defenses, and as engineers, explorers, and pioneers.

We have hinted at the possibility that if Congress had been asked — as it well might have been — to provide for the preparation and publication of this monumental work, the record of the services and honors of its own trained *élèves*, there might have been contention on the discussion of the question. We must explain this hint by referring, after a preliminary remark, to one feature in General Cullum's method in his work.

It is well known that during our civil war, as some of its graduates, under oath to the nation and its flag as its own favored pupils, joined in the war against the Union, there were bitter reproaches cast upon the Academy as "the nursery of treason." General Cullum sets himself cogently, but temperately, to meet this offensive charge. He first reminds us that not only sworn military officers reared by the nation, but in proportion many more in civil places of trust and honor, and with more power of insinuating mischief and disloyalty, gave their countenance and aid to the work of disruption. More than one of our ex-Presidents was in sympathy with, and gave efficient aid to, the secessionists. Members of the cabinet, foreign ministers, judges, Senators, and Representatives were openly and antagonistically disloyal, or obstructionists, partisans, time-servers, and in many ways worse than mere neutrals or waiters on circumstance. And what were the facts as to the West

Point officers? With all the artful and earnest appeals and all the blandishments brought to bear on them to induce them to turn against their country, fully one half of the Southern officers, in number one hundred and sixty-two, remained loyal to it, while sixteen Northern officers became disloyal. One fifth of the graduate officers in the Northern army were killed, and half of them were wounded. This showing does not warrant the opprobrious epithet attached to the Academy.

We are familiar with the point of honor and etiquette on which those men, politicians, officers in army and navy and in the ranks, who joined in hostilities against the government insist that their action was not to be stigmatized as rebellion, but simply as secession, their States having the same right and freedom to withdraw from the Union they had to enter it. But something more than a matter of honor or etiquette, namely a simple question of right, is involved. Of course no government can make an organic provision for its disruption and destruction. It is enough for it to provide for the disposal of grievances or conflicts under it. Of such a resource the Southern discontents did not avail themselves. They began by insulting and assailing the nation's flag, to which they had sworn allegiance, by bombarding its forts and plundering its public property. So General Cullum, after faithfully following all the national services, and stating all the honors won by such graduates as afterwards turned against their country, curtly closes the record with the words, "Joined in the Rebellion against the United States," and then is done with them. Some of those thus designated write to him their complaints. They think he should continue the honors and services that might be attached to their names from the fields of hostility against their own government. General Cullum replies to the aggrieved that the term *Rebellion* is not of his invention for this purpose. He found it used in legal papers, and in the acts of various departments of government, to designate the form of hostility and warfare against it. Now, it was conceivable and possible that if a proposition had been made to Congress to assume the publication of this noble record of the graduates of its own honored Military Academy, some partisans of offended parties might espouse their grievances. Therefore the author takes the full responsibility. He submits his faithful labor to his associate loyal men. It would not be strange if some of the "secessionists" obtained and consulted it "on the sly."

General Cullum adds to his third volume a valuable historical paper which might well have served as an introduction to his work. This is a summary, covering two hundred pages, of the early history of the Academy. As one of the most intelligent and accomplished of the officers who had been trained in it for high service in scientific work, he naturally was moved to engage an interest in the origin, early fortunes, development, and successive administrators of the institution. He says that on his retirement from active service he sought to make a study of the subject by inquiry and research. At once he discovered what an amount of labor would be required, and the especial embarrassments and difficulties involved in it. The records were scanty and imperfect, some wholly lacking, and many had perished. His ingenuity, toil, and patience helped him largely to meet his needs in gaining information. The narrative which he has been able to work out is most instructive and animated, as he has traced through its early struggles in origin, and dubious fortunes with ill advisers, obstructionists, and hostile agents, the growth of a noble Academy which has given to the nation some twenty-five hundred educated officers. He says it was most fortunate in its first superin-

tendent, Major-General Williams, eminent in his own military service previously, accomplished and gifted, and having in his veins the blood of the stock of Benjamin Franklin. Not so fortunate was the institution in the hands of his successor, Dr. William Eustis, who, as Secretary of War, might have been a wise and favoring administrator, but who harmed rather than advanced its interests. General Cullum's highest esteem and homage go to Major Sylvanus Thayer, who, in the sixteen years of his superintendency, by his high personal and official qualities won the respectful and fond title of the "Father" of the Academy. General Cullum paid him a noble tribute in his memorial eulogy on the inauguration of his statue on the grounds. The day of small things in the institution, economical and stingy, with rude furnishings and accommodations, with experimental discipline and slender accomplishments, is presented in details which will amuse the reader with suggestions of a Dotheboys Hall. The author himself has done more than any other of the alumni to bring it before the nation as one of its foster children of which it need not be ashamed.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Biography. Gustavus Adolphus, and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence, by C. R. L. Fletcher. (Putnams.) Mr. Fletcher had a capital subject, and he has treated it with a good sense of its general relations. In his modest preface he disclaims any pretense at original research. As he points out, the Thirty Years' War affected Europe so widely that no one can be sure the archives of any state may not suddenly disclose documents which would lead to a new reading of character and events. The real merit of his work lies in his interesting study of the movements which Gustavus led, and in the clear manner of his stating those large subjects which remain to concern us when the good knights are in the dust. — A Sketch of Chester Harding, Artist, by his own hand; edited by his daughter, Margaret E. White. (Houghton.) Such a career as Mr. Harding had would seem to be impossible now, and it is a most singular commentary on the ingenuous nature of American life two generations ago, and the relation which it had to England. The self-education of this artist was a striking testimony to the native virility of American genius. We have become more sophisticated, and it is doubtful if our present-day portrait painters could write with the simplicity which characterizes Mr. Harding's autobiographic sketch. It was well worth preserving. — Four Frenchwomen, by Austin Dobson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The four are Mademoiselle de Corday, Madame Roland, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis. Mr. Dobson is always interesting, but these essays show rather the easy use of familiar material than either great insight or full scholarship. What a singular sentence, by the way, this is for a master of English prose! "The other [portrait] painted by Hauer in her cell, and wearing originally the red shirt of the murderess." — Lord Beaconsfield, by J. A. Froude. (Harpers.) This volume is one of a series devoted to Queen Victoria's prime ministers; and if it contained only Beaconsfield and Palmerston the series would in a measure be complete, for it is as prime ministers that both men will be remembered. A more artificial man than Disraeli it would be hard to find in public life, but the artifice was exceedingly clever. He was the product of politics as a game, and the result is a fairly good measure of the worth of politics. His statesmanship was bounded by parliamentary rules, and even his literary productions are little more than the projection into an ideal sphere of an order of society composed of diminishing rows of satellites of the Crown. Mr.

Froude has found a subject to his mind in this epigram of English politics. — Désirée, Queen of Sweden and Norway, translated from the French of Baron Hochschild by Mrs. M. Carey. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Désirée Clary, at the early age of fourteen, was the choice of Napoleon for wife ; but the engagement, if the attachment could so be termed, was broken off by Napoleon's marriage to Josephine Beauharnais, and Désirée afterward married Bernadotte. The sketch is a slight one, and has little value for any except those who are attracted by crowns and courts without much regard to what is under the crown. — Savonarola, his Life and Times, by William Clark. (McClurg.) A revision, apparently, of a previous work by the author. The book is written with moderation and with an impartial spirit, though the writer is clearly in sympathy with the great martyr. He makes good use of Villari and other historians, but has the advantage over them, for American readers, that he is not only interested in the subject, but he is aware of the kind of interest which his readers will feel. — The Life of an Artist, an Autobiography, by Jules Breton ; translated by Mary J. Serrano. (Appletons.) We reviewed this book at length upon its appearance in France, and are glad that it is to be had in English dress, for it is a delightful addition to autobiographic literature. Breton's enthusiasms at once win the reader. — The number of the Asclepiad for the Fourth Quarter of 1890 (Longmans) contains a long and interesting account of Benjamin Bell and his services in systematic surgery, by B. W. Richardson, who has a singularly vital touch in all that he undertakes. — In the series of American Religious Leaders (Houghton), Dr. James O. Murray treats of Dr. Francis Wayland, who, though a Baptist by conviction, cannot be shut up within the bounds of any denomination, however large ; for the habit of his thinking was continental, and not parochial. Nothing impresses one more, in reading this sympathetic study, than the ease of Dr. Wayland's largeness. His nature led him into fields of thought and action where a small man shows his smallness and a large man his largeness ; and the simplicity with which this moralist and teacher made for the central thing in all the subjects he attacked is attested by the generosity of the results which he reached. — An Address Commemorative of Richard Henry Mather, professor of Greek in Amherst College, by Professor Henry Allyn Frink. An interesting and affectionate analysis of a man who had wide interests, and was indeed a pioneer in a direction which is common enough now in our colleges, but was not at all common when Dr. Mather conceived the notion of enriching college life by collecting casts of Greek sculpture. The generosity of his nature will not soon be forgotten by those who knew him.

Books for the Young. Thine, not Mine, a Sequel to Changing Base, by William Everett. (Roberts.) A capital book for boys and girls ; capital because its manly lesson of unselfishness is presented frankly, but not priggishly, and because the type of family life set forth is sterling New England. The author constantly interjects also telling little shots at the weaknesses of boys and girls, which will be felt by them and appreciated by their elders. — A Lost Jewel, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. (Lee & Shepard.) A bright little story, in which a slight improbability is made the basis of some adventure, but of more lively, playful crisscrossing of a family of children with a well-drawn grandmother. It is not always that we find Mrs. Spofford so natural and simple as she is in this book. — Freedom Triumphant, the Fourth Period of the War of the Rebellion, from September, 1864, to its Close, by Charles Carleton Coffin. (Harpers.) The opening of the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley is the starting-point of the narrative, and once in motion the author keeps on in his hearty, sometimes headlong fashion to the end of his story. He mingles personal experience with historic incident, and thus personally conducts the reader. He has a commendable way of placing at the close of each chapter a list of the authorities to which he has referred. If Mr. Coffin's style is both journalistic and highly accented, one only wonders that he can keep his pace so well as he does. — Through Magic Glasses, a Sequel to The Fairyland of Science, by Arabella B. Buckley. (Appleton.) The glasses are the lenses which make the telescope and microscope ; the spectroscope, also, and the photo-camera, with their wonderful disclosures, are brought into use. The reader need not fear any

fantastic apparatus of fairy or spectre. The book is simply a clear, animated, and most attractive introduction to the study both of astronomy and of the lower forms of life. — The Silver Caves, a Mining Story, by Ernest Ingersoll. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A story of adventure, with no end of frontier excitement, and of course a stunning success at the end. We make haste to get upon another book, for we begin to find our English getting careless. — The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Games and Sports, by John D. Champlin, Jr., and Arthur E. Bostwick. (Holt.) Eight hundred double-columned pages, full of descriptive illustrations, and so brought to date that the noble game of Tiddledy Winks has more than a column. We object seriously to one of the rules : "A player may not intentionally cover any of his opponent's counters." Why, the snap is taken out of the game when one can cover accidentally only. There is not much waste of space in giving the antiquities and curiosities and derivations of games. Let scholars and quibblers find the origin of cat's-cradle ; it is enough for our Cyclopædia that it gives intelligible illustrations of the successive movements. We are rather surprised that under Riding it is boys only who are considered. Girls need more instruction. — Under Orders, the Story of a Young Reporter, by Kirk Munroe. (Putnams.) Mr. Munroe's reporter has this advantage over some in real life, that his destiny is arranged for in advance, and is sure to be a fortunate one ; but then he was gifted with pluck, and the snobbishness with which he set out in active life was only skin-deep. The story lets the reader into the language of the reporter's business, and is no more misleading than is any narrative of active life wherein the writer selects character and circumstance ; but we suspect that the young collegian who takes it for his guidebook will exhaust its capacity for instruction or inspiration pretty rapidly. — In the Cheering-Up Business, by Mary Catherine Lee. (Houghton.) Mrs. Lee's story has the same qualities which made her former book, A Quaker Girl of Nantucket, so agreeable, — brightness, sympathy with young life, buoyancy, and a playful humor which is well under control. Her stories are both of them a trifle far-fetched in plot, but is not this very unusualness of incident a characteristic in keeping with the qualities we have named ? That is, since she looks into life with so much freshness of interest, is it not natural that she should concern herself to discover her characters in a certain waywardness of movement ? At any rate, whether one criticises her plot or not, one is very sure to be taken captive by her irrepressible good humor. — Captains of Industry, Second Series, by James Parton. (Houghton.) Twoscore brief biographies of men and a few women, almost all Americans, who have attracted Mr. Parton's attention by some special fitness for improving the world. It is interesting to see how varied are the occupations, how diverse the conditions, of life. The group has an added interest as illustrating the democratic character of American society, and the freedom with which individual worth has asserted itself, not in self-aggrandizement, but in impact upon the body politic. The book ought to set young Americans thinking.

Education and Scholarship. The Teaching and History of Mathematics in the United States, by Florian Cajori, is one of the recent Circulars of Information issued by the Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office, Washington), and far more interesting than documents of the same class have been heretofore. It is a little singular that a subject which one would suppose much more limited in its humanity than classics or history should have given rise to a report full of juice and richness. The personal reminiscences of Sylvester alone have a singular attraction, but the writer has derived from the history of the teaching of mathematics in this country a fund of interesting material. *O si sic omnes* who compile reports for the Bureau of Education! — Maroussia, a Maid of Ukraine, from the French of P. J. Stahl by Cornelia W. Cyr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A story of devotion and heroism such as flowers out of Russian despotism. The end is sorrowful enough, but the sacrifice which it records is the fit end of a most beautiful and significant life. Such a story of patriotic martyrdom is like a trumpet call. — Laurette, ou le Cachet Rouge, by Alfred de Vigny; edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Alcée Fortier (Heath), is one of Heath's Modern Language Series. A pathetic little story, with just enough manner

about it to make the reader feel that he is reading, not a bit out of real life, but a well-conceived piece of literature. The notes are full and serviceable. — Education and the Higher Life, by J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. (McClurg.) Although this book has eight chapters, the style in which it is couched intimates that the chapters were first lectures. It is a book largely of generalities, with which one can find little fault ; but now and then one strikes a passage which seems to cover a thought not wholly expressed. "What a sad book," exclaims the bishop, "is not that recently issued from the press, on the poets of America! It is the chapter on snakes in Ireland which we have all read, — there are none. And are not our literary men whom it is possible to admire and love either dead or old enough to die?" This is literary cant. Again, in his final chapter the bishop dwells with admiration upon the growth of the Roman Catholic Church in America. "It counts its members here by millions," he says, "while a hundred years ago it counted them by thousands." Yet how much of this growth is due to the expansion of the church over new territory, and how much to its reception of vast hordes of its members from Europe! He has, however, an interesting passage on the freedom of the church from state connection. — Landmarks of Homeric Study, together with an Essay on the Points of Contact between the Assyrian Tablets and the Homeric Text, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. (Macmillan.) Mr. Gladstone thinks that Achaian nationality supplies the motive of the Iliad; but if a poet is to be trusted when he tells his own intention, Homer seems to have had something to say on this point in the first paragraph of this great poem. The little volume is interesting not only for its somewhat desultory treatment of several large subjects, but incidentally for its illustration of the author's mind, which is marked by multifariousness rather than by critical insight. — Indications of the First Book of Moses, called Genesis, by Edward B. Latch. (Lippincott.) The signposts which Mr. Latch reads in Genesis may point the road, but the road, so far as the ordinary reader can see, leads into the jungle of apocalyptic dreams. — A Shorter History of the United States for Schools ; with an Introductory History of the Discovery and English Colonization of North America. With Maps, Plans, and References to Supplementary Reading. By Alexander Johnston. (Holt.) This book is not designed for younger readers than those for whom Johnston's larger school history was written, but is an attempt at a more compact presentation of the subject on much the same lines. It is, a hasty survey leads us to believe, fresher and better than the same author's former book, chiefly because it selects the salient points with better judgment. It has no pictures, not even portraits, which we think add to the worth of such a book ; but it has a great many useful maps, and its references to further reading are admirable. — An Elementary Latin Dictionary, by Charlton T. Lewis. (Harpers.) A most desirable book, since it may well lead teachers to discourage the use of vocabularies at the end of textbooks. The large dictionary prepared by Dr. Lewis is inconveniently large for the use of young students, but this volume, condensed, yet clear in typography and with good discrimination of letter, will tempt the one who uses it into a fuller and more comparative knowledge of words than he will ever get by the help of vocabularies. The vocabularies are conveniences, but they are only such; they fail to render the important service which such a dictionary as this offers ; for in ancient languages, as in our own tongue, words are living members, and even casual study will set the student to thinking, whereas the vocabularies suggest only that words are part of a puzzle. — The Bible Abridged ; being Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, forming a reasonably Complete Outline of the Important Events of Sacred History in their Proper Sequence, and in the Closest Connection practicable. For Families and Schools. Arranged by the Rev. David Greene Haskins. (Heath.) The selections are taken from the King James version, so called, and in the lessons from the Gospels the editor has made practically a harmony. Naturally, the narrative portions of the Bible are most freely drawn from, but there are a few selections from the prophets and from the apostolic Epistles, and a judicious use has been made of the Psalms and book of Proverbs. The book will be found a convenience by those who desire to use the old English Bi-

ble in school exercises, and have not the patience or judgment to make their own selections. — The University of Pennsylvania is doing a good service by entering the field of Philology, Literature, and Archæology with a series of monographs. The triple connection is not unphilosophical, and intimates, we suspect, that the strength of the series will lie, not on the æsthetic, but on the scientific side of literature. Two numbers have appeared: Poetic and Verse Criticism of the Reign of Elizabeth, by Felix E. Schelling, in which the sketch of the critics of that time of creation suggests many considerations for a student of to-day; and A Fragment of the Babylonian "Dibarra" Epic, by Morris Jastrow, which contains the odds and ends of a piece of verse painfully put together, and serving rather to elucidate history than poetic art. (Hodges.)

Literature. Lorna Doone, a Romance of Exmoor, by R. D. Blackmore, with a preface written by the author for this edition; in three volumes. (Putnams.) An exceedingly pretty edition of this unusual piece of fiction. The type is clear, the page well proportioned, the paper good, and the binding agreeably simple. The story is so leisurely in its flow, it lingers so over the charm of Devon nature, that it is entirely fit that it should be read in this liberal form. One may find Sir John Ridd a trifle affected at times, and may question also a little the art of a book when the story-teller, who knows the end from the beginning, narrates it as if he did not know; but Lorna Doone is a book *sui generis*, and evidently the work of love of a writer who is too careless and whimsical ever to justify fully the hopes he raises. — In the Footprints of Charles Lamb, by Benjamin Ellis Martin; illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove; with a Bibliography by E. D. North. (Scribners.) Of all the subjects which have been taken for the pious pilgrimage of loving readers, this is the fittest, because the personal element is sweetest and most exclusive. To follow Dickens and Thackeray is to keep company with the shadows of these authors as projected in their characters; to follow Lamb is to keep close to a person whose few inventions were thinly disguised images of himself and family, and who suffused all the critical and playful work which he did with the warmth of his own nature. Dr. Martin has written affectionately, and with a nice use of the tidbits of Lamb's correspondence and essays; he is, perhaps, a little too much of a champion, as if he were bound to resent even indirect Philistinism. The pictures and portraits are all interesting, and Mr. North has added to the value of the book by his carefully prepared bibliography. It is a pleasure to readers of Lamb to have so genuine a souvenir as this. — The Best Letters of Horace Walpole, edited, with an Introduction, by Anna B. McMahan. (McClurg.) The great collection of Walpole's Letters is here winnowed and sifted to excellent advantage. Nowhere else can one get so readily, and almost with the pleasure of reading fiction, so good an interior view of English life just at the most interesting period to American readers, and the comments which Walpole makes on American affairs frequently suggest striking comparisons. — The Best Letters of Madame de Sévigné, edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Playfair Anderson. (McClurg.) Another delightful volume of selections from a delightful correspondence. These graceful letters ought to do much toward preserving the ideals of womanly grace in an age which has the refinement of the writer, even if it has not the special style in which she wrote.

Fiction. The Crystal Button, or Adventures of Paul Prognosis in the Forty-Ninth Century, by Chauncey Thomas; edited by George Houghton. (Houghton.) This frank title-page at once advises the reader that he has encountered another of the systematic dreams with which the world seems just now to have waked from its restless slumber of the nineteenth century. One does not get far past the introductory explanatory chapter, however, before he discovers that he is not invited to an irrational guess of future civilizing expedients, but to a methodical projection of present mechanical thought into possible results. There is a deal of ingenious thinking that starts into action as soon as one sets out to press the Crystal Button. — Patience, by Anna B. Warner. (Lippincott.) It gives one an odd start to take up a new book by this author, and find the old story in new guise: the penetration of the village drama by the religious spirit, veiled under quaint phrase; the natural man with his naturalness set just a little on edge;

the fencing with language and the high purpose ; the strain for small effects ; and the frequent lapses into a familiar portrayal of familiar scenes and personages. — The fifth number of Good Company Series (Lee & Shepard) is J. T. Trowbridge's The Three Scouts. — Aunt Dorothy, an Old Virginia Plantation Story, by Margaret J. Preston. (Randolph.) A pleasant little tale, told with humor and grace. It is a pity that the pictures are not as distinct as the story makes the characters to the imagination. — Told after Supper, by Jerome K. Jerome ; with 96 or 97 Illustrations by Kenneth M. Skeaping. (Holt.) An amusing burlesque on conventional ghost stories, with ever so much sly gibing at the entire class of Christmas literature. The pictures are most of them possessed of the same drollery as the text. — Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist, by Albion W. Tourgee. (Fords.) The story and the sermon struggle with each other in this book, and the sermon gets the worst of it. Christian socialism easily furnishes plenty of material for zealous and indignant writing, and in a story book the rich and the poor meet together ; the novelist is the maker of them all, and it is not strange if he makes them fit his doctrine. But Mr. Tourgee cannot resist the opportunity of producing startling situations, and as it is he, and not his characters, at work, the result is a melodramatic story for any one who wants it, with but slight contribution to real Christian socialism on the part of the people in the book.

Travel and Society. London Letters and Some Others, by George W. Smalley. (Harpers.) These two octavo volumes, in large, handsome type, contain reprints from the frequent letters which, as correspondent of the New York Tribune, Mr. Smalley has for the past few years been sending from London. During his service in this capacity he has had the opportunity of commenting upon persons and events of historic significance, and it is not to be wondered at that he should wish to preserve from the wreck which all things journalistic suffer the more permanent part of his work. The selections are in good taste, and do not suggest scrappiness. On the contrary, Mr. Smalley's fluency is one of the agreeable qualities of his work. He is most successful in the portrayal of what one may call the superficial traits of society and persons ; his accounts, for example, of the Queen's Garden Party and of the discussion over international matches show him at his best. In his portraitures of persons he catches at salient points, and, though rarely epigrammatic, often hits off his subject with clever phrases. Beyond this not much is to be looked for. Collector as he is of the opinions of a cultivated set of people, and sane as he is in his general judgments, he does not impress the reader as a person of singular insight, and his book is hardly likely to make its mark as a valuable record of fleeting shows. — How we Went and What we Saw, a Flying Trip through Egypt, Syria, and the Ægean Islands, by Charles McCormick Reeve. (Putnams.) A flying trip may be taken by various kinds of birds, and each will see after his kind. Here are lands rich in all that tempts a scholar's, a poet's eye, but our bird looks at it all with something of a wink at the bystander. His breakfast counts for much ; now and then he remains serious long enough to give in some detail the scenes which he confronts without interjecting some *mal à propos* attempt at witticism, but the reader must be warned that unless he is in a mood for small jokes he will find little that is attractive in the book. Even the vivacity which might have told in animated description constantly suffers from this necessity laid upon the writer to take great things lightly.

Poetry and the Drama. Short Flights, by Meredith Nicholson. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.) There is a pleasing simplicity of sentiment in these verses, which attracts one pulled about by the straining poetry which chiefly has the field. The writer has a singular liking for dropping his voice, so to speak, at the end of stanzas. There is considerable variety of form, but a large number of the poems are characterized by this short line or couplet ending. — Dreamy Hours, by Franklyn W. Lee. (Sunshine Publishing Company, St. Paul, Minn.) A small volume of sentiment, drawn chiefly from the poet's fireside. The writer has scarcely the skill to make his personal verse express a common feeling. — The Fruits of Culture, a Comedy in Four Acts, by Count Leo Tolstoï ; translated by George Schumm. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) An inextricable medley

of peasants, fine people, and spiritualistic performers. While one is untangling the knots he forgets what the story is about, and when searching for the story he falls into helpless confusion over the people.

Art. It is interesting to find in L'Art for 15 December (Macmillan) an etching from Henry Bacon's painting, A Christmas Breakfast. Other full-page designs are L'Éloquence, from Paul Veronese's picture in the museum at Lille; and in the number for 1 January an etching by Quarante of L'Age d'Or, by Ch. Chaplin, an extremely rich, sumptuous head, yet neither voluptuous nor haughty, which is placed over against Le Retour des Champs, by Millet, — an unwitting contrast, apparently, for the contrast is not only in subject, but in treatment, and Chaplin, who began as a disciple of the Barbizon school, died its enemy.

History. Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the year 1889. (Government Printing Office.) The attachment of the Historical Association by a very slender tie to the Smithsonian Institution gives the advantage to the society that it can get its printing done for nothing, but it is a pity that it could not at the same time have bestowed a little grace on the Government Printing Office; for though really good printing can be done at Washington, really tasteless work is done, as in the case of this unattractive report, which contains President Adams's Inaugural Address, Mr. Schouler's The Spirit of Historical Research, Dr. Goode's curious monograph on The Origin of the National Scientific and Educational Institutions of the United States, and Mr. Paul Ford's Bibliography of the published works of members of the association, which strikes us as showing a good deal of hard work expended upon a somewhat arbitrary and artificial basis.

Science. War and the Weather, by Edward Powers. (E. Powers, Delavan, Wis.) An ingenious and interesting tractate, intended to show the strong probability that the use of heavy artillery brings on a rainfall, and carrying the proposition that the United States government should engage in a series of experiments with a view, if successful, to establishing a method by which drought may be overcome on Western farms. Surely here is the millennium, when not only swords are to be beaten into ploughshares, but it is to rain great guns.

Religion and Theology. A Washington Bible-Class, by Gail Hamilton. (Appleton.) A lively, fatiguingly lively, study of the Bible with reference to those parts which have been the cruces of criticism. The book purports to be in effect a record of talks and discussions led by the writer. There is a discursive character about the work which answers well to such an origin, and there are a good many clever hits in it at all manner of weaknesses. Perhaps for some minds such a shaking up as it gives may be desirable, but we confess to preferring a treatment of great subjects which runs the risk of dullness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Lowell Offering.

In 1837, during the suspension of specie payments by the New England banks, I, being pastor of a church in Portsmouth, N. H., was a member of a clerical club, which had, I suppose, some regular name that has escaped my memory, but which in later years was called by its members and others the Railroad Association. Its territorial limits were at first Portland and Boston; but it afterward had members in Providence and New York. We met once in three months at one another's houses, at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, and, obtaining the use and free entrance of guest-chambers in the houses of friendly neighbors, we prolonged our sessions till a very late hour.

There was then living at Amesbury Rev. Stephen Farley, who had faded out of the pulpit by reason of exceeding dullness, but who was a very learned theologian and Biblical scholar, and to us young men made himself interesting by a rich stock of professional anecdote and reminiscence. He

had a keen scent for clerical gatherings of every kind, and, as ministerial etiquette then permitted, presented himself on all such occasions as an uninvited yet not unwelcome guest. As he was very poor, he probably had some little hankering for the luxury of a well-spread table, and he evidently had great enjoyment of the "feast of fat things" served for our spiritual nourishment, to which he contributed his full share. He walked wherever he went, and when he was to be absent overnight he carried his belongings in a cotton bundle handkerchief; for carpet bags were then in their infancy, and were possessed only by the few whose long-lived carpets had ceased to be serviceable except in fragments, — a bag made from new carpeting being an unheard-of extravagance, certainly among the clergy.

I think it was in January, perhaps in April, of 1837, that our club met at my house. Mr. Farley arrived in the middle of the forenoon, bore his usual part in our discussions, and attended the public service in the evening. When we returned from church, he asked me for an almanac, and as he looked into it read audibly, but hardly aloud, the time of the moon's rising. We resumed our conference, and continued it till nearly midnight, when Mr. Farley, at my request, offered the closing prayer. He remained standing, and as he was to lodge in my house I offered to show him his room. "No," said he, "I am going home. The moon is up, and I can walk as well by night as by day. I have important business that must be attended to in the morning." I remonstrated earnestly, and so did we all, but in vain. We had dark suspicions that his mind had suddenly lost its balance, and that he might meditate something even more uncanny than a twenty miles' tramp by moonlight. He put on his overcoat, took up his parcel which he had deposited in a corner of my library, and had almost reached the door, when Mr. (afterward Dr.) Lothrop placed himself between him and the door, and said, "Mr. Farley, I am a stronger man than you, and I will not let you leave this house to-night." Mr. Farley meekly and sadly yielded to superior force, laid down his parcel, took off his overcoat, and resumed his seat. Then said Mr. Lothrop: "You certainly meant to stay; for you brought your little bundle with you for that purpose. Have your feelings been wounded by any of us?" "No," said he, "you have all treated me with the utmost kindness." "What then can have possessed you," Mr. Lothrop rejoined, "to alarm us all, and to slight our host's hospitality, by starting off in this mad way in the dead of night?" Mr. Farley replied: "I heard you say at the dinner table that the Merrimack Mills are going to shut down on account of the hard times. My daughter Harriet intends to take the stage for Lowell that will pass my house early to-morrow morning, to seek employment in the Merrimack Mills; and when I learned that they were to be closed, I determined that I would reach home early enough to prevent her going." We told him to make himself easy about the expense of her journey, and I took him to his room. We then made up a comfortable purse, and Lothrop and I carried it to him and laid it on his pillow. He slept, I doubt not, the sleep of the just, and his daughter went her way. Whether the Merrimack Mills were closed or not I do not know; but she found employment, and my next knowledge of her was as the editor of The Lowell Offering.

During the several years of her editorship she was the most copious writer for the Offering, and her articles indicated not only superior culture, but literary talent, taste, and versatility that won more than approval — hearty admiration — from those best fitted to judge her work on its merits. The Offering had a subscription list of four thousand, which meant fully as much as twenty thousand would at the present time. It was in every respect on a level with the best magazines of the day. Its profits enabled Miss Farley to carry a brother through Harvard College, and to make generous provision for the comfort of the family at home. The work attracted no little attention on the other side of the Atlantic. A volume containing a selection from its articles was published in London in 1849, in one of the several series issued as popular libraries. At a much later period, my friend President Felton, in Paris, while attending part of a course of lectures on English literature, by Philarète Chasles, heard one entire lecture on the history and the literary merits of The Lowell Offering.

During the palmy years of the Offering

I used, every winter, to lecture for the Lowell Lyceum. Not amusement, but instruction, was then the lyceum lecturer's sole aim, and however dry he or his subject might be, if he only conveyed knowledge which his hearers did not already possess, he was listened to with profound attention. The Lowell hall — immense we used to call it ; it was one of the largest of its time — was always crowded, and four fifths of the audience were factory girls. When the lecturer entered, almost every girl had a book in her hand, and was intent upon it. When he rose, the books were laid aside, and paper and pencil taken instead ; and there were very few who did not carry home full notes of what they heard. I have never seen anywhere so assiduous note-taking — no, not even in a college class, when the notes might be of avail in an impending examination — as in that assembly of young women, laboring for their subsistence, many of whom in after life filled honorable, useful, in some instances conspicuous positions in society.

Are the daughters of our farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, who would scorn the thought of being factory operatives, doing as much for themselves, their families, the community, posterity, as was done by those hard-working young women of an earlier generation ?

Unreconstructed Loyalists. — Mr. Richard Grant White's incorrigible Tory grandfather, as set forth in Mr. Church's paper in the March Atlantic, reminds me of those historic spinsters, daughters of Dr. Mather Byles, who kept their rushlight of loyalty to the king of England still burning in Boston long after the sun of independence had risen and was in full blaze. Dr. Byles and his two daughters were among the few Tories of social rank who were shut up in the town during the siege of 1775, and the girls — for girls they were once — walked arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy on Boston Common, and never forgot that walk to the end of their unrepentant days. They lived then and till the day of their death in the family house on Tremont Street, near Common Street, and when republican noises rose under their windows they banished them by the recollection of the fact that once Lord Percy's band played before their house for their special delectation. Among the reasons reported by his daughter Catherine for dismissing Dr. Byles from his parish were "his friendly disposition to the British troops, particularly his entertaining them at his house, indulging them with his telescope," etc.

These two uncompromising relics lived, the one till 1835, the other till 1837, and entertained their visitors with whatever savored of antiquity, themselves being the most ancient of all. The bellows two centuries old ; the chair which had been sent by the English government to their grandfather, the lieutenant-governor of the province ; the envelope of a letter from Pope to the same gentleman, with commissions for him signed successively by Queen Anne and three of the Georges, — all these were scarcely so venerable as the spirit of the maiden ladies. One of them wrote to William IV. on his accession to the throne. The sisters had known the sailor king, and now assured him that the family of Dr. Byles always had been, and would continue to be, loyal to their rightful sovereign of England.

In the course of time the town found it desirable to pull down a portion of their house. This was too much for the elder sister, who died shortly after. "It was one of the consequences," said the survivor severely, "of living in a republic. Had we been living under a king, he would have cared nothing about our little property, and we could have enjoyed it in our own way as long as we lived. But there is one comfort, that not a creature in the States will be any better for what we shall leave behind us." They had taken good care that their property should go to relatives living away from the hated republic.

A Street Drama seen from the Stage. — The comforting thought that the most ugly and commonplace stretches of life — like the most barren phases of nature — always possess innumerable touches of beauty is most frequently brought home to me by the children in grimy city streets. Not that they are often visions of loveliness. I do not haunt the Italian quarter, and nowhere else should I expect a predominance of beauty; but still I have a whole gallery of precious little portraits in my memory that I have accumulated one by one out of the usual material that the streets, oftenest the poor streets, spread before one ; and though they are very minute, very "unimportant" from the

picture dealer's point of view, yet I find them, against their ugly backgrounds, possessed of a special and touching grace. To tell about children one peculiarly needs the help of the voice and of pantomime, but let me try what I can do toward translating two or three tiny scenes into the mere symbols of language.

There were the half dozen little girls — very small, but not babies, the oldest perhaps eight — whom, one raw, gray March Sunday, I saw sitting on the inhospitable steps of a gloomy closed business building down town. Why had that unshepherded flock settled there, of all places? It was a cross-street; there were very few people going by. It must have been a dreary tenement house indeed from which, on such a day, this bare place offered a refuge. I suppose a few people, going to and from a ferry, were their entertainers; for, as you will see, it was to feast on the passers-by that they were there. As I approached, they were gabbling, but softly, with their heads all together, and turned from me toward some retreating feminine figure; but when one looked my way, she set up a mysterious little wild cackle, whereupon all attention and much excitement were centred upon my modest person, and (my vanity expands delightfully now with the recollection) from the first observer I caught, in the loudest and most gleeful of undertones, the words, "That 's me! That 's me!" Then, lowering her voice, with a note of awe, "Oh, see, see! Silk! silk!" and the small blue grimy hands smoothed automatically her own ragged frock, while, in a trance of rapture, she gazed at mine, where, after all, I remember with still poignant regret, only a very humble portion of silk was visible. They were "choosing," you see, as I used to from fashion plates, and were utterly oblivious of my existence other than as a lovely vision sent for their delight; and what a thing it is for me to know that I have once presented such an aspect to fellow-beings!

Altogether a different note was struck by a good-looking ten-year-old boy, in shabby-respectable clothes; but if the little girls gave me my finest experience of flattery, I am not sure but this boy revealed to me the purest possibilities of soul-to-soul human intercourse. Yet words play so small a part in such intercourse as that that it is quite possible you may miss an atmosphere I would fain convey. I met him on a street given over to the smallest of shops and almost the cheapest of restaurants; a miraculously unattractive spot. It was autumn, and I carried a branch of flaming, splendid maple leaves. He stopped, as if the sight of them really took his breath away. "Oh, give me one!" he gently exclaimed, in a manner that was more than polite. It lifted our interview straightway into some rare, superhuman atmosphere, where perfect simplicity, the absolute accord of the outward expression with the inward feeling, became a matter of course. Unfortunately, this was not so becoming to me as to him. I said, "Oh, I hate to," but at the same time I began looking for the meanest little leaf I could find. When I had discovered and was presenting it, shame overcame me, and, torn with conflicting emotions, I said, "I know I 'm being horridly stingy." "Never mind," said my boy, in a big, masculine, comforting manner, "I know just how you feel." He smiled his thanks reassuringly, and we parted, never to meet again; and I went on my way with only the usual automata around me. I declare, I could write a sad little poem about it this minute.

For fear I should, let me turn quickly to the three giddy small boys whom I once saw being perfectly wicked in the same neighborhood. There was nothing sad about them, and I dare say you will have to use a mental microscope in order to discover anything about them. The incident is the tiniest imaginable, but it is not less than they were. They looked exactly like the most grotesquely diminutive pictures of street urchins in the comic papers. It was after dark, and the wild lateness of the hour doubtless played its part in exciting their zest for dangerous revelry. They sat in a row on a low doorstep, so low that their feet reached the pavement, looking as big as your thumb, and took their pleasure in making remarks of a facetious nature to and about the passers-by. I came along, with a foreign cap of somewhat unusual cut on my head, and out of a little gurgling nest of giggles an infantine voice piped, "Hi! see the cap!" I turned to discover my critics, and there they were, all helplessly tumbling against each other in Mephistophelian mirth. I stretched my

eyes very wide, as I gazed at them, and the youngest, who was the only one sufficiently self-controlled to be able to see anything, had a daring inspiration all to himself. He gasped like a fish in awe of his own audacity for a second, and then weakly sang out, "Hi! see the eyes!" and before the last word was fairly uttered tumbled over behind his limp companions in sin, overcome, like an "æsthetic" poet, with the bliss and terror of transgression.

The Uses of Placebo. — Not long since I was a convalescent, in that comfortable stage which takes an amiable and patronizing interest in the therapeutic measures employed to effect coy Health's return. In a professionally unguarded moment, and replying to my expressed conviction that the conspicuous flavor of a certain medicine was its essential element of efficacy, "No," said the good physician; "it is merely a placebo." So, then, the great factor of my cure, as accredited by me, had nothing to do with the cure. I had been the victim of an insinuating deception, and it had been thought necessary to deal with me as with the querulous child for whom the displeasing but wholesome remedy must be disguised! On the other hand, I asked myself, Why quarrel with that which indulgently might be counted as among the little graces of pharmaceutics, — as the final æsthetic touch given by the artist chemist to his studious concoction for my benefit? "I-will-please" had indeed ingratiated itself with me, and who could say that it did not have its own potency in the vague and spacious province of "mind-cure"?

With the rambling license permitted to the convalescent, I ran over some cases that seemed to have a near or remoter likeness to my own. Rather, first of all, I reviewed repeated instances in which I had myself been the patient successfully treated by the placebo method. What memories of childhood's tasks set by my elders, — tasks ingeniously flavored with play or dramatic impersonation! What vista of school-days tinctured with contests and prizes! Later on, what phases of experience rendered tolerable only by an adventitious sweetening with imagination! Did not Orestes call his triad of tormentors the *Eu*menides, and was there not honey as well as opiate seeds in the cake which the sibyl threw to Pluto's grisly watch-dog?

Socially, when reproof is to be administered, the use of some sort of placebo seems absolutely necessary. I recalled the admirable sagacity of my next-door neighbor, who, being much annoyed by the trespassing of school-boys, had the humorous and kindly tact to put her premises in charge, *seriatim*, of each marauding band or individual offender, and thus, by a dexterous appeal to each to keep the others in order, turned petty miscreancy into protective rivalry. Encouraged by the success of her example, I had, not long after, applied the same principle, with fair results; for, in a jostling crowd of hobbledehoys at the ferry-house, at the request, "*Gentlemen*, please do not crowd," there had been a considerate falling back, and a murmur of deprecation for their rudeness. I also remembered the pathetic case of the small dusky handmaid, who came to me in a flood of tears at the unkindness of certain white children. "They said I was a little black nigger!" "Well, but you know you are not," I answered, with less of reflection than of exasperation with her tormentors. But, sooth to say, the little handmaid dried her tears with an alacrity that could scarcely have been greater had my words effected a total annihilation of her color.

In conclusion, the illustration of the placebo principle that most pleased my convalescent fancy was drawn from a friend's reminiscences of travel in Spain. In that land of romance, the muleteer, when he has exhausted all the usual means of spurring on his rarely opinionated and resolute beast, drops the use of oaths and lash, and, in wheedling tones, begins to compliment long-ears by calling him a horse! Singularly enough, this flattery has usually the happy effect of persuading the obstinate animal to resume his journey. . . . Thus meditating, I fell asleep, and dreamed that a distinguished expert had found a placebo equally applicable and efficacious in all cases of social balking incident to the human family.

Elizabeth Pepys. — Those who followed Mrs. Whiting's account of Mrs. Secretary Pepys, in the December Atlantic, may like to hear something of her parentage and girlhood; derived, not from the Diary, but from the Life, Journals, and Correspondence (London, 1841), — a work long out of print. When Pepys was elected,

in 1673, M. P. for Castle-Rising, his competitor alleged that he was disqualified, being a Papist and having made his wife one. The Earl of Shaftesbury (Dryden's Achitophel) even asserted that he had seen an altar and crucifix in Pepys' house. Pepys wrote to his brother-in-law, Baltazar St. Michel, asking him to clear him from the imputation. The reply, given in full in the above-mentioned volume, has been omitted, or very inaccurately summarized, by editors of the Diary.

Elizabeth's paternal grandfather, Marchant de St. Michel, was high sheriff, not of Anjou, which would have been an important provincial governorship, but of Baugé, a town thirty miles northeast of Angers. The high sheriff's only son went to Germany to take part in the Thirty Years' War, and there, when just of age, turned Protestant. On his father's death he returned home, but found himself disinherited on account of his religion, everything being left to his sister. A rich uncle, a canon in Paris, offered him £20,000 if he would go to mass again, but the young man was proof against the temptation. Being "extreme handsome" — his daughter evidently took after him — "and of mighty courtly parts," he was appointed gentleman carver to Henrietta Maria on her marriage to Charles I., and accompanied her to England in 1625. A friar, however, noticed that he did not attend mass, like the rest of the household, and St. Michel — the plebeian name Marchant, answering to our name Chapman, had been, or was, gradually dropped [1] — met his reproaches with a blow. The queen dismissed him, and soon afterwards he married the daughter of Sir Francis Kingsmill, the widow of an Irish squire; and with £1300 of her dowry sailed for France to sue his sister for his patrimony. Captured by a Dunkirk corsair, and detained for some months, he returned to England, and settled on his wife's small remaining income at Bideford, Devonshire, at or near which Elizabeth and Baltazar were born. After a time, St. Michel, at the head of a company of volunteers, went to assist the French against the Spaniards, and helped to capture Dunkirk, which must have been in 1646, albeit Baltazar makes the date 1648–49, and speaks also of the capture of Arras, which had taken place in 1640. When peace was concluded, St. Michel rejoined his family in Paris, but was "full of whimsies and propositions of perpetual motion, etc., which soaked his pocket." His wife had made some wealthy friends, who embittered her against him, promising, if she would desert him and change her religion, to provide liberally for her and her children. Elizabeth was to be a nun, and Baltazar page to the papal nuncio. Accordingly, in the husband's absence, two coaches arrived; one carrying off wife and daughter to the Nouvelles Catholiques, an institution for converts, and the other taking the son to a similar establishment for males. (This, we shall see, was not the only time the flighty English wife took French leave of her French husband.) Elizabeth, then twelve or thirteen, was ultimately "deluded into the nunnery of the Ursulines," but had not been there long before the distracted father, "by some stratagem," says Baltazar, but perhaps by the information of Cromwell's ambassador, Lockhart, always zealous for distressed Protestants, "got her out and us all."

The whole family returned to England, settling in London, and at fifteen Elizabeth Marchant de St. Michel, as she was styled, married Pepys. The father was delighted with the match, and Baltazar remembered his remarking to Elizabeth that "among the greatest of the happinesses he enjoyed in his mind was that she had, by matching with you [Pepys], not only wedded wisdom, but also one who by it, he hoped in Christ, would quite blow out those foolish thoughts she might in her more tender years have had of Popery." Elizabeth's reply was that riper understanding and a Protestant husband had removed all fear of her tending that way any more. We may conclude that, though she sometimes pretended to be a Catholic, it was simply to tease her husband.

Whatever may have been the case in the first four years of his wedded life, Pepys, judging by the Diary, afterwards saw very little of his wife's father. With scant ceremony he unsaints him, styling him "old Mr. Michell," and his indexers follow suit;

[1] His father, probably the Captain Marchant attached to the French court in 1612, had doubtless added the name of a village in which he had property. Another Marchant, professor at the Sorbonne at the same date, may have been his brother.

so that we have to look under "Michell," at the risk of confusion with "little Michell," or "young Michell," a pastry cook who had married Sarah, ex-housekeeper to Lord Sandwich, Pepys' kinsman and patron. The dashing officer and enthusiastic inventor had apparently become prematurely old, and had lost all spirit. He had only £20 a year, half this pittance being an allowance from the French Church in London; and he was glad to rule paper for the admiralty, to make a little money. His wife, during her son's absence in Holland (he apparently returned with a wife), "pawned all the things that he [Baltazar] had got in his service under Oliver [Cromwell], and ran of her own accord, without her husband's leave, into Flanders." Pepys, out of pity for the old man, was more like a father than a brother-in-law to Baltazar, for whom he obtained first an appointment on the Duke of Albemarle's Guards, then the post of muster master of the fleet, and lastly the deputy treasurership of the navy, with £1500 for contingencies, "the whole profit to be paid to my wife, to be disposed of as she sees fit for father and mother's relief." With a dutiful son and a kind son-in-law, "old Mr. Michell" must have ended his life in comfort. We hear of his fetching Mr. and Mrs. Pepys to Baltazar's wedding anniversary. "A mighty pretty dinner we had in this little house," says the epicure diarist, who, however, was evidently fond of Baltazar, and thought his wife Betty "a pretty young thing, and amiable." It is amusing to read, under date April 25, 1666, "I come, to have my hair cut by my sister Michell and her husband, and so to bed." Yet Pepys obviously cared little for the old people, for in ten years he records only three or four interviews with them. St. Michel died about 1672, three years after his daughter; but his widow, though then "continually ill, and not likely long to survive him," was still living in 1674. The estrangement which arose, after the Diary had ceased, between Pepys and "Balty" prevents our hearing more of the St. Michel family, but Balty with his daughter attended Pepys' funeral.

May I add that the Diary was written, not in a cipher of Pepys' invention, but in Jeremiah Rich's shorthand, published in 1654, and already popular? Two friends of mine, though usually writing two modern and briefer systems, corresponded with each other in Rich's, which they had mastered out of interest in Pepys.

Not exactly Attendant Physician.

— Permit me space in the Club to give a mere sketch of a Southern gentleman. A type? By no means, for he is himself only, and only like himself. He is unique. He is a gentleman of the old school, a true blue "befo' the war" Southerner.

His voice is as soft, as deliciously rich, as Jersey cream. His appearance is handsome. His face is beautiful. His hair is tinged with gray, and falls in soft curls on his coat collar.

He and my father are cousins, both physicians. Some few summers ago, this gentleman had driven up from the village where he practiced his profession, to spend a leisure day, that rare thing in a good doctor's life, with his cousin and brother physician. As a matter of course, their talk soon drifted to "cases," especially to dangerous and successful surgical operations. It was a talk long continued, — a talk of wounds, cuts, shots, stabs, amputations.

My cousin's turn came to tell a story.

"You know of Blank, of our town?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," assented my father.

"He is a spirited fellow; he is in every way an admirable man," continued my cousin. "About four years ago he had a difficulty, in which he was terribly wounded. He was shot here; the ball went in just here."

Then followed further conversation about wounds, all in technical terms; then talk of treatment, in still more technical terms; and finally my father said: —

"He recovered, I suppose?"

"Yes. I am most happy to say his recovery was complete," was the reply.

"You attended him?" asked my father. "You were his physician, of course?"

"Well, no," replied my cousin. "I was called in only during the latter part of his illness. It — er — er — it was I who shot him."

The Intemperance of Fate.

— Luck and Chance (those two old inseparables of our common speech) treat us to some strange exhibitions of caprice as regards the least as well as the greatest affairs of life. For example, among other gifts and felicitations

of a recent supreme occasion, Benedicta was made the puzzled recipient of six sugar-tongs and an equal number of butter-knives. What she can do with each superfluous five of the above-named articles I know not, unless (delicacy forbid!) she takes suggestion from an advertisement to which her attention has been drawn, namely, "*Duplicate Wedding Presents Exchanged*," etc. Benedicta's dilemma is but one of the many instances of freakish and intemperate conduct on the part of Luck and Chance in matters of seemingly small moment. Such instances are more easily adduced than accounted for or even classified. Why, in our game of backgammon last night, should my gentle antagonist have thrown all the "doubles," I throwing none? Why to-day more than on some other day, in my journey about the city, afoot or in the horse cars, should I have been meeting continually the crippled, the dwarfed, and otherwise misshapen ones of the human family? Why for three successive mornings does the postman keep aloof, and then, on the fourth, why does his shrill whistle at your door announce the descent of a whole covey of white-winged birds from all quarters of your epistolary world? And why on one day do fine weather, your leisure and desire, with other favoring concurrents, bring no visitor to the house, while on the morrow (nowise propitious to such an event) does "All-the-World-and-his-Wife" come to see you? Neither can the little brothers of Walton, the weather, nor the fish themselves furnish an explanation of the fluctuating fortunes that follow rod and line and the fly. The sentimental searcher for four-leafed clover will tell you that in some random brief time, and within some unindicated small area, she has gathered more of these fairy favors than often in a whole afternoon's quest over the entire field.

These uncalendared seasons of dearth and plenty do not seem to be confined to the realm of the physical. What has the soul to do with those unscrupulous playfellows Luck and Chance? And yet it is one day (for no cause assignable by itself) all affluence, another day all indigence. I am courageous; then, during that dispensation of spirit, everything which happens contributes to courage. I am despondent and timorous; the same surroundings and incidents foster pusillanimity. But each condition, while it endures, wears a stamp of the absolute and immutable; and our spiritual sovereignty seems to be governed by a kind of powerful, unmeasured *vis inertiæ*, under which the affairs of the soul, if they are static, delight to continue so, or, if in violent motion, refuse to become tranquilized. "It never rains but it pours" and "Misfortunes never come singly" are proverbial expressions for the recognized strange immoderateness in the vicissitudes of outward current events, — expressions equally applicable to the flowing or ebbing fortunes of the spirit. But is it not a very human and general trait that, while we recognize the fitfulness and intemperance of Fate, we are all the time bent upon establishing a theory of libration between the excesses of Fate's behavior in each kind? In any reign of prosperity we suspect

> "The luck of Cæsar which the gods give men
> To excuse their after-wrath."

In an opposite state of things there is a disposition (not quite so positive and ready) to be consoled by remembering that "affairs refuse to be administered badly a long time." (Popularly, "It is a long lane that has no turning.") I confess to sharing the general prejudice that there must be an ultimate balance between the extravagancies of destiny. True, the precedents and examples set by the every-day chance of things do not teach us calm and even procedure. Acting according to the apparent teaching of circumstances, we should be yet more than we are creatures of abrupt and violent revulsion; and our moral weather would be of the sort ordained by an ancient sibyl of my acquaintance, who would have us believe that "after a very cold winter we always have a very hot summer, and after a very hot summer we always have a very cold winter," — thus giving an endless and unalterable succession of extreme seasons. Yet very many who have listened to her oracle have failed to detect a flaw in the logic thereof.

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THE BRAZEN ANDROID.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE figure on the threshold was the Paduan. A vague dread rising to a terror, inspired by his peculiar appearance, succeeded the moment's affright which his unannounced entrance gave the two friars. He was a man whose age it would have been impossible to determine, so strange a mixture of haughty youth and gray maturity was there in his general presence. In person he was tall and shapely, with so much majesty of port that even the majestic Bacon looked inferior in contrast; and yet, mysteriously confused with his august demeanor was a certain flickering air as of ghastly decrepitude, which made the whole seem incongruous and appalling. All that inspires homage even unto worship was in his bearing, but in it was also an indefinable element which would startle and repel homage in the very act of prostration. He wore a long robe of black silk edged with sable, and drooping in ample folds below the knee; and what was noticeable, while his legs, closely sheathed in high travel-worn boots of brown Cordovan, were strong and beautifully formed, they terminated in feet graceful, indeed, in their narrow length and suppleness, but so strangely lean, and their bones and cordy tendons so apparent through the thin leather coverings, that, what with this and with the down-curving pointed toes of the boots themselves, they suggested a morbid fancy of an ill-concealed hybrid of foot and claw. In his hand he held a black traveling-cap of a curious pattern, from which depended a trailing sable plume fastened by a single lurid jewel, a fire-opal, evidently of great purity and value. The whole character of his countenance was that of a mournful and supramortal but evil beauty. His forehead, surmounted by a splendid chevelure of curling coal-black hair which fell to his shoulders, was not only large, — it was enormous. Strangely, even fearfully developed in the region of ideality, — so much so that the protuberances of the marble temples seemed swelling into horns, while the whole front of the brow was only less powerfully prominent, — it gave an expression of overpowering intellectuality to the face itself which was terrible and painful to behold. A secret and supreme despair rested upon the colorless face like a shadow. A still, sluggish light flamed in the large dark mesmeric eyes, overarched by their black brows. The nose was aquiline, beautiful and haughty. The lips were wreathed with a superb and desolating scorn. The face was beardless, and the bold outline of the chin was the expression of an inexorable will. The whole presence of the man filled the mind with that sensation felt only after the passage of some unearthly dream. Such was the profound and learned Doctor Malatesti.

Bacon was the first to recover his composure.

"Welcome, my illustrious Doctor Malatesti," said he, — "welcome once more to England."

"Great thanks for your courtesy, my marvelous doctor," replied the Paduan, bowing so low that his obeisance savored of grave mockery. "Great thanks to ye both, my learned frères. I accost ye both, good celibates."

He strode forward two steps from the threshold into the gloomy light of the room, as he ceased speaking, and the door closed with a fierce crash behind him. The friars stood startled and terrified. Bacon himself, with his disposition to refer occurrences to natural causes, could not but feel the nervous perturbation which will possess the coolest mind when such occurrences assume the aspect of the supernatural. The supposition, however, that the Paduan had deftly shut the door with his foot, upon entering, instantly succeeded the fantastic impression that it had been closed by its own agency; though this in turn was dissipated in a vague sense of dread as, following his thought, his eye rested upon the taloned feet of Malatesti, and received the morbid suggestion their strange shape conveyed. At the same moment, a long moan of wind sounded eerily through the grisly gloom, followed by a sullen roll of thunder dying away in sluggish reverberations, and the rushing of rain. The friar looked up with a beating heart, conscious only for an instant of the dark majesty of the motionless figure before him; conscious the next instant that his eyes, burning with a still, naphthaline flame, were fixed upon Bungy, whose face was yellow with dismay. At once Bacon, with a mingled feeling of shame that he had suffered himself to be thus affected and a secret anger at the Paduan's behavior, controlled himself into calm.

"Good Doctor Malatesti," he said, with an assumption of phlegm, "this is my co-laborer, Thomas Bungy."

"I know him well," was the shrill reply. "He is as big as a cask."

The visitor's face was void of all expression as he made this strange remark; but whether in the remark itself, or in the tone in which it was offered, there was involved a contempt so tremendous that it wrought revulsion in the sturdy breast of Bungy, so that his dismay was suddenly overflowed with hearty rage. Nevertheless, he held himself in check, and with an air of indifference lounged down upon the settle.

"It is the effect of study," he said complacently, lazily eying the Paduan, while he nonchalantly played with his rosary. "Study bloats a man hugely. At least it maketh me big, while it causeth Frère Roger to wax meagre" —

"You came upon us without warning, Doctor Malatesti," said Bacon, interrupting the burly friar in the exposure he was making of himself. "How happened it that you gained admittance? — for I heard not your challenge at the portal."

"Truly," replied the Paduan, "I was spared the pains of knocking by your shapely servitor, who opened the door as I set foot upon the steps, and ran away on beholding me."

"Ah, the brute!" broke in Friar Bungy, his suppressed rage at the Paduan readily transferred into open manifestations against Cuthbert; "the misshapen varlet! Thus, Roger, doth he maltreat our visitors. By Mary, but I will clapperclaw him!"

"Tush, tush!" said Bacon impatiently. "Cuthbert is commonly faithful and decorous, and needs patience and kind treatment in his oddities rather than the discipline of your rude fist. Good Doctor Malatesti, I pray you be seated. Are you newly from Italy?"

The Paduan, with the mien of some dark emperor, seated himself in Bacon's chair, and, drawing his long rapier from its sheath under his robe, laid it, as if for convenience, on the oaken table.

"I am but just landed at St. Botolph's wharf," he said, "and am newly from Italy."

"Where lodge you during your sojourn with us?" asked Bacon.

"In the air," was the strange answer.

A feeling that the Paduan was indeed mad flitted through the mind of the friar; but, controlling his uneasiness, he affected to perceive nothing singular in his reply.

"You will be pleased to know, good frères," continued the Italian, — "you who are so given to dabbling in public matters, — that your antichrist, my beloved Pope Innocent, lies at the point of death. You start! Nay, even popes must die, — though fortunately the apostolic succession is secure. Fortunately, I say, for, whatever you may think, such pontiffs are necessary as blocks to the fast and far-going wheels of your De Montforts and Grostetes, who would fain roll the world on a track which would ill suit my political philosophy."

"Nay, good doctor," said Bacon, hastily interposing to prevent the explosion of English wrath which suddenly fermented in the sturdy heart of Bungy and flushed his large face, at the taunting speech of the visitor, "let us not bandy politics. Let us rather hold discourse on matters of science, in which you are a rare adept."

"My good Frère Bungy is, after the manner of the thirteenth century, a patriot," pursued the Paduan, with a strange laugh, evidently paying no attention to Bacon. "Ay, but 't is my doctrine that churchmen should not meddle in matters of state. There must be neither religion nor morals in politics."

"Then were politics irreligious and immoral," said Bacon.

"'T is a doctrine worthy of the archfiend!" roared Bungy.

"Then 't is a worthy doctrine," replied the Paduan, with a placid gravity of face strangely at variance with the devilish sneer of his voice.

Bacon warned Bungy with a look to remain silent. There was an uneasy dread in his heart at the aspect and manner of the Doctor Malatesti, which was heightened by the wild quality of his voice. The tones were grave, yet intensely shrill. Their shrillness was in itself startling and unearthly, and bore, moreover, a fearful incongruity with the still, mesmeric light of his eyes, the calmness of his enormous brow, the solemn, scornful power and mournful beauty of his whole countenance. The laugh, too, with which he had commenced a former remark was singularly unhuman. While it resembled in sound a piercing peal of mirth, there was yet no accompanying movement of the muscles of his face to denote any degree of humor. The voice alone had laughed; the face was cold and immobile as marble.

"To think," resumed the Italian, — "to think of such a fat frockling as you, Bungy, reforming what you call the abuses of the realm! 'T is marvelous. Reform! Can you reform yourself? Remake, if you can, what sire and mother and the life of man made you. Go to, go to! I bid you despair. Preach roses and live nightshade. 'T is the fashion and the fate of man."

"I know not what preaching roses and living nightshade may be," said Bungy angrily, "but I do know" —

"Preach against gluttony and winebibbing, and practice both continually," interrupted the Paduan.

"By my dame," retorted the fat friar, "but this passes! Thou saucy doctor, know this, — that happy is that friar who can get a taste at odd seasons of stockfish and ale! Meantime, bread of the coarsest and water of the well are the Franciscan's food and drink. Mine is scanty enow, by St. Swithin!"

"Oh, oh!" said the Paduan. "Hear him swear, and by that pig of a Saxon

saint! Resolve me this, frockling,—what did you dine on to-day?"

"A wooden table!" shouted the friar.

"Ay, truly, frockling; and what was on the table?" demanded the other.

"Barley crusts and pure water," answered Bungy stoutly, yet with a shade of meekness in his tone.

"Ay, truly," sneered Malatesti. "Your cousin the vintner hath a fashion of garnishing his board with barley crusts and water. Yet own the dinner you made off the better part of a calvered salmon, the pullet sauced with butter and barberries, the forcemeat balls, and the marrow pudding. Rare eating, Frère Bungy."

Bungy's face resumed its former yellow tinge of dismay. His fellow-friar, with a single glance at him, saw that the Paduan's account of the repast was the true one; and at this proof of what might be termed in our age clairvoyant power, and which was another evidence of those strange sorts of knowledge he had ascribed to Malatesti, a cold fear crept through Bacon's soul that the latter might, by the same mysterious faculty, divine the secret of the android. Or was the Paduan no more than some mad charlatan, aiming to confound them with knowledge he might possibly have gathered at the vintner's door or window?

"Rare eating, Frère Bungy," Malatesti continued. "And what of the drinking? What of the nine-hooped pot of mead you guzzled, and the spiced wine? Oh, see now!" and with one circular motion of his arm the rapier swept up in his grasp from the table, and down upon the huge breast of the corpulent frère. The flask was pierced, and Bungy's frock suddenly showed a widening moisture.

"It is my blood!" he roared, starting to his feet. Singularly enough, his first thought, no less than the alarmed Bacon's, was that he had received a wound.

"Yes," said the Paduan, whose rapier had already returned to the table, "your blood! See it! Smell it!" In fact, the wine at that moment was plashing on the floor, and its spicy fumes were diffused upon the air of the chamber. "I am he that degrades," said Malatesti in his awful voice, with his still eyes fixed upon the pallid visage of Bacon.

Bungy, shuddering through all his bulk, his healthy face grown flabby and livid, and his lips white in his gray beard, tremblingly drew the flask from his bosom, and, turning it so that the wine ceased to flow from the puncture, helplessly sat down, gazing at it, with a hoarse groan.

"It is wine I got for a poor widow," he snuffled presently, with a forlorn effort to maintain his self-respect.

"Hear him lie," said the Paduan, with an intonation of withering scorn.

Bacon remained silent.

"I am the apostle of despair," pursued Malatesti, his eyes still fixed upon Bacon's countenance. "I strip away the mask and show the man. Labor, labor to build the perfect realm; but the realm is made of men, and men are unchangeably bestial at the core. Wolf and snake, hog and harpy, are inextricably mixed in man, and virtue is nothing but a covering lie, itself the foulest vice of all. Despair, I say, despair! In this stripped friar behold the type of your De Montforts, your Grostetes, your saints and patriots, as they are within. Look to their secret hearts, their hidden lives: there hides the brute half of the centaur, man. Fair and white is the skin, but under the breastbone the hellpool rages. Oh, may it rage forever! Cheer, Bungy, cheer! The rest are like you."

"Doctor Malatesti"—said Bacon.

"Hear me," interrupted the Paduan. "Men are a base mixture, for flesh and soul agree not. But wise and great is the soul. Provide, then, to build the perfect realm by peopling the earth with souls. For what saith the schoolman? 'The soul is not man,' he saith; 'would it be man if joined to a body of brass?'

No, 't would be then the pure soul. Ay, and then 't would tell you how souls may people earth without these ruining bodies of flesh. It cannot tell you till it be shrined in some form which will permit it voice. It cannot tell you in the evil form of flesh, whose quality and motions suspend its spiritual knowledge. But in a form of brass it can tell you. Ay, you, a man, instructed by a soul shrined in an android, can then accomplish the conditions which will render it possible for souls to descend to earth and achieve all things, undarkened in their knowledge by this form of clay. Never from man can you thus be instructed. The soul is metamorphosed in man. Soul and the elements of flesh conjoined make man, the base, the vile, the brutal, the foolish and unchangeable reprobate."

"Doctor Malatesti," said Bacon sternly, "be done with this, I pray you. For these wild and bitter thoughts I care not, but your conduct" —

A crash of thunder broke his speech, and in the momentary confusion of his vision the imperial figure of the Paduan seemed to loom up darkly before him in the sheeting flame which lit the room as from a gulf below. The next instant, amidst the receding reverberations and the rushing of the rain, he saw that the man had risen to his feet, and was standing motionless in the gloom, the naphthaline light motionless in his eyes, his mournful features passionless and cold in the shadow which rested upon them, and the impression of ghastly decrepitude in his presence seeming stronger now than before, though, as before, unreferable to any trait of his form. The brave-hearted friar, though conscious that he was wrought upon by the weird illusions of the moment, felt their fullest power, and his soul quailed. Bungy, for his part, sat stupidly staring, utterly bewildered by what had passed.

"I am growing old," said the Paduan, in slow, wailing tones. "Long has been my term of haughty youth, — long, long, oh, long, — and men have been as I have wished them to be. Arts, laws, thoughts, religions, all I have withstood, nor have they shaken my empire. But the new spirit that rejects the dreams of the mind, and tracks effects to their causes in nature, and will make its highest ideals effects by its knowledge of causes, — it is born, it is born, and I am growing old!"

At these strange words Bacon shuddered vaguely, and a dark, mysterious, confused impression glimmered within him, as if not the Paduan, but another, had spoken. An utter suspension of all sound save that of the storm succeeded.

"It is well," said Malatesti, startling the silence with his piercing voice, and reviving the impression in Bacon's mind that the former speech had been uttered by another. "You would say, Frère Bacon, that I have dealt unmannerly. Be it granted; as ye are both Christian men, good frères, forgive me under the supreme law of charity. Say no more. How fares the android? See, I have taken such interest in your work that I have myself fashioned you the tongue."

Bacon recoiled aghast as the Paduan held toward him a model in gold of the human tongue, which he had taken from under his robe.

"The anatomia of this is perfect," pursued the unmoved Malatesti, "but it must be filled with a molten composition of mercury, brass dust, and sulphur, the proportions of which I will show you. It will then be ready for fusion with the head. Come, let us visit your laboratory."

Bungy started up abjectly at this imperative invitation, and moved to the door with the Paduan. Unable to interpose, unable even to think, Bacon followed, with his brain in a whirl. Through a door on the opposite side of the passageway the trio entered the sleeping-room of the friars, an apartment similar in all respects to that they

had left, save that its only furniture was a couple of chairs and two pallets spread upon the floor. A small iron effigy of St. Francis stood in a niche in the wall. Grasping this figure with both hands, Bungy drew it toward him. As if by magic, a portion of the oaken wainscot suddenly receded inward, revealing a dark vault, from which floated a strong aromatic perfume. A moment, and Bungy had lighted a torch within. Then, descending three stone steps, the others stood in the laboratory, and the gigantic friar, seizing an effigy similar to the other on the hither side of the wall, drew it toward him, and the wainscot closed behind them.

The flaring torch, projecting from a socket in the wall, dimly lit up the cavernous gloom of the vault, and threw a ruddy, glimmering light on its grotesque mechanical and chemical furniture. Huddled and distorted black shadows, like a herd of monstrous phantoms, continually moved and flickered on the floor and walls, with the flapping and wavering of the flambeau. At one side of the apartment was the forge, a raised reredos, having somewhat the shape of an altar, on which smouldered a dull fire of coals; and near it stood an anvil, with hammers, smelting-pots, crucibles, and other implements of the foundry strewn about. In the remoter part of the large space were rough tables covered with jars and flasks of stone and metal, glass retorts and alembics, in which trembled divers-colored liquids, and the various utensils of chemistry, together with a multitude of objects too numerous for a brief inventory. Around rose the rough walls, built of blocks of stone, and begrimed with the smoke of all the fires that had burned on the reredos for perhaps a century. The form of the vault was an oblong square. Its windows were closely shuttered, and the high, raftered ceiling, shrouded thick with shadow, would have been altogether undiscernible save for a small circular opening in a corner of the roof, called in the language of the time a louver, which served as an outlet for the smoke, as also for ventilation, though it hardly admitted a ray from the clouded sky beyond.

Presently a stranger object than any lent the place a new interest. Pushed forward by Bungy from a shadowed recess into the centre of the vault, and apparently rolling upon hidden casters, emerged a large square black pedestal, on which stood a shrouded form. In a moment Bungy had removed the covering and disclosed a large bust of brass, truncated above the elbows. The friar lit two cuneiform candles of yellow wax, which he placed upon the front corners of the pedestal, on either side of the image. Their quiet radiance rested strangely on the burnished android, whose metal features seemed to survey the group with a steadfast and awful stare. In remembrance of Malatesti, who had first suggested its formation, Bacon had moulded the face into a counterpart of the Italian's terrible and demoniac beauty, and the flowing locks of metal, which covered the head and fell to the shoulders, were no less an imitation of the curling coal-black tresses of Malatesti. But, though undesigned, there was in the expression of the android a still more startling resemblance; for the lips had been made partly open, and this, added to the stare of the blind, balless, awful eyes under the enormous brow, gave to the bright and terrible features an expression of living and terrific despair. It was a fearful intensification of the look which was secret and shadowed in the mournful face of the Paduan, but it was like a revelation of the true expression of his soul.

He had seated himself at ease in an oaken chair before the image, and his eyes were fixed upon it. No sound murmured upon the sombre silence of the vault, save the aerial and distant rushing of the river of rain. The quiet

light of the tapers shed a weird radiance upon his vast and melancholy brow, and served to deepen his expression of solemn and mournful scorn. Silently watching him, at some distance apart, stood the two friars; but the flaring torch, flashing and falling on their shadowy features, threw no ray of its struggling light upon him. He seemed to sit alone, enveloped in a supernatural, still splendor, rich and dim, stately and strange, from demon brow to taloned foot, in that great orb of wizard bloom; the android, a form of solid brightness, like an enchanted head of brassy flame, before him, and all endowed with the surrounding blackness. Only once, when a hissing jet spired from the resinous substance of the flambeau, and penetrated the magic sphere of light in which he sat, Bacon saw a shadow-play pass over his marble features, appearing to wreathe them into a dark and evil smile, and at the same moment that smile appeared to be mimicked by the image. An instant after, and his features, like those of the brazen bust, wore their usual immobility; but it was hard for the pallid friar to withstand the distempered fancy that a demoniac signal had passed between the twain. A vague sense of horror and alarm rose struggling for a moment in his soul, then sank down and was lost in spiritual gloom.

The silence of the vault was at last broken by the shrill laugh of the Paduan; and as he rose to his feet the flames of the torch and tapers licked downward, and the huddled lights and shadows of the place swayed and reeled in phantasmal commotion. Bacon glanced hurriedly at the louver, with a thought of the entering gust, and as his eyes rested again upon Malatesti the lights and shadows were still.

"Ye have wrought well, my masters!" cried the Italian. "Ye have wrought skillfully and well. Now hark to my directions, for, disobeyed, the spirit will not enter."

"The spirit, sweet Paduan?" faltered Bungy, visibly quailing.

"Spoke I not plainly?" said Malatesti, with withering hauteur. "Hear me. Within three days from the completion of your work the spirit will enter, and the android will speak. I shall be here, and in my presence you shall own, Frère Bacon, as I told you a year ago, that this work is not a delusion, but subject to the proof of experiment, which you so insist upon. But mark, great frères: ye must not sleep, but sit and listen till ye hear its first command, which must be at once obeyed. Failing of this, the spirit will rend the metal and flee from it forever. Long and sore will be your vigil, but great its reward. Now hearken to the nature of the composition ye must add to the android. But first take the image asunder, and let me view the interior."

Bungy shuddered, but, like one subdued to the will of the Paduan, made a step forward to obey, when Bacon stopped him by laying his hand on his arm.

"Abide here," he said, with solemn compassion, "and pray, Frère Thomas, pray fervently for this disordered soul."

Bungy stared wildly at him, but Bacon, without pausing, advanced, pale and calm, with slow and steady steps, till he stood in front of the Paduan.

"Doctor Malatesti" — said he, with sad solemnity.

"Enough!" interrupted the Paduan, his features cold and passionless, but his voice a furious shriek that froze the friar's veins, — "enough, I say! The android is without an organism. I knew it from the first. You have disobeyed me."

He strode away with haughty majesty toward the concealed entrance, and Bungy hurried obsequiously to the iron effigy. As the wall yawned asunder, the Paduan turned and bowed low, with his extravagant and almost mocking courtesy.

"Pray the black paternoster," said he. "I go."

"Farewell," said Bacon sadly.

"Farewell, sweet Paduan," added Bungy timorously, though in a stentorian voice. "May St. Francis the blessed attend you!"

"St. Satan attend ye both," replied the Italian, with another low obeisance.

"Blaspheme not, Doctor Malatesti!" cried Bacon sternly.

Malatesti made no answer, but, turning toward the entrance, waved his arms. A distant cry was heard, and in a moment Cuthbert was seen darting through the gray gloom of the outer chamber, shivering and gibbering, with the plumed cap and rapier in his hand. Malatesti advanced upon him as he came forward, and the idiot at once receded. Bacon, following, saw him move along the corridor in front of the Italian, till the portal was gained and opened, when the latter snatched his cap and sword and vanished into the storm, and Cuthbert, closing and bolting the door, stood still, with his back against it.

Bacon shuddered, but a great load seemed to lift from his spirit, and a blissful sense of relief succeeded.

"Cuthbert," said he, after a pause, "come here."

The idiot came at once, with his darting, zigzag motion, and his face wore its usual stolid and sodden expression.

"Cuthbert," said the friar, "stay in the sleeping-room, and open that portal to no one. Dost understand?"

"Haw," answered the idiot, in his weak, dissonant voice, "I understand. Shall Cuthbert unbar to Zernebock?"

Bacon understood at once that by the name of the Saxon fiend the idiot meant to designate the Paduan.

"Unbar to no one," he said, gently but sternly.

He entered the chamber of audience, and, taking from the cupboard a large drinking-horn, poured into it the remaining contents of the punctured flask, which Bungy had left upon the settle, and returned to the laboratory. The burly friar was standing in the flare of the flambeau, with his massive features pallid and bathed in a cold sweat.

"Frère Thomas," said Bacon kindly, "I judge not men by their infirmities. Drink this; it will do you good."

Bungy, much agitated, took the wine, but, without drinking, gazed fixedly at Bacon.

"Roger," said he tremulously, "I misdoubt me that this Paduan be other than he seems. How knew he of my cousin the vintner, and of my dinner, and of the flask under my frock, and he but newly landed at St. Botolph's wharf?"

"Tush!" cried Bacon. "Vex not your mind with idle fancies. How know you that he spake truly when he said he was but newly landed? How know you that he pieced not together his knowledge by seeing you at dinner through the vintner's window, and noting, as a conjurer of quick sight may, what was on the table, and further by inquiry as to the vintner's relation to you?"

"That is true, by Dubric!" said Bungy, with an air of great wonder, showing immediate tokens of recovery from his affrighted condition. "It is also true that, the day being warm, the window was open, and my cousin's dinner was laid in the room on the ground floor. Moreover, the vintner rose once from table, misdoubting that some one was spying us from one side of the window, though he found no one there."

"Truly the Paduan might have been there, and withdrawn at the vintner's coming," Bacon went on, half believing that this was the solution of the mystery. "Then, too, he might have noted the shape of the flask through your frock, as he sat before you. For the rest, his sorcerer's face and aspect, his wild voice and evil talk, and the gloom of the day oppressed our spirits, and compelled them, as it were, to superstitious fancies. I trust he will visit us no more. Much

learning, I fear, hath made him mad, and perchance he hath a madman's cunning. Let him pass. I mourn for him. Drink, Thomas, drink. The wine will comfort you."

The color had already returned to Bungy's face, and without more ado he tossed off the liquor, and with a sigh of satisfaction smacked his lips.

"It is well spoken, Roger," he said sturdily. "By my dame, I have been fooled rarely by this Paduan, and if he comes hither again I will take the hot tongs of St. Dunstan to him! Certes, he is a godless one, and speaks more like a follower of Mahound than a Christian. I have oft heard of the impious and unbelieving disposition of these Italian doctors of science, and he is one of them."

A flash of lightning suddenly lit the sky beyond the louver, followed by a hoarse roar of thunder. The friars stood mute, with their faces turned toward the android, which, with its rigid lips apart and its staring eyes set upon vacancy, seemed to listen to the long reverberations.

"'T is a fearful day," Bungy muttered, as the silence again descended, broken only by the noise of the rain.

"Ay," responded Bacon, starting from his attentive attitude. "Thomas, I am sorry the Paduan saw the android. It should not have been. But at that moment I could not interpose, and — no matter; it is beyond help now. Come, let me show you the passage whereof I spoke."

Going to the opposite wall, he raised a step-ladder against it, while Bungy, having closed the entrance, on the other side, took the torch from its socket and followed him.

"Come up the ladder," said Bacon, who was already within two steps of the top.

The ladder was very broad, and Bungy, ascending as he was bidden, stood by the other friar's side.

"See you anything unusual in the wall to your right?" asked Bacon.

Bungy moved the flambeau over the surface of the rough, smoke-begrimed stones, irregular in form, but, save that the mortar had fallen out from the narrow and jagged interstices where the blocks joined, as is common in old walls, he saw nothing remarkable, and said so.

"But note this," said Bacon, directing his attention to a small rough block directly in front of him.

"Well," replied Bungy after a long pause, "I note a stone. What of it?"

Bacon rapped it with his knuckles. To Bungy's great amazement, the stone gave back the sound of wood. He rapped the block next to it, but that was really a stone, and so were the others immediately around it.

"Now mark," said Bacon.

He pressed with both hands and with considerable force on the block. It sank inward about four inches.

"Swithin! but that is curious," said Bungy, staring at the little cavity thus formed.

"Ay, but look to your right," said Bacon.

Bungy looked, and nearly fell off the ladder with the start he gave upon seeing that a heavy door, with irregularly serrated edges, cut so as to resemble, when shut, the jagged joining of the stones, had opened outward on his right from the wall. Staring into the considerable cavity it had disclosed, he noticed, by the light of the torch, an upright iron rod fixed at a short distance from the side wall on the extreme right, and supporting in sockets three staples at regular intervals, which were attached to the door, and served it as hinges. The door had but partially unclosed, and Bungy, putting out his hand, shut it to again. At once the sunken block by which it had been opened resumed its former position, and the wall its usual appearance. Full of wonder, the burly friar felt the door with his hand. It

was made of oak, its surface tooled into semblance of the ashlar-work around it, the imitation further heightened by paint, and increased by the stain and smoke of time. Bungy looked at it speechlessly, and while he looked Bacon pressed the block, and it noiselessly unclosed again.

"Now get inside," whispered Bacon; "but speak not, or Master Trenchard may hear you."

Bungy pushed back the door, and stepped into the opening, followed by the other. The secret of the block was then apparent. In a hollow on the left a thick crescent of wrought iron was fixed horizontally on a pivot, with the cusps outward. One cusp was attached to the block, which, when pressed inward, pushed out the other cusp against the door, and thus forced it to open. Closing the door, it pushed back the cusp, and restored the block to its former position. The wall itself was about three feet in thickness, and the space about four feet in width by six in height. The floor, though rough and serrated on its outer edges next the vault, was smooth with a layer of plaster for the rest of the distance up to the oaken wall of Master Trenchard's apartment.

Laying his finger upon his lip as a sign to Bungy to remain quiet, the friar stepped forward to the panel and listened. There was no sound within. Suddenly he remembered that the old silk merchant had told him that morning that he was to spend the day at a relative's, and thought he might venture to unclose the panel. Moving it very cautiously in its grooves till he had obtained a slight crevice, he peered in, and then listened again. There was evidently no one within, and at once he boldly slid back the panel, which moved noiselessly in the grooves he had previously oiled, and left in the wainscot a space of about four feet square. There was no one in the room, and the friars quietly stepped in through the opening, directly opposite to which was the bed, with its overhanging tester, where the king would lie.

They approached it, and, gazing for a moment at the open square in the carven frame of the wainscot, looked at each other with exulting faces. A common thought was in their minds, — a vision of that dead silence of the night when the king, starting up in the bed behind them, should see before him the brazen android of his dream, bright-shining, mystic, terrible, and hear from its awful lips the counsel that should grave itself upon his memory, and shape his life to its latest day. Then let the curtaining darkness fall, the pallid king swoon back upon his pillow, the hearts that beat for England beat on with fuller pulses behind yon oaken shell; for the best voice of the suffering land has spoken, the soul of the tyrant is shaken to its centre, and the era of a new triumph bursts like sunrise upon the realm!

Hark to the howling of the storm. Sullenly burns the flambeau in this grisly gloom, where the light comes brown and dim through panes of horn, and the furniture takes uncouth shapes that seem to watch, and shadows lurk in a silence that is too still, and yon square cave of blackness unnaturally yawns. Away, away! Softly over the floor strewn with rushes, which strangely rustle beneath the tread; softly and by stealth in at the panel, with chills and creepings of the blood; a moment behind it, with a dread sense of the still chamber it shuts from view; and out from the wall two pale-faced, gray-robed forms, flickered over with shadows from a tempestuous torch which flares redly on the grotesque gulf below. So down the ladder from the closed cavity, and into the vault again, where the yellow wedges of wax burn with a quiet sense of nightmare; and the awful android, staring between them with balless eyes and rigid lips apart, seems listening, in the hush of the black gloom, — listening, listening for something to come.

Hush, indeed! So deep a silence had fallen upon the place that it was as if sound other than the remote and muffled noises of the storm might never be heard again, — a silence by whose compelling charm the ghostly twain must mutely stand and listen, while the spectral herd of shadows quietly flit and flicker around them in the red tossing flame and smoke of the flambeau, and nothing else moves but the colored reflections of liquids in retorts and limbecs, dimly trembling in the murk beyond; till at last the spell yields, and the voice of the burly friar whispers upon the silence.

"A fear came over me, Roger, as I stood in that chamber."

Bacon looked at him for a moment without answering.

"I felt it, too," he said abruptly, in low tones. "But a day like this breeds fear."

"Ay, truly," responded Bungy. "'T is a gruesome day. Ha! Hear it!"

Through the louver the lightning shook bright and long, and the thunder broke like an ocean overhead.

"Come," said Bacon, as the reverberations died away, "let us to work, and make an end."

Hastily divesting himself of his gray frock, Bungy raked up the cinders of the forge and fanned them into a red glow, while Bacon, setting one of the wax tapers on a table which he had brought forward, placed next upon it a complex apparatus which he had taken from a closet near by. It was the articulating machinery of the android, and hitherto he had wrought upon it in the adjoining chamber, that he might be undisturbed in the severe thought necessary to its construction; while Bungy, with his genius for braziery, toiled at the casting of the shell, the moulds for which, however, the other friar had fashioned. In this age, when the experiments of Kempelen, Willis, and others have shown in detail the contrivances by which articulate sounds may be artificially produced, and when the exhibition of an android capable of uttering several sentences has completed the demonstration, it would be unnecessary and tiresome to describe the machine through whose agency Bacon aimed to subdue to England's welfare the will of the mean and froward king. It is sufficient to say that to the eye it presented the appearance of a complication of variously formed tubes of reed and metal, wheels, bellows, weights and pulleys, leathern bladders, hammers, plates of brass, and, in the centre of all, a toothed cylinder, on which the speech of the android was scored. It was all but completed, needing only the modification of a single tube; and on this the friar, seated near the table, busied himself, unmoved by the increasing fury of the storm. Bungy, meanwhile, having taken the android from its pedestal and laid it on a cushion on the floor, was constantly moving between it and the forge with little crucibles of molten metal or red-hot tools, engaged in soldering a piece into its back.

The unearthly had become more than ever the soul of the scene. Bacon, sitting apart in his gray habit, with the mechanism before him, the quiet light of the taper on his pale brow and slender features, appeared like some sad-faced wizard; while the lubber friar, in his close-fitting undergarments of white cloth, seemed some strange, unwieldy demon toiling at his behest, in the dusky glow which radiated from the forge like a red and misty dome imbedded in surrounding gloom. The dark recesses of the vault, the uncouth furniture glimmering unsteadily, the distorted shadows reeling and wavering to and fro, the sombre lights of torch and forge upflashing and sinking on the shaggy blackness of the walls, the seething of metal, the sighs and hisses of the foundry fire, the rushing and bellowing of the tempest without, — all lent the scene a wild and fearful interest. Never yet was plot for a na-

tion's welfare conducted under more forbidding auspices, nor attended with darker omens. Bungy, indeed, thought little now of what had passed, but in the soul of his fellow-friar the strange visit of Malatesti had left a sense of evil augury. The day had suddenly become like night to him, and into that night had slid a brief but ominous dream; and as one waking from a dream, with the night around him, longs for the coming of the day, so, and with such an oppression on his heart, longed he for the morrow. But the morrow was still far away, and the hours dragged slowly by, with ever-rising wind and raging storm.

Steadily, meanwhile, and in silence proceeded the friars' labors. The time wore toward evening, and Bacon had finished his part, and was absorbed in gloomy reverie, when his fellow-worker stood before him, with his large face flushed and his frock on.

"I am done, Roger," he said, drawing a long breath.

"And I," answered Bacon, his features lighting. "Now for the experiment."

He rose quickly from his seat, and, going to a distant corner of the vault, returned presently with a large sack of varnished silk, distended to its fullest capacity, with a heavy weight attached to one end of it, and a flexible tube of metal to the other.

"Ha!" said Bungy, jovially patting it, "here is our skin of inflammable air. Fire was his father and coal was his dame."

Modern nomenclature would designate the contents of the sack as carbureted hydrogen, or coal gas. Bungy had seen his scientific brother make it that morning. Without replying, Bacon opened the back of the pedestal and deposited the sack in the interior. The end of the metal tube attached to the sack was passed up through an orifice in the top of the pedestal, at its rear, and secured. The stopple was then taken from the tube, and over it was fitted another in the form of a curved rod, with a key at its lower extremity to regulate the passage of the gas, and at its upper a half circle of metal pierced for jets, and supported horizontally on its centre.

Presently the articulating machinery was fixed upon the pedestal, and the android was lifted from the floor and placed over it. A half hour was occupied in its proper adjustment, at the expiration of which all was ready. Bacon wound up the machinery by means of a key in the back of the image, turned on the gas a little way, and passed a taper over the half circle of metal which projected above the head. The lights were then removed, and in the dimness the awful front of the android was seen surmounted by a dotted arc of blue flame.

"We have it now," said Bacon, "as it will appear when erected behind the panel, just before unclosing. I will couch behind the pedestal to set all in motion. Do you stand by the panel, and when you hear a brazen sound you shall unclose."

He moved the spring in the back of the image which set the machine in operation, and then stooped from view behind the pedestal. A few seconds of breathless silence succeeded, in which Bungy, standing at some distance in front of the work, stared at it with his heart wildly throbbing. Suddenly a loud and hollow clang, like the sound of a blow on a brass timbrel, blared from the android.

"The panel uncloses," said Bacon in a sombre voice from behind the pedestal. "If the king wakes, he sees in the darkness a dim form under an arc of fire-dots. If he wakes not, he will soon."

There was a pause, and again the clang blared from the bosom of the android. Then arose a strain of solemn music, dulcet and wild and sad, the fire-dots slowly spired into dazzling jets of yellow flame, and the android stood out, awful-fronted, under that mystic coronal.

Bacon appeared, pale as a spirit, from behind it, and came to Bungy's side.

"The king sees and hears it now," he whispered.

Bungy did not answer. His whole soul was absorbed in that vision of an enchanted head on its black pedestal, from whence the wild and solemn music was proceeding. The melody, winding on in mournful mazes, ravishing in sweetness, gradually swelled into a long æolian wail, sad as the night wind wandering through the gulfs of air, funereal as the midnight voices of the pines; and, drooping from that sustained swell into a sweet and dying cadence, it merged with a heavy-sounding monotone, from which, attuned by that undercurrent of low, mysterious music into a strange harmony, a measured voice arose, hollow, distinct, and shrill.

"King of England, hear me."

The words, slowly chanted with a monotonous metallic resonance of tone, failed from the low murmur of music which still sounded on, and the petrifaction of living despair on the features of the resplendent android seemed to have changed to a look of austere and startled anger. A chill of dreadful pleasure curdled the friars' blood. The effect of the strange voice added to the magical presence of the image, in the gloom of the vault, was indescribably weird, and it was almost as if a supernatural intelligence had entered into the creature of their hands. Again the music swelled into a prolonged wail, and, sinking into a low dirge, again the voice spoke.

"I mourn for England. Hear me."

The dirge deepened, and, shuddering downward, ended in a sounding knell, and a sweet and solemn carol succeeded. Gradually diminishing in volume, it continued in a silver thread of melody, and again the voice.

"I counsel well. Hear me."

The continuing thread of melody rose to its full volume in the music of the carol, gradually melted into a golden and jubilant strain, and shook out proudly in notes of triumph. Increasing in movement, it changed to a stately dance, haughty, delirious, rejoicing, and lessening in tone till it became like the far-off sound of the dancers' feet dancing in joyous measure, when once more the voice was heard.

"Follow Sir Simon's leading! Obey me. Follow Sir Simon's leading! Obey me."

A sepulchral blare of brazen sound boomed hollowly at the conclusion of each sentence, and the music died. Bacon sprang to the key of the gas-tube; the coronal of flame went out, and the android stood obscurely shining from the dusky gloom.

"It ends here!" cried the friar, returning to his comrade with a step of victory, his usually colorless, calm face convulsed and crimson with excitement. "As the last clang sounds, the lights go out, the panel closes in darkness, and the king has seen his vision!"

"Ay!" roared Bungy, flinging his arms around the speaker with furious joy, and bursting away to bestow a similar hug upon the android. "Oh, brave andrew! Oh, brave Roger! Oh, day of grace! And thou, Harry of Winchester, — for I do *thou* thee, and *thee-thou* thee, thou varlet king! — thou shalt see thy andrew, thou spendthrift, and mark it well, thou thief; ay, and hear its counsel, thou bloodsucker, and abide by it, thou Jew! By St. Thomas à Becket, I do hope it may leave gray locks on thy pate, thou charter-breaking, coffer-draining Lombardy robber! 'Follow Sir Simon. Follow Sir Simon.' Well said, my brave singing andrew! Oh, rejoice, Sir Simon, rejoice, protector of Englishmen, — rejoice, rejoice, for, by Dunstan, you are good as king from this hour!"

And Bungy, ceasing from the mad gesticulations with which he had accomplished this triumphant ebullition, only delayed to whip up his frock and fall

a-prancing like a joyful hippopotamus. Up and down, to and fro, unheeding the raging war of lightning and thunder, wind and rain, which swept and bellowed around the dwelling, the paunchy friar went capering bulkily, his big legs swinging, and his big feet flapping here and there and everywhere, in the exulting fury of his ponderous evolutions, till, stopping as he did in a minute or so, he threw back his head, and, walking hither and thither with tremendous strides, proceeded to roar forth in a stentorian voice a Latin psalm.

Bacon, meanwhile, resuming his usual composure, though he carried a victorious heart at the success of the trial, busied himself in removing the remains of the sack of gas from the pedestal, and taking off the illuminating crescent. He finished in a few minutes, and approached the uproarious friar.

"Thomas," said he.

Bungy stopped singing, and, advancing, laid his huge hands on Bacon's shoulders, and showed all his teeth in a jovial peal of laughter.

"You are merry, Thomas," said Bacon, with his austere and gentle smile.

"Merry?" shouted Bungy. "By Swithin, I am merry as a lark! Merry as a man should be who has helped save England!"

"And I," said Bacon, — "I feel a strange joy of spirit. All has gone well thus far. But hearken. We have now three days before us. The first thing tomorrow, we must make contrivance so that the panel can never be opened again after we have done with it."

"Well bethought," returned Bungy; "for the king might send his carpenters to see if there be a passage there."

"He might," said Bacon, "though I have small fear of his doubting the supernature of the android. He is much given to superstition, and his strange dream will confirm that bent of mind. Still, let us omit nothing for safety. We must make ready to close the panel, and also build up the cavity. The stones for that purpose are those I have provided in yonder corner."

"You think of everything, Roger," said Bungy, with an admiring sigh.

"Then," pursued Bacon, "immediately after the king has seen it, the android must be removed, and buried in the pit we have dug under the floor. And so our task will end."

"And I shall go chuckle to see Sir Simon schooling the king," snuffled Bungy, shaking like a jelly with suppressed mirth. "Sooth, but I ought to be made a bishop for this."

Bacon smiled, and, going to the wall near the forge, took the flambeau from its socket, and returned.

"Lord! 't is fearsome foul weather," muttered Bungy. "Hark to that."

A tremendous explosion of thunder was sounding overhead, and as it echoed away there was flash upon flash of lightning, with the cataract pouring of rain and howling of wind.

"How the andrew seems to hearken!" continued Bungy, staring at the image, which now appeared in the red light of the flambeau, with its whole mute front as if intent on listening. "I have noted several times this day that hearkening look on its brass visage, which is too much like that Paduan's to be lovely. Sooth, too, I bethink me now that its voice is like his, also, were he to speak with accompaniment of music. That is curious, by Francis! And how it hearkens! As if" —

"Come," said Bacon, "cover the android, and wheel it back into the recess."

Bungy was about to obey, when a sharp cry from Cuthbert was heard in the outer chamber. Both friars started, and Bacon nearly dropped the torch. The next instant the wainscot yawned open, and the idiot sprang in. He was in the very ecstasy of terror, his sodden face writhing, and great tears starting from his wild bloodshot eyes; and as he danced about, in his close-fitting garb of

red, mopping and mowing in the light of the flambeau, with his thin misshapen limbs jerking like those of a puppet, and his shock of yellow hair tossing from the huge head set low between his hunched shoulders, he looked like one of those Libyan anthropophagi described so vividly by Herodotus. But his anguish had nothing of the monster; it was painfully human.

"Cuthbert, Cuthbert!" cried Bacon, starting forward with the torch, while Bungy stared, open-mouthed. "Peace, boy, peace! What is it?"

"Oh, my lord," shrieked Cuthbert, "time is, time was, time is passed, and he comes, — haw, haw! — and he comes, and I feel him, and he comes" —

"What ails thee, thou reprobate?" shouted Bungy. "Hath the fiend possession of thee?"

"Ay, the fiend, — ay, the fiend!" screamed the idiot; "and he comes, the Brass-Man, Zernebock, the Brass-Man, Zernebock, — he comes, and I feel him, in my head, in my breast, in my skinny right wing — coming, coming, coming, coming!"

And suddenly, with his yellow hair swirling from his head like a garment, he spun with great velocity on one foot, and springing, with the impetus of his rapid whirl, through the open wall, vanished.

Both friars stood like statues of horror. At that moment the tempest again broke in heavy rebounding roars, and amidst the howling and rushing of wind and rain they heard the unbarring of the portal and the keen cry of Cuthbert. Bacon was like one smitten with palsy, but an icy chill passed through his frame as he heard that cry.

"It is the Paduan!" he gasped. "Quick — away with the android — arrest him — he must not enter here!"

"I will strangle him!" roared Bungy, purpling with rage, as he rushed to the entrance.

At the top of the three stone steps appeared the dark figure of Malatesti, and Bungy, plunging against him, reeled back tottering into the vault, as though he had hurled himself against an iron statue; while the Paduan, without a pause, like one who had not felt the shock of the friar's onset, made but one step of the stairs, and coming with straight, swift strides, planting his taloned feet noiselessly but firmly, directly toward Bacon, paused at a short distance in front of him. His movement, though swift, had a certain measured and majestic cadence, and his features were locked in their usual cold, impassive, marble scorn. The black robe drooped with heavy patrician grace around him; the strange black cap was on his head; the sable plume trailed across his mournful brow; the red jewel which held it burned still in the torchlight like an evil eye. But not on plume or garment, nor on his ebon mane of falling hair, nor anywhere about him from head to sole, was there one trace of rain; not one sign of the wind that was roaring like a whirlpool in its tempestuous sweep around the dwelling; not one token of the flood that was deluging the streets of London amidst bolted thunder and sheeting fire! Nothing in his presence, at such a time as this, could have been so awful.

As he stood before Bacon, dark and grand, regarding him with still eyes, the pallid friar let the flambeau droop slowly in his nerveless hand, and in that lurid ray upstreaming as from the pit, and upcasting black shades where the lights were before, all things became hideous and unnatural. The friars were as gray ghouls topped with demonic skulls of white and ebony; the phantom majesty of Malatesti wore a black-dappled livid mask of Death; the android was a brazen demon, cavernous-eyed, bizarre with shadows, and with a look of horror and hellish joy commingled on its glaring features; and all around black mongrel shapes of shade sloped up the floor, or

loomed monstrously on the shaggy gloom of the walls. While heaven and earth seemed reeling from their centres in the tornado madness of the storm, the vault was a core of silence.

A moment, and the silence was broken by the Paduan.

"You have dared to disobey me!" he said, his voice piercing that face of marble. "Behold!"

He stretched out his hand toward Bacon, and in the open palm lay the tongue of gold. A cold disgust mingled with the affright of the friar, as he gazed upon it. Suddenly the Italian dashed the tongue to the floor, and it blew to atoms. Bacon recoiled at the explosion, and Bungy dropped on his knees, frantic with fear, and began to gibber his prayers.

"I am the lord of disaster," shrilled the Paduan. "Thus shall it be with yon android. I bade you fashion it in the interior likeness of the body, that Simara, the wise dæmon, might dwell in it. You have disobeyed me. Simara shall rend it."

"Vile charlatan!" shrieked Bacon, starting forward, and menacing Malatesti with the flambeau. "Hence, or I dash this torch into your face! Think you to cow me with your jugglery? Am I to be deluded by your fool's talk of dæmons and brass anatomy? Hence, madman or knave, or both, — hence, I say! Up, Bungy, up, and cast me this wretch from the door!"

Bungy did not seem to hear, but in a lunacy of terror continued to gibber his prayers. The Paduan laughed. For a moment Bacon stood irresolute, choking with exasperation; then, rushing past Malatesti to the entrance, he thrust the flambeau into a socket there, and returned.

"You have terrified my poor co-laborer from his manhood, but you terrify not me," he said fiercely. "Now go from hence, or I set upon you."

"Know you Master Trenchard?" asked the Paduan, with a cold and quiet countenance.

Bacon fell away a pace, and gazed at him. Thought and passion in an instant gave place in his mind to a whirling vacancy.

"The king is to lodge with him," the Paduan continued.

A terrible agitation flowed in upon the mind of the friar, but he controlled himself to appear calm. His first thought was that Malatesti had divined the plot. Then came a doubt, born of the habit of a scientific intellect, instinctively skeptical and averse to rash conclusions. He might only have uttered, madman fashion, at random what some one in the neighborhood had told him, and it was not a necessary inference from his speech that he knew more. Yet this theory of it was half shattered in the mind of Bacon as the Paduan again laughed.

"I go," he said, stepping back a pace, his form in shadow, and darkly defined against the light of the torch behind him. "Yet ere I go, listen. You disobeyed me because you doubted the truth I know for truth. Resolve me now the mystery of birth. Why forms and lives the infant in its mother's womb? It is because the soul has entered there. Why enter thus for birth the myriad generations of souls? Know you not the hunger of souls to be born? Know you not what well-attested histories and living men's experience affirm, — that in this hunger of souls for birth they will even possess the bodies of men wherein souls are already shrined, making them mad with the discord between the two; nay, more, that they will even enter chairs and tables, giving them motion and intelligence? And whence come these souls thus madly hungering to be shrined in earthly forms? Behold, the vasty deep of space is full of them. They float, they wait continually, — they wait for the conditions that will make their mortal

birth possible; they dart to their opportunities for mortal being. Well said the divine Plato that the air is full of men. Ay, full of men hungering to be born."

He stepped back another pace, and while a heavy peal of thunder resounded overhead, and the lightning flashed fiercely beyond the louver, he mystically waved his hands.

"Pray the black paternoster. I go!" he said in his shrillest tones. "Yet hear me. The souls that enter bodies suffer thereby suspension of their spiritual knowledges and powers, which are mighty. The quality and motion of the fleshly form thus affect them, though the human shape hinders them not. Here, then, as I have said, is the virtue of brass androids. Their shape, external and internal, being human, attracts souls to enter them; and these being neither flesh nor motion, the mighty spiritual knowledges and powers of the souls suffer no diminution. Lo! the mighty and wise dæmon Simara, obedient to me, would have entered yon android, and made you all-strong and all-wise with his power and wisdom. But you have disobeyed me. Ay, and you believe not in Simara. But you shall believe, and tremble."

Slowly raising his hand, he laid his forefinger on the opal in his cap.

"Aloft there, Simara!" he cried. "By the strong gem, answer me!"

There was an interval of breathless silence, and then from the darkness of the roof a thin, silvery voice sounded.

"I am here."

The effect was terrible. Bungy started from his knees with a hoarse yell, and staggering to the entrance fell down on the steps, where he remained, shuddering and gasping, with his ghastly face turned toward the ceiling. Bacon stood like one petrified, ice in his veins, fire in his brain.

"Descend, Simara!" cried the Paduan. "By the strong gem, obey me!"

A roar of thunder volleyed above the dwelling, and echoed away into rain-rushing silence.

"I am here," said the quiet silver voice, speaking from beside the android.

Bungy uttered a hoarse groan, but over the visage of his fellow-friar a flush crept slowly. The Paduan seemed to notice it, and his face grew dark, as if with passion, and his imperial form dilated to its fullest majesty.

"Enter the android, Simara!" he screamed, with appalling shrillness, stamping his foot, and waving his arm with the gesture of a king.

"I have obeyed you," said the voice, after a pause, speaking fiercely from within the android, as if in anger and agony. "But it pains me, and I cannot abide."

"Rend it, Simara!" shrieked Malatesti, with a furious and commanding gesture, swiftly receding, as he spoke, to the entrance of the chamber.

Bungy scrambled up as the Italian drew nigh him, and was crouching down against the opposite wall of the sleeping-room before the latter had set foot upon the steps.

"Hold, Malatesti!" shouted Bacon, dashing forward on the track of the flying Paduan. "Dost think me deluded by thy damned ventriloquy? Hold, I say!"

He caught up an implement of the forge which was lying near the steps, and bounded after the Italian, who had already gained the corridor. Reaching it himself, he saw him spring with an airward leap from the open portal, and vanish; and, aided by the sudden expansion of the black robe in the wind as he sprang, the horrid fancy flashed across Bacon's mind that he had changed into some black-winged monstrous thing and melted into the air. Passionately hating himself that such a fancy had entered his brain, even for a second, Bacon, without pausing, rushed after him. The rain was pouring in torrents through the

gray twilight, as he leaped forth into the street. But at the first glance he saw that the street was empty. Malatesti had disappeared.

Entering the house again, and barring the door behind him, he returned swiftly to the sleeping-room, with the rain upon his face and garments. Bungy was still crouching against the wall, in the dim light from the reflection of the flambeau in the vault, and feebly turned toward him, as he came in, a face flabby and livid, whose eyes, orbed with terror, showed their pupils in white circles. Too agitated for the moment to heed him, Bacon stood silently, with his nostrils quivering in the pallid rigor of his countenance. Gradually his anger settled into composure; wiping the moisture from his face and head with his sleeve, he approached the entrance, and, casting in upon the floor the forge implement, was just turning back again into the room, when there was a stunning crash, the vault filled with fire, and the building rocked to its foundations. Bacon staggered back, lost his balance and fell, reeled up again to his feet, all in an instant, and stood rigid, with a face of death, his brain tottering, and a dreadful feeling within him as though his very soul were rent asunder, and were rushing from his frame. An utter silence had succeeded that vast crash, through which was heard the pouring of the rain. The vibrating air was filled with a heavy sulphurous odor. Within the vault the flambeau was still burning, and the shadows were sullenly flickering in the ghostly gloom. Suddenly the friar sprang to the entrance, and gazed. One instant he gazed, and a horrible cry, like the shriek of a damned soul, pealed from his lips, and shivered away into the tingling silence. There lay the android, shattered to fragments, on the floor!

He stood motionless. But with that cry the weight of agony lifted from his mind, and left it utterly dark and vacant. He saw nothing, he heard nothing; he had neither sensation nor consciousness. Complete annihilation had become his portion. Gradually a dim, remote sense that slow ages had passed, and that another was slowly passing, a vague, uncertain impression that he had died long, long ago, and had become something inessential, floated, a mere filmy spectre of mentality, through the gray void of his brain. Then succeeded a dim apprehension that something had crept stealthily to his side, and paused there, and he heard a hoarsely whispering voice speaking near him, yet seeming to come from an immeasurable distance.

"The fiend Simara hath rent it!"

He heard the words without receiving their sense, but, slowly turning his head, he became aware that he stood in the dark room, on the threshold of the lighted vault, and, looking down, saw Bungy resting on his hands and knees beside him, like some huge, gorbellied brute in the likeness of a man, glaring up into his face with a distorted flabby visage, a brow wrinkled beneath its tonsural band of hair, and an ugly disk of shaven crown. A frigid thrill stole through his frame. With a touch like that of ice on air, his chill hand rested on his giddy brow, and he tried to remember what had befallen. Consciousness uncongealed, slowly, slowly, and trickling in like an ice-brook, welled up cold, still, and clear within his mind. He remembered everything. Glacial, torpid, mournful, the mental images arose in a trance of despair. It was all over. The long, patient, fervid labors of a year; the thought, the hope, the dream, the patriot's zeal whose soul was woven into the work like solemn music; the victorious result already on the operant verge of victory; the whole superb conspiracy for justice rising robed and crowned, and reaching out its hands in blessing on the nation, — it had all become involved in the wild *bizarrerie* of tempest

and gloom and omen, the shocks, the perturbations, the accursed apparitions, the fierce, unnatural concentrated life of the last few hours, and in one crash of flame it had shivered to nothingness. Rage on, king, whose sceptre is a wand of bane to England, thy lawless power unchecked, thy evil resolution unsubdued! Toil on, De Montfort, and vainly toil to blight and bar the ills that creep like grass and wind like water everywhere! Bleed, bleeding people, and rave and madden under ever-piling accumulations of suffering, till ye rise and rive with the red blast of battle, and the realm topples from its basis, and cold tranquillity sinks down on ruin and the ghosts of things that were! For it is all over. The power that would have essayed to roll back fate is a power no longer. All is ended and done.

He turned, icy cold and trembling, and, with a dull lethargic ache in his spirit, feebly wandered into the room. Bungy had crept back to his former place, and was crouching down against the wall, looking at him.

"The fiend Simara hath rent it, I say!" he repeated.

Bacon saw him dimly with misty eyes, and, striving to understand what he said, his mind received only an inapposite sense that not more than a minute had elapsed since the catastrophe took place in the vault. He covered his eyes with his hand, and endeavored to collect himself.

"I say the fiend Simara hath rent it!" gasped Bungy, hoarsely as before, but in a voice which had risen from the whisper to a low muffled bass.

"Yes, yes, I understand," faltered Bacon, with the most confused apprehension of what the other was saying; "the lightning smote in at the louver, and" —

A sound of gnashing teeth made him pause and drop his hand from his eyes. With a vague tremor he saw that Bungy had risen to his feet, and was huddled against the wall, grinding his jaws, and glaring at him from the dimness with a look of sullen and truculent rage on his livid visage.

This he saw, but in his bewilderment knew not what it meant, and stood helplessly gazing at the friar.

"Thou abominable sorcerer!" suddenly howled Bungy, plunging forward and clutching him by the throat. The shock of that assault brought Bacon to his senses, and, with an instantaneous revulsion of strength, he seized Bungy's wrists, wrenched away his hold, and flung him back to the wall.

"What means this?" he demanded in a low, intense voice, with his eyes burning and fixed upon the friar. Bungy did not answer, but stood drawing his breath hard through his set teeth. For a moment Bacon gazed at him; then, going into the vault, he returned with the torch, fixed it in a socket in the wall, and again confronted him.

"I had not looked for this from you, Thomas," he said sadly. "Why have you laid violent hands upon me?"

"Ach! Thomas! Thomas me no Thomases!" gnashed Bungy, frantically shaking his fists at him. "Thou vile sorcerer! Thou hast had commerce with the fiend! I know thee. I have smelt thee out."

"I commerce with the fiend? I, Thomas?"

"Ay, thou! Didst thou not tell me that he taught thee how to make the andrew? Didst thou not? Deny it if thou canst!"

"Frère Thomas, this is moon-madness. I pray you be a man, and hear reason. I never told you that a fiend taught me how to make the android."

"Thou didst! I say thou didst, and thou didst! In Italy thou didst learn it of him."

"In Italy? What! *He* the fiend? That mad scholar, sunken into the depths of knavery and insanie, that charlatan, that cheat, that" —

"Ay, brave it out! But well I know where all thy knowledges come from, — thy mathematics, thy burning-glasses, thy exploding powders, thy inflammable air, all thy devil's arts which thou didst persuade me were of nature, to the peril of my soul's salvation, and which thou didst learn of the fiend who walks the earth in the guise of a Paduan! Ay, and he taught thee to make the andrew, which may the blessed saints assoil me for having holped thee in, — St. Francis, St. Becket, St. Dunstan, St. Wittikind, St. Dubric, St. Thomas à Kent."

"Peace, Thomas, peace! You rave, you scatter foam on your beard. Peace, I say! What madness is this? Did I not upbraid this mad Paduan to his face? Did I not refuse to do his bidding? Did I not speed after him with the iron in my hand, to make him return and unmask his wretched cheatery? Did I not?"

"Did I not, did I not, did I not! Thou vile sorcerer, cease thy gibble-gabble! Ay, didst thou, and it was in thy pride thou didst refuse him, and flout him, and chase him; for thou hadst learned all his secrets, and wouldst set up to be the match of the fiend himself! Tell me he was not the fiend! Hearken to the tempest. And doth he not always come in tempest? Well I knew the fiend was abroad in the air this day, — ay, in the air, where he told thee he lodged; and thou saidst nothing, hoping it would escape my notice! Thou wretch! To deal thus with the soul of a Christian man, and a frère of the Lord's flock to boot! Ay, and did not the very room darken when he came in, and the door shut of itself, and the storm rage with thunder and lightning, and Cuthbert, with no more wit than a dog in him, know of his coming every time? Ay, and 't is well known that dogs know when the fiend is nigh, and tell it by their howlings."

Bungy gasped, overcome with the fury of his utterance, and Bacon felt an appalling sense of the difficulty of reasoning down this mass of evidence in the mind of the ignorant and obstinate being before him, whose whole superstitious nature had been roused into its fullest activity by the succession of weird coincidences, and by the aspect and actions of the Paduan. In that brief pause he called into review all that had been said and done for the last few hours, and saw that everything told against him. Yet he resolved to contend with everything.

"Hearken now to me, Thomas," he said solemnly, "for what I say to you is the truth, and I swear it by this cross."

He put his hand to his girdle to uplift the cross which hung at the end of his rosary. The rosary was not there.

"Ach!" yelled Bungy. "Thou hast made a compact with the fiend, and he will not let thee wear the blessed cross, thou sorcerer! Ach, ach! fie upon thee, thou foul wretch!"

"'T is false!" cried Bacon in a pealing voice, recovering from the stunning blow dealt his cause by the absence of the rosary. "Forbear your craven epithets, — thrice craven when thus bestowed upon me in my hour of utter misery, when ruin has fallen upon the work I wrought for England! I swear by the blessed Saviour, whose name no sorcerer, if such there were, could take upon his lips, that what I say to you is true!"

Bungy was silent, for the indignant solemnity of this utterance touched him even then.

"Hear me now," sternly continued Bacon, following up his advantage. "I have never dealt with any fiend, nor is that evil Paduan a fiend, and this I swear by my soul's assurance of salvation."

A rattling bolt of thunder split the air as he spoke the last words, and Bungy started furiously.

"Ach, ach!" he yelled, shaking his fists, "a sorcerer's oath, — a sorcerer's

oath! Thou swearest by thy soul's damnation, and truly it is assured, — truly it is!"

"I said 'salvation'!" cried Bacon.

"Thou liest! Thou saidst 'damnation,' and I heard thee plainly. Thou meantest to say the other, but the fiend would not let thee. Ay, and 't was his thunder attested thy perjury then" —

"Hear me, hear me, hear me! I said it not. I said" —

"Thou didst! Thou" —

"I did not!"

"Thou liest! Thou didst! And thou art in pact with the fiend!"

"Oh, hear me, hear me! He is not the fiend" —

"I say he is, and I do know it! Did I not see him no more than wave his arms, and Cuthbert came running with his cap and sword? Did I not" —

"And what of that? It was a marvel, but it has its cause in nature. Is it incredible that a man should have by nature the power to draw another man to him, when an ore of iron, as you know, has by nature the power to draw to it other iron? Hear me explain" —

"Explain! Thou ready-witted wretch! No, I will not hear thee. Thou wilt explain, too, that the fiend Simara rent not the andrew!"

It all rushed into Bacon's mind in an instant: the mandate of the Paduan to Simara; the almost immediate shivering of the brittle alloy of the image, as if in obedience to that mandate; and, beating down the half-risen superstition that a spirit had indeed wrought the ruin, the conviction that Malatesti had had prevision of the approaching catastrophe, and had turned it to his purposes. In an instant all this came upon him, and the next he firmly answered: —

"Simara did not rend the android. It was the lightning. There was no Simara."

"Oh, thou liar! Did I not hear his voice?"

"No. 'T was the Paduan's voice. It was a trick, — a cunning ventriloquy."

"Ach, thou sorcering liar, — thou Simon Magus! And the gold tongue which burst fire and vanished, — thou wilt say that was ventrilly, or some such word of Mahound, wilt thou not?"

"I tell you it was nothing but a tongue of metal, which he had filled with a detonating powder."

"Powder, powder! Prate not to me of powders. They are all of the fiend, like thy nitre and coal powder. Face me out that he was not the fiend, and he coming in from the rain as dry as a basket!"

"He had been under shelter. He had been standing under the covered portal, beyond a doubt. He had" —

"He had, he had, he had! Cease thy damned gibble-gabble, thou ready-witted varlet!"

"Enough," said Bacon, with despairing sadness. "Say no more. I forgive you. All evil happenings are as nothing to this; even the ruin of the android is as nothing. Well may I mourn the hour when the Paduan came here, since his coming has wrenched from me you, whom I loved not for any parts or learning, but for the good heart, faithful and true to me through many, many years, nor ever joining till now in the reproaches and revilings others, greater than you, have cast upon me. But I blame you not, and I forgive you. I forgive, too, him who has thus wrought upon you. May" —

"My good heart!" roared Bungy, interrupting. "My good soul, I say! Think of that! My good soul's salvation imperiled by its beguilement into thy devil's trap of sorcery! Dost think I will stay loyal to thee when I am likely to be packed into hell for it? By Swithin, but I will not, then! Dost think" —

"Nay, Thomas, speak not now in your anger. Wait till the morning, when you can think more calmly of this."

"Wait till the morning! By all the saints, but I will not wait at all! I will at once go hence, for it perils my soul to abide even to upbraid thee!" and Bungy immediately tucked his skirts under his arms as preparation for instant departure.

"Hold, hold!" cried Bacon, clasping his hands in entreaty. "Go not now. The storm is terrible. Wait till it lulls; then go in peace. See, I will leave you alone. I will retire to another chamber."

"I will not abide another moment under the roof with thee!" furiously bellowed the friar. "I will go hence, and I will proclaim thee everywhere as a sorcerer who sought to lure me to my soul's ruin!"

"Hear me!" entreated Bacon. "You have sworn on the cross not to betray aught of this ruined enterprise."

"Ay, and I will keep my Christian oath for the love of England, whose weal has been brought to wrack by thee!" cried Bungy. "But I will go hence, and proclaim thee as one who has had commerce with the fiend in the guise of a Paduan. And I will" —

"Hear me, I beseech you, hear me! Good frère, good Thomas, I pray you by the remembrance of all our years of peace, for De Montfort's sake, for England's sake, for the sake of" —

"Ach, thou viper, thou wretch, thou sorcerer, thou devil's commercer, thou abhorred, abominable, impious, unclean thing! Ach, fie upon thee, fie upon thee! and aroint thee, aroint thee! I renounce thée forever!"

He rushed from the room gnashing his teeth, with a visage like that of a lubber fiend in his rage, and in a moment the outer door slammed heavily behind him. He was gone.

For an instant Bacon stood motionless; then all gave way, — the chamber whirled around him, he tottered backward, a mighty darkness reeled down upon him like an avalanche, and he fell on his pallet in a dead swoon.

Life rewakened dreaming in the long ago. There was a sense that sleep had been deep and restful; an incorporeal lightness; a trance of coolness and quiet; fresh, still glimmerings; the world silently returning, peaceful and sweet and strange; the old heavenly innocence of childhood; the dewy early years at Ilchester; the tranquil, dark summer dawn. Bacon was lying in his bed, dimly awake, half conscious, as he lay with closed eyes, that his mother was bending over him, tender of the slumbers of her boy. A vague remembrance that he had dreamed she was long dead, mingling with the dim deliciousness of his love for her, melted into his luxury of repose, and, with a flitting sense of trouble, he sighed. His eyes were open, and his mind had gathered vacancy.

"Dost revive, Roger?"

It was broad day, and the morning sunlight lay aslant in the room. The words lingered, distinct and alien, in his tranced memory. Then he knew that he was lying on the pallet, and that a hooded friar was bending over him.

"Adam?"

"It is I," answered De Marisco, his voice sounding grave and kind from beneath his cowl.

As in a dream, Bacon felt himself raised to a half-recumbent position, with his head resting upon the friar's breast. A strong spicy cordial was held to his lips, and, drinking, he was revived. A few minutes passed in silence, and, lying with closed eyes, the memory of his waking vision faded, leaving him with the sad and world-worn heart of manhood, and the mournful remembrance of the dark events of yesterday in his clouded soul.

"Art better now, Roger?"

"I am better," he answered feebly.

How dim, remote, confused, was his sense of everything around him! It seemed as if he were tended by some kind phantom, whose voice and touch were the only things that linked it in

identity with his friend. He hardly knew how, but he was sensible that time had passed, and that he had drank again, and was sitting in a chair, with a sort of weak strength and the feeling of distance and dimness in his mind. The phantom was sitting near him, and he felt a strong, kind hand clasping his own with friendly distinctness. Then the grave voice sounded clearly.

"What hath happened, Roger? The miscarriage of the work I know, for as I came hither I met Frère Bungy, who told me a graceless tale. I bade him go seal his fool's lips, or look to it. Tell me what hath befallen, brother."

That which had befallen rested separate and definite in Bacon's memory, and, with an utter introversion of his faculties, he mechanically related all. Ceasing, he had a strange, dazed consciousness that he had been speaking, and that the form near him had listened silently.

"We have failed, Roger," he heard him say. "I grieve that you have thus suffered. But the wild night is now passed, and to-day is new and fair. Be comforted, brother. Time repairs all ill happenings."

There was a brief interval of silence.

"For the present," resumed De Marisco, "all is done. I will aim to silence this Bungy. Yet, should he talk, inquiry and trouble may follow. You must stay only for food, and then at once away to Paris. Here is a gift of money Robert Grostete bade me deliver to you for the work. That is ended. Use the coin, then, for your departure. I will take charge of the house, and acquaint the bishop of what hath passed. He will make good your absence."

Bacon mechanically received the small leathern bag the other placed in his hand, and as he did so a keen, forlorn sense of sorrow welled up within him.

"Alas, alas," he said bitterly, "is this the end? To think that we have failed, and failed from such a circumstance! Had not the Paduan entered then, the work would have been shrouded and removed to the recess, where the lightning would not have rived it. Thus ever comes disaster. This dark fool, this charlatan, this mad ape of hell, he comes, he arrests our purposes for a few moments, and all is ruined. Oh that the weightiest enterprises should be always subject to slight occasions! But it is ever so. Thus ever dies the good cause."

"Brother, the good cause never dies," said the grave voice.

"You are right," faltered Bacon, after a short interval. "I meant defeated."

"Brother, the good cause never is defeated."

Bacon bowed his head in silence. A thrill of strong comfort stole through the torpor of his veins; a trembling peace melted across his desolation as the dawn melts across a winter moor. Silently he clasped the hand in his, and the minutes mutely wore away.

"It is well," he said tremulously. "I will depart. Let me only gather up my few manuscripts, summon poor Cuthbert, and go. Poor Cuthbert, indeed! He was much terrified last eve, and needed comforting. How looked he, Adam, when he unbarred to you?"

He received no answer, but he felt the kind hand close with a tenderer pressure, and, looking up, he saw that the cowled head was bent low.

"Adam, what is it? Is not Cuthbert well?"

There was a solemn pause.

"Brother," said the grave voice gently, "he is well."

Bacon gazed at him for a moment; then his head drooped slowly, and he wept. A poor, uncomely, dog-witted thing, weakest of the weak, lowest of the low, but something that had loved him, something that was faithful to him, and with a dog's faithfulness and love.

"Is it thus with you, my poor servitor?" he sorrowfully murmured. "Rest, rest. 'T is better so. Ill can never come

nigh you any more, nor fear strike away the life that was so harmless here. Adam, I pray you see that he has decent burial. He loved and served me better, for all his darkened wit, than men the world calls his betters. He had been my brother's thrall, but I took the collar from his neck, for I like not that any man, however weak of mind, should wear the collar of a slave. So give him a freeman's sepulture, the money for which I will leave with you."

"It shall be done," said De Marisco.

They rose. A little while Bacon stood, sadly musing, and a light of peace dawned upon his wasted features.

"It comes to me now," he said humbly and dreamfully. "I have sinned, and it is well the android lies shattered. To make a king believe in supernature were also to spread his belief throughout the realm, and not even to save the land from tyranny were it well to confirm it in superstition. That were to relieve it from a great evil to curse it with a greater. Better fail of good by truth than win it by falsehood."

"It may be so," returned De Marisco thoughtfully.

"It *is* so," said Bacon firmly. "Welcome all suffering, all loss, all disaster, for through them has my erring soul been schooled, and I have learned the lesson that will never leave me. Yes, it is so. Through Truth alone we truly conquer. Only Truth's victories are true."

A few hours later, and the great friar had left St. Botolph's wharf in a ship for Paris, where he wrote the Opus Majus, his undying claim to the gratitude of man. A few years later, and Simon De Montfort had drawn the unwilling king into an alliance by which a reluctant royal sanction was obtained for the measures which broadened justice and freedom throughout the land. Not such an alliance as the brazen android would have achieved, — immediate, desired by the monarch, and potential with his active will, — but one in which he was passive and frigid, and one obtained only after long delay, when the hostile faction, under Prince Edward's leading, had grown to a power that plunged the land in civil war, and sent the great earl's soul to God from the dark slaughter of Evesham. But De Montfort's death sealed the strife for the charter. In the mind of the people he stood crowned with the sainted hero's gloriole, an image of fiery inspiration for the principles he lived and died for, mightier thus in his death than in his life; and from that hour the liberties of England were secured. For the good cause never dies, and it is never defeated. Its defeats are but the recoils of the battering-ram from the wall that is fated to crash in; its deaths are like those of Italian story, where each man cloven in twain by the sword of the slayer springs up two men, mailed and armed to slay.

William Douglas O'Connor.

A VOYAGE ON THE GRAND CANAL OF CHINA.

LEAVES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

In the spring of 1860, being at Shanghai, in the course of a voyage round the world, I was invited to join some friends in a boat expedition up the Grand Canal to the famous city of Su-Chau. This city had a great reputation for beauty and interest (being called "the Paris of China"), attributable, I

am inclined to think, in some degree to the fact that it had very rarely been seen by a foreigner. Lord Macartney passed through it on his embassy to Pekin, in 1792, by special permission, but no other foreigner is supposed to have seen it until 1857, when a few permissions were given, but soon recalled. My energetic friends were determined to make the attempt. True, there was a state of war with Great Britain and France, but the interior of China knew little of that, and we should carry the American flag, which the officials would know to be neutral.

Our party consisted of Mr. Walsh, of the American house of Russell & Company, who planned the expedition; Rev. Mr. Syle, of the American Church Mission; another missionary, Mr. Smith; De Lindau, a German *savant;* and myself. We had three boats, — one for the kitchen and the dining-room, and two for the passengers. Each boat had six oarsmen and large sails, which we used when there was wind enough and it was not ahead; for the Grand Canal is very wide, and its commerce floats upon it as on a large river. Our passenger boats were handsomely fitted up with sleeping-rooms and parlors, containing a small piano and bookcases with a plentiful supply for reading, to say nothing of backgammon boards, dominoes, and other lighter resources. Beside the oarsmen, cooks, etc., we had a superb Chinese butler, with long nails and slippers, and a private servant for each of us. Mr. Syle had been fourteen years in China, knew the colloquial language well, and, what is more, understood the people, and had a good deal of that address and diplomatic skill which tell more than anything else upon the Chinese.

We had a beautiful start-off in the evening, with a full moon, fair tide, clear sky, and exquisite weather. The river (the Yang-Tse-Kiang), the high-arched bridges, the crowds of gliding boats, making scarce a sound, gave the whole a fairylike air. At the first large bridge is a gate, which was closed, and here was a chance for the exhibition of Chinese officialism, — prolonged diplomacy ending in money and open gates. We sat upon the deck of our boat till midnight, captivated with the scene. If any one has not traveled in well-appointed canal boats, there is an experience of voyaging, with a charm of its own, with which he is yet to become acquainted. Your conveniences at hand and in a small compass, the perfect stillness of the gliding boat, the passage through towns and cultivated fields, with all forms of industry in sight, the absence of risk, the opportunity of stepping ashore for walking and little expeditions to places of interest or pleasure, and the leisurely habits into which you so easily fall combine to give this mode of travel an attractiveness of its own; the more agreeable from its contrast with the dust and noise of a highway, and the all but universal din, smoke, jar, and fury of steam by land or sea.

May 7. At the caucus of the five passengers this morning we settled our routine. We are to be called early, take a cup of tea and toast in our several rooms, religious service by the clergy, a walk of an hour or so on the shore, and breakfast at nine. Midday being hot, we keep under cover until four, when we have dinner. Walks again along the banks until the evening. Our first morning walk was very interesting, there being frequent villages close upon the canal, occasional temples and pagodas, and now and then a Buddhist monastery, many groves of trees, and the continuous fields of wheat, rice, and vegetables which mark the endless, untiring industry of this people. Verily, their industry is without pause or stint! Every square foot is under cultivation, and laborers are everywhere. How the manuring of the soil is attended to! They dig up the sediment from the rivers and canals, place it in pits, add to it all they can

get to make a compost, and spread it over their lands, which by this means give two crops a year, one of wheat and one of rice. They have floating mud machines, which dredge the sediment somewhat like our own excavators; but they doubtless had them centuries before Columbus sailed westward, — probably, as Horace Smith says, before antiquity began. At almost every house people are weaving cotton cloth by hand-looms, and sometimes in the open air, with warps thirty or forty yards long. There are numerous little pits in which they make indigo.

The frequent tributaries to the Grand Canal compel us, in our walks, to turn off into the country to find bridges; but we always find them, and not far off, and they are always of stone, high-arched, always neat, and often ornamented. These little deviations, carrying us into villages where we are objects of great curiosity, are very interesting and instructive. There are pagodas in sight, and groups of small stone gates and arches erected to the honor of persons who have been noted for learning or virtue, and especially to young widows who have refused remarriage. A bridge we passed to-day is called the "Bridge of the Literary Star," for the Chinese are grandiloquent. There are no windmills in China, so far as I have seen or can learn.

This easy traveling, going on day and night, brought us at last to the borders of Su-Chau. For several hours we floated through the suburbs, and at last halted at the great gate, made our boats fast, and held a conference as to how we should begin our assault upon the city. One plan was to take sedan-chairs, close them up, and try to go through the gate unseen. Another proposal was to keep within the cabins, and let our Chinamen try to take the boats through the water gate. But we came to the conclusion to try the open course of presenting ourselves at the great gate, and modestly suing for admission. Under the lead of Mr. Syle, with grave faces and an air of placid assurance, which he says is necessary with the Chinese, we approached the gate Yi-Mung. Two or three mandarins came out, we were stopped, and a crowd soon gathered. Mr. Syle was imperturbable and pertinacious, and exquisitely polite up to the highest Chinese standard, and got into a conference with the chief official, which resulted in our being invited into the rooms of the governor of the gate, which were built over it. The governor received us with great ceremony, tea was served, and a general conversation began, with Mr. Syle as interpreter. He soon discovered that the governor had been Tu-Tai of Shanghai during some troublous times, and had done good service to the foreign residents. First Mr. Syle skillfully informed us of the fact, and then asked us if we were not greatly pleased to pay our respects to so illustrious a man who had rendered such services to our countrymen. To this we assented, and Mr. Syle, with all the Chinese expletives, laid this tribute at his Excellency's feet. This was a master stroke; he was flattered and softened. To our first request for admission he had replied, with the extravagant politeness of his people, that it was impossible; the law was fixed and rigid. He wrung his hands, — it almost wrung his heart, — he all but wept, to think that he must refuse such eminent personages as we clearly were, who had traveled so far, I from the antipodes, expressly to see the world-renowned city of Su-Chau. This had no effect whatever upon the diplomatic Mr. Syle. He planted himself, evidently for a prolonged interview, and seated us all accordingly. Etiquette would not permit his Excellency to rise or otherwise break up the interview, and in this assembly there was no way of putting the previous question, so it seemed to have no natural termination. His Excellency, with bows and

smiles, inquired the ages, names, and occupations of each of us in turn, which Mr. Syle gave him, without diminution, I suspect, as to our dignities at home. With all the ceremony and etiquette of Chinese officials, it was singular that some part of the crowd was let into the room, and even offered opinions on the pending question; and we had warm friends among them. Mr. Syle reported progress from time to time, and said there were signs of relenting. How thoroughly Chinese was the result! His Excellency said that although it was true, as a rule, that no foreigner could be admitted, yet there was an exception which allowed the governor a discretion where foreigners, not more than five in number (which was just our number), applied before nine o'clock in the morning (which was just our situation), and would take a guard or escort with them (without which we certainly should n't have attempted to show ourselves in a city of two millions of people), and he would exercise his discretion in our favor. We thanked him profusely, and offered to pay for the escort. Oh, no! Two soldiers and a guide were enough, and his dignity would not permit us to pay. An intelligent guide appeared, who was duly instructed to show the chief places to these illustrious foreigners; and two *braves*, with big paper breastplates covered with heroic mottoes from the classics, and holding long spears, which they were continually twirling round their fingers, went, one before and one behind us. And, with mutual expressions of the best will and the highest hopes, we parted with the governor, who descended to the lowest step of the gate, and whose countenance was intended to express alternately, in equal proportions, delight at pleasing us and dejection at parting from us.

We were early, and the narrow streets, seldom more than six or eight feet wide, were not as thronged as I had usually seen them in Chinese cities. Our first visit was to an old, dim, smoky, pagoda-built temple dedicated to San-Tsing (the Three Pure Ones). It is four or five stories in height, each with its idols, shrines, and tapers. One great idol has the name of Shang-Ti, which, Mr. Syle tells me, the first Protestant translators of the Scriptures unfortunately adopted for the Deity, with somewhat the same effect as if the Evangelists had adopted Zeus from the Greeks. Our next visit was to the famous nine-storied pagoda. As we made our way the crowd increased, and as far as we could see along the narrow streets was a dense mass of skull-caps with silk buttons and long cues; and the people flocked to their windows and doors as we passed by. Probably none of them had seen a foreigner before that day. The pagoda stands in an open square, and before we got to its base the entire square was full, I may say packed with people. Our two braves had a good deal of difficulty in keeping off the crowd, though the crowd had no ill intentions. We were safe enough within the pagoda, for we paid two dollars for admission, and did not care to invite the bystanders. But from the temple there could be no exclusion, and the crowd pressed upon our heels even to the feet of the idols. Though some of our party tapped the idols familiarly with their canes, the crowd made no objection, and, though intensely curious, was well deported. The only danger was from the pressure from behind, which those in front might not be able to resist.

The pagoda is in good repair. Each story has its outside gallery, and there are inside stairs from story to story. The upper story gives a view of the great city and its suburbs. The suburbs are very large, and the walls on one side inclose extensive unoccupied lands, — some used for cultivation, none laid out for pleasure grounds, — mere wastes. On the city walls, which are high, in good repair, and moated, and

in some places ivy-grown, numerous banners are hung out and a few soldiers are stationed. The Chinese are not free from the vanity of writing names in public places, and the stories of the pagoda are scribbled over with names and sentiments.

We next visited the institution for the poor. It is not a house, but a district of small houses inclosed within a wall, and all under one rule. There are about a thousand paupers here, from eight to ten living in each house. The institution is a public charity, but I regret to report no drainage, bad smells, and very little care. The paupers seemed to take charge of their own houses. The prevailing diseases obvious to sight were ophthalmia and elephantiasis.

We returned to our boats for a late breakfast, thoroughly hungry and a little tired. We paid our guide and braves a reasonable sum: but soon down hurried an officer from the governor of the gate, scuffing along in his slippers, with his silk robes flying, shaking his head and wringing his hands in distress that we should have offered money. I had been so impressed with the diplomacy of the Chinese that I thought all this only meant that *he* had n't got anything. But no, it was in good faith, and we were obliged to apologize, and there was more bowing and smiling, and protestations of joy and distress.

After breakfast we went off again with our guide and braves through the northern suburb, which is built on both sides of the Grand Canal of China. This is beautiful, and goes far to justify the foreign notions of Su-Chau. The canal is wide, lined with trees, good houses, and pretty shops of every variety, with here and there grounds walled in, indicating the residences of the wealthy. The bridges are stately, always of stone, with arches high, mostly more than half circles, and canals cross the main canal, making a Chinese Venice of the city. A crowd pressed upon us all the while as we walked among the shops, but was almost always civil. There were a few cases of insulting words, but when Mr. Syle turned and rebuked them gently the crowd took his part. The most attractive shops are the flower shops, which are filled with dwarfed trees, shrubs, and flowers in pots. In most cases we were invited to the gardens in the rear, where the plants are growing. We bought some pots of flowers, absurdly cheap, to ornament our boat. The great number of these flower shops indicates the good and gentle taste of the people.

Lastly we visited the celebrated pagoda of Hu-Chau-Tah, — the pagoda of the Tiger District. The pagoda is on a hill, and the grounds are made up of artificial piles of rock grown over with plants, groves of trees, avenues of trees, plateaus of smooth rocks, stairs in rocks, rest-houses with wide roofs for shade, plats ornamented with flowers, and frequent houses for refreshment. At one of these last, which commands a view over the whole city of Su-Chau and the country for miles about it, we took tea, cakes, and confectionery, the simple and harmless refreshments of nearly all China, and ended with buying out a confectioner's entire tray for seventy-five cents, and distributing its contents among the nearest boys. The grounds of this pagoda are the favorite resort, by daylight and by lantern-light, of the people of leisure in this city, and Su-Chau is said to have more people of leisure than any other city of China. In the pagoda, in a dim, remote room, among grim idols, was a school of thirty or forty boys, all studying aloud different things at the top of their voices, under the usual half-starved, dejected-looking teacher of the lower schools, — the *désappointé*, no doubt, of a dozen examinations for higher degrees.

After a day of great interest and pleasure we returned to our boats, the triumph of having seen Su-Chau greatly augmented by the fact that it was a

pleasure of which we had very much the monopoly. After dinner, as we moved along the great canal, we sat out on the deck in chairs, smoking, talking, and looking at the never-ending varieties of boats, bridges, wonderstruck, gazing people, evening lanterns, lighted houses, and tapers burning in the niches for ancestral worship.

At about nine o'clock we reached a great gate which shuts across the canal, and through which there is no passage after dark. The universal rule along the canal seemed to be that in the great cities there should be water gates at each end and no night travel. But these obstructions were to Mr. Syle only new incentives for diplomacy. He took me ashore with him to find the custom house, which always stands near the gate. The amazement of these quiet Chinamen, sitting at their doors and counters, at the spectacle of two strange men, in such strange costume, with light complexions and hair and no skullcaps or cues, was too much for them, and they poured out and pressed upon us, until we were glad to find ourselves within the custom house. Here we found a high official, whose exact rank we did not know, but who appeared to have full powers. There was something extremely interesting and impressive in the aspect of this gentleman; for gentleman he was, if ever I saw one. He was young, say twenty-five or thirty, with a countenance of great intelligence, frankness, and gentleness, with every appearance of integrity, and a charm of manner which would have carried off the prize for politeness in any competitive examination, however cosmopolitan it might be, as we all said at last, after an evening spent with him.

He assured us that no boats not official could pass after the gate was once closed. The refusal seemed all the more decisive from its extreme politeness. But the countenance of Mr. Syle exhibited no discomfiture. Instead of moving off, he sat down quietly, awaiting a change of policy, and engaged the officer in conversation upon general topics of interest. The gentleman, whose name was U-u, inquired about Dr. Hobson's work on anatomy, which had been lately translated into Chinese, and of English works on history and geography, the names of which he knew, and some of which he had obtained at great expense and trouble at this inland city. Mr. Syle took his address and a memorandum of the books which he named, and promised to send them to him from Shanghai. Mr. Syle thought he had now advanced his earthworks far enough for an assault; and telling him of our distinguished party of learned men, magistrates and scholars, suggested the great honor he might do us and the great pleasure he would confer if he would pay us a visit on board our boat. He accepted the invitation with as much eagerness as etiquette and dignity would permit; and, bringing a small force of servants to carry lanterns and keep off the crowd, he was soon seated in the cabin of our boat. Cigars and wine were offered him. He took one or two puffs at the cigar and one sip of the wine, and when he was pressed, instead of saying that they were too strong for him, said he feared he was not strong enough for them. The conversation became very interesting. He was a scholar, a student of Kong-Futz and Mentz; had received high degrees, as the costly gem on his cap indicated, and was inclined to philosophic speculations; had read many English works translated into Chinese, and was eager for more. He confessed, or rather asserted, the superiority of Western science, and looked forward to its spread in China. He was dressed in the most costly silks, tastefully cut and arranged, and of colors so exquisite that we could hardly keep our eyes off them. We certainly could not keep our eyes off him. The effect he produced can be expressed by no other word than *charm*. He did

not overdo manner, as many Chinese do, and there was an appearance of more sincerity in his kindness and attentions than we usually give his race credit for. He scarcely moved in his seat. There was nothing approaching a hasty gesture or action, only an exquisite repose, yet his voice and face were alive with interest. He summoned one of his servants, excused himself for writing something on a paper, dismissed the servant, and resumed the conversation. Soon Mr. Syle, looking out of the window, told us that the boat was moving, but that we must not notice it. The spell of our visitor's politeness was upon us all. What was to become of our friend? The boat still moved on, but there was no interruption to the conversation. At last a servant appeared, made a bow to our visitor, and retired. He then rose, and said that this happiness must come to an end; that time had passed faster than he thought in such instructive and agreeable conversation. He took down the name and address of each of us, and hoped that something would give him the pleasure of seeing us again, though he could not suppose that we should think it worth while to revisit Su-Chau. It was clearly his purpose to leave the boat and get beyond the reach of our thanks before we should discover that the gates had been opened, our three boats taken through, and that we were nearly at the end of the suburb, with a free course down the canal.

We held a short consultation about money. We had been told that every official in China, whatever his rank or dignity, would take money, if not bribes. We had not found it so thus far, and to offer money to such a being as this, to do him that wrong, a being so majestical! We agreed that Mr. Syle should make him a speech, telling him that we were aware that some poor men at the gates must have been put to labor beyond their hours; that we could not think of leaving without making them compensation; that we could not find them, or know how to distribute it properly; and would he, might we presume to ask him to take charge of a small purse, and let some one distribute it in our name? But no; he detected the slightest scent of money, and the manner in which he waved away Mr. Syle and the whole subject was incomparable, I may say indescribable. He did not utter a word; but a look of distress, — I cannot say of even the slightest reproach, — a wave of the hand, a bow, and the immediate resuming of the conversation where it had stopped combined in the decisive result of humbled acquiescence on our part. We selected a few books from our shelves, Chinese translations, some of them, of the Gospels, which he consented to receive as a memorial of us and our visit, on the assurance that we could easily supply their places in Shanghai. It was raining and dark, and we were at a considerable distance from his apartments. His servants were on the bank with a covered chair and lanterns, and this delightful vision vanished from our sight. By his kindness we had saved twenty-four hours; for by traveling all night we reached the next large city in the morning, and prevented two nights of delay.

I have no time to carry you through the rest of our delightful journey with much detail. We visited many large cities, of from 50,000 to 200,000 or 300,000 inhabitants each, mostly walled, and many villages, temples, pagodas, and monasteries. After breakfast, the next morning, we stopped at a village, Wei-San-Tsung, at the foot of the famous range of hills, the Wei-San. It is a beautiful village, built upon an artificial basin covered with lotus leaves, lined with trees, and into it pours a stream of pure water from a stone aqueduct. From the village we ascended the series of hills, each having its temple. At the highest we stopped, and spent an hour or two in delighted viewing of the broad land-

scape. The cities of the great plain lay beneath us. A boundless plain it is, appearing to us, at this height, perfectly level, and green with fields of wheat and rice, and everywhere cultivated. No fences, no roads, no feeding cattle; but rivers, canals, bridges, and endless, endless fields of grain, mites of men at work, mites of boats floating up and down, and the whole studded with hamlets of three and four or twenty and thirty houses each, standing under groups of trees, and looking like islands upon a green sea. The industry, the populousness, of China have not been overrated. Large cities of 20,000, 50,000, and 100,000 inhabitants occur at frequent intervals, and villages like ant-hills, while the country is alive with laborers, tracking the boats, dredging for the muck-heaps, fishing, planting, transplanting, spinning and weaving in the open air.

The Grand Canal, in a long silver thread, runs through the plain to the northward; and there, just seen on the horizon, is the broader sheet of the great river Yang-Tse-Kiang; and out of sight, but not far off, lies the former capital of China, the southern capital, Nan-King, now in possession of the rebels, the long-haired men. That collection of white tents at the foot of our range of hills is the imperialist camp, the outermost toward the rebel lines. Bounding the whole western horizon, filling up a quarter of the circle, is the great lake Ta-Hu, its shores looking like the seacoast, with no land visible across its waters. The air is so pure, the day so bright, the view so limitless, that we can hardly leave it in time for our descent.

A large part of the village had started with us, dropping off gradually as we ascended, and now rejoined us, and we trooped through the village and the temple and to the walls of the tea garden, where the crowd seemed willing to leave us. The tea garden had the usual artificial rockery grown over with creeping plants, artificial sheets of water covered with lotus leaves and deep shaded by trees, rows of flower-pots on low brick walls, climbing roses, ivy-grown walls, grottoes, and little roofed polygons, in which were polished tables and solemn Chinese with pipes and teacups. On the whole, this village of Wei-San-Tsung is a choice place, — a place of retreat for people in good circumstances, and adorned and kept in order accordingly.

After dinner we drop down to visit the camp. At a handsome polygonal building with pagoda roof our boat is stopped, and our boatmen report, "No can," and there is a prodigious hubbub of voices on the bank, and a military mandarin, with pale-yellow button and peacock's tail, hurries down to ask how we can possibly think of entering the camp! Mr. Syle comes into requisition again, and succeeds in persuading the official that it is eminently proper that we should pay our respects to the chief in the big house. So we are conducted there, and the chief receives us most generously, begs us to be seated, while tea and pipes are brought, and Mr. Syle draws him into a long conversation. Here again is this singular aspect of Chinese life. Awful as is the great mandarin, the common crowd come into the room, filling up all but a little space about the chairs, listening to everything, and signifying their interest or approval by low sounds and unmistakable grimaces. Mr. Syle says that the officers like in this way to magnify themselves before the common people, and in this instance make the most of the condescension of admitting great personages to the camp, which of course this officer eventually did; for he was fated when Mr. Syle fastened him in conversation.

The camp was a scene of wretchedness, with no drainage or other contrivances for health or decency; it had no cannon or muskets, but the weapons of seven centuries ago, and little discipline or order, the troops being a kind of

militia, with no Tartars (the real soldiers of China) among them; but in contrast with all this were the neat white tents, on each of which was stamped the imprint "Amoskeag N. H."

In the dusk of the evening, on a Chinese boat that we pass in the canal, a woman on the roof is uttering strange piteous cries at the top of her voice, stretching forth her hands toward the sky. She is calling back the spirit of her child, lying unconscious below. The spirit of the child has wandered off, and the mother is calling it home. Soon an attendant comes up, tells her the child is itself again, the spirit has found its way back, and the mother is quieted and consoled. In another boat, bearing a coffin, is a constant wail for the dead.

Our next visit was to the beautiful hill Sing-Nga-San, over the "Bridge of the Winds;" and at the temple on its summit, the Tsung-Pau (Fasting Monastery), we had the most exquisite view any of us had seen in China, exceeding the Wei-San in variety and striking points. The great city of Su-Chau, with its tall pagoda, is seen in the distance, while the near view gives a grove of evergreens; ivy-grown walls; a half-ruined seven-storied pagoda, full of courts and cloisters, — once an imperial residence, now all but entirely deserted; terraces with walls of brick and stone, grown over with creepers, overlooking precipices at the foot of which lie the immense plains, teeming with people, boats, and hamlets, and covered with the verdure of the increasing cultivation of twenty or thirty centuries. This is the seamark of our utmost sail, and we are satisfied.

As we went slowly down the hill, we saw a wall and two men upon it beckoning to us, and pointing to a ladder they had placed against it. Behind the wall were roofs of buildings, nestling in a most romantic spot. Mr. Smith and I were alone, the rest of our party having gone round the hill. I was for following the signal. Mr. Smith agreed to it, and we went up the ladder. The two Chinamen helped us down on the other side, and we found ourselves amid grottoes, deep shades, terraces, opening vistas, and a group of handsome buildings in the best repair; and, as we followed our guides, we came to a court roofed over, open at the sides, where at little tables well-dressed Chinese of the upper class were taking tea, pipes, and sweetmeats. They rose, and, with the traditionary urbanity of ninety generations, requested us by signs to join them, and tea, pipes, and sweetmeats were brought to us; but not a word could be said on either side. In a few minutes a man came in, and made us understand by signs that there were three men on a path below who seemed to belong to our party, and wished to know if we wanted them brought up. They were sent for, and soon Mr. Syle, Mr. Walsh, and Herr Lindau were standing in the midst, astonished at the discovery of this enchanted scene: Arabian Nights, Aladdin's Lamp, Open Sesame, and what not! Mr. Syle fell into conversation with the elder and apparently chief man of the party, whose long silk robe of beautiful purple hue and rich lining, hanging in graceful folds, fascinated our eye, and learned that this place was the ancestral hall (hall for ancestral worship) of the Tsiang family, who allow it to be used as a summer resort for people of the town below, and an old dependent of the family makes a living by supplying tea and sweetmeats. An hour more must be spent in rambling about this delightful spot, where Chinese taste had fallen in with, and not interfered with, the natural beauties of the scene.

I have not mentioned the silence of a Chinese city. As we float under the walls of cities, just after nightfall, they are as silent as cities of the dead, affecting one with awe and mystery; and within a city at high noon, no wheels, no shod hoofs, no steam, no sounds louder than the human voice and footfalls,

or the hand-machines of simple mechanic trades.

We returned to Shanghai without accident, and with none but the most delightful memories. But after my return to America these memories were shrouded by a gloom of sadness, — nay, of horror. The rebels, the men of long hair, laid siege to Su-Chau, reduced it by famine, at last took it by assault, and gave it over to rapine, fire, and blood. I have been told that there has been no horror like it since the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.[1]

Richard Henry Dana.

A NATIVE OF WINBY.

I.

On the teacher's desk, in the little roadside school-house, there was a bunch of Mayflowers, beside a dented and bent brass bell, a small Webster's Dictionary without any cover, and a worn morocco-covered Bible. These were ranged in an orderly row, and behind them was a small wooden box which held some broken pieces of blackboard crayon. The teacher, whom no timid new scholar could look at boldly, wore her accustomed air of authority and importance. She might have been nineteen years old, — not more, — but for the time being she scorned the frivolities of youth.

The hot May sun was shining in at the smoky small-paned windows; sometimes an outside shutter swung to with a creak, and eclipsed the glare. The narrow door, to the left as you faced the desk, stood wide open, and an old spotted dog lay asleep on the step, and looked wise and old enough to have gone to school with several generations of children. It was half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and the primer class, settled into the apathy of after-recess fatigue, presented a straggling front, as they stood listlessly on the floor. As for the big boys and girls, they also were longing to be at liberty; but the pretty teacher, Miss Marilla Hender, seemed quite as energetic as when school was opened in the morning.

The spring breeze blew in at the open door, and even fluttered the primer leaves, but the back of the room felt hot and close, as if it were midsummer. The children in the class read their lessons in high-keyed, droning voices, which older teachers learn to associate with faint powers of perception. Only one or two of them had an awakened human look in their eyes, such as Matthew Arnold delighted himself in finding so often in the school-children of France. Most of these poor little students were as inadequate, at that weary moment, to the pursuit of letters as if they had been woolly spring lambs on a sunny hillside. The teacher corrected and admonished with great patience, glancing now and then toward points of danger and insurrection, whence came a suspicious buzz of whispering from behind a desk-lid or a pair of widespread large geographies. Now and then a toiling child would rise and come down the aisle, with his forefinger firm upon a puzzling word as if it were an unclassified insect. It was a lovely beckoning day out-of-doors. The children felt like captives; there was something that provoked rebellion in the droning voices, the buzzing of an early wild bee against the sunlit pane, and even in the stuffy

[1] The capture of Su-Chau by the Tai-Ping insurgents occurred but a few days after Mr. Dana's visit. Two years later it was recaptured for the government by Chinese Gordon. — Ed.

familiar odor of the place, — the odor of apples and crumbs of doughnuts and gingerbread in the dinner pails on the high entry nails, and of all the petticoats and trousers that had brushed through junipers and young pines on their way to school.

The bee left his prisoning pane at last, and came over to the Mayflowers, which were in full bloom, although the season was very late, and deep in the woods there were still some gray-backed snow-drifts, speckled with bits of bark and moss from the trees above.

"Come, come, Ezra!" urged the young teacher, rapping her desk sharply. "Stop watchin' that common bee! You know well enough what those letters spell. You won't learn to read at this rate until you are a grown man. Mind your book, now; you ought to remember who went to this school when he was a little boy. You 've heard folks tell about the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway? He used to be in primer just as you are now, and 't was n't long before he was out of it, either, and was called the smartest boy in school. He 's got to be a general and a Senator, and one of the richest men out West. You don't seem to have the least mite of ambition to-day, any of you!"

The exhortation, entirely personal in the beginning, had swiftly passed to a general rebuke. Ezra looked relieved, and the other children brightened up as they recognized a tale familiar to their ears. Anything was better than trying to study in that dull last hour of afternoon school.

"Yes," continued Miss Hender, pleased that she had at last roused something like proper attention, "you all ought to be proud that you are schoolmates of District Number Four, and can remember that the great General Laneway had the same early advantages as you, and what he has made of himself by perseverance and ambition."

The pupils were familiar enough with the illustrious history of their noble predecessor. They were sure to be told, in lawless moments, that if Mr. Laneway were to come in and see them he would be mortified to death; and the members of the school committee always referred to him, and said that he had been a poor boy, and was now a self-made man, — as if every man were not self-made as to his character and reputation!

At this point, young Johnny Spencer showed his next neighbor, in the back of his Colburn's Arithmetic, an imaginary portrait of their district hero, which caused them both to chuckle derisively. The Honorable Mr. Laneway figured on the flyleaf as an extremely cross-eyed person, with strangely crooked legs and arms and a terrific expression. He was outlined with red and blue pencils as to coat and trousers, and held a reddened scalp in one hand and a blue tomahawk in the other; being closely associated in the artist's mind with the early settlements of the far West.

There was a noise of wheels in the road near by, and, though Miss Hender had much more to say, everybody ceased to listen, and turned toward the windows, leaning far forward over their desks to see who might be passing. They had a glimpse of a shiny carriage; the old dog bounded out, barking, but nothing passed the open door. The carriage had stopped: some one was coming to the school, somebody was going to be called out! It could not be the committee, whose pompous and uninspiring spring visit had taken place only the week before.

Presently a well-dressed elderly man, with an expectant, masterful look, stood on the doorstep, glanced in with a smile, and knocked. Miss Marilla Hender blushed, smoothed her pretty hair anxiously with both hands, and stepped down from her little platform to answer the summons. There was hardly a shut mouth in the primer class.

"Would it be convenient for you to receive a visitor to the school?" the stranger asked politely, with a fine bow of deference to Miss Hender. He looked much pleased and a little excited, and the teacher said: —

"Certainly; step right in, won't you, sir?" in quite another tone from that in which she had just addressed the school.

The boys and girls were sitting straight and silent in their places, in something like a fit of apprehension and unpreparedness at such a great emergency. The guest represented a type of person previously unknown in District Number Four. Everything about him spoke of wealth and authority. The old dog returned to the doorstep, and after a careful look at the invader approached him, with a funny doggish grin and a desperate wag of the tail, to beg for recognition.

The teacher gave her chair on the platform to the guest, and stood beside him with very red cheeks, smoothing her hair again once or twice, and keeping the hard-wood ruler fast in hand, like a badge of office. "Primer class may now retire!" she said firmly, although the lesson was not more than half through; and the class promptly escaped to their seats, waddling and stumbling, until they all came up behind their desks, face foremost, and added themselves to the number of staring young countenances. After this there was a silence, which grew more and more embarrassing.

"Perhaps you would be pleased to hear our first class in geography, sir?" asked the fair Marilla, recovering her presence of mind; and the guest kindly assented.

The young teacher was by no means willing to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Yesterday's lesson had been well learned; she turned back to the questions about the State of Kansota, and at the first sentence the mysterious visitor's dignity melted into an unconscious smile. He listened intently for a minute, and then seemed to reoccupy himself with his own thoughts and purposes, looking eagerly about the old school-house, and sometimes gazing steadily at the children. The lesson went on finely, and when it was finished Miss Hender asked the girl at the head of the class to name the States and Territories, which she instantly did, mispronouncing nearly all the names of the latter; then others stated boundaries and capitals, and the resources of the New England States, passing on finally to the names of the Presidents. Miss Hender glowed with pride; she had worked hard over the geography class in the winter term, and it did not fail her on this great occasion. When she turned bravely to see if the gentleman would like to ask any questions, she found that he was apparently lost in a deep reverie, so she repeated her own question more distinctly.

"They have done very well, — very well indeed," he answered kindly; and then, to every one's surprise, he rose, went up the aisle, pushed Johnny Spencer gently along his bench, and sat down beside him. The space was cramped, and the stranger looked huge and uncomfortable, so that everybody laughed, except one of the big girls, who turned pale with fright, and thought he must be crazy. When this girl gave a faint squeak Miss Hender recovered herself, and rapped twice with the ruler to restore order; then became entirely tranquil. There had been talk of replacing the hacked and worn old school-desks with patent desks and chairs; this was probably an agent connected with that business. At once she was resolute and self-reliant, and said, "No whispering!" in a firm tone that showed she did not mean to be trifled with. The geography class was dismissed, but the elderly gentleman, in his handsome overcoat, still sat there wedged in at Johnny Spencer's side.

"I presume, sir, that you are canvass-

ing for new desks," said Miss Hender with dignity. "You will have to see the supervisor and the selectmen." There did not seem to be any need of his lingering, but she had an ardent desire to be pleasing to a person of such evident distinction. "We always tell folks — I thought you might be gratified to know, sir — that this is the school-house where the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway first attended school. Some do not know that he was born in this town, and went West very young; it is only about a mile from here where his folks used to live."

At this moment the visitor's eyes fell. He did not look at pretty Marilla any more, but opened Johnny Spencer's arithmetic, and, seeing the imaginary portrait of the great General Laneway, laughed a little, — a very deep-down comfortable laugh it was, — while Johnny himself turned cold with alarm, he could not have told why.

It was very still in the school-room; the bee was buzzing and bumping at the pane again; the moment was one of intense expectation.

The stranger looked at the children right and left. "The fact is, young people," said he, in a tone that was half pride and half apology, "I am Joseph K. Laneway myself."

He tried to extricate himself from the narrow quarters of the desk, but for an embarrassing moment found that he was stuck fast. Johnny Spencer instinctively gave him an assisting push, and once free the great soldier, statesman, and millionaire took a few steps forward to the open floor; then, after hesitating a moment, he mounted the little platform and stood in the teacher's place. Marilla Hender was as pale as ashes.

"I have thought many times," the great guest began, "that some day I should come back to visit this place, which is so closely interwoven with the memories of my childhood. In my counting-room, on the fields of war, in the halls of Congress, and most of all in my Western home, my thoughts have flown back to the hills and brooks of Winby and to this little old school-house. I could shut my eyes and call back the buzz of voices, and fear my teacher's frown, and feel my boyish ambitions waking and stirring in my breast. On that bench where I just sat I saw some notches that I cut with my first jack-knife fifty-eight years ago this very spring. I remember the faces of the boys and girls who went to school with me, and I see their grandchildren before me. I know that one is a Goodsoe and another a Winn by the old family look. One generation goes, and another comes.

"There are many things that I might say to you. I meant, even in those early restricted days, to make my name known, and I dare say that you are ambitious too. Be careful what you wish for in this world, for if you wish hard enough you are sure to get it. I once heard a very wise man say this, and the longer I live the more firmly I believe it to be true. But wishing hard means working hard for what you want, and the world's prizes wait for the men and women who are ready to take pains to win them. Be careful and set your minds on the best things. I meant to be a rich man when I was a boy here, and I stand before you a rich man, knowing the care and anxiety and responsibility of wealth. I meant to go to Congress, and I am one of the Senators from Kansota. I say this as humbly as I say it proudly. I used to read of the valor and patriotism of the old Greeks and Romans with my youthful blood leaping along my veins, and it came to pass that my own country was in danger, and that I could help to fight her battles. Perhaps some one of these little lads has before him a more eventful life than I have lived, and is looking forward to activity and honor and the pride of fame. I wish him all the joy that I have had, all the toil that I have had, and all the bitter disappointments even; for adversity leads a man to de-

pend upon that which is above him, and the path of glory is a lonely path, beset by temptations and a bitter sense of the weakness and imperfection of man. I see my life spread out like a great picture, as I stand here in my boyhood's place. I pity my failures. I thank God for what in his kind providence has been honest and right. I am glad to come back, but I feel, as I look in your young faces, that I am an old man, while your lives are just beginning. When you remember, in years to come, that I came here to see the old schoolhouse, remember that I said: Wish for the best things, and work hard to win them; try to be good men and women, for the honor of the school and the town, and the noble young country that gave you birth; be kind at home and generous abroad. Remember that I, an old man who had seen much of life, begged you to be brave and good."

The Honorable Mr. Laneway had rarely felt himself so moved in any of his public speeches, but he was obliged to notice that for once he could not hold his audience. The primer class especially had begun to flag in attention, but one or two faces among the elder scholars fairly shone with vital sympathy and a lovely prescience of their future. Their eyes met his as if they struck a flash of light. There was a sturdy boy who half rose in his place unconsciously, the color coming and going in his cheeks; something in Mr. Laneway's words lit the altar flame in his reverent heart.

Marilla Hender was pleased and a little dazed; she could not have repeated what her illustrious visitor had said, but she longed to tell everybody the news that he was in town, and had come to school to make an address. She had never seen a great man before, and really needed time to reflect upon him and to consider what she ought to say. She was just quivering with the attempt to make a proper reply and thank Mr. Laneway for the honor of his visit to the school, when he asked her which of the boys could be trusted to drive back his hired horse to the Four Corners. Eight boys, large and small, nearly every boy in school, rose at once and snapped insistent fingers; but Johnny Spencer alone was desirous not to attract attention to himself. The Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic with the portrait had been well secreted between his tight jacket and his shirt. Miss Hender selected a trustworthy freckled person in long trousers, who was halfway to the door in an instant, and was heard almost immediately to shout loudly at the quiet horse.

Then the hero of District Number Four made his acknowledgments to the teacher. "I fear that I have interrupted you too long," he said, with pleasing deference.

Marilla replied that it was of no consequence; she hoped he would call again. She may have spoken primly, but her pretty eyes said everything that her lips forgot. "My grandmother will want to see you, sir," she ventured to say. "I guess you will remember her, — Mis' Hender, she that was Abby Harran. She has often told me how you used to get your lessons out o' the same book."

"Abby Harran's granddaughter?" Mr. Laneway looked at her again with fresh interest. "Yes, I wish to see her more than almost any one else. Tell her that I am coming to see her before I go away, and give her my love. Thank you, my dear," as Marilla offered his missing hat. "Good-by, boys and girls." He stopped and looked at them once more from the boys' entry, and turned again to look back from the very doorstep.

"Good-by, sir, — good-by," piped two or three of the young voices; but most of the children only stared, and neither spoke nor moved.

"We will omit the class in Fourth Reader this afternoon. The class in grammar may recite," said Miss Hen-

der, in her most contained and official manner.

The grammar class sighed like a single pupil, and obeyed. She was very stern with the grammar class, but every one in school had an inner sense that it was a great day in the history of District Number Four.

II.

The Honorable Mr. Laneway found the outdoor air very fresh and sweet after the closeness of the school-house. It had just that same odor in his boyhood, and as he escaped he had a delightful sense of playing truant or of having an unexpected holiday. It was easier to think of himself as a boy, and to slip back into boyish thoughts, than to bear the familiar burden of his manhood. He climbed the tumble-down stone wall across the road, and went along a narrow path to the spring that bubbled up clear and cold under a great red oak. How many times he had longed for a drink of that water, and now here it was, and the thirst of that warm spring day was hard to quench! Again and again he stooped to fill the birch-bark dipper which the school-children had made, just as his own comrades made theirs years before. The oak-tree was dying at the top. The pine woods beyond had been cut and had grown again since his boyhood, and looked much as he remembered them. Beyond the spring and away from the woods the path led across overgrown pastures to another road, perhaps three quarters of a mile away, and near this road was the small farm which had been his former home. As he walked slowly along, he was met again and again by some reminder of his youthful days. He had always liked to refer to his early life in New England in his political addresses, and had spoken more than once of going to find the cows at nightfall in the autumn evenings, and being glad to warm his bare feet in the places where the sleepy beasts had lain, before he followed their slow steps homeward through bush and brier. The Honorable Mr. Laneway had a touch of true sentiment which added much to his really stirring and effective campaign speeches. He had often been called the "king of the platform" in his adopted State. He had long ago grown used to saying "Go" to one man, and "Come" to another, like the ruler of old; but all his natural power of leadership and habit of authority disappeared at once as he trod the pasture slopes, calling back the remembrance of his childhood. Here was the place where two lads, older than himself, had killed a terrible woodchuck at bay in the angle of a great rock; and just beyond was the sunny spot where he had picked a bunch of pink and white anemones under a prickly barberry thicket, to give to Abby Harran in morning school. She had put them into her desk, and let them wilt there, but she was pleased when she took them. Abby Harran, the little teacher's grandmother, was a year older than he, and had wakened the earliest thought of love in his youthful breast.

It was almost time to catch the first sight of his birthplace. From the knoll just ahead he had often seen the light of his mother's lamp, as he came home from school on winter afternoons; but when he reached the knoll the old house was gone, and so was the great walnut-tree that grew beside it, and a pang of disappointment shot through this devout pilgrim's heart. He never had doubted that the old farm was somebody's home still, and had counted upon the pleasure of spending a night there, and sleeping again in that room under the roof, where the rain sounded loud, and the walnut branches brushed to and fro when the wind blew, as if they were the claws of tigers. He hurried across the worn-out fields, long ago turned into sheep pastures,

where the last year's tall grass and goldenrod stood gray and winter-killed; tracing the old walls and fences, and astonished to see how small the fields had been. The prosperous owner of Western farming lands could not help remembering those widespread luxuriant acres, the broad outlooks of his Western home.

It was difficult at first to find exactly where the house had stood; even the foundations had disappeared. At last, in the long, faded grass he discovered the doorstep, and near by was a little mound where the great walnut-tree stump had been. The cellar was a mere dent in the sloping ground; it had been filled in by the growing grass and slow processes of summer and winter weather. But just at the pilgrim's right were some thorny twigs of an old rosebush. A sudden brightening of memory brought to mind the love that his mother — dead since his fifteenth year — had kept for this sweetbrier. How often she had wished that she had brought it to her new home! So much had changed in the world, so many had gone into the world of light, and here the faithful blooming thing was alive still! There was one slender branch where green buds were starting, and getting ready to flower in the new year.

The afternoon wore late, and still the gray-haired man lingered. He might have laughed at some one else who gave himself up to his thoughts, and found fault with himself, with no defendant to plead his cause at the bar of conscience. It was an altogether lonely hour. He had dreamed all his life, in a sentimental, self-satisfied fashion, of this return to Winby. It had always appeared to be a grand affair, but so far he was himself the only interested spectator at his poor occasion. There was even a dismal consciousness that he had been undignified, perhaps even a little consequential and silly, in the old school-house. The picture of himself on the war-path, in Johnny Spencer's arithmetic, was the only tribute that this longed-for day had held, but he laughed aloud delightedly at the remembrance. He liked that solemn little boy who sat at his own old desk. There was another older lad, who sat at the back of the room, who reminded Mr. Laneway of himself in his eager youth. There was a spark of light in that fellow's eyes. Once or twice in the earlier afternoon, as he drove along, he had asked people in the road if there were a Laneway family in that neighborhood, but everybody had said no in indifferent fashion. Somehow he had been expecting that every one would know him and greet him, and give him credit for what he had tried to do; but old Winby had her own affairs to look after, and did very well without any of his help.

Joseph Laneway acknowledged to himself at this point that he was weak and unmanly. There must be some old friends who would remember him, and give him as hearty a welcome as the greeting he had brought for them. So he rose and went his way westward toward the sunset. The air was growing damp and cold, and it was time to make sure of shelter. This was hardly like the visit he had meant to pay to his birthplace. He wished with all his heart that he had never come back. But he walked briskly away, intent upon wider thoughts as the fresh evening breeze quickened his steps. He did not consider where he was going, but was for a time the busy man of affairs, stimulated by the unconscious influence of his surroundings. The slender gray birches and pitch pines of that neglected pasture had never before seen a hat and coat exactly in the fashion. They may have been abashed by the presence of a United States Senator and Western millionaire, though a piece of New England ground that had often felt the tread of his bare feet was not likely to quake because a pair of fine shoes stepped hastily along the school-house path.

III.

There was an imperative knock at the side door of the Hender farmhouse, just after dark. The young school-mistress had come home late, because she had stopped all the way along to give people the news of her afternoon's experience. Marilla was not coy and speechless any longer, but sat by the kitchen stove telling her eager grandmother everything she could remember or could imagine.

"Who 's that knocking at the door, now?" interrupted Mrs. Hender. "No, I 'll go myself; I 'm nearest."

The man outside was cold and foot-weary. He was not used to spending a whole day unrecognized, and, after being first amused, and even enjoying a sense of freedom at escaping his just dues of consideration and respect, he had begun to feel as if he were old and forgotten, and was hardly sure of a friend in the world.

Old Mrs. Hender came to the door, with her eyes shining with delight, in great haste to dismiss whoever had knocked, so that she might hear the rest of Marilla's story. She opened the door wide to whoever might have come on some country errand, and looked the tired and faint-hearted Mr. Laneway full in the face.

"Dear heart, come in!" she exclaimed, reaching out and taking him by the shoulder, as he stood humbly on a lower step. "Come right in, Joe. Why, I should know you anywhere! Why, Joe Laneway, *you same boy!*"

In they went to the warm, bright country kitchen. The delight and kindness of an old friend's welcome and her instant sympathy seemed the loveliest thing in the world. They sat down in two old straight-backed kitchen chairs. They still held each other by the hand, and looked in each other's face. The plain old room was aglow with heat and cheerfulness; the tea-kettle was singing; a drowsy cat sat on the wood-box with her paws tucked in; and the house dog came forward in a friendly way, wagging his tail, and laid his head on their clasped hands.

"And to think I have n't seen you since your folks moved out West, the next spring after you were thirteen in the winter," said the good woman. "But I s'pose there ain't been anybody that has followed your career closer than I have accordin' to their opportunities. You 've done a great work for your country, Joe. I 'm proud of you clean through. Sometimes folks has said, 'There, there, Mis' Hender, what be you goin' to say now?' but I 've always told 'em to wait. I knew you saw your reasons. You was always an honest boy." The tears started and shone in her kind eyes. Her face showed that she had waged a bitter war with poverty and sorrow, but the look of affection that it wore, and the warm touch of her hard hand, misshapen and worn with toil, touched her old friend in his inmost heart, and for a minute neither could speak.

"They do say that women folks have got no natural head for politics, but I always could seem to sense what was goin' on to Washington, if there was any sense to it," said grandmother Hender at last.

"Nobody could puzzle you at school, I remember," answered Mr. Laneway, and they both laughed heartily. "But surely this granddaughter does not make your household? You had sons?"

"Two beside her father. He died; but they 're both away, up toward Canada, buying cattle. We are getting along considerable well these last few years, since they got a mite o' capital together; but the old farm was n't really able to maintain us, with the heavy expenses that fell on us unexpected year by year. I 've seen a great sight of trouble, Joe. My boy John, Marilla's father, and his nice wife, — I lost 'em

both early, when Marilla was but a child. John was the flower o' my family. He would have made a name for himself. You would have taken to John."

"I was sorry to hear of your loss," said Mr. Laneway. "He was a brave man. I know what he did at Fredericksburg. You remember that I have lost my wife and my only son?"

There was a silence between the friends, who had no need for words now; they understood each other's heart only too well. Marilla, who sat near them, rose and went out of the room.

"Yes, yes, daughter," said Mrs. Hender, calling her back, "we ought to be thinkin' about supper."

"I was going to light a little fire in the parlor," explained Marilla, with a slight tone of rebuke in her clear girlish voice.

"Oh, no, you ain't, — not now, at least," protested the elder woman decidedly. "Now, Joseph, what should you like to have for supper? I wish to my heart I had some fried turnovers, like those you used to come after when you was a boy. I can make 'em just about the same as mother did. I 'll be bound you 've thought of some old-fashioned dish that you 'd relish for your supper."

"Rye drop-cakes, then, if they would n't give you too much trouble," answered the Honorable Joseph, with prompt seriousness, "and don't forget some cheese." He looked up at his old playfellow as she stood beside him, eager with affectionate hospitality.

"You 've no idea what a comfort Marilla 's been," she stooped to whisper. "Always took right hold and helped me when she was a baby. She 's as good as made up already to me for my having no daughter. I want you to get acquainted with Marilla."

The granddaughter was still awed and anxious about the entertainment of so distinguished a guest when her grandmother appeared at last in the pantry.

"I ain't goin' to let you do no such a thing, darlin'," said Abby Hender, when Marilla spoke of making something that she called "fairy gems" for tea, after a new and essentially feminine recipe. "You just let me get supper to-night. The Gen'ral has enough kickshaws to eat; he wants a good, hearty, old-fashioned supper, — the same country cooking he remembers when he was a boy. He went so far himself as to speak of rye drop-cakes, an' there ain't one in a hundred, nowadays, knows how to make the kind he means. You go an' lay the table just as we always have it, except you can get out them old big sprigged cups o' my mother's. Don't put on none o' the parlor cluset things."

Marilla went off crestfallen and demurring. She had a noble desire to show Mr. Laneway that they knew how to have things as well as anybody, and was sure that he would consider it more polite to be asked into the best room, and to sit there alone until tea was ready; but there the illustrious Mr. Laneway was allowed to sit in the kitchen, in apparent happiness, and watch the proceedings from beginning to end. The two old friends talked industriously, but he saw his rye drop-cakes go into the oven and come out, and his tea made, and his piece of salt fish broiled and buttered, a broad piece of honeycomb set on to match some delightful thick slices of brown-crusted loaf bread, and all his simple feast prepared. There was a sufficient piece of Abby Hender's best cheese; it must be confessed that there were also some baked beans, and, as one thing after another appeared, the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway grew hungrier and hungrier, until he fairly looked pale with anticipation and delay, and was bidden at that very moment to draw up his chair and make himself a supper if he could. What cups of tea, what uncounted rye drop-cakes, went to the making of that successful supper! How gay the two old friends became, and of what old stories they reminded each other,

and how late the dark spring evening grew before the feast was over, and the straight-backed chairs were set against the kitchen wall!

Marilla listened for a time with more or less interest, but at last she took one of her school-books, with slight ostentation, and went over to sit by the lamp. Mrs. Hender had brought her knitting-work, a blue woolen stocking, out of a drawer, and sat down serene and unruffled, prepared to keep awake as late as possible. She was a woman who had kept her youthful looks through the difficulties of farm life as few women can, and this added to her guest's sense of homelikeness and pleasure. There was something that he felt to be sisterly and comfortable in her strong figure; he even noticed the little plaid woolen shawl that she wore about her shoulders. Dear, uncomplaining heart of Abby Hender! The appealing friendliness of the good woman made no demands except to be allowed to help and to serve everybody who came in her way.

Now began in good earnest the talk of old times, and what had become of this and that old schoolmate; how one family had come to want and another to wealth. The changes and losses and windfalls of good fortune in that rural neighborhood were made tragedy and comedy by turns in Abby Hender's dramatic speech. She grew younger and more entertaining hour by hour, and beguiled the grave Senator into confidential talk of national affairs. He had much to say, to which she listened with rare sympathy and intelligence. She astonished him by her comprehension of difficult questions of the day, and by her simple good sense. Marilla grew hopelessly sleepy, and departed, but neither of them turned to notice her as she lingered a moment at the door to say good-night. When the immediate subject of conversation was fully discussed, however, there was an unexpected interval of silence, and, after making sure that her knitting stitches counted exactly right, Abby Hender cast a questioning glance at the Senator to see if he had it in mind to go to bed. She was reluctant to end her evening so soon, but determined to act the part of considerate hostess. The guest was as wide awake as ever: eleven o'clock was the best part of his evening.

"Cider?" he suggested, with an expectant smile, and Abby Hender was on her feet in a moment. When she had brought a pitcher from the pantry, he took a candle from the high shelf and led the way.

"To think of your remembering our old cellar candlestick all these years!" laughed the pleased woman, as she followed him down the steep stairway, and then laughed still more at his delight in the familiar look of the place.

"Unchanged as the pyramids!" he said. "I suppose those pound sweetings that used to be in that farthest bin are eaten up months ago?"

It was plain to see that the household stores were waning low, as befitted the time of year, but there was still enough in the old cellar. Care and thrift and gratitude made the poor farmhouse a rich place. This woman of real ability had spent her strength from youth to age; she had lavished as much industry and power of organization in her narrow sphere as would have made her famous in a wider one. Joseph Laneway could not help sighing as he thought of it. How many things this good friend had missed, and yet how much she had been able to win that makes everywhere the very best of life! Poor and early widowed, there must have been a constant battle with poverty on that stony Harran farm, whose owners had been pitied even in his early boyhood, when the best of farming life was none too easy. But Abby Hender had always been one of the leaders of the town.

"Now, before we sit down again, I want you to step into my best room.

Perhaps you won't have time in the morning, and I 've got something to show you," she said persuasively.

It was a plain old-fashioned best room, with a look of pleasantness in spite of the spring chill and the stiffness of the best chairs. They lingered before the picture of Mrs. Hender's soldier son, a poor work of a poorer artist in crayons, but the spirit of the young face shone out appealingly. Then they crossed the room and stood before some bookshelves, and Abby Hender's face brightened into a beaming smile of triumph.

"You did n't expect we should have all those books, now, did you, Joe Laneway?" she asked.

He shook his head soberly, and leaned forward to read the titles. There were no very new ones, as if times had been hard of late; almost every volume was either history, or biography, or travel. Their owner had reached out of her own narrow boundaries into other lives and into far countries. He recognized with gratitude two or three congressional books that he had sent her when he first went to Washington, and there was a life of himself, written from a partisan point of view, and issued in one of his most exciting campaigns; the sight of it touched him to the heart, and then she opened it, and showed him the three or four letters that he had written her, — one, in boyish handwriting, describing his adventures on his first Western journey.

"There are a hundred and six volumes now," announced the proud owner of such a library. "I lend 'em all I can, or most of them would look better. I have had to wait a good while for some, and some were n't what I expected 'em to be, but most of 'em 's as good books as there is in the world. I've never been so situated that it seemed best for me to indulge in a daily paper, and I don't know but it 's just as well; but stories were never any great of a temptation. I know pretty well what 's goin' on about me, and I can make that do. Real life 's interestin' enough for me."

Mr. Laneway was still looking over the books. His heart smote him for not being thoughtful; he knew well enough that the overflow of his own library would have been delightful to this self-denying, eager-minded soul. "I 've been a very busy man all my life, Abby," he said impulsively, as if she waited for some apology for his forgetfulness, "but I 'll see to it now that you have what you want to read. I don't mean to lose hold of your advice on state matters." They both laughed, and he added, "I 've always thought of you, if I have n't shown it."

"There 's more time to read than there used to be; I 've had what was best for me," answered the woman gently, with a grateful look on her face, as she turned to glance at her old friend. "Marilla takes hold wonderful, and helps me with the work. In the long winter evenings you can't think what a treat a new book is. I would n't change places with the queen."

They had come back to the kitchen, and she stood before the cupboard, reaching high for two old gayly striped crockery mugs. There were some doughnuts and cheese at hand; their early supper seemed quite forgotten. The kitchen was warm, and they had talked themselves thirsty and hungry; but with what an unexpected tang the cider freshened their throats! Mrs. Hender had picked the apples herself that went to the press; they were all chosen from the old russet tree and the gnarly red-cheeked ungrafted fruit that grew along the lane. The flavor made one think of frosty autumn mornings on high hillsides, of north winds and sunny skies. "It 'livens one to the heart," as Mrs. Hender remarked proudly, when the Senator tried to praise it as much as it deserved, and finally gave a cheerful laugh, such as he had not laughed for many a day.

"Why, it seems like drinking the

month of October," he told her; and at this the hostess reached over, protesting that the striped mug was too narrow to hold what it ought, and filled it up again.

"Oh, Joe Laneway, to think that I see you at last, after all these years!" she said. "How rich I shall feel with this evening to live over! I 've always wanted to see somebody that I 'd read about, and now I 've got it to remember; but I 've always known I should see you again, and I believe 't was the Lord's will."

Early the next morning they said good-by. The early breakfast had to be hurried, and Marilla was to drive Mr. Laneway to the station, three miles away. It was Saturday morning, and she was free from school.

Mr. Laneway strolled down the lane before breakfast was ready, and came back with a little bunch of pink anemones in his hand. Marilla thought he was going to give them to her, but he laid them beside her grandmother's plate. "You must n't put those in your desk," he said with a smile, and Abby Hender blushed like a girl.

"I 've got those others now, dried and put away somewhere in one of my books," she said quietly, and Marilla wondered what they meant.

The two old friends shook hands warmly at parting. "I wish you could have stayed another day, so I could have had the minister come and see you," urged Mrs. Hender regretfully.

"You could n't have done any more for me. I have had the best visit in the world," he answered, a little shaken, and holding her hand a moment longer, while Marilla sat, young and impatient, in the high wagon. "You 're a dear good woman, Abby. Sometimes when things have gone wrong I 've been sorry that I ever had to leave Winby."

The woman's clear eyes looked straight into his; then fell. "You would n't have done everything you have for the country," she said.

"Give me a kiss; we 're getting to be old folks now," and they kissed each other gravely.

A moment later Abby Hender stood alone in her dooryard, watching and waving her hand again and again, while the wagon rattled away down the lane and turned into the highroad.

Two hours after Marilla returned from the station, and rushed into the kitchen.

"Grandma!" she exclaimed, "you never did see such a crowd in Winby as there was at the depot! Everybody in town had got word about General Laneway, and they were pushing up to shake hands, and cheering same as at election, and the cars waited much as ten minutes, and all the folks was lookin' out of the windows, and came out on the platforms when they heard who it was. Folks say that he 'd been to see the selectmen yesterday before he come to school, and he 's goin' to build an elegant town hall, and have the names put up in it of all the Winby men that went to the war." Marilla sank into a chair, flushed with excitement. "Everybody was asking me about his being here last night and what he said to the school. I wished that you 'd gone down to the depot instead of me."

"I had the best part of anybody," said Mrs. Hender, smiling and going on with her Saturday morning work. "I 'm real glad they showed him proper respect," she added a moment afterward, but her voice faltered.

"Why, you ain't been cryin', grandma?" asked the girl. "I guess you 're tired. You had a real good time, now, did n't you?"

"Yes, dear heart!" said Abby Hender. "'T ain't pleasant to be growin' old, that 's all. I could n't help noticin' his age as he rode away. I 've always been lookin' forward to seein' him again, an' now it 's all over."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG BY THE NEW ENGLAND MILITIA.

III.

FREQUENT councils of war were held in solemn form at headquarters. On the 7th of May a summons to surrender was sent to Duchambon, who replied that he would answer with his cannon. Two days after we find the following startling entry in the records of the council: "Advised unanimously that the Town of Louisbourg be attacked by storm this Night." Vaughan was a member of the council, and perhaps his impetuous rashness may have turned the heads of his colleagues. To storm the fortress at that time would have been a desperate attempt for the best trained and best led troops. As yet there was no breach in the walls, nor the beginning of one. Nine in ten of the soldiers had no bayonets; many of them had no shoes; and the scaling ladders brought from Boston are said to have been ten feet too short. Perhaps it was unfortunate for the French that the New England army had more discretion than its leaders. Another council being called on the same day, it was "Advised, That, inasmuch as there appears a great Dissatisfaction in many of the officers and Soldiers at the designed attack of the Town by Storm this Night, said Attack be deferred for the present."

Another plan was adopted, hardly less critical, though it found favor with the army. This was the assault of the Island Battery, which closed the entrance of the harbor to the British squadron, and kept it open to ships from France. Nobody knew precisely how to find the two landing-places of this formidable work, which were narrow gaps between rocks lashed with almost continual surf; but Vaughan would see no difficulties, and wrote to Pepperell that if he would give him the command, and let him manage the affair in his own way, he would engage to send the French flag to headquarters within forty-eight hours. On the next day he seems to have thought the command assured to him, and writes from the Grand Battery that the carpenters are at work there, mending whaleboats and making paddles; asking at the same time for a good supply of pistols and a hundred hand grenades, with men who know how to use them. The weather proved bad, and the attempt was deferred. This happened several times, till Warren lost patience, and offered two hundred sailors to support the attack.

At last, on the 23d, the volunteers for the perilous enterprise mustered at the Grand Battery, from which the boats were to set out. Brigadier Waldo, who still commanded there, saw the men with concern and anxiety, as they came dropping in in small squads, without officers, noisy, disorderly, and in some cases more or less drunk. "I doubt," he wrote to the general, "whether straggling fellows, three, four, or seven out of a company, ought to go on such a service." A bright moon with northern lights again put off the attack. The volunteers remained at the Grand Battery, waiting their time. "They seem to be impatient for action," says Waldo. "If there were a more regular appearance it would give me greater sattysfaction."

On the 26th their wish for action was fully gratified. The night was still and dark, and the boats put out from the battery a little before twelve o'clock, with three hundred men on board, who were to be joined by a hundred or a hundred and fifty more from Gorham's regiment, then stationed at Lighthouse Point. The

commander was not Vaughan, but one Brooks, chosen by the men themselves, as were also his subordinates.[1] They moved slowly, the boats being propelled, not by oars, but by paddles, which, if skillfully used, would make no noise. The wind presently rose, and when they found a landing-place the surf was lashing the rocks with violence. There was room for only three boats at once between the breakers on each hand. They pushed in, and the men scrambled ashore with what speed they might.

The Island Battery was a strong work, walled in on all sides, garrisoned by a hundred and eighty men, and armed with thirty cannon, seven swivels, and two mortars. It was now a little after midnight. Captain d'Aillebout, the commandant, was on the watch, pacing the battery platform; but he seems to have seen nothing unusual till about a hundred and fifty men had got on shore, when they had the folly to announce their presence by three cheers. Then, in the words of General Wolcott, the battery "blazed with cannon, swivels, and small arms." The crowd of boats, dimly visible through the darkness as they lay just off the landing, waiting their turn to go in, were at once the target for volleys of grapeshot, langrage shot, and musket balls, of which the men on shore also had their share. They succeeded, however, in planting twelve scaling ladders against the wall. It is said that some of them climbed into the place, and that Brooks, their commander, was hauling down the French flag when a Swiss soldier split his head with a cutlass. Many of the boats were shattered or sunk, and the men drowned. Those in the rear, seeing the state of things, seem to have sheered off. The affair was soon reduced to an exchange of shots between the garrison and the men who had landed, and who, standing on the open ground, were not wholly invisible, while the French were completely hidden behind their walls. "The fire of the English," says Bigot, "was extremely obstinate, but without effect, as they could not see to take aim." They kept it up till daybreak, or about two hours and a half, and then, finding themselves at the mercy of the French, surrendered, to the number of a hundred and nineteen, including the wounded, several of whom died almost immediately. By the most trustworthy accounts, the English loss in killed, drowned, and captured was a hundred and eighty-nine, or, in the words of Pepperell, "nearly half our party."[2] Disorder, precipitation, and weak leadership ruined what chance of success the attempt ever had.

As this was the only French success throughout the siege, Duchambon makes the most of it. He reports that the attacking force was a thousand men, who were to have been supported by eight hundred more, but that these did not dare to show themselves; and he further declares that there were thirty-five boats, all of which were shattered or sunk, though he afterwards says that two of them got away with thirty men, being all of the thousand that were left. Bigot, more moderate, puts the number of assailants at five hundred, of whom he says that all perished except the hundred and nineteen who were captured.

At daybreak Louisbourg rang with shouts of triumph. It was plain that a disorderly militia could not capture the

[1] The list of a company of forty-two "subscribers to go volunterily upon an attact against the Island Battery" is preserved. It includes a negro called "Ruben." The captain, chosen by the men, was Daniel Bacon. The fact that neither this name nor that of Brooks, the chief commander, is to be found in the list of Pepperell's commissioned officers printed by Parsons (Life of Pepperell, appendix) suggests the conclusion that the volunteers were permitted to choose officers from their own ranks. This list, however, is not quite complete.

[2] Douglas makes it a little less: "We lost in this mad frolic 60 men, killed and drowned, and 116 prisoners."

Island Battery. Yet captured or silenced it must be, and it was resolved to attack it by a battery at Lighthouse Point, on the eastern side of the harbor's mouth, at the distance of a short half mile. The neighboring shore was rocky and almost inaccessible. Cannon and mortars were carried in boats to the nearest landing-place, hauled up a steep cliff, and dragged a mile and a quarter to the chosen spot, where they were planted under the orders of Colonel Gridley, who thirty years after directed the earthworks on Bunker Hill. They soon opened fire, with deadly effect.

The French, much encouraged by their late success, were plunged again into despondency by a disaster which happened a week before the affair of the Island Battery, but remained unknown to them till some time after. On the 19th of May the men in the camp heard a fierce cannonade, and presently discovered a large French ship hotly engaged with several vessels of the squadron. She proved to be the Vigilant, carrying sixty-four guns and five hundred and sixty men, and commanded by the Marquis de la Maisonfort. She had come from France with munitions and stores, and, on approaching Louisbourg, met one of the English cruisers, — some say the Mermaid, of forty guns, and others the Shirley, of twenty. The British or provincial vessel, being no match for her, kept up a running fight, and led her towards the English fleet. She was soon beset by several other vessels, and struck her colors after a gallant resistance and the loss of eighty men. Nothing could be more timely for the besiegers, whose ammunition and provisions had sunk perilously low. The Vigilant now supplied their needs, and drew from the Habitant de Louisbourg the mournful comment, "We were victims devoted to appease the wrath of Heaven, which turned our own arms into weapons for our enemies."

Nor was this the last time that the defenders of Louisbourg supplied the instruments of their own destruction, for ten cannon were presently unearthed, at low tide, from the flats near the careening wharf at the northeast arm of the harbor, where the French had hidden them some time before. Most of them proved sound, and, being mounted at Lighthouse Point, they were turned against their late owners at the Island Battery.

When Gorham's regiment first took post at Lighthouse Point, Duchambon thought the movement so threatening that he forgot his former doubts, and ordered the Sieur de Beaubassin to make a sortie against it. Beaubassin landed with a hundred men at a place called Lorambec, and advanced to surprise the English detachment, but was discovered by an outpost of forty men, who attacked and repelled his party. Being then joined by eighty Indians, he had several skirmishes with English scouting parties, till, pushed by superior numbers, the French regained Louisbourg by sea, escaping with difficulty from the guard-boats of the squadron. The Sieur de la Vallière, with a considerable body of men, tried to burn Pepperell's storehouses near Flat Point Cove, but ten or twelve of his party were captured, and nearly all the rest wounded. Various other petty encounters took place between English scouting parties and roving bands of French and Indians, always ending, according to Pepperell, in the discomfiture of the latter. To this, however, there was at least one exception. Twenty Englishmen were waylaid and surrounded near Petit Lorambec by forty or fifty Indians, accompanied by two or three Frenchmen. Some of the English were shot down, a few escaped, and the rest surrendered on promise of life; on which the Indians shot or speared some of them in cold blood, and atrociously tortured others.

This suggested to Warren a device which had two objects: to prevent such

outrages for the future, and to make known to the French that the ship Vigilant, the mainstay of their hopes, was in English hands. The Marquis de la Maisonfort, late captain of the Vigilant, and now a prisoner on board of her, was informed of the treatment of the captives, and requested to lay the facts before Duchambon. This he did with great readiness in a letter which contained these words: "It is well that you should be informed that the captains and officers of this squadron treat us, not as their prisoners, but as their good friends, and take particular pains that my officers and crew shall want for nothing; therefore it seems to me just to treat our enemies in like manner, and punish those who do otherwise, or offer any insults to the prisoners who may fall into your hands."

Captain McDonald, of the marines, carried this letter to Duchambon under a flag of truce. Though familiar with the French language, he spoke to the governor through an interpreter, so that the French officers present, who hitherto had only known that a large ship had been taken, expressed to each other, without reserve, their dismay on learning that the prize was no other than the Vigilant. Duchambon replied to Maisonfort's letter that the Indians alone were answerable for the cruelties in question, and that he would forbid such conduct for the future.

A new danger now threatened the besiegers. In the past summer, as we have seen, the Sieur Duvivier had attacked Annapolis, and had been forced to retreat. On this, he went to France to beg for help to attack it again. Two thousand men were promised him, and, in anticipation of their arrival, the governor of Canada sent a body of French and Indians, under the noted partisan Marin, to join them. Marin was ordered to wait at Minas till he heard of the arrival of the troops from France; but, growing impatient, he resolved to attack Annapolis without them. Accordingly, he laid siege to it with the six or seven hundred white and red men of his party, aided by the so-called Acadian neutrals.

Mascarene, the governor, kept them at bay till the 24th of May, when, to his surprise, they all disappeared. Duchambon had sent them an order to come at once to the aid of Louisbourg. As the report of this reached the besiegers, multiplying Marin's force fourfold, they expected to be attacked in the rear by numbers more than equal to that of their own effective men. This wrought a wholesome reform. Order was established in the camp, a fence of palisades was set round it, scouts were sent out, and a careful watch was kept.

Another tribulation now fell upon Pepperell. Shirley had enjoined upon him to keep in harmony with the naval commander; and the injunction was in accord with Pepperell's conciliating temper. Warren was as earnest as he for the success of the siege, lent him ammunition in time of need, and offered every aid in his power; while Pepperell, in letters to Shirley and Newcastle, praised the commodore without stint. But the two men were widely different in habits and character. Warren was in the prime of life, and had not outlived the ardor of youth. The slow progress of the siege sorely tried his patience. Prisoners told him of a squadron coming from Brest, of which the Vigilant was the forerunner; and he feared that, even if it could not defeat him, it might elude the blockade, and, with the help of the fogs, get into Louisbourg in spite of him, and make its capture impossible. Therefore he called a council of captains on board his flagship, the Superbe, and proposed a plan for taking the place without further delay. This he laid before Pepperell on the same day. It was to the effect that all the king's ships and provincial cruisers should enter the harbor, after taking on

board sixteen hundred of Pepperell's men, and attack the town from the water side, while what was left of the army should assault it by land. To accept the proposal would have been to pass over the command to Warren, as only about twenty-one hundred of Pepperell's men were fit for service at the time; and of these, as he informs Warren, six hundred were absent on scouting parties.

Warren replies with evident pique: "I am very sorry that no one plan of mine has been so fortunate as to meet your approbation, or have any weight with you;" and, to show his title to consideration, he gives an extract of a letter written to him by Shirley, in which that inveterate flatterer hinted his regret that, by reason of other employments, Warren could not take command of the whole expedition, "which, I doubt not," says the governor, "would be a most happy event for his Majesty's service."

Pepperell kept his temper under this thrust, and wrote to the commodore with invincible courtesy: "Am extremely sorry the fogs prevent me from the pleasure of waiting on you on board your ship;" adding that six hundred men should be sent from the army and the transports to man the Vigilant, which was now the most powerful ship in the squadron. In short, he showed every disposition to meet Warren halfway. But the commodore was beginning to feel doubts as to the expediency of the bold action he had proposed, and informed Pepperell that his pilots thought it impossible to go into the harbor before the Island Battery was silenced. In fact, there was danger that, if the ships got in while that battery was still alive and active, they would never get out again, but be kept there as in a trap under the fire from the town ramparts.

Gridley's artillery at Lighthouse Point had been doing its best, dropping bombshells into the Island Battery with such precision that the French soldiers were sometimes seen running into the sea to escape the explosion. Many of the island guns were dismounted, and the place was fast becoming untenable. At the same time, the English batteries on the land side were pushing their work of destruction with relentless industry, and wall and bastion crumbled under their fire. The French labored vigorously, under cover of night, to repair the mischief: closed the shattered West Gate with a wall of stone and earth twenty feet thick; made an epaulement to protect what was left of the formidable Circular Battery, all but three of whose sixteen guns had been dismounted; closed the throat of the Dauphin's Bastion with a barricade of stone; and built a cavalier or raised battery on the King's Bastion, where, however, the English fire soon ruined it. Against that near and peculiarly dangerous neighbor, the advanced battery, they planted three heavy cannon to take it in flank. These, says Duchambon, had a marvelous effect, dismounted one of the cannon of the enemy and damaged all their embrasures, which, concludes the governor, "did not prevent them from keeping up a constant fire; and they repaired by night the mischief we did them by day."

Pepperell and Warren came at last to an understanding as to a joint attack by land and water. The Island Battery was crippled, and the batteries that commanded the interior of the harbor were nearly destroyed. It was agreed that Warren, whose squadron was now increased by recent arrivals to eleven ships, besides the provincial cruisers, should enter the harbor with the first fair wind, cannonade the town, and attack it in boats, while Pepperell assaulted it from the land side. Warren was to hoist a Dutch flag under his pennant at his main topgallant mast head, and Pepperell was to answer by three columns of smoke, marching at the same time to-

wards the walls with drums beating and colors flying.

The French saw with dismay a quantity of fascines carried to the foot of the glacis, ready to fill the ditch, and their scouts came in with reports that more than a thousand scaling ladders were lying behind the ridge of the nearest hill. Toil, loss of sleep, and the stifling air of the casemates in which they were forced to take refuge had sapped the strength of the besieged. The town was a ruin; only one house was left untouched by shot or shell. "We could have borne all this," writes the intendant Bigot, "but the scarcity of powder, the loss of the Vigilant, the presence of the squadron, and the absence of any news from Marin, who had been ordered to join us with his Canadians and Indians, spread terror among the troops and inhabitants. The townspeople said that they did not want to be put to the sword, and were not strong enough to resist a general assault." On the 15th of June they brought Duchambon a petition begging him to capitulate.

On that day Captain Sherburn, at the advanced battery, wrote thus in his diary: "By twelve o'clock we had got all our platforms laid, embrasures mended, guns in order, shot in place, cartridges ready, dinner finished, gunners quartered, matches lighted to return their last favors, when we heard their drums beat a parley, and soon appeared a flag of truce, which I received midway between our battery and their walls, conducted the officer to Green Hill, and delivered him to Colonel Richmond."

La Perelle, the French officer, delivered a note from Duchambon, directed to both Pepperell and Warren, asking for a suspension of arms, to enable him to draw up proposals for capitulation. Warren chanced to be on shore when the note came, and the two commanders answered jointly that it had come in good time, as they had just resolved on a general attack, and that they would give the governor till eight o'clock the next morning to make his proposals.

The proposals came in due time, but were of such a nature that even the mild Pepperell refused to listen to them, and sent back Bonaventure, the officer who brought them, with counter proposals. These were the terms which Duchambon had rejected on the 7th of May, with some conditions added, as, among others, that no officer, soldier, or inhabitant of Louisbourg should bear arms against the king of England or any of his allies for the space of a year. Duchambon stipulated, as the condition of his acceptance, that his troops should march out of the fortress with their arms and colors. To this both the English commanders agreed, Warren observing to Pepperell, "The uncertainty of our affairs that depend so much on wind and weather makes it necessary not to stickle at trifles." The articles were signed on both sides, and on the 17th of June the ships sailed peacefully into the harbor, while Pepperell, with a part of his ragged army, entered the South Gate of the town. "Never was a place more mal'd [mauled] with cannon and shells," he writes to Shirley. "Neither have I read in History of any troops behaving with greater courage. We gave them about nine thousand cannon balls and six hundred bombs." Thus this unique military performance ended in complete and astonishing success.

According to English accounts the French lost about three hundred men during the siege, but their real loss seems to have been not above a third of that number. On the side of the besiegers the deaths from all causes were only a hundred and thirty, about thirty of which were from disease. The French used their muskets to good purpose, but their mortar practice was bad, and though the advanced battery was close to their walls they often failed to hit it, while the ground on both sides of it was so torn up by the bursting of their shells

that it looked like a ploughed field. Their surrender was determined largely by the want of ammunition, as, according to one account, they had but thirty-seven barrels of gunpowder left, in which particular the besiegers fared little better.[1]

The New England men had been full of confidence in the result of the intended assault, and a French writer says that the timely capitulation saved Louisbourg from a terrible fate; yet, ill armed and disorderly as the besiegers were, it may be doubted whether the quiet ending of the siege was not as fortunate for them as for their enemies. The discouragement of the French was increased by extravagant ideas of the number of the besiegers. The Habitant de Louisbourg puts them at eight or nine thousand men, and Duchambon reports to the minister, D'Argenson, that he was attacked by thirteen thousand in all. It is true that his mortifying position was a pressing temptation to exaggerate.

Warren believed that the assault would succeed, and wrote to Pepperell that he hoped they would soon "keep a good house together, and give the Ladys of Louisbourg a Gallant Ball." When in the camp on the day the flag of truce came out, he made a speech to the New England soldiers, exhorting them to behave like true Englishmen, at which they cheered lustily. Making a visit to the Grand Battery on the same day, he won high favor with the regiment stationed there by giving them a hogshead of rum to drink his health.

Whether Warren's "gallant ball" ever took place does not appear. Pepperell, on his part, celebrated the victory by a dinner to the commodore and his officers. As the redoubtable Parson Moody was the general's chaplain and the oldest man in the army, he was invited to ask a blessing at the board, to the great concern of those who knew his habitual prolixity, and dreaded its effect on the guests. At the same time, not one of them dared to rasp his irritable temper by any suggestion of brevity, and hence they came in terror to the feast, expecting an invocation of a good half hour ended by open revolt of the hungry Britons, when, to their surprise and relief, Moody uttered himself thus: "Good Lord, we have so much to thank thee for that time will be too short, and we must leave it for eternity. Bless our food and fellowship on this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord. Amen." And with that he sat down. It is said that he had been seen in the French church hewing at the altar and images with the axe he had brought for that purpose, and perhaps this iconoclastic performance had relieved the high pressure of his zeal.[2]

Amazing as their triumph was, Pepperell's soldiers were not pleased with the capitulation, and one of them thus records his disapproval in his diary: "Sabath Day, ye 16th June. They came to Termes for us to enter ye sitty to morrow and Poore Termes they Bee too." The cause of discontent was the security of property assured to the inhabitants, "by which means," says that blundering chronicler Rev. Samuel Niles, "the poor soldiers lost all their hopes and just demerit [desert] of plunder promised them." In the meagreness of their pay they thought that they were entitled to the pillage of Louisbourg, which they imagined to be a seat of wealth and luxury. Pepperell's thrifty son-in-law, Nathaniel Sparhawk, shared this illusion, and begged the general to get for him (at a low price) a handsome

[1] Pepperell complains several times of a total want of both powder and balls. Warren writes to him on May 29th: "It is very lucky that we can spare you some powder. I am told you had not a grain left."

[2] A descendant of Moody, at the village of York, told me that he was found in the church employed as above.

service of silver plate. When the volunteers exchanged their dreary camp for what they expected to be the comfortable quarters of the town, they were disgusted to see the houses still occupied by their former owners, and to find themselves forced to stand guard at the doors to protect them.[1] "A great Noys and hubbub a mongst ye Soldiers a bout ye Plunder; Som Cursing som a Swarein," writes one of the indignant victors.

They were not, and perhaps could not be, long kept in order; and when, in accordance with the capitulation, the inhabitants had been embarked for transportation to France, discipline broke down, and General Wolcott records that while Moody was preaching on a Sunday in the garrison chapel there was "excessive stealing in every part of the town." Nothing of value, however, was left to steal. But if the army found meagre gleanings, the navy reaped a rich harvest. The French ships, instead of being barred out of the harbor, were now lured to enter it. The French flag was kept flying over the town, and prizes were thus entrapped to the estimated value of a million pounds sterling, half of which went to the Crown, and the rest to the British officers and sailors, the army getting no share whatever.

Now rose the vexed question of the relative part borne by the army and the navy, the colonies and the Crown, in the capture of Louisbourg; and here it may be well to observe the impressions of a French witness of the siege: "It was an enterprise less of the English nation and its king than of the inhabitants of New England alone. This singular people have their own laws and administration, and their governor plays the sovereign. Admiral [Commodore] Warren had no authority over the troops sent by the governor of Boston, and he was only a spectator. . . . Nobody would have said that their sea and land forces belonged to the same nation and were under the same prince. No nation but the English is capable of such *bizarreries*, which nevertheless are a part of the precious liberty of which they show themselves so jealous."

The French writer is correct when he says that the land and sea forces were under separate commands, and it is equally true that nothing but the conciliating temper of Pepperell could have preserved harmony between the two chiefs; but when he calls Warren a mere spectator he does gross injustice to that gallant officer, whose activity was incessant and whose services were invaluable. He and his captains maintained, with slight lapses, an almost impossible blockade, without which the siege must have failed. Two or three small vessels got into the harbor, but the capture of the Vigilant, more than any other event of the siege, discouraged the French, and prepared them for surrender.

Several English writers speak of Warren and the navy as the captors of Louisbourg, and all New England writers give the chief credit to Pepperell and the army. Neither army nor navy would have succeeded without the other. Warren and his officers, in a council of war, had determined that so long as the Island Battery and the water batteries of the town remained in an efficient state the ships could not enter the harbor, and Warren had publicly expressed the same opinion.[2] He did not mean to enter till all the batteries that had made

1 "Thursday ye 21st. Ye French keep possession yet and we are forsed to stand at their Dores to gard them." (Diary of a Soldier, anonymous.)

2 Report of Consultation on board the Superbe, 7 June, 1745. "Commodore Warren did say publickly that before the Circular Battery was reduced he would not venture in here with three times ye sea force he had with him, and through divine assistance we tore that and this city almost to pieces." (Pepperell to Shirley, 4 July, 1745.)

the attempt impracticable had been silenced or crippled by the army, and by the army alone. The whole work of the siege fell upon the land forces; and though it had been proposed to send a body of marines ashore, this was not done.[1] Three or four gunners, intended, in the words of Warren, "to put your men in the way of loading cannon," were his only contribution to the operations of the siege. Though the fear of a joint attack by the troops and the ships no doubt hastened the surrender, the governor of Canada ascribes the defeat to the extreme activity with which the New England men pushed the siege.

The Habitant de Louisbourg says that each of the two commanders was eager that the keys of the fortress should be delivered to him, and not to his colleague; that, before the surrender, Warren sent an officer to persuade the French that it would be for their advantage to make their submission to him rather than to Pepperell; and that it was, in fact, so made. Wolcott, on the other hand, with the best means of learning the truth, says in his diary that Pepperell received the keys at the South Gate. The report that it was the British commodore, and not their own general, to whom Louisbourg surrendered made a prodigious stir among the inhabitants of New England, who had the touchiness common to small and ambitious peoples; and as they had begun the enterprise and borne most of its burdens and dangers, they thought themselves entitled to the chief credit of it. Pepperell was blamed as lukewarm for the honor of his country, because he did not demand the keys, and annul the capitulation if they were refused. After all this ebullition, it appeared that the keys were in his hands; for when, in the following August, Shirley came to Louisbourg, Pepperell formally presented them to him in the presence of the soldiers.

Warren no doubt felt that he had a right to precedence, as an officer of the king in regular standing, while Pepperell was a civilian, clothed with temporary rank by the commission of a provincial governor. Warren was an impetuous Irish sailor, accustomed to command, and Pepperell was a merchant, accustomed to manage and persuade. The difference appears in their correspondence during the siege. Warren is sometimes brusque and almost peremptory. Pepperell is forbearing to the utmost. He liked Warren, and to the last continued to praise him highly in letters to Shirley and other provincial governors; while Warren, on occasion of Shirley's arrival at Louisbourg, made a speech complimentary to the general and his soldiers.

The news that Louisbourg was taken reached Boston, by a vessel sent express, at one o'clock in the morning of the 3d of July. An uproar of bells and cannon proclaimed it to the sleeping citizens, and before the sun rose the streets were filled with shouting crowds. At night every window shone with lamps, and the town was ablaze with fireworks and bonfires. The next Thursday was appointed a day of general thanksgiving for a victory believed to be the direct work of an approving Providence. New York and Philadelphia also hailed the news with illuminations, ringing of bells, and firing of cannon.

In England the tidings were received with astonishment, and a joy that was dashed with reflections on the strength and mettle of colonies suspected already of aspiring to independence. Warren was made an admiral and Pepperell a baronet, — no empty honor among a people who, with all their republican leanings, reverenced a title no less than do some

[1] Warren had no men to spare. He says: "If it should be thought necessary to join your troops with any men from our ships, it should only be done for some sudden attack that may be executed in one day or night." (Warren to Pepperell, 11 May, 1745.) No such occasion arose.

of their descendants of to-day. The merchant general was made a colonel in the British army, and a regiment was given him, to be raised in America and maintained by the king, while a similar recognition was granted to the lawyer, Shirley.

A question vital to Massachusetts worried her in the midst of her triumph. She had been bankrupt for many years, and of the great volume of her outstanding debt a considerable part was not worth eightpence in the pound. Besides this, she had spent £183,649 sterling on the Louisbourg expedition. That which Smollett calls "the most important achievement of the war" would never have taken place but for her, and Old England, and not New, was to reap the profit; for Louisbourg, conquered by arms, was to be restored by diplomacy. If the money she had spent for the mother country were not repaid, her ruin would be certain. William Bollan, a son-in-law of Shirley, was sent out to urge the just claim of the province, and after vigorous solicitation he succeeded. The full amount in sterling value was paid to Massachusetts, and the expenditures of the other New England colonies were also reimbursed. The people of Boston saw twenty-seven of those long, unwieldy trucks, which the elders of the place still remember as used in their youth, rumbling up King Street to the treasury, loaded with two hundred and seventeen chests of Spanish dollars and a hundred barrels of copper coin. A pound sterling was worth eleven pounds of the old tenor currency of Massachusetts, and thirty shillings of the new tenor. These beneficent trucks carried enough to buy in at a stroke nine tenths of the old tenor notes of the province, nominally worth above two million pounds. A stringent tax, laid on by the Assembly, paid the remaining tenth, and Massachusetts was restored to financial health.[1]

Francis Parkman.

NOTE. — The English documents on the siege of Louisbourg are very numerous. The Pepperell Papers and the Belknap Papers, both in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, afford a vast number of contemporary letters and papers. The large volume entitled Siege of Louisbourg, in the same repository, contains many more, including autograph diaries of soldiers and others. To these are to be added the journals of General Wolcott, James Gibson, Benjamin Cleves, Seth Pomeroy, and several more, in print or manuscript, among which is to be noted the journal appended to Shirley's letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated 28 October, 1745. This journal bears the names of Pepperell, Brigadier Waldo, Colonel Moore, and Lieutenant-Colonels Lothrop and Gridley, who attest its accuracy. Many papers have also been drawn from the Public Record Office of London.

Accounts of this affair have hitherto rested, with but slight exceptions, on English authorities alone. The archives of France have furnished useful material for the foregoing narrative, notably the long report of the French governor, Duchambon, to the minister of war, and the letter of the intendant Bigot to the same personage, written about six weeks after the surrender. But the most curious French testimony concerning the siege is the "Lettre d'un Habitant de Louisbourg, contenant une Relation exacte & circonstanciée de la Prise de l'Isle-Royale par les Anglois. A Québec chez Guillaume le Sincère, à l'Image de la Vérité, 1745." This little book, of eighty-one printed pages, is extremely rare. I could study it only by having a *literatim* transcript made from the copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, as it was not to be found in the British Museum. It bears the signature "B. L. N.," and is dated "à . . . ce 28 Août, 1745." The imprint of Quebec is certainly intended as a mask, the book having no doubt been printed in France. It criticises Duchambon severely, and makes him mainly answerable for the disaster.

[1] It was through the exertions of the much-abused Thomas Hutchinson, Speaker of the Assembly and historian of Massachusetts, that the money was used for the laudable purpose of extinguishing the old debt.

THE ETHICS OF HORSE-KEEPING.

If a man could go into open market and for two or three hundred dollars purchase the lifelong devotion of a friend, though a humble friend, it would be accounted a wonderful thing. But that is exactly what happens, or might happen, whenever a horse is bought. You give him food, lodging, and the reasonable services of a valet, in return for which he will not only further your business or your pleasure, as the case may be, to the best of his ability, but he will also repay you with affection, respond to your caresses, greet you with a neigh of pleased recognition, and in a hundred ways of his own exhibit a sense of the relationship.

There are men to whom a horse is only an animate machine: they will ride and drive him, hire grooms and draw checks for his sustenance and keeping, but all without a single thought of the animal as having a character, a mind, a career of his own; as being susceptible to pain or pleasure; as a creature for whose welfare they have assumed a certain responsibility, of which they cannot get rid, although they may forget it or deny its existence. Even among people who are intelligent, religious, and kind-hearted, as the world goes, there is sometimes found, as we all know, especially when their own convenience is concerned, an astonishing indifference to the sufferings of dumb beasts.

Never shall I forget the shock produced upon my infant mind by a case of this sort in which a deeply venerated bishop was the actor. The good man described in my presence the great difficulty that he had recently experienced, upon arriving in town, in obtaining a conveyance from the railroad station to the house where he was to stay, two or three miles distant. Through some mistake no carriage had been sent for him, and by the liverymen to whom the bishop applied he was told that all their horses were so wearied and jaded, a huge picnic or funeral having just occurred in the village, that they absolutely could not send one out again. But the successor of the Apostles so wrought upon the stable-keepers by his eloquence — thus he narrated, with no suspicion of the awful judgment that was passing upon him by youthful innocence, sitting unnoticed in a corner — that some unlucky, overtired brute was finally dragged from his stall and sent off upon the five-mile jaunt. Now the day was warm, to be sure, and the bishop a stout man; still, being in the prime of life, he could have taken no harm, but rather good, from the walk; and yet neither when he hired the horse nor when he related the transaction did it occur to him that the act was one of inexcusable cruelty. How many people, indeed, know or care what is the condition of the livery horses that they hire from time to time? How many, when they summon a cab, so much as glance at the beast in the shafts? But it is almost always possible to make a selection, rejecting the palpably unfit, choosing the fit horse; and if everybody took even this slight amount of trouble, the employment of broken-down cab horses would cease to be profitable.

There is a good deal of hard-heartedness in our Puritan blood as respects dumb animals. I once spent several weeks on a farm where many beasts of various kinds were kept. The family was of pure New England stock, farmers for many generations back, — stalwart, intelligent, honest people, pillars of the church, leading men in the village, but in their treatment of dumb beasts without feeling or compunction. If the cows did not enter their stalls at the proper moment, they were pounded

with whatever weapon came handy; horses were driven when they were lame, and neglected when they were tired. Every animal on the place was in a continual state of hunger, and none ever received a kind word or a pat of the hand. That on all convenient occasions I surreptitiously fed the occupants of the barn, horses, cows, oxen, and bull, is a fact which I may be permitted to state, lest I shall include myself in the condemnation of these hard-hearted farmers; nor can I recall without pleasure the anticipatory neighing, the scraping of hoofs, and the rattling of chains that soon became a regular occurrence whenever I set foot upon the threshold. I have known better educated, village-bred persons of the same stamp, men of a kind that command, when they die, half-column obituary notices in the papers, who took a vicious delight in stoning dogs off their lawns, and who would have been moved to scorn by any show of affection for a horse.

People whose attitude toward dumb animals is of this character not only fail of their duty, but miss a vast amount of happiness. Horses are to be enjoyed in other ways than those of riding and driving. To become familiar with their characters and peculiarities, of which latter horses have many; to see them comfortable in their stalls, sleek, well fed, well groomed, warmly blanketed; to give them affection, and to receive it back; finally, to take a pride in them, and, frankly speaking, to brag about them without being more unveracious than a fairly good conscience will allow, — this it is to enjoy a horse. In this matter, as in all others where motives are concerned, the good and bad, or at least the good and indifferent, in human nature can be made to coöperate; the sense of duty may be reinforced by a more spontaneous feeling, namely, the pride of ownership. In fact, to lay a foundation for the exercise of this quality should always be a chief object in buying a horse. Let your new purchase have that about him concerning which you can declare, with sufficient plausibility to defy absolute contradiction, that he stands in the very front rank of equine excellence; as that he is the most speedy, or the most enduring, or the handsomest, or the gentlest, or the most intelligent, or the toughest, of animals. If these qualities fail, we come down to minor excellences, such as the fineness of his coat, the beauty of its color, the silkiness of his mane, the length of his tail, or the nobility of his descent. It is quite possible to buy for a small sum horses of unexceptionable pedigree; and though a well-bred weed or screw really travels no better than a "dunghill," yet his breeding will always command admiration, and cast a reflected glory upon his owner. The point of superiority may be this or that; enough that it distinguishes your horse from the ruck of horses, and justifies in some measure, at least to the world at large, the pride and pleasure that you take in him. This reference to the opinion of others as a guide for our affections, even when a human being constitutes the object, is one of those vile traits that lie hid in the murky depths of our nature. Was it not remarked by George Sand, who knew the human heart, and certainly took no pessimistic view of it, that men love women not for what they think of them, but for what they suppose other people to think of them?

And yet there is another aspect of the matter. Just as disinterested affection, or something approaching it, may exist between man and woman, so it is possible to be fond of a horse, and to be happy in his well-being, with no admixture of those baser feelings to which I have alluded. I wish that you, gentle reader of this paper, might be induced to try the following experiment. We will suppose that you have a stable with an unoccupied stall in it, and by preference, though it is not essential,

that a paddock is appurtenant to the stable. (Not everybody, indeed, is so fortunately situated, but still the conditions just mentioned are by no means uncommon.) Now let us suppose further that you go into the market or to some private person and purchase, as you may easily do, for forty or fifty dollars an old broken-down horse, of whom a long hard day's work in a cab, an express or peddler's wagon, has been, and unless you intervene will for some years yet continue to be extracted. Take him home, and watch the quick transition from misery to happiness. He comes into your stable with stiff, painful steps; his legs swollen from hock and knee to ankle; his ribs clearly visible through a rough, staring coat; and, above all, with that strained, anxious expression of the eye which nobody who has once seen and understood it can ever expel from his memory. It is the expression of despair. You take off his shoes, give him a run at grass or a deep bed of straw in a comfortable loose box, and forthwith the old horse begins to improve. Little by little, the expression of his eye changes, the swelling goes out of his legs, and it will not be long before he cuts a caper; a stiff and ungainly one, to be sure, but still a caper, indicative of health and happiness. He will neigh at your approach, and gladly submit his head for a caress, whereas at first he would have shrunk in terror from any such advances. (It may be ten years since a hand was laid upon him in kindness.) If you have any work for him to do, the old horse will perform it with alacrity, exerting himself out of gratitude; he will even flourish off in harness with the airs of a colt, as who should say, "There is life in me yet; don't send me to the knacker; behold my strength and agility." Treat him as you would if he had cost you a great sum, or as if you expected to win a great sum through his exertions. Let him have good blankets, good grooming, and all the little attentions of a well-ordered establishment. Is there anything ridiculous in this? Shall not the stable, as well as the house, have its sacred rites of hospitality? Shall not the old cheap horse be made as comfortable as the young and costly one?

And here I anticipate an obvious criticism. "The horse should be killed, and the money that it costs to maintain him be given to the poor." I grant it. Let the old horse be shot, and let the two dollars and fifty cents per week necessary for his support be given in charity. But see to it, ye who might maintain an equine pensioner, and forbear to do so for reasons of conscience, — see to it that the poor be not defrauded of the sum which would thus have been saved for them.

Doubtless the ideal manner of keeping a horse is that practiced in Arabia, where, we are told, he is treated like one of the family, being the constant companion of the children, and allowed to poke his nose within the tent and into all the household affairs. Unfortunately, our habits of living will not permit such intimacy, although I have seen a yearling colt within the walls of a country dwelling-house, taking a moderate lunch of oats from the kitchen table, and afterward, with ears erect, briefly surveying the outside world through the drawing-room window. Mr. Briggs's introduction of his hunter to the dining-room on Christmas night, in the animal's professional capacity, and the consequent results to the china, will occur to the reader as a similar case. But although such instances must necessarily be rare, and are not, perhaps, exactly to be imitated, it is possible for every horse-owner to cultivate the social and affectionate side of the animal's nature by talking to and caressing him, by visiting him in the stable, by making him little gifts, from time to time, of sugar and other dainties. Petting like this undoubtedly tends to make high-spirited

horses more tractable and safer on the road than they would be otherwise.[1]

Few persons, moreover, realize how much a nervous, timid horse dislikes to be left alone, especially amid terrifying or even unusual surroundings. I once brought a high-strung Morgan mare, that I had owned but two weeks, on a steamer from Portland to Boston. She had never traveled thus before, and during the first hour or two, if I left her alone for a moment, as happened once or twice, she became distressed and alarmed in the highest degree, sweating profusely and struggling to get loose; but when I returned she would immediately become calm again, rubbing her nose against me as much as to say, "For Heaven's sake, don't leave me alone." The same horse (I have her still), when tied in front of a strange house, always greets me, when I come out, with an eager, enthusiastic neigh, as if she had begun to despair of seeing her master again.

Nevertheless, whether from the want of ancestral usage or otherwise, horses, it must be granted, are less sociable with men than are dogs. Nor can I agree with the remark recorded as having been made by the famous sportsman Thomas Assheton Smith (but perhaps incorrectly), that "horses are far more sensible than dogs." The converse, I should say, is true. Dogs are more sensible, more intelligent, more affectionate, and, as a rule, more trustworthy than horses. So much justice requires that we should admit, although the contrary is often maintained by persons well informed on the subject. Who, indeed, has not heard the intelligence of the horse eloquently defended by some hard-headed, hard-drinking old horseman, who would seem to enjoy a perfect immunity from all sentimental considerations? But he does not. "If we could have come upon Diogenes suddenly," Thackeray somewhere remarks, "he would probably have been found whimpering in his tub over a sentimental romance." And so the old horseman, being fond of horses, knowing them, but knowing nothing else, deriving both his livelihood and his pleasure from them, unconsciously exaggerates their good qualities. But, on the other hand, the horse is far more intelligent than most people suppose, and there are certain qualities in which he excels all other dumb animals. "The conspicuous merit of the horse, which has given him the dearly paid honor of sharing in our wars," says Mr. Hamerton, in a charming essay, "is his capacity for being disciplined; and a very great capacity it is, a very noble gift indeed, — nobler than much cleverness. Several animals are cleverer than the horse in the way of intelligence; not one is so amenable to discipline."[2] This is true, unless, indeed, an exception should be made in favor of the elephant. But Mr. Hamerton omits to state the very respect in which the superiority of the horse to all other dumb animals is most important and most striking, namely, the fineness of his nervous system. All the great achievements of the horse; all his wonderful flights of speed and feats of endurance; all his capacity for being guided, restrained, quickly turned, and

[1] Mustangs that have been allowed to run wild on the prairies until they are brought to the East and sold can rarely be broken so as to be safe in harness; but ponies of the same breed that have been in actual use by the Indians are very trustworthy. Such ponies, like Arab horses, have become domesticated, and cease to regard human beings as their natural enemies.

[2] Mr. Hamerton adds that the horse is not observant except of places. But this is a great mistake. A strange footfall in a stable will be noticed in a moment by all the occupants of the stalls. A lively horse observes the least movement of his groom or rider, and his curiosity is extreme. On strange roads horses always drive better than on familiar roads. They are more alert and go faster, so as to see what is coming next.

stopped, for being urged to the limit, and beyond the limit, of his strength, — all, in fact, that is glorious in him springs from the sensitiveness of his nervous organization. In this respect no other dumb animal that I know of will bear comparison with the horse. Mr. Hamerton well says, in contrasting the horse and the ass: —

"I have never yet seen the donkey which could be guided easily and safely through an intricate crowd of carriages or on a really dangerous road. The deficiency of the ass may be expressed in a single word, — it is deficiency of delicacy. You can guide a good horse as delicately as a sailing-boat; when the skillful driver has an inch to spare he is perfectly at his ease, and he can twist in and out amongst the throng of vehicles, when a momentary display of self-will in the animal would be the cause of an immediate accident. The ass appears to be incapable of any delicate discipline of this kind."

What makes the horse so delicate an instrument to play upon is the quick and fine connection between his nerves and his brain and the sensitiveness of his skin. People who have never entered into the art of driving or riding (though they may both drive and ride all their lives) think that holding the reins is something like steering a heavy boat: pull to the right if you want to go in that direction; pull hard if you want to stop, and so on.[1] But the real art of driving and riding is the exercise of a light, firm, sensitive hand upon the reins, and the continual play of intelligence, of command on the one hand and obedience on the other, between the man and the horse.

The same nervous development that makes the horse a sensitive, controllable, pliable animal makes him also capable of great feats. To run or trot fast, in heat after heat, requires not only mechanical fitness, such as well-proportioned limbs, good bone and muscle, good lung power, etc., but also an inward energy, the "do or die" spirit, as horsemen call it. Many a horse has speed enough to make a racer, but lacks the requisite courage and determination. "She was tried a good mare, but never won anything" is a phrase of frequent occurrence in William Day's reminiscences. There are cases in which thousands of dollars have been spent for fast trotters that were afterward sold for a few hundreds, simply because they were too sluggish and faint-hearted to keep on after they became tired. On the other hand, almost all the fastest horses, the "record-breakers," whether among racers or trotters, have been remarkable for their nervous, "high-strung" constitutions. The trainer of Sunol (the California filly, who has a three-year-old record of 2.10, and who is thought likely, in time, to beat the 2.08¾ of Maud S.), after describing the great difficulty that he experienced in breaking her, says: "Not that she was actually vicious, but she had and has a will, a temper, and a determination of her own, and at that time every individual hair seemed to contain a nerve." Governor Stanford, who bred Sunol, also describes her as "a bundle of nerves."

Even among the best breeds of cart horses, such as the Percherons and Clydesdales, the same quality is not altogether wanting, and in general it distinguishes, as I have said, the horse from all other dumb animals. It follows, of course, that the horse is the

[1] Opinion as to what constitutes excellence in horse-flesh is very diverse. I remember once hearing the praises of a certain Dobbin sung with great enthusiasm by a literary man. This was the most perfect horse in the world; but, on cross-examination, perfection was found to reside in one quality, — wherever you left him, there the animal would stand without being tied. You might be gone a year, and come back to find him still waiting for you in the middle of the road.

most irritable of creatures, the most easily worried and distressed. Little things, such as no other animal, man included perhaps, would mind, annoy and exasperate him. If, for example, you notice a row of express-wagon horses backed up against the curbstone, you will easily perceive that every horse there has his temper permanently ruined by the frequent passing of vehicles before him, thus obliging him to turn his head. A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a three-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely high-strung. His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen that the track has produced, once made the mistake, either through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness, and remained so for the rest of his life.

One of the best, most docile, most intelligent animals that I have known was a powerful brown horse that belonged to a veterinary surgeon. When the doctor was making professional visits in the city where he lived, he would often walk from one stable to another, and beckon or call to the horse to follow him. This the latter would always do, waiting patiently meanwhile. But if any strange man or boy mounted the gig and attempted to drive him off, he could not be made to budge an inch. This animal showed his intelligence and docility in many other ways; and yet he had begun his career in harness by killing two or three men, more or less, and the surgeon, who perceived that the horse was naturally kind, and that his temper had been soured by ill treatment, purchased him for a song. He served his master faithfully for more than twenty years.

I do not mean to say that a nervous horse is always courageous and always intelligent, nor to imply that courageous, intelligent horses are invariably nervous.[1] But these qualities commonly go together; and as the horse is distinguished from all other dumb beasts by a highly developed nervous system, if I may be forgiven for repeating the statement, so the finest specimens of the genus are usually those in which this development is most conspicuous. Hence, in dealing with the horse more than with most animals, one ought to exercise patience, care, and, above all, the power of sympathy, so as to know, if possible, the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge, and to act upon it when acquired, is a large part of the ethics of horse-keeping.

In the matter of shying, for example, great discrimination needs to be exercised. Everybody knows that when horses are in good spirits, especially in cold weather, they will often shy at sights or sounds which under other circumstances they pass by without notice. In such a case it is always assumed that the horse, out of roguishness, is simply pretending to be afraid; and commonly this is true. Frequently, indeed, horses work themselves into a condition of panic for the mere fun of the thing, and to enjoy the pleasure of running or shying off from the object of their half-real

[1] It happens sometimes, though rarely, that a courageous horse is sluggish and has to be "aroused," even by the whip. Such an animal is the trotting stallion Wedgwood, one of the best "finishers" ever seen on the track, and famous for winning races of numerous heats against speedier but less enduring competitors. Another type is that of the ambitious but soft and washy horse who goes off at a great pace, but soon tires. The ideal roadster starts slowly, gradually warms to his work, and after ten miles or so (just when the inferior horse has had enough) begins to be full of play. Such, preëminently, is the habit of the Morgan family.

half-fictitious terror, just as a school-girl might scurry through a churchyard at dusk.

In one of Mr. Galton's books there is a passage about wild animals which throws light on the conduct of some tame ones. He says: "From my own recollection, I believe that every antelope in South Africa has to run for its life every one or two days upon an average, and that he starts or gallops under the influence of a false alarm many times in a day. Those who have crouched at night by the side of pools in the desert, in order to have a shot at the beasts that frequent them, see strange scenes of animal life: how the creatures gambol at one moment and fight at another; how a herd suddenly halts in strained attention, and then breaks into a maddened rush, as one of them becomes conscious of the stealthy movements or rank scent of a beast of prey. Now this hourly life-and-death excitement is a keen delight to most wild creatures."

But there is more behind. I am convinced that nervous horses, when in high condition, and stimulated by the cold or otherwise, are often actually frightened by objects which do not thus affect them at other times. Their nerves, being more tense, send a different message to the brain. I have seen a man of robust constitution, but just getting out after a long illness, jump like a colt when a piece of white paper blew across the sidewalk before him. Now, what illness had done for his nerves high condition, cold air, want of exercise, will do for the nerves of a horse, especially if he be a young horse; and the moral is that for shying thus brought about the whip is no cure. In fact, even for intentional shying the use of the whip does more harm than good; it is permissible only when the horse refuses to approach or to pass a particular object. If he cannot be led or coaxed forward, then it is well to employ punishment, for he must never be allowed to disobey.

The success in equine matters of which Americans can fairly boast is due chiefly to the fact that we have consulted the equine nature. Our trainers, perceiving that the horse is a nervous, timid, and yet docile animal, have endeavored to win his confidence rather than to subdue his spirit. Instead of breaking colts, we "gentle" them; and that single word developed in the daily usage of the stable eloquently indicates the difference between the old method and the new, between American horse-training and foreign horse-breaking. The superintendent of a large stock farm says: "At the age of six months we take up the colts and *gentle* them. After several weeks of this work they are again turned out. At fourteen months old they are taken up and driven double with an old horse, and in a short time they are put in single harness." In smaller establishments even greater pains are taken to domesticate the colt from infancy upward; and in general the method is to accustom him gradually to the bit, to the harness, to being driven and ridden, so that his education is completed by a succession of small steps, each achieved without a struggle, without rebellion, without exciting the fear or hatred of the colt. The result is that our horses are commonly gentle. I have seen a high-spirited stallion, on the fourth occasion of his being in harness, driven to a top-wagon, and going so kindly that the owner did not hesitate to take his child of three years with him.

In England great improvement in these matters has been made in recent years, but the British horse-trainer is still behind the age. Vicious horses, again, are far more to seek here than is the case abroad. Abroad there is no difficulty in providing those horse-breakers who perform in public with specimens on which to exert their skill, with "man-eaters," confirmed kickers, etc. But in this country, when such an exhi-

bition is to be given, say in New York or Boston, it is found almost, sometimes quite, impossible to procure a beast savage enough to do credit to his subjugator.

John Bull has accomplished wonders with horses, and nobody, I presume, has lighter hands or more "faculty" in the management of them than the gentlemen of England. But the understrappers and grooms, the breakers and trainers, lack the sympathetic understanding, the gentleness and patience, that are essential for the proper education of a horse. To discover what could be done by the exercise of these qualities was, I make bold to say, reserved for the American trainer; and anybody who studies the history of the trotting horse will perceive the truth of this statement.

I read lately of a former well-known M. F. H. who kept an enormous equine establishment, and yet among all his men there was but one fit to be entrusted with the exercise of his best hunters.

To create the trotter, increasing his speed, within seventy-five years, from a mile in 2.40 to a mile in 2.08¾, was perhaps an even greater achievement than the development of the modern thoroughbred in the one hundred and fifty years that have elapsed since the importation to England of the Godolphin Arabian. The utility of the achievement is another matter; and I should confess to some sympathy with the critic who was inclined to estimate it lightly. But whatever we may think of the result, whether or not we hold that a 2.08 horse is greatly better than a 2.40 horse, the value of the process by which this result was reached can hardly be exaggerated. The trainers of the American trotter have taught the world the best lesson that it has ever received in the ethics of horse-keeping.

There remains only one branch of the subject which I feel bound to consider, namely, the duty of the owner toward the horse that has grown old and infirm in his service. I say little about the man who employs horses in the course of his business; let him settle the matter with his own conscience, though I cannot refrain from the obvious remark that whereas it might be a poor man's duty to sell his superannuated beast for what he would bring, lest his family should suffer, so it would be the rich man's duty to dispose of his work horses in a different manner. But as regards horses bought and used for pleasure this general rule seems to me undeniable, that the owner is morally bound to protect them from cruelty when they become old or broken down. He may do it by killing them or otherwise, as he sees fit. But how seldom is this duty performed! It is neglected, possibly, more from thoughtlessness than from intention. A span of carriage horses, we will say, after some years of service, lose their style; they become a little stiff, a little "sore forward," it may be; one of them, perhaps, is suffering from incipient spavin; and on the whole it is thought high time to dispose of them, and get a fresher, younger pair. Accordingly, John, the groom, is directed to take them to an auction stable, and in due course Dives, their old master, receives in return a check, — a very small check, to be sure, but still large enough to make a respectable contribution to foreign missions or to purchase a case of champagne. That is all he knows about the transaction, and he does not allow his mind to dwell upon the inevitable results. But let Dives go to the auction stable himself; let him observe the wistful, homesick air (for horses are often homesick) with which the old favorites look about them when they are backed out of the unaccustomed stalls; then let him stand by and see them whipped up and down the stable floor to show their tardy paces, and finally knocked down to some hard-faced, thin-lipped dealer. It needs very little imagination to foresee their after career. To begin with,

the old companions are separated, — a great grief to both, which it requires a long time to obliterate. The more active one goes into a country livery stable, where he is hacked about by people whose only interest in the beast is to take out of him the pound of flesh for which they have paid. He has no rest on week days, but his Sunday task is the hardest. On that sacred day, the reprobates of the village who have arrived at the perfect age of cruelty (which I take to be about nineteen or twenty) lash the old carriage horse from one public house to another, and bring him home exhausted and reeking with sweat. His mate goes into a job wagon, perhaps, possibly into a herdic, and is driven by night, lest his staring ribs and the painful lameness in his hind leg should attract the notice of meddlesome persons. The last stage of many a downward equine career is found in the shafts of a fruit peddler's or junk dealer's wagon, in which situation there is continual exposure to heat and cold, to rain and snow, recompensed by the least possible amount of food. It may be that one of the old horses whose fate we are considering is finally bought by some poverty-stricken farmer; he works without grain in summer, and passes long winter nights in a cold and draughty barn, with scanty covering and no bed but the floor. It is hard that in his old age, when, like an old man, he feels the cold most and is most in need of nourishing food, he should be deprived of all the comforts — the warm stall and soft bed, the good blankets and plentiful oats — that were heaped upon him in youth.

If, as is probably the case, the old carriage horse has been docked, his suffering in warm weather will greatly be increased. That form of mutilation which we call docking is, I believe, inartistic and barbarous, and I do not doubt that before many years it will become obsolete, as is now the cropping of horses' ears, which was practiced so late as 1840. But still I should not strongly condemn the owner for docking his horses, or buying them after they had been docked, which comes to the same thing, if his intention and custom were to keep them so long as they lived. But to dock a horse, thus depriving him forever of his tail, to keep him till he is old or broken down, and then sell him for what he will bring, is the very refinement of cruelty. The Anglomaniacs, to whom we owe the revival of docking, should consider that in our climate of flies and mosquitoes the practice is infinitely more cruel than it is in England.

I have endeavored to show that the horse is an animal peculiarly capable of suffering, and to suggest some of the ways in which his suffering can be prevented or alleviated. Of late years, thanks largely to anti-cruelty societies, the horse has been less abused than was formerly the case. But let any one, and especially any one who may have a fancy for the human race, consider what awful arrears of cruelty to dumb animals have accrued at its hands. Let him think of the horses that have been baited to death, as bulls are baited; let him think of the unspeakable remedies that have been applied by ignorant farriers and grooms, such as the forcing of ground glass into the animal's eye; let him think of the horses that have been "whipped sound" in coaches and heavy wagons, — that is, compelled by the lash to travel chiefly on three legs, one being disabled, until the overwrought muscles gave out entirely; let him think of the agonies that have been inflicted by beating and spurring, of the heavy loads that a vast army of painfully lame, of diseased, and even of dying horses have been forced to draw. Let him take but one glance at the history of the human race in this respect, and one, perhaps, at his own heart, and then declare if it be not true, as was once remarked, "man deserves a hell, were it only for his treatment of horses."

H. C. Merwin.

THE LAST BOWSTRINGS.

They had brought in such sheafs of hair,
And flung them all about us there
In the loud noonday's heat and glare:
Gold tresses, far too fine to wind,
And brown, with copper curls entwined,
And black coils, black as all my mind.

In the low, stifling armory,
Whence we could hear, but might not flee,
The roar of that engirdling sea,
Whose waves were helmet-crests of foes,
Winding the cords we sat, in rows,
Beside a mound of stringless bows.

Since the first hill-scouts panted in,
Before siege-fires and battle din
Filled night and day, and filled within
Our hearts and brains with flame and sound,
We had sat, huddled on the ground,
Our tears hot on the cords we wound.

We knew, when the first tidings came,
That not the gods from death or shame
Could save us, fighting clothed in flame.
The mid-sea's marshaled waves are few
Beside the warriors, girt with blue,
The gorged hill-passes then let through.

Their spears shook like ripe, standing corn,
Gold lakes that on the plains are born,
And nod to greet the golden morn;
After these years the earth yet reels,
And after snows and showers feels
The deluge of their chariot wheels.

Against our walls their flood was dammed,
Within which, till each porch was jammed,
Farm-folk and fisher-folk were crammed;
Heaped stones inside the gates were piled,
While all above us, calm and mild,
In bitter scorn the heavens smiled.

Our men dwelt on the walls and towers,
From over which, for endless hours,
The hissing arrows flew in showers;
The sling-stones, too, came crashing down,

As though the gods of far renown
Hurled thunderbolts into the town.

Where the hung temples showed their lights
Some women prayed upon the heights;
Some stole about throughout the nights, —
Who bore the warriors food by day, —
Gleaning the arrows as they lay
That they might hurtle back to slay.

And where the rooms were heaped with stores,
Because the stringless bows were scores,
We were shut in with guarded doors;
All day at hurried toil we kept,
And when the darkness on us crept
We lay, each in her place, and slept.

Quick as we worked, we could not make
Strings fast as bowmen came to take
Fresh bows; and oh, the grinding ache
Of hearts and fingers: maid and slave
And princess, we toiled on to save
Home that already was our grave.

Six days we wound the cords with speed;
Naught else from us had any heed,
For bitter was our rage and need.
At last, upon the seventh day,
Into the fury of the fray
They called our very guard away.

No food was brought us. Faint with thirst,
What wonder was it if, at first,
Some wailed that the town gates were burst?
If, later, to the last embraces
Of child or mother, from their places
Some slunk away with ashen faces?

I cursed them through the door unbarred;
I vowed I would not move a yard,
Lest some one man of ours, pressed hard,
Might be left weaponless alone.
Until I died or turned to stone,
I would wind, were the hair mine own.

A sudden shiver shook my frame,
I looked up with my face aflame;
But oh, no tongue has any name
For the despair I saw enthroned
In my love's eyes, all purple-zoned!
I smiled to greet him, and I groaned.

He buckled on a fresh cuirass, —
His own was but a tattered mass
Of gory thongs. I saw him pass
Out of the portal; with good-byes
And blessings filled, and yearning sighs,
For the last time I saw his eyes.

Each moment, all my blood areel,
I felt the thrust of deadly steel
I knew his body soon must feel.
My heart was choked with prayerful speech;
The high deaf gods were out of reach,
My eyes dry as a noonday beach.

More cowards left. Few now remained.
Still at our task we strove and strained
With bleeding hands and iron-brained;
And still my fingers all were fleet,
Though in my temples burned and beat
The murmur of the stunning heat.

There rushed in for fresh arms just then
Some of our allies, — small, dark men;
It slowly dawned upon my ken
That one, who by a spear-heap kneeled,
Fierce-browed and grimy from the field,
Carried my brother's painted shield.

My heart beat in long, tearing throbs;
Sharp torchlights stormed my eyes in mobs,
And my breath came in rasping sobs;
The tears from both my cheeks I wrung;
So wet my hands were that they clung
Slipping along the cord I strung.

Mutely we toiled until my maid,
Her lips tense as the strands she laid,
Grew wan; her deft, quick fingers strayed:
Then she pitched forward with a groan,
And lay, white, motionless and prone.
I wound on hastily, alone.

Harsh and unevenly outside
Shields clanged. Men called, and cursed, and cried;
And when again the latch was tried
My knife lay somewhere on the floor.
Alas! I found it not before
Three armored foemen burst the door.

Edward Lucas White.

JEREMY BELKNAP.

In an address delivered in 1854 before the New York Historical Society, at the close of its first half century, William Cullen Bryant said that Jeremy Belknap had "the high merit of being the first to make American history attractive." This is a deserved tribute, happily expressed. It furnishes an apt text for the enlargement now to be made upon it. At the recent observance of the completion of a century of its existence by the Massachusetts Historical Society, — the first of the large number of state and other general and local organizations, with like objects, in the United States, — Dr. Belknap was recognized as its founder, its most earnest, efficient, and able associate, its master spirit in counsel and work. To him belongs even a higher distinction, more comprehensive and fruitful in its reach and influence. Nor does even the tribute paid him by Bryant by any means exhaust the merits of Dr. Belknap in the claims which he has among the historians of our country. For he was not only the first among us to make our history attractive; he was also the first to bring to the search and securing and identification of the prime materials of history, and to the judicious use of them, a thoroughly historical taste, full fidelity and impartiality.

There was much in the character and career of Dr. Belknap to make them interesting and instructive. His ancestry, from English stock, was in this colony in 1637. By industry and thrift it had prospered, and was held in good repute. His own progenitors were among the founders of the Old South Church. A street in Boston bears his family name, as does also a ward in the Massachusetts General Hospital, endowed generously by two Belknaps. He was born in Boston in 1744, trained in the town's famous Latin School, and graduated at Harvard in 1762. In his early boyhood he showed the proclivities which so largely directed his subsequent life. In the tower of the venerable meeting-house which stands on Washington Street is a spacious square apartment, in which was once gathered by the diligent and learned pastor, Thomas Prince, the largest collection and the most valuable that had then been brought together here of books, tracts, records, and manuscripts relating to the history of this country. Before he had entered college, the boy, by the indulgence of his minister, was allowed to browse among these treasures. When, afterwards, at his home in Dover, he heard of the evacuation of Boston by the British army, which had been rioting in the town for a year, and had used the meeting-house as a riding-school, his anxiety was roused about the fate of the precious contents of the tower chamber. What is left of that so-called "New England Library" is now in our Public Library.

The youth's purpose, like that of so many of the scholarly and able graduates of the college at that time, was to become a minister. So he pursued the usual course of teaching school for a maintenance while continuing his studies, helped by the sympathy and advice of those already in the ministry. Interleaved almanacs, commonplace books with extracts from books which he could not purchase, and diligent correspondence give us the method of his life. His happening to serve as a teacher in a New Hampshire town, and his occasional office as a preacher, led to his unanimous call by the church in Dover. He accepted the invitation, and was there ordained early in the year 1767. He tells us that a council, composed of the ministers and delegates of twenty-two

churches, was called together for the ceremonial. It was most unfortunate for Mr. Belknap that his lines fell to him in just those places. The expectation and usage then were that the minister of a parish should retain his office for life, — like a wedded couple, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer." He found it so much for the worse that eighteen years of such service, with full fidelity and respect from all around him, compelled him to seek a release, as a necessary security against penury. His experiences were simply an aggravation of those of very many of his contemporaries in the ministry, at that particular period, and they offer us an interesting historical episode.

The years of Mr. Belknap's residence in Dover — 1767 to 1786 — covered all the incidents, distractions, and trials preceding the opening of our Revolutionary War, running through it, and following the long unsettled and threatening period of the Confederation till the adoption of the Constitution, and even some time after. Those who could profit by privateering, and those who by grasping and forestalling could avail themselves of opportunities of self-enrichment, were the few who alone escaped the losses and pinches of the time. The country towns of New England were well-nigh exhausted of men and means. Constant drafts upon them for soldiers, with merciless taxation for the army, laid heavy burdens on those least able to bear them. The future would have looked most dark had not the passing years been so gloomy. To go into the forests, to cut a load of wood or to burn a mound of charcoal, teaming the wood or charcoal to a place of marketing, was to very many the only way to secure any real money, while all other traffic was by barter. As to this real money, there was very little of it. As the substitute for it, the epithet *lawful* attached to the terms of a worthless currency only mocked the promise of a steadily depreciating medium, when a bushel measure emptied of corn would scarcely contain the paper certificates crowded in, in payment for it.

There was as steady a demoralization of character and habits among the inhabitants of these towns. It is only when, turning from the summary pages of digested history of that period, we penetrate the privacies of home and the daily experiences of the people, men and women, the aged and children, that we can appreciate the contrast with the general prosperity and comfort before the war. All the previous humdrum order, routine, and simple mechanism of toil and thrift were rudely displaced. The town schools, the pride and glory of New England, were in many districts left to neglect, partly from indifference by absorption of interest in the excitements of the time, and partly from the poverty of the people. The minister of a town stood charged with the chief responsibility in the prosperity and oversight of the public schools, and a good education for his own children was set by him on a level with the training of a good character. One of the most plaintively sad utterances of Dr. Belknap in his correspondence was drawn from him by his poignant regret on this account in the case of his eldest son when he was fourteen years of age. Through the aid of a friend in Philadelphia, the boy had been received as an indentured apprentice by a printer and bookbinder who published the first volume of the History of New Hampshire. The master wrote Dr. Belknap that he was sorely disappointed by his apprentice's lack of the attainments which might reasonably have been expected of him. Belknap admits the fact with deep regret and even self-reproach. The straits and circumstances of his condition had compelled him to use the boy as a farm laborer. It must have cost him pain and mortification that he could not send a son to college, a privilege

which his clerical brethren, however frugal their lot, regarded as a matter of course. A long and noble line, in the past, of men most useful, honored, and distinguished in all the ranges of life has come from country parsonages.

It was in such a community, and one conspicuously marked by the exhaustion and demoralization just noted, that Mr. Belknap found his lot to be cast. He had acceded to it with a purpose of life-long constancy, for himself, his wife, and the children who should be born to him. The terms of his contract with town and church were, a salary of one hundred pounds *lawful money*, then rated at $333.33\frac{1}{3}$, and, after the usual custom, one hundred and fifty pounds of the same currency for what was called a "settlement," with which to provide a house and furnishings for a start, — a sum wholly insufficient for the purpose. He was settled as colleague with an aged and infirm predecessor, who was still dependent on the parish. In delicate consideration for him, temporarily, as he supposed, Belknap waived his claim for the usual supply of firewood made to ministers. It was not till five years after the decease of the elder that Belknap was moved to renew his claim for wood. He had ground enough, such as it was, for farm and garden, but his pasture was two miles distant. We have to pick from his correspondence those hints and details which reveal the petty and the very grave trials and experiences of his position. He does not yield to any peevish outbursts or any acerbity of complaint on the failure of his parish to pay him his meagre stipend, yet he says he had to face the fact of his real inability to provide the necessaries of life. There were a very few persons in his flock who, appreciating his singular excellence of character, his devotion to them, and his abilities, so sympathized with him as to offer to assume the pecuniary obligations of defaulters; but to this he would not consent.

An amusing incident gives us a hint as to the intellectual calibre of the people around him. When proposals were circulated in his neighborhood for subscriptions to the first volume of his History of New Hampshire, prices were specified for copies in sheets, in boards, or bound. Some of his parishioners, knowing more about lumber than literature, thought "in boards" meant that payment might be made in that material. The president of Dartmouth College wrote him that possibly a subscriber or two might offer in that neighborhood, if payment would be received in country produce, — say, corn, a pig, or shingles. Mr. Belknap said that there was not a single person within twelve miles of him with whom he could hold intellectual converse. Even in the famous old seaport and court town of Portsmouth, a dozen miles from him, he affirmed that there were not more than twelve or fourteen "readers." He found, however, a most warm-hearted, appreciative friend in the royal Governor Wentworth till his Toryism drove him away in the Revolution, when, as lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, he continued correspondence and intimate relations with Mr. Belknap, to whom he gave many valuable historical papers.

Well might this country parson say of himself that he led at Dover "the life of a cabbage," save that a cabbage needed to be hoed, rather than to hoe, as Belknap did. The chief resource he enjoyed in his condition was in friendly correspondence, extended beyond common details by craving for information and for books. But this correspondence was carried on under great embarrassment. There was no post office in Dover. Letters went to and came from Portsmouth by private hands, and often, when the ferry was impassable and roads were mired or snowbound, they were withheld for long periods. A coaster was sometimes availed of for small parcels. When Belknap was to

send his apprenticed son to Philadelphia, there was long delay for such conveyance, a land journey being out of the question.

The severest trials incident to his experience from the failure of his people to fulfill the terms of their contract with him were concentrated in the last four years of his connection with them. The good man would have wished that all the knowledge which posterity should have of this matter would avail not at all for any personal sympathy for him as a sufferer, but wholly as an historical illustration of what might be and what was the experience of other country ministers like himself, in hard places and hard circumstances. So he wrote out, in his excellent chirography, a detailed and authenticated statement of the unjust and harassing treatment which he received when he urged upon his people his necessitous condition, and the iniquity of their action, or lack of action, to right the wrong. We have to remind ourselves that the minister of a town was the only one of its inhabitants or citizens, whatever their office or occupation, to whom was assured by written contract a stipulated annual salary. This was apportioned and collected as a part of the general tax covering all town charges, for highways, for the poor, for schools, and other matters. All the inhabitants were held, *pro rata*, taxable for the ministry in the old parish church, unless, as the phrase was, "they signed off" by proving that they contributed towards the support of some other place of worship. Belknap affirms that his parish were really able to meet their obligations to him. He writes: "Was it owing to their poverty or sufferings in the cause of the country, I could not only bear it patiently, but should think it my duty to partake of their sufferings to the utmost possible degree; but the truth is, they have been growing rich on the spoils of their country. There are, at this day, hundreds of bushels of bread corn withheld for a price. It is with difficulty I can get a supply. I am actually obliged to plant my own bread corn this year, and expect to handle the hoe as a common laborer, as my wife is forced to do the wheel." From his narrative which, after a hundred years, is now printed in full as an historical document by the Massachusetts Historical Society, in its third volume of the Belknap Papers, and which we can only summarize here, one may learn how through a tedious series of parish meetings, with provoking and evasive delays, procrastinations, adjournments, references to committees, and results in nothing, the patient petitioner and remonstrant was trifled with. One signally impressive lesson may be drawn from it, and that is of the serene and magnanimous spirit preserved by Mr. Belknap through the whole controversy. No sign of acerbity, no token of an unkind or unchristian resentment, no reproachful expression, but only, and most touching, a tender, elevated, and self-respectful bearing, considerate and dignified, marks all his utterances.

He was compelled to ask, and, against the remonstrance and opposition of his people, to insist upon, a release from his contract with them. This was effected by the regular usage of the time. And, as if in charming illustration of the new assurance of their respect and love for him drawn out by his own bearing in the contention, no sooner was his release ratified than he was earnestly urged to enter upon a new contract with his people. He was too sagacious, however, for that. In conducting his part in the correspondence with such delicacy he avoided giving his society "a bad name."

It was under these anxious and oppressive experiences that Mr. Belknap planned and wrote, and in 1784 published, the first volume of his History of New Hampshire. It involved a vast deal of labor in collecting and consulting

original documents, and in wide correspondence. Time, toil, and patience must have been given to it. He informs a correspondent that "the rascally sheet of paper" on which he was writing cost him "three dollars a quire;" meaning, of course, the currency of the time, for that in honest coin was then the price of a ream in Philadelphia, where it was made. Now it is observable that, during the controversy with his people, not only not one single word of complaint or censure is cast upon him for personal or ministerial failings, or for any qualification of the highest standard of exemplariness and fidelity, but no murmur is uttered because he had given so much time and pains to historical work. It would have been contrary to all the usage and traditions of the New England ministry for a people to have censured their minister on that score. Belknap would have been sure to write the history of any State in which he might happen to have his home, for the instinct and aptitude were in him, like an appetite and digesting and assimilating functions. And not only that; it was not exacted as the standard of duty and fidelity for New England clergymen in the olden time, nor is it in these modern days, that a minister's whole time and thought should be absorbed exclusively in his pulpit and pastoral work. In such absorption his mind and spirit would become rusty, unwholesome, working with tiresome inefficiency in the ruts of a secluded routine. It was expected that he should be a reader, a thinker, and a scholar, exercising and airing his mind, seeking fresh light and truth, and leaving some increment after him for posterity. It was thus that ministers were to get free of limitations and formalities. So it was that nearly everything written for record or print in our early times, in the shape of history or as material for it, was by ministers. The case was an exceptional one in which a minister did not leave behind him something that was or would help for history, if it were only a diary, an interleaved almanac, or a church record.

Most of the historical works in this as in all other countries have been produced by men who, while at work upon them, have won their subsistence in other callings. It is pleasant to take note of this, as showing a better than mercenary impulse in such writers. The period connected with and immediately following upon our Revolutionary War was marked by a most quickened activity of the intellect of the people. The famous Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, wrote that activity of intellect had increased twenty fold, and acquired knowledge a hundred fold, between the opening of the war and the close of the century. There never was a civilized community on the globe more fully or richly furnished with the materials, actors, events, and records of history, from its origin all through its course, than New England.

Dr. Belknap enjoyed for twenty years, covering the whole period of his historical work, the warmest and most intimate friendship, the continued correspondence, the sympathy and most efficient aid and coöperation of Ebenezer Hazard. The larger part of this correspondence, on both sides, has been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society in the first two volumes of the Belknap Papers. Though many of the letters are fragmentary, they yet afford a mine of curious and valuable information about the quickened intellectual activity and fresh literary enterprise of our country.

Mr. Hazard came from an honored family stock in Pennsylvania, dating from 1636. He was born in the same year as Belknap, and they graduated in the same class, 1762, from Princeton and Harvard respectively. Hazard entered into business as publisher and bookseller, showing zeal as a collector of books and records. He was appointed

in 1775, by the Committee of Safety, postmaster at New York and for the eastern district. He was confirmed in office by the Continental Congress. When the Americans evacuated New York, he was transferred to Dobbs Ferry. As surveyor of post roads and offices in 1777, he often traveled the whole route between Georgia and New Hampshire. In 1782 he was appointed postmaster-general of the United States, succeeding Bache and Dr. Franklin. He filled his office through the period of the Confederacy, and was displaced, to his great disappointment, by the first Congress under the Constitution, by the complaints of malcontents. Returning to a business life in books and insurance in Philadelphia, engaged in all that would advance science and culture, and in the preparation of his valuable Historical Collections, he was just the person, and in just the situation, to be the most valued and efficient friend of Belknap. The correspondence was begun, as preserved, in 1779, when Hazard, on an official visit to Portsmouth, had made the acquaintance of Belknap at Dover. It is pleasant to note that in the extreme impecuniosity of the latter his correspondence enjoyed the franking privilege. The friends were of thoroughly congenial tastes and pursuits, equally conscientious in their regard for accuracy and thorough research, devoted in service to each other, knit in family interests, and mutually helpful in seeking out and lending to each other desirable books and documents. Both were men of a rich and overflowing humor, indulging in jokes and anecdotes. It must be admitted that Belknap, though ever courteous, apologetic, and grateful, did tax rather heavily the good will of Hazard in commissions and services. But it is to be added, as a token of the scrupulosity of each in their need and practice of economy, that the most rigid reckoning and acknowledgments were kept between them in matters of shillings and pence. Neither would be under the most trifling pecuniary obligation to the other. All the bargaining and arranging for the printing and publication of Belknap's first volume in Philadelphia were made, through correspondence, by Hazard. Perplexing and even vexatious the negotiations must sometimes have been. All the money, and that real and ready money, had to be furnished by Belknap, in his utmost straits. Proposals and subscription papers, left with friends to procure subscribers, to be called in when there were but few names upon them, — a few paying a trifle in advance, — passed in a lively way between the two.

We have quoted what Bryant said of Belknap's History. As completed in its three volumes, having taken the place assigned to it on library shelves, M. de Tocqueville wrote of it: "The History of New Hampshire, by Jeremy Belknap, is a work held in merited estimation. The author gives extremely precious details concerning the political and religious principles of the Puritans; on the causes of their emigration and their laws. The reader of Belknap will find more general ideas and more strength of thought than are to be met with in other American historians, even to the present day." This encomium from an honored source is but a specimen of the many tributes of hearty and respectful homage which have been rendered to Dr. Belknap as an historian. These, and the reading of his works by any one of a discriminating mind, whose acquaintance with our historical literature from the earliest times qualifies him to pronounce an intelligent opinion on the subject, will warrant the assertion that Dr. Belknap holds a place of preëminence when he is measured by those who preceded him, and that his claim for distinction is not lessened by a comparison with those who have followed him. By the composition and harmony of his mental qualities; by his love of research,

and his patience and thoroughness in pursuing it; by his intelligent apprehension of the sources from which original and authentic information was to be obtained, and his application in person and by wide correspondence to those who had important documents in their keeping; by his very guarded confidence in tradition, and his rigid conscientiousness, fidelity, and impartiality, he assured for his historic pages the true value and charm of fairness and authority. Midway in the preparation of the three volumes he received from John Adams a critical and instructive letter, containing these pregnant passages: "My experience has very much diminished my faith in the veracity of history: it has convinced me that many of the most important facts are concealed; some of the most important characters but imperfectly known; many false facts imposed on historians and the world; and many empty characters displayed in great pomp. All this, I am sure, will happen in our American history." All this has happened abundantly, in American and all other history. But Belknap stands as free as any of his fellow-historians from the burden of such charges. Belknap was not the first to write a history of our colonies, provinces, or States. William Stith had published a history of Virginia in 1747. Chief Justice Smith had published an excellent history of New York in 1757. That grotesque fabulist Samuel A. Peters, the Tory parson of Hebron, Conn., had indulged his fun and malice in A General History of Connecticut, in 1781, in which he printed the famous Blue Laws which he concocted. Always with full and hearty appreciation of their great merits should the volumes of the laborious and faithful Governor Hutchinson, in his History and Collection of Papers, be valued and honored in Massachusetts. Belknap held him in high regard; perhaps he found in him a prompter to his own work.

It must have been quite early in his more than twenty years' residence in New Hampshire that Belknap's interest was engaged in his subject. He tells us that, some old manuscripts coming to his hands, — we may be sure that they did not come of their own accord, — he began to use and study them in the exercise of what he called his "hobby-horse." Friends prompted and helped him to continue his interest. He soon sought and obtained access to the public records both of New Hampshire and of Massachusetts. To seek for and wisely use information and private papers in the repositories of individuals, leading characters and their families, was his next resource, and all proved serviceable to him. He was a shrewd and sagacious winnower and sifter of these papers, and he set a mark of interrogation after all traditions. His first volume was devoted to the history of his State for its first century. It led him through a succession of controversies and strifes about proprietary and administrative governments, complications with the often arbitrary interference of Massachusetts, and harassing Indian raids and wars. He rejoiced when at last he reached the settlement of the protracted "Masonian controversy." So much of passion and rancor mingled in it that all his judicial fairness was required to make him only its historian.

A word should here be said of the strong, simple, and direct style of English which Belknap wrote. It had been formed on the best models of the sterling English literature, which with a fair classical culture made up the highly creditable scholarship which he possessed. A pleasing illustration of this may be noted. He may have been the first of our writers — many of whom have since been challenged by English critics — to be charged with using words and phrases of the good mother tongue which our fathers brought with them from across the seas, but which, having

fallen into disuse "at home," have been pronounced corruptions or inventions in America. In a paper descriptive of his visit of exploration with some scientific friends to the White Hills, sent for publication by the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, he had used the word *freshet*. A London review, quoting the paper, said, "We are not acquainted with this word." A correspondent of the review suggested that it might have been an error of the press for *fresh*, which would have made nonsense. Belknap replied, "Our forefathers brought the word from England," citing high authority in Milton —

> "All fish from sea or shore,
> Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin" —
> (Paradise Regained, ii. 345)

and other old writers. Well might Belknap say, "If some of the words which our fathers brought from Britain, and which were in vogue a century ago, be there lost or forgotten, it is no reason that they should be disused here, especially when they convey a definite sense." It was not wholly in humor that Edward Everett affirmed at a London dinner party that better English was spoken and written in New than in Old England.

Satisfaction at the conclusion of this part of his task, and the warm appreciation of a few readers and friends, among them Washington, had to serve with Belknap as an offset to the balance against him of the expense of publishing his first volume. Though it appeared in a second edition, he was never fully remunerated by its sale. The wonder is that it came safely through the struggling and bargaining, the risks of a poor mail, and the transmission of copy and proofs by the hands of ignorant skippers of coasters, to a publication by Aitken in Philadelphia, the paper for it having been made there. The effort to work it off, the pleadings for subscribers, the lingering of copies in the hands of friends, and the payments sent in small dribblets, long delayed, to the publisher tasked the patient persevering agency of Hazard.

After the harassing experiences and pecuniary sacrifices through which Belknap got his release from Dover, new anxieties beset him. Various propositions were made to him. He might have found another country parish. He was then forty-two years of age, with a wife and several children. It was suggested that he open a school for advanced instruction in Boston, where were his kindred and friends, and where some faint signs of a returning prosperity began to appear. That was the period when here and in Philadelphia began the tentative enterprises in what has since become so multiform and fruitful through our whole country, — the production of magazine literature, in all the specialties of science, politics, economy, socialism, history, and belles-lettres. The beginning was feeble, though from the first promise was given of strength in its development. Many offers were made to Belknap to secure his coöperation as editor or contributor by those who were planning such magazines in Philadelphia. Doubtless, if he had not retained a strong attachment for the ministry and a residence in Boston, he might, by removal to Philadelphia, have met there much success in such forms of literature. The project of an Annual Register was entertained. As it was, besides other contributions to magazines, he published in 1787–88, in successive numbers of The Columbian, portions of a humorous work which, afterwards completed and issued in Boston under the title of The Foresters, in 1792, and reaching a second edition, had considerable popularity. He at first sought the concealment of his name as its author; and for some time his friends were puzzled about it. It professed to be a "Sequel to [Arbuthnot's] the History of John Bull." The American States are personified in the pages of the work under characteristic names,

easily identified, and the causes and methods of the Revolution are vividly presented in it. It has throughout many quaint, shrewd, humorous, and satirical touches. Bryant, in the address already quoted, referring to the pleasure with which he had read it as a youth, calls it "a work which sought to embellish our history with the charms of wit and humor." It found great favor with boys in country homes.

Early in 1787, Mr. Belknap, by an invitation from the church and society, became pastor of a congregation worshiping in a meeting-house in Federal Street, Boston. This society was afterwards ministered to by Dr. William Ellery Channing. It was small and feeble when Belknap first served it. The frugal salary offered him would be promptly paid, and there was a promise, which was kept, of increase as the society strengthened. Belknap for a while received at his home a few pupils for advanced education, but he could soon dispense with this aid to his resources, as, under his faithful, able, and well-appreciated labors, his high qualities of character, and his earnest interest in every measure for the improvement of the town in education and benevolence, his society soon became a strong one, embracing some of the foremost citizens. He was, by virtue of his clerical position, an Overseer of Harvard College, and in 1792 received from it a doctorate in divinity. This honor he was disposed, in his modesty, to decline, but was induced to accept. He certainly had the countenance of brethren bearing it not so fitly as himself. He took a high position among those brethren for his wisdom, learning, and strength of judgment. Boston had always been a pleasant abiding-place for men of fidelity and solid worth in the ministry, living in harmony and friendliness together. Their respective more prosperous parishioners vied with each other in kindly private gifts to them of comforts and luxuries, to help out their slender stipends. There was not one among them but had in his cellar some choice and pure liquors, for discreet and comfortable use; coming with the compliments of some thrifty importer.

Now that Boston, with the floods of Irish immigrants which have poured into it in the last half century, followed by their priests, presents its numerous and stately Roman Catholic churches, it is curious to recall allusions in the Belknap Papers to the first strange sight of a priest in the old Puritan town. While Belknap lived in Dover, his busy correspondent, John Eliot, wrote to him from Boston, in 1782, of the number of Frenchmen in the town, and his wish that he might be rid of them, though their fleet in the harbor had been of such service in our cause. He tells him, as of a rare curiosity, of "a monk of the order of St. Francis in town, a young fellow of sense, taste, and liberality of sentiment in religious opinions as well as other matters, who speaks in raptures of the Bostonian misses. 'The women,' he says, 'are sensible, virtuous, discreet, constant; they are faithful in their friendships and matrimonial connections, etc., as the French women are not.' The French abbé comes to meeting often, and I have been to hear mass on board his ship. We discourse together about our persuasions, when he delivers such sentiments as these: 'I love a good Protestant as well as a good Papist. The disciple of Christ cannot be of a persecuting spirit, and every good member of the Church of Rome must condemn the Inquisition.' In public he appears with great dignity and devotion, and is a very fine-looking man. In private he is the merry, sociable, facetious companion, dresses like one of us, and is fond of associating with the clergy of the town. I suspect whether he ever means to return to his convent."

Another reference to a Roman Catholic priest in Boston shows matters a

little more mixed. There was here in 1789 the Abbé Claude de la Poterie. He was soliciting help for a chapel from the Protestants of Boston. Belknap says he came to his lecture on an evening, "dressed in his *toga*, but I have never had any conversation with him, nor have I ever attended any of his exhibitions." Belknap had entered in his interleaved almanac for October, 1788, the following: "The first Sabbath in this month, a popish chapel was opened in this town: the old French Protestant meeting-house in School Street. A clergyman who was dismissed from the French fleet in disgrace officiates." Belknap says that Poterie, by begging, collected sixty dollars for repairing the chapel, buying candles, etc., but that his clerk decamped with the money. In 1790 this chapel was in charge of the Abbé John Thayer, a young man who, having preached as a Congregationalist, had been converted abroad and trained for the priesthood. Belknap, in a letter to Hazard, December, 1790, gives the following narration: "We have had an exhibition in this town of a singular nature. A Monsieur L'Arève, from Guadaloupe, died here, about a month ago. At the time of his death, Mr. Rouselet, the French priest, was absent on a visit to the Indians of Penobscot, and the French here do not approve of Abbé Thayer, so they got Dr. Parker to read the *Protestant* Church service at his funeral. When Rouselet came home, he persuaded the widow to let him perform a *requiem*, after the Roman model. For this purpose they obtained leave of Dr. Parker and his vestry to use his church. Accordingly, last Thursday, Trinity Church was decorated with the insignia of popish *idolatry*, in the chancel, directly under the second commandment; and after the mass was said a sermon followed, the whole composing as complete a farce as can well be conceived." Belknap speaks of strifes between the few Roman Catholics then in Boston. He says "the French and Irish Papists cannot meet in the same place without quarreling. Once the peace officers were called in to prevent them from coming to blows."

As was said above, Belknap's historic instincts and tastes were such that, in whatever State of the Union he might have had an abiding-place, he would have been sure to concern himself with its past and its annals; it was quite as natural for him, as a citizen of Boston, to prompt and guide the measures for forming the Massachusetts Historical Society, when as yet there was no kindred institution in the country. He could not have done this while living in Dover. He needed the sympathy and coöperation of men, even if but few in number, — and perhaps under the immediate circumstances few were better than many, — of similar tastes, of cultivated and appreciative minds, and with strong local attachments, to engage with him in the object. These he found in the four, soon increased to nine, associates whose names appear with his as the original founders; he himself from the first and always being regarded as the *primus*, the master spirit and guide, cheerfully followed. These associates were ready at his call, and they were in training, with mental furnishings and material resources. Having passed through the anxieties and sacrifices of the Revolution with the ardent spirit of patriotism, and with full knowledge of and attachment to their ancestral past, they believed that history had been in the making here, and they would have it recorded. Those who are familiar with the contents of the shelves and cabinets of the society are aware that many of them which have the highest value for their purposes were the deposit of its earliest years. As tributes and offerings are brought to a shrine, so, as the records of the society show, the few members never came empty-handed to its meetings; they drew from their own private and

ancestral stores, and they were wise solicitors from the stores of others. Massachusetts and New York took steps nearly at the same time to form an historical society; but circumstances deferred for a few years the result in the latter State. Belknap mentions having received in Boston, in 1789, a visit, which he had much enjoyed, from Mr. John Pintard, a business man in New York, intelligent, earnest, and generous, but, as it afterwards proved, somewhat lacking in balance and judgment. His visit was followed by correspondence and kind offices between the friends. Pintard was interested in the formation of an American Museum in New York, in connection with a society started there in 1789 as the St. Tammany Society, at first having as a cognomen the title of an Indian sachem, but for unknown reasons canonizing the savage. The saintly title has wisely been dropped, as, by a singular train of circumstances, the original purpose contemplated by Pintard, in his interviews with Belknap, of an antiquarian society, with interests of civil and natural history, has been turned to the service of political and social democracy. In this capacity and as a club, Tammany has done but little in the service of history, except to provide material for discreditable annals.

Belknap's first intention, like that of Mr. Pintard, — who was soon whelmed in mercantile misfortunes, — was to found an "antiquarian" society, but he was not long in defining for it specific historical purposes. He was himself an honorary member of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, founded before the war, largely for scientific objects, and had made communications to it. On coming to Boston he had been chosen a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, instituted in 1780. By a provision in its charter, this academy might have been regarded as superseding the functions of a special historical society, for it recognized history, natural and civil, among its objects, and has always had a class and section of its members under that designation. But Belknap had formed in his mind a very distinct, even if limited idea of the purposes of his new association. It is true that he admitted subjects of natural history as within its range, and that the society welcomed contributions and specimens in that department. Older members of the society will remember certain objects of a musty and unfragrant odor — some may even still linger in recesses — which were of that sort. But the Boston Society of Natural History, now so prosperous and effective, has become the better repository for them. In Dr. Belknap's researches for materials for his own History he had come to the saddening knowledge of the perishing, by dispersion, fire, and neglect, not only of single papers, but of collections of books and documents of the best character and of supreme importance. The multiplication of copies of such papers by the press, in those frugal times, had to be indefinitely deferred; but he urged that, as rapidly as possible, a copy of each of them should be taken by the pen and preserved. It was at a most interesting period that he and his associates began their earnest enterprise. The close of the war had relieved the States of what they had denounced as despotism, but the years that immediately followed, under the weak Confederation, with rival and antagonistic aims and confusion, threatened to result in anarchy. The new constitutional government under Washington gave promise of peace and security.

It is observable that it seems never to have been thought or proposed to put Belknap at the official head of the society. Most probably he selected for himself the office of corresponding secretary. He would have been such, in fact, under any circumstances, for he knew where to address his appeals and

what to ask for. Ever since the society was formed, its most laborious and efficient work has been done by its secretaries and librarians. Belknap addressed his intelligent and earnest circulars to persons almost at the ends of the earth; and throughout the century of its existence the publications of the society have drawn from sources directly or indirectly furnished from his diligent and valuable stores. Very soon after the society was formed, he delivered, at its request, a commemorative address, in 1792, on the discovery of America by Columbus, a piece of able and thorough work. No one who is to stand as preacher or orator on the coming completion of another century will do wisely if he fails to read that address.

It is easy to trace in the early activity of the society, and in other wise exercises of his intelligent and large mind, the influence of Dr. Belknap in this community. His correspondence gives us many lively indications of the workings of individualism in opinion, and of a general loosening of old rigidness and austerity of creed and usage among his clerical associates. Questions of the wise use of the Bible in public schools, of the daily distribution of rum to farm and other laborers, of the iniquities of slaveholding, of the formation of town libraries, and like matters present themselves. Mr. Murray had come to preach in Boston the doctrine of universal salvation. The ministers, not prepared for that, entered into a vigorous discussion, suggesting relief by a theory of the annihilation of the impenitent. A margin was even then left for the extension of mercy, as advocated in our day, through the possibility of penitence after death. Dr. Belknap maintained a singularly perfect poise in his moderation of spirit, soundness of judgment, and comprehensive charity.

That sturdy clerical Tory, Dr. Mather Byles, minister of Hollis Street Church, scholar, poet, and wit, correspondent of Pope and Swift, was an uncle of Belknap's mother. Dismissed from his parish in 1776 for outspoken contempt of the patriot cause, he was denounced at town meeting, and sentenced to a guardship and exile, but respited. Under military guard in his own house, he once relieved the sentinel, and, taking his musket, marched with it before his own door. Left to neglect after the peace, he died in 1788, at the age of eighty-two, a humorist of a rollicking sort to the last. His two spinster daughters, living to a great age, continued to keep the king's birthday and to drink his health. Belknap, in frequent visits to his quaint kinsman, drew from him amusement, at least, if not also wisdom. He gives this partial inventory of the rubbish found in Dr. Byles' repositories after his death: "Five or six dozen pairs of spectacles, of all powers and all fashions; above twenty walking-sticks, of different sizes and contrivances; about a dozen jest-books; several packs of cards, new and clean; a quantity of whetstones, hones, etc., — as much as a man could carry in a bushel-basket; a large number of weights for shops, money-scales, etc.; a large collection of pictures, from Hogarth's celebrated prints down to the corners of newspapers and pieces of linen; a large parcel of coins, from Tiberius Cæsar to Massachusetts cents; a parcel of children's toys, among which two bags of marbles; a quantity of Tom Thumb books and puerile histories; about a dozen bird-cages and rat-traps; a set of gardeners' and ditto of carpenters' tools; a parcel of speaking-trumpets and hearing-tubes, etc., etc., etc., etc." Dr. Byles said "he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded."

The second volume of the History of New Hampshire was published in 1791. The author had less of annoyance and labor in carrying this through the press, as he had Boston publishers. It contains an excellent map of New Hampshire. The volume covers a period of

seventy-five years, 1715–1790. It begins with a correction of errors in George Chalmers' Political Annals, and deals very largely with distracting times, animosities, controversies, and political struggles; the separation from the mother country; the formation of the state constitution; the matter of a depreciated currency; the contentions about the territory which is now Vermont, and the method by which it was brought into the Union. Having to thread his way as a dispassionate and impartial historian through matters and strifes the fire of which had by no means cooled while he was writing, Dr. Belknap won commendation and esteem from all parties for his moderation, candor, and judicial spirit.

The third volume of the History, published in Boston in 1792, was printed by his son Joseph and partner Young. It is devoted to valuable and interesting matter, such as a geographical description of the State; its natural history, productions, improvements, society, manners, laws, and government. Statistics that were trustworthy were then obtained with great difficulty. Belknap spent much labor on such as he gives, and in securing them, besides his own researches, he put to service intelligent and friendly helpers through a wide correspondence. At that time pioneer works of this sort had none of the labor-saving aids which so abound now. The volume contains a list of subscribers to the work, numbering four hundred and seventy sets. The names of Washington and John Adams head the roll, followed by those of Senators of the United States and men of the highest distinction in various walks of life. Of course New Hampshire and Massachusetts contribute the most; Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina furnish patrons; and sixteen sets go to the loyalist exiles of Nova Scotia.

Dr. Belknap's correspondence affords many, and some very lively, allusions to his contemporary workers in various literary enterprises: such as the historians Ramsay and Gordon; Dr. Rush, the philanthropist; Dr. Morse, the thriftiest of all as a geographer; Bartram, the naturalist; and Noah Webster, who appears in the character which is now called a crank, and as the butt of much raillery between Belknap and Hazard. Our historian had to find his chief and most substantial reward in the warm regard and appreciation of the foremost men of his time, like John Quincy Adams. He had given twenty-two years of his life — bounded within fifty-four years — to his historical work, which in its results was not remunerative. But for kind personal friends he would have been a pecuniary debtor. The legislature of New Hampshire made him a grant of fifty pounds.

After the publication of the completed work, the editor of a weekly newspaper in Keene, N. H., proposed, as an inducement to subscribers, to reprint the history by sections in his columns. Belknap, when his subscription to the paper was solicited, replied that he was himself peculiarly interested in the project, and offered to send to the editor for publication the certificate of the clerk of a federal court securing to himself the copyright. This good-humored turn stopped the trespass.

An admirable characteristic of Belknap's was his independence and stout individualism. His friend Hazard, after the release from Dover, had proposed to Belknap, in his forlorn condition, that he should obtain the pastorate of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. In reply, Belknap inquired if any creed formula was imposed, and was of course informed of the requisition of assent to the Westminster standards. In further reply, Belknap said he would give no such assent; that he had never committed himself to any expression of belief, except to a form he had himself drawn

up at his entrance on the ministry, and that he could not accept that now.

Soon after Belknap entered upon the labors preparatory to writing the History of New Hampshire, he conceived a purpose of composing a series of biographies "of those persons who have been distinguished in America." He announced his purpose and scheme in his correspondence with Hazard in 1779. His plan was extensive and comprehensive, including adventurers (or, as we should say, navigators and explorers), statesmen, philosophers, divines, authors, warriors, and other remarkable characters, with a recital of the events connected with their lives and actions. Indeed, his view of the inclusiveness of the scheme, of the number of the subjects to be admitted to the list, and of the extent of the sphere in which men had distinguished themselves was so generous and exacting that he had no intent of undertaking the work as its sole author. He sought for and expected the coöperation of friendly laborers. He even anticipated the modern usage in editorial rooms, by which biographical sketches of living persons are prepared in advance and disposed in pigeon-holes, awaiting their use in obituaries. He tells Hazard that there are, among their contemporaries, those who will be fit subjects for memoirs when they shall have passed away, and about whom it will be easy to obtain from themselves authentic information which might perish with them. Belknap has had a long succession of followers in this biographical work, of which he was every way worthy and competent to be an exemplary leader. Had he lived to carry on his labors beyond the two volumes, — the first of which was published in Boston in 1794, and the second, in press when he died, in 1798, — he would doubtless have had joint contributors. The reader of these volumes will be impressed by the evidence they afford both of the extensive learning of their writer, and of the number and rarity of the works which he used as authorities. His quotations and citations from classical and other writers in the marginal notes show how faithfully his text was wrought. He adopts a chronological order for his subjects. The first volume has a preliminary dissertation giving a condensed sketch of the history of maritime adventure, beginning with that of the Phœnicians and ending with the voyages of Columbus. This is followed by a table, in chronological detail, of adventures and discoveries by Europeans, from the Northman Biron (or Biorn), the supposed discoverer of Newfoundland, in 1001, to the establishment of the Council of Plymouth by James I. Biron, Madoc, Zeno, Columbus, Cabot, Cartier, De Soto, Gilbert, Raleigh and Grenville, De Fuca, Gosnold, John Smith, De Monts, Champlain, Gorges, and Hudson make up the starry list in the first volume. The second is devoted to the earliest historic names connected with Virginia, New England, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. Had Belknap been privileged to continue his work, either with or without the assistance of others, it would have been chronologically easier than was the dealing with the subjects of six hundred years of shadowy history. His two volumes appeared in a new edition from the press of the Harpers in 1842. Only from documents that had come to light since Belknap's day were materials to be drawn for trifling variations from his text.

It is to be remembered that the historical and biographical labors of which we have given this brief sketch were accomplished by one held to a round of varied and exacting professional duties, which he magnified rather than slighted. The personal esteem in which the writer was held, first by his own people, then by his most intimate associates, and at last by the whole community, — an observant and critical one, — was emphasized in the tributes paid on his decease,

and renewed whenever his name is recalled in the line of "the works that follow" him. He was never favored with robust health, and was often an invalid. He indulged himself in rhythmical utterances. Among his papers was found one of these, in which he craved a swift and easy relief from life, without pain or delay. This was granted him, by apoplexy, June 20, 1798.

George Edward Ellis.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXIX.

FANTASY?

WE reached Captain Jabe's house a little after nightfall, and received a hearty welcome and a good supper from his wife. Walkirk and I slept on board the floating grocery, as also did Abner; that is to say, if he slept at all, for he and the captain were busy at the house when we retired. The quilting party, we were informed, was expected to be a grand affair, provided, of course, there were no signs of rain; for country people are not expected to venture out for pleasure in rainy weather.

Captain Jabe's house, as we saw it the next morning, was a good-sized waterside farmhouse, wide-spreading and low-roofed. The place had a sort of amphibious appearance, as if depending for its maintenance equally upon the land and the water. The house stood a little distance back from the narrow beach, and in its front yard a net was hung to dry and to be mended; a small boat, in course of repair, lay upon some rude stocks, while bits of chain, an old anchor, several broken oars, and other nautical accessories were scattered here and there.

At the back of the house, however, there was nothing about the barn, the cow-yard, the chicken-yard, and the haystacks to indicate that Captain Jabe was anything more than a thrifty small-farmer. But, farmer and sailor as he was, Captain Jabe was none the less a grocer, and I think to this avocation he gave his chief attention.

He took me into a small room by the side of his kitchen, and showed me what he called his "sinkin' fund stock."

"Here, ye see," said he, "is canned fruit and wegetables, smoked and salted meat and fish, cheeses, biscuits, and a lot of other things that will keep. None of these is this year's goods. Some of them have been left over from last year, some from the year before that, and some is still older. Whenever I git a little short, I put a lot of these goods on board and sell 'em with the discount off, — twenty per cent for last year's stock, forty per cent off for the year before that, and so on back. So, ye see, if I have got anythin' on hand that is five years old, I am bound to give it away for nothin', if I stick to my principles. At fust me and my old woman tried eatin' what was left over; but discount is n't no good to her, and she wants the best victuals that is goin'. Did ye ever think, sir, what this world would be without canned victuals?"

I assured him that I never had, but would try to do so if possible.

The day proved to be a very fine one, and early in the afternoon the people invited to the quilting party began to arrive, and by two o'clock the affair was in full swing. The quilting frame was set up in a large chamber at the right of the parlor, the "comfortable" to be quilted was stretched upon it, and

at the four sides sat as many matrons and elderly maidens as could crowd together, each with needle in hand. Long cords rubbed with chalk were snapped upon the surface of the quilt to mark out the lines to be stitched; wax, thread, and scissors were passed from one to another; and every woman began to sew and to talk as fast as she could.

I stood in the doorway and watched this scene with considerable interest, for I had never before seen anything of the kind. The quilting ladies, to every one of whom I had been presented, cordially invited me to enter and take a seat with them; some of the more facetious offering to vacate their places in my favor, and, more than that, to show me how to thread and use a needle. I found from their remarks that it was rather an unusual thing for a man to take an interest in this part of the proceedings at a quilting party.

After a time I went into the parlor, which room was then occupied by the young men and young women. It was ever so much pleasanter out-of-doors than in this somewhat gloomy and decidedly stuffy parlor; but as these people were guests at a quilting party, they knew it was proper to enjoy themselves within the house to which they had been invited.

The young folks were not nearly so lively and animated as their elders in the next room, but they had just begun to play a game which could be played in the house, and in which every one could participate, and as the afternoon wore on they would doubtless become warmed up. Walkirk was making the best of it, and had entered the game; but I declined all invitations to do so.

Before long there was some laughing and a good deal of romping, and I fancied that the girls, some of whom were not at all bad looking, would have been pleased if I had joined in the sport. But this did not suit me; I still was, as I declared myself, a Lover in Check, and the society of young women was not attractive to me.

I went outside, where a group of elderly men were discussing the tax rates; and after remaining a few minutes with them, I came to the conclusion that the pleasantest thing I could do would be to take a stroll over the country.

I made my way over some rolling meadow land, where three or four of Captain Jabe's cows were carefully selecting the edible portions of the herbage, and, having passed the crest of a rounded hill, I found myself on the edge of a piece of woodland, which seemed to be of considerable extent. This suited my mood exactly, and I was soon following the curves and bends of a rude roadway, in places almost overgrown by vines and bushes, which led me deeper and deeper into the shadowed recesses of the woods. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was still well up, and out in the open the day was warm for an up-and-down-hill stroll; but here in the woods it was cool and quiet, and the air was full of the pleasant summer smells that come from the trees, the leaves, and the very earth of the woods.

It was not long before I came upon a stream of a character that somewhat surprised me. It was not very wide, for at this spot the trees met above it, darkening its waters with their quivering shadows; but it was evidently deep, much deeper than the woodland streams of its size to which I had been accustomed. I would have liked to cross it and continue my walk, but I saw no way of getting over. With a broken branch I sounded the water near the shore, and found it over two feet deep; and as it was no doubt deeper toward the middle, I gave up the idea of reaching the other side. But as I had no particular reason for getting over, especially as I should be obliged to get back again, I contented myself easily with my present situation, and, taking

a seat on the upheaved root of a large tree, I lighted a cigar, and gave myself up to the delights of this charming solitude. I was glad to be away from everybody, even from Walkirk, the companion I had chosen for my summer journey.

There were insects gently buzzing in the soft summer air; on the other side of the stream, in a spot unshadowed by the trees, the water was sparkling in the sunlight, and every little puff of the fitful breeze brought to me the smell of wild grapes, from vines which hung from the trees so low that they almost touched the water. It was very still in these woods. I heard nothing but the gently rustling leaves, the faint buzzing in the air, and an occasional tiny splash made by some small fish skimming near the surface of the stream. When I sat down on the root of the tree, I intended to think, reflect, make plans, determine what I should do next; but I did nothing of the sort. I simply sat and drank in the loveliness of this woodland scene.

The stream curved away from me on either hand, and the short stretch of it which I could see to the left seemed to come out of the very heart of the woods. Suddenly I heard in this direction a faint regular sound in the water, as if some animal were swimming. I could not see anything, but as the sounds grew stronger I knew that it must be approaching. I did not know much of the aquatic animals in this region; perhaps it might be an otter, a muskrat, I knew not what. But, whatever it was, I wanted to see it, and, putting down my cigar, I slipped softly behind the tree at whose foot I had been sitting.

Now the swimming object was in view, coming rapidly toward me down the middle of the stream. There was but little of it above the water, and the shadows were so heavy that I could see nothing but a dark point, with a bright ripple glancing away from it on either side. Nearer and nearer it came into the better lighted portion of the stream. It was not a small animal. The ripples it made were strong, and ran out in long lines; its strokes were vigorous; the head that I saw grew larger and larger. Steadily it came on; it reached the spot in the clear light of the sun It was the head of a human swimmer. On the side nearest me, I could see, under the water, the strokes of a dark-clad arm. Above the water was only a face, turned toward me and upward. A mass of long hair swept away from it, its blue eyes gazed dreamily into the treetops; for a moment the sunbeams touched its features. My heart stopped beating, — it was the face of Sylvia.

Another stroke and it had passed into the shadow. The silvery ripples came from it to me, losing themselves against the shore. It passed on and on, away from me. I made one step from behind the tree; then suddenly stopped. On went the head and upturned face, touched once more by a gleam of light, and then it disappeared around a little bluff crowned with a mass of shrubbery and vines. I listened, breathless; the sounds of the strokes died away. All was still again.

For some minutes I stood, bewildered, dazed, doubting whether I had been awake or dreaming. My mind could not grasp what had happened, — even my imagination could not help me. But one thing I knew: whether this had all been real, or whether it had been a dream, I had seen the face of Sylvia. This I knew as I knew I lived.

Slowly I came away, scarcely knowing how I walked or where I emerged from the woods, and crossed the open country to the house of Captain Jabe.

XXX.

A DISCOVERY.

I found the quilting party at supper. I could see them through the open win-

dows of the large living-room, and I heard their chatter and laughing when I was still a considerable distance from the house. With my mind quivering with the emotions excited by what had happened in the woods, it was impossible for me to join a party like this. I walked around the barn and into a little orchard, where, between two gnarled apple-trees, there hung an old hammock, into which I threw myself.

There I lay, piling conjecture and supposition high upon each other; but not at all could I conjecture how it was that the face which I had last seen in my own home, under the gray bonnet of a sister of Martha, should flash upon my vision in this far-away spot, and from the surface of a woodland stream.

It was growing dusky, when I heard a loud whistle, and my name was called. I whistled in return, and in a few moments Walkirk came running to me.

"I was beginning to get frightened," he said. "I have been looking everywhere for you. We have had supper, and the party is breaking up. There is no moon to-night, and the people must start early for their homes."

"Let them all get away," I replied; "and when they are entirely out of sight and hearing let me know, and I'll go in to supper."

"I am afraid," said Walkirk, hesitating, "that they will not like that. You know these country people are very particular about leave-taking, and all that sort of thing."

"I can't help it," I answered. "I don't feel at all like seeing people at present. You can go and bid them good-by in my name."

"As an understudy?" said he, smiling. "Well, if I can tell them you are out of condition and not feeling like yourself, that will make it all right, and will also explain why you kept yourself away all the afternoon." With this he left me, promising to return when the guests had departed. It was a long time before he came back, and it was then really dark.

"Your supper is awaiting you," he announced, "and I am afraid that Mrs. Jabe is contemplating a hot footbath and some sort of herb tea; and we ought to turn in pretty early to-night, for Captain Jabe has announced that he will sail between four and five o'clock in the morning."

"Walkirk," said I, sitting up in the hammock, "I have no intention of sailing to-morrow. I prefer to stay here for a time; I don't know for how long."

"Stay here!" exclaimed Walkirk. "What on earth can you do here? What possible attraction can this place have?"

"My good Walkirk," I said, rising and walking toward the house, "I am here, and here I want to stay. Reasons are the most awkward things in the world. They seldom fit; let us drop them. Perhaps, if Captain and Mrs. Jabe think I did not treat their company with proper courtesy, they may feel that I am making amends by desiring to stay with them. Any way, I am going to stay."

Captain Jabe and his wife were very much surprised when I announced my intention of remaining at their place for a day or two longer, but, as I had surmised, they were also flattered.

"This is a quiet place," said the captain, "but as ye ain't very well, and seem to like to keep to yerself, I don't see why it should n't suit ye. There 's plenty o' good air, and fishin' if ye want it, and we can accommodate ye and give ye plenty to eat. I shall be back tomorrow night, and expect to stay home over Sunday myself."

Walkirk was very much dissatisfied, and made a strong attempt to turn me from my purpose. "If you intend to do anything in regard to Miss Raynor," he said, "I really think you ought to get home as soon as you can. Mother Anastasia is now having everything her own way, you know."

"Walkirk," said I, "you blow hot and cold. If it had not been for you, I should be home this minute; but you dissuaded me from a hot chase after Mother Anastasia, and now my ardor for the chase has cooled, and I am quite inclined to let that sport wait."

Walkirk looked at me inquiringly. It was evident that he did not understand my mood.

The next morning I found myself in a quandary. I had determined to make a long tramp inland, and if necessary to ford or swim streams, and I could not determine whether or not it would be wise to take Walkirk with me. I concluded at last to take him; it would be awkward to leave him behind, and he might be of use. We provided ourselves with fishing rods and tackle and two pairs of wading-boots, as well as with a luncheon basket, well filled by Mrs. Jabe, and started on our expedition. I felt in remarkably good spirits.

I had formed no acceptable hypothesis in regard to what I had seen the day before, but I was going to do something better than that: I was going to find out if what had occurred could possibly be real and actual. If I should be convinced that this was impossible, then I intended to accept the whole affair as a dream which had taken place during an unconscious nap.

When we reached the woodland stream, Walkirk gazed about him with satisfaction. "This looks like sport," he said. "I see no reason why there should not be good fishing in this creek. I did not suppose we should find such pleasant woods and so fine a stream in Captain Jabe's neighborhood."

"You must know," said I, "that I have a talent for exploration and discovery. Had it not been for this stream, I should not have thought of such a thing as allowing Captain Jabe and Abner to sail off by themselves this morning."

"Really," replied Walkirk, "you care much more for angling than I supposed."

Truly I cared very little for angling, but I had discovered that Walkirk was an indefatigable and patient fisherman. I had intended that he should cross the stream with me, but it now occurred to me that it would be far better to let him stay on this side, while I pursued my researches alone. Accordingly I proposed that he should fish in the part of the stream which I had seen the day before, while I pressed on farther. "In this way," I remarked artfully, "we shall not interfere with each other." Had I supposed that there was the slightest possibility of the appearance on the stream of the apparition of the day before, I should have requested Walkirk to fish from the top of a distant tree. But I had no fears on this score. If what I had seen had been a phantasm, my understudy would have to doze to see it, and I knew he would not do that; and if what I had seen was real, it would not appear this morning, for the water was too low for swimming. The creek, as I now perceived, was affected by the tide, and its depth was very much less than on the preceding afternoon.

I turned to the right, and followed the stream for some distance; now walking by its edge, and now obliged, by masses of undergrowth, to make a detour into the woods. At last I came to a spot where the stream, although wide, appeared shallow. In fact, even in the centre I could see the stones at the bottom. I therefore put on my wading-boots and boldly crossed. The woods here were mostly of pine, free from undergrowth, and with the ground softened to the foot by a thick layer of pine needles.

Now that I was on the other side of the creek, I desired to make my way out of the woods, which could not, I imagined, be very extensive. To discover a real basis for yesterday's vision, I believed that it would be necessary

to reach open country. Leaving the stream behind me, it was not long before I came to a rude pathway; and although this seemed to follow the general direction of the creek, I determined to turn aside from the course I was taking and follow it. After walking for nearly a mile, sometimes seeing the waters of the stream, and sometimes entirely losing sight of them, I found the path making an abrupt turn, and in a few minutes was out of the woods.

The country before me was very much like that about Captain Jabe's residence. There were low rolling hills covered with coarse grass and ragged shrubbery, with here and there a cluster of trees. Not a sign of human habitation was in sight. Reaching the top of a small hill, I saw at my right, and not very far before me, a wide expanse of water. This I concluded must be the bay, although I had not expected to see it in this direction.

I went down the hill toward the shore. "If what I seek is in reality," I said to myself, "it will naturally love to live somewhere near the water." Near the beach I struck a path again, and this I followed, my mind greatly agitated by the thoughts of what I might discover, as well as by the fear that I might discover nothing.

After a walk of perhaps a quarter of an hour I stopped suddenly. I had discovered something. I looked about me, utterly amazed. I was on the little beach which the Sand Lady had assigned to Walkirk and me as a camping ground.

I sat down, vainly endeavoring to comprehend the situation. Out of the mass of wild suppositions and conjectures which crowded themselves into my mind there came but one conviction, and with that I was satisfied: Sylvia was here.

It mattered not that the Sand Lady had said that hers was the only house upon the island; it mattered not that Captain Jabe had said nothing of his neighbor; in truth, nothing mattered. One sister of the House of Martha had come to this place; why not another? What I had seen in the woods had been no fantasy. Sylvia was here.

XXXI.

TAKING UP UNFINISHED WORK.

My reasons for believing that Sylvia was on this island were circumstantial, it is true, but to me they were entirely conclusive, and the vehement desire of my soul was to hasten to the house and ask to see her. But I did not feel at all sure that this would be the right thing to do. The circumstances of this case were unusual. Sylvia was a sister of a religious house. It was not customary for gentlemen to call upon such sisters, and the lady who was the temporary custodian of this one might resent such an attempt.

It was, however, impossible for me entirely to restrain my impulses, and without knowing exactly what I intended to do I advanced toward the house. Very soon I saw its chimneys above the trees which partly surrounded it. Then, peeping under cover of a thicket, I went still nearer, so that, if there had been any people in the surrounding grounds, I could have seen them; but I saw no one, and I sat down on a log and waited. It shamed me to think that I was secretly watching a house, but despite the shame I continued to sit and watch.

There was the flutter of drapery on a little porch. My heart beat quickly, my eyes were fixed upon the spot; but nothing appeared except a maid who brought out some towels, which she hung on a bush to dry. Then again I watched and watched.

After a time four people came out from the house, two of them carrying colored parasols. I knew them instantly. There was the Middle-Aged Man of

the Sea, and his friend the Shell Man; and there was the Sand Lady, and my enemy who called herself a Person. They went off toward the little pier. Sylvia was not with them, nor did she join them. They entered their boat and sailed away. They were going fishing, as was their custom. The fact that Sylvia was not with them, and that no one of them had stayed behind to keep her company, caused my heart to fall. In cases like mine, it takes very little to make the heart fall. The thought forced itself into my mind that perhaps, after all, I had seen a vision, and had been building theories on dreams.

Suddenly the shutter of an upper window opened, and I saw Sylvia!

It was truly Sylvia. She was dressed in white, not gray. Her hair was massed upon her head. There was no gray bonnet. She looked up at the sky, then at the trees, and withdrew.

My heart was beating as fast as it pleased. My face was glowing, and shame had been annihilated. I sat and watched. Presently a door opened, and Sylvia came out.

Now I rose to my feet. I must go to her. It might not be honorable to take her at this disadvantage, but there are moments when even honor must wait for a decision upon its case. However, there was no necessity for my going to Sylvia; she was coming to me.

As she walked directly to the spot where I stood, I saw Sylvia as I had seen her in my day-dreams, — a beautiful girl, dressed as a beautiful girl should dress in summer time. In one hand she carried a portfolio, in the other a little leathern case. As she came nearer, I saw that she was attired exactly as Mother Anastasia had been dressed when I met her here. Nearer she came, but still she did not see me. I was not now concealed, but her eyes seemed fixed upon the path in which she was walking.

When she was within a hundred feet of the thicket through which her path would lead, I advanced to meet her. I tried to appear cool and composed, but I am afraid my success was slight. As for Sylvia, she stopped abruptly, and dropped her leathern case. I think that at first she did not recognize me, and was on the point of screaming. Suddenly to come upon a man in the midst of these solitudes was indeed startling.

Quickly, however, I made myself known, and her expression of fright changed to one of amazement. I am happy to say that she took the hand I offered her, though she seemed to have no words with which to return my formal greeting. In cases like this, the one who amazes should not impose upon the amazed one the necessity of asking questions, but should begin immediately to explain the situation.

This I did. I told Sylvia how I had been accidentally brought to Captain Jabe's house, how I had strolled off in this direction, and how delighted I was to meet her here. In all this I was careful not to intimate that I had suspected her presence in this region. While speaking, I tried hard to think what I should say when she should remark, "Then you did not know I was here?" But she did not make this remark. She looked at me with a little puzzled wrinkle on her brow, and said, with a smile: —

"It is absolutely wonderful that you should be here, and I should not know it; and that I should be here, and you should not know it."

Ever since my meeting with Mother Anastasia it had been my purpose, as soon as I could find or make an opportunity, to declare to Sylvia my love for her. Apart from my passionate yearning in this direction, I felt that what I had done and attempted to say when I had parted from my secretary made it obligatory on me, as a man of honor, to say more, the moment I should be able to do so.

Now the opportunity had come; now

we were alone together, and I was able to pour out before her the burning words which so often, in my hours of reverie, had crowded themselves upon my mind. The fates had favored me as I had had no reason to expect to be favored, but I took no advantage of this situation. I spoke no word of love. I cannot say that Sylvia's demeanor cooled my affection, but I can say that it cooled my desire for instantaneous expression of it. After her first moments of astonishment, her mind seemed entirely occupied with the practical unraveling of the problem of our meeting. I endeavored to make this appear a very commonplace affair. It was quite natural that my companion and I should come together to a region which he had before visited.

"Yes," said she, "I suppose all out-of-the-way things can be made commonplace, if one reasons long enough. As for me, of course it is quite natural that, needing a change from the House of Martha, I should come to my mother's island."

"Your mother!" I stammered.

"Yes," she answered. "Mrs. Raynor, who spends her summers in that house over there, is my mother. Her brother is here, too, and she has some friends with her. Mother Anastasia was away recently on a little jaunt, and when she came back she said that I looked tired and wan, and that I ought to go to my mother's for a fortnight. So I came. That was all simple enough, you see."

Simple enough! Could anything be more extraordinary, more enigmatical? I did not know what to say, what course to pursue; but in the midst of my surprise I had sense enough to see that, until I knew more, the less I said the better. Sylvia did not know that I had visited her mother's island and her mother's house. It is possible that she did not know that Mother Anastasia had been here. I must decide whether or not I would enlighten her on these points. My disposition was to be perfectly open and frank with her, and to be thus I must enlighten her. But I waited, and in answer to her statement merely told her how glad I was that she had a vacation and such a delightful place to come to. She did not immediately reply, but stood looking past me over the little vale beyond us.

"Well, here I am," she said presently, "and in a very different dress from that in which you used to see me; but for all that, I am still a sister of the House of Martha, and so" —

"So what?" I interrupted.

"I suppose I should go back to the house," she answered.

Now I began to warm up furiously.

"Don't think of it!" I exclaimed. "Now that I have met you, give me a few moments of your time. Let me see you as you are, free and undisguised, like other women, and not behind bars or in charge of old Sister Sarah."

"Was n't she horrid?" said Sylvia.

"Indeed she was," I replied; "and now cannot you walk a little with me, or shall we sit down somewhere and have a talk?"

She shook her head. "Even if mother and the rest had not gone away in the boat, I could not do that, you know."

If she persisted in her determination to leave me, she should know my love in two minutes. But I tried further persuasion.

"We have spent hours together," I said; "why not let me make you a little visit now?"

Still she gently shook her head, and looked away. Suddenly she turned her face toward me. Her blue eyes sparkled, her lips parted, and there was a flush upon her temples.

"There is one thing I would dearly like," she said, "and I think I could stay for that. Will you finish the story of Tomaso and Lucilla?"

"I shall be overjoyed to do it!" I cried, in a state of exultation. "Come,

let us sit over there in the shade, at the bottom of this hill, and I will tell you all the rest of that story."

Together we went down the little slope.

"You can't imagine," she said, "how I have longed to know how all that turned out. Over and over again I have finished the story for myself, but I never made a good ending to it. It was not a bit like hearing it from you."

I found her a seat on a low stone near the trunk of a tree, and I sat upon the ground near by, while my soul bounded up like a loosened balloon.

"Happy thought!" she exclaimed. "I came out here to write letters, not caring for fishing, especially in boats; how would you like me to write the rest of the story from your dictation?"

Like it! I could scarcely find words to tell her how I should like it.

"Very well, then," said she, opening her portfolio and taking out some sheets of paper. "My inkstand is in that case which you picked up; please give it to me, and let us begin. Now this is a very different affair. I am finishing the work which the House of Martha set me to do, and I assure you that I have been very much dissatisfied because I have been obliged to leave it unfinished. Please begin."

"I cannot remember at this moment," I said, "where we left off."

"I can tell you exactly," she answered, "just as well as if I had the manuscript before me. Tomaso held Lucilla by the hand; the cart was ready in which he was to travel to the sea-coast; they were calling him to hurry; and he was trying to look into her face, to see if he should tell her something that was in his heart. You had not yet said what it was that was in his heart. There was a chance, you know, that it might be that he felt it necessary for her good that the match should be broken off."

"How did you arrange this in the endings you made?" I asked. "Did you break off the match?"

"Don't let us bother about my endings," she said. "I want to know yours."

XXXII.

TOMASO AND LUCILLA.

On this happy morning, sitting in the shade with Sylvia, I should have much preferred to talk to her of herself and of myself than to dictate the story of the Sicilian lovers; but if I would keep her with me I must humor her, at least for a time, and so, as well as I could, I began my story.

The situation was, however, delightful: it was charming to sit and look at Sylvia, her portfolio in her lap, pen in hand, and her blue eyes turned toward me, anxiously waiting for me to speak; it was so enchanting that my mind could with difficulty be kept to the work in hand. But it would not do to keep Sylvia waiting. Her pen began to tap impatiently upon the paper, and I went on. We had written a page or two when she interrupted me.

"It seems to me," she said, "that if Tomaso really starts for Naples it will be a good while before we get to the end of the story. So far as I am concerned, you know, I would like the story just as long as you choose to make it; but we have n't very much time, and it would be a dreadful disappointment to me if I should have to go away before the story is ended."

"Why do you feel in a hurry?" I asked. "If we do not finish this morning, cannot I come to you to-morrow?"

"Oh, no, indeed," she answered. "It 's only by the merest chance, you know, that I am writing for you this morning, and I could n't do it again. That would be impossible. In fact, I want to get through before the boat comes back. Not that I should mind

mother, for she knows that I used to write for you, and I could easily explain how I came to be doing it now; and I should not care about uncle or Mr. Heming; but as for Miss Laniston, — that is the lady who is visiting us, — I would not have her see me doing this for anything in the world. She hates the House of Martha, although she used to be one of its friends, and I know that she would like to see me leave the sisterhood. She ridicules us whenever she has a chance, and to see me here would be simply nuts to her."

"Is she a bad-tempered lady?" I asked. "Do you know her very well? Could you trust her in regard to anything important?"

"Oh, I know her well enough," said Sylvia. "She has always been a friend of the family. She is wonderfully well educated, and knows everything, and has never married, and travels all about by herself, and is just as independent as she can be. She has very strong opinions about things, and does n't hesitate to tell you them, no matter whether she thinks you like it or not. I have no doubt she is perfectly trustworthy and honorable, and all that; but if you knew her, I do not think you would like her, and you can easily see why I should n't want her to see me doing this. It would give her a chance for no end of sneers at the work of the sisters."

"Has she never said anything about your acting as my amanuensis?" I asked.

"No, indeed," replied Sylvia. "You may be sure she never heard of that, or she would have made fun enough of it."

It was impossible for me to allow this dear girl to remain longer in ignorance of the true state of affairs.

"Miss Raynor," I said, — how I longed to say "Sylvia"! — "I am ashamed that I have allowed you to remain as long as this under a misunderstanding, but in truth I did not understand the case myself. I did not know that the lady of this house was your mother, but I have met her, and have been kindly entertained by her. I did not know Miss Laniston's name, but I have also met her, and talked to her about you, and she knows you used to write for me, and I do not like her."

Sylvia answered not a word, but, as she sat and looked at me with wide-open eyes, I told her what had happened since my companion and I had landed at Racket Island. I omitted only my confidences to Mother Anastasia and Miss Laniston.

"Mother Anastasia has been here," repeated Sylvia, "and she never told me! That surpasses all. And mother never mentioned that you had been here, nor did any one." She gazed steadfastly upon the ground, a little pale, and presently she said, "I think I understand it, but it need not be discussed;" and, closing her portfolio, she rose to her feet.

"Sylvia," I exclaimed, springing up and stepping nearer to her, "it must be discussed! Ever since I parted from you at the window of your writing-room I have been yearning to speak to you. I do not understand the actions of your family and friends, but I do know that those actions were on your account and on mine. They knew I loved you. I have not in the least concealed the fact that I loved you, and I hoped, Sylvia, that you knew it."

She stood, her closed portfolio in one hand, her pen in the other, her eyes downcast, and her face grave and quiet. "I cannot say," she answered presently, "that I knew it, although sometimes I thought it was so, but other times I thought it was not so. I was almost sure of it when you took leave of me at the window, and tried to kiss my hand, and were just about to say something which I knew I ought not to stay and hear. It was when thinking about that morning, in fact, — and I thought about it a great deal, — that I became con-

vinced I must act very promptly and earnestly in regard to my future life, and be true to the work I had undertaken to do; and for this reason it was that I solemnly vowed to devote the rest of my life to the House of Martha, to observe all its rules and do its work."

"Sylvia," I gasped, "you cannot keep this vow. When you made it you did not know I loved you. It cannot hold. It must be set aside."

She looked at me for a moment, and then her eyes again fell. "Do not speak in that way," she said; "it is not right. Of course I was not sure that you loved me, but I suspected it, and this was the very reason why I took my vow."

"It is plain, then," I exclaimed bitterly, "that you did not love me; otherwise you would never have done that!"

"Don't you think," said she, "that, considering the sisterhood to which I belong, we have already talked too much about that?"

If she had exhibited the least emotion, I think I should have burst out into supplications that she would take the advice of her Mother Superior; that she would listen to her friends; that she would do anything, in fact, which would cause her to reconsider this step, which condemned me to misery and her to a life for which she was totally unfitted, — a career in her case of such sad misuse of every attribute of mind and body that it wrung my heart to think of it. But she stood so quiet, so determined, and with an air of such gentle firmness that words seemed useless. In truth, they would not come to me. She opened her portfolio.

"I will give you these sheets that I have written," she said; "by right they belong to you. I am sorry the story was interrupted, for I very much want to hear the end of it, and now I never shall."

I caught at a straw. "Sylvia," I cried, "let us sit down and finish the story! We can surely do that. Come, it is all ready in my mind. I will dictate rapidly."

She shook her head. "Hardly," she answered, "after what has been said. Here are your pages."

I took the pages she handed me, because she had written them.

"Sylvia," I exclaimed, "I shall finish that story, and you shall hear it! This I vow."

"I am going now," she responded. "Good-by."

"Sylvia," I cried, quickly stepping after her as she moved away, "will you not say more than that? Will you not even give me your hand?"

"I will do that," she replied, stopping, "if you will promise not to kiss it."

I took her hand, and held it a few moments without a word. Then she gently withdrew it.

"Good-by again," she said. "I don't want you to forget me; but when you think of me, always think of me as a sister of the House of Martha."

As I stood looking after her, she rapidly walked toward the house, and I groaned while thinking I had not told her that if she ever thought of me she must remember I loved her, and would love her to the end of my life. But in a moment I was glad that I had not said this; after her words to me it would have been unmanly, and, besides, I knew she knew it.

When I lost sight of her in the grove by the house, I turned and picked up the pages of the story of Tomaso and Lucilla, which I had dropped. In doing so I saw her inkstand, with its open case near by it, on the ground by the stone on which she had been sitting. I put the inkstand in its case, closed it, and stood for some minutes holding it and thinking; but I did not carry it away with me as a memento. Drawing down a branch of the tree, I hung the little case securely by its handles to a twig, where it would be in full view of any one walking that way.

Frank R. Stockton.

MODERN TEACHING OF ARITHMETIC.

In his book On the Education of an Orator, Quintilian gives an excellent series of reasons why the pleader should be taught mathematics. His doctrine is that geometry, as he calls it, is, in its two branches of "numbers" and "forms," important for an orator on practical grounds, for example in cases concerning real estate or accounts; and he vividly pictures the embarrassment which the speaker will show if he is awkward at the problems of arithmetic which necessarily come into his oration. Quintilian does not stop here: he admits as a well-known principle that geometry is an admirable training for the reasoning powers; and the experience of later ages has fully confirmed this view.

It will be remembered that the Greeks and Romans had no algebra, and very troublesome systems of arithmetical notation. For both reasons their arithmetic furnishes an admirable mental training of the kind which is still much in favor with old-fashioned teachers, — a training now based upon the use of artificial obstacles. If any one who knows Greek or Latin will take the pains to read the seventh and following books of Euclid, especially the voluminous tenth, he will find ordinary arithmetic treated under difficulties of a kind quite analogous to those which have been artificially produced in our "higher arithmetics." Indeed, it must seem strange to any one who holds certain theories of mathematical teaching to discover that these books have for centuries been neglected in the schools, and replaced by vastly easier methods. For an English Euclid containing them we must look in editions published a century or more ago; and if mere difficulty supplies an excellent basis for mathematical training (as some people seem to think), this neglect of so much of the immortal author's work appears disrespectful.

Archimedes was the discoverer of an approximation to the quadrature of the circle; the latest editions of this great writer's books show very clearly how much he was hampered by the Greek method of calculation, and how much more he could have done had algebra and the Arabic notation been then invented. We now employ the infinitesimal calculus to gain with great ease the results which he obtained with enormous labor. No one at present thinks of using his method in instruction, although its difficulties are so considerable. After the Middle Ages the Arabic notation was introduced into Europe; and at the revival of learning great mathematicians restored the science and art of numbers to its old place in the schools, and began the scientific investigation of nature with the study of astronomy. These philosophers made it possible for the mariner to find his latitude at sea, and occasionally to guess at his longitude; the ocean was no longer absolutely unknown, and the discovery of America was possible.

Such writers taught arithmetic more as a matter of rules than of reasoning. Very possibly the rules were supplemented, in some cases, by the abstract theories of Euclid; but on the whole the rules prevailed in the schools, and the numerical part of mathematics was a practical subject, taught for the sake of mechanical facility. In England and her colonies this method was long retained, owing in part to the extremely artificial character of the denominations employed in money, weights, and measures, and the steady conservatism of the English people. Even now children in England gain much "mental training" (of the kind due to needless diffi-

culties) from the use of pounds, shillings, and pence. There the method of "Practice, Simple and Compound," which with us has been long forgotten, is still in full vigor.

Our conservative instructors held on to the debased currency in English denominations used in this country much longer and more strenuously than was at all necessary; and I have no doubt that they delayed the final introduction of federal money more than a few years. The worst consequence of the old ways — the teaching by rule rather than by reasoning — has not entirely disappeared. The ordinary books give, it is true, a short course of reasoning preparatory to each rule; but the rules are many, and the reasoning is often so lightly indicated that many teachers lay no great stress upon it, and the children work by the mechanical process. So, at least, it appears when the methods are tested at a later stage of education.

The ideas of the celebrated Pestalozzi were translated into practice by his numerous disciples in all civilized countries. In arithmetic Warren Colburn was the most practical and successful American writer of this century. He emphasized the idea brought forward by Quintilian, that mathematics is especially valuable as means of mental training; and it may be questioned whether, at first, some teachers did not pay too strict attention to this side of the matter. But it soon became the usual practice to combine the two methods: to employ Colburn's First Lessons as a textbook for mental arithmetic, and some larger one for written. The consequence in many cases has been the retention of mechanical methods in written arithmetic, which has been sometimes kept quite separate from mental.

Since Colburn's time graded schools have been established far and wide in this country. Their principles have taken up the German method of dividing numbers into so-called "circles," — 1 to 10, 10 to 20, 20 to 100, and so forth; at first without definite uniform boundaries. The circles were, in fact, bounded differently for the various operations. Thus the English New Code of 1888 gives as the work of the First Standard: "Notation and numeration up to 1000. Simple addition and subtraction of numbers of not more than three figures. In addition not more than five lines to be given. The multiplication table to 6 times 12." A distinction is thus made between addition and multiplication. Similar programmes have been made in this country for many cities; but the latest tendency is to the general adoption of Grube's method.

This is a method in which separate numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, as far as 100, are taken up one by one and analyzed. The pupil learns the qualities by his small experience, first of the number 1, then of the number 2, both by itself and as compared with the preceding number. Then follows 3, which is already more complex; its slight complexity is illustrated in every possible way by objects, and it is thoroughly mastered so far as the child's mind can deal with it. The separate numbers are mental "objects," as one may technically express it; the mental objects are definitely presented before the mind by the comparatively small degree of abstraction required to separate the idea of 3 from the idea of 3 fingers, 3 cents, 3 pencils, or other small but familiar things.

The underlying theory is that otherwise the child is required to perform so great a degree of abstraction that the thought becomes mechanical; and the method is brought forward as a contribution from experience to the psychology of the growing mind. It is very clear to those who have thought about it that this method of dealing with individual numbers in their orderly succession, one by one, is more natural than the older way of taking for granted, after a few trifling exercises, that the young pupil

was thoroughly grounded in the necessary concepts, and could go on at once to more highly abstract notions. There are features of Grube's method in which many good teachers think him extreme; but his main principle is very widely recognized as a true one.

Colburn's First Lessons, as we intimated, have been often improperly employed; the mental work has been combined with written exercises upon larger numbers; and in England even the First Standard, usually passed by children when seven years old, requires the use of far too great numbers. In some places Grube's method is used in the same improper manner, contrary to its author's intention, along with exercises on much larger numbers with slate and pencil.

The gist of this method lies in the numerical analysis. We may, for instance, suppose that the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, have been already taught; let us see what the lesson on 5 will contain. 5 is 4 and 1; 3 and 2; or 2×2 and 1 over. This will be illustrated on the hand. The children will then imagine ways of expending five cents; will be taught the relation of the five-cent piece to the single cents; will find out that no number of equal groups can be made of five things; and so that 5 is a prime number. In a word, the single number 5 is taught so as to review the earlier ones, and prepare concretely for later abstractions. But when 20 has been so passed, there comes to the instructor the temptation to hurry on and generalize; the primes especially become less interesting. Thus 24 and 25 far surpass 23 or 26 in special properties. The objection ordinarily made to the thorough methods in arithmetic is that they are not rapid enough. For instance, Grube proposes to keep children a year upon the numbers 1 to 10, and at least a year more upon those from 10 to 100. The English First Standard goes far beyond this in one direction, but fails to attain it in another.

It must be remembered that Grube's circles of numbers do not extend in any way beyond their boundaries. The first year's work, as specified above, does not involve the addition of 6 and 5 or 9 and 2, but merely such additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions as can be carried out with data and results under 10, and accompanied by many little problems in the application of those numbers.

Shall we then consider the child of seven who knows only so much arithmetic as this a backward or neglected pupil? On the contrary, it is quite clear that such a child has learned a great deal. He has practiced the four ground rules thoroughly, and has applied them to problems covering what is for him a great range of ideas. Where schools are poor, intelligent parents will have little confidence in them; it may be that even a good school is unable to bear the criticism that its pupils know a small amount, even if that little is carefully taught.

The main difficulty of introducing the improved methods arises from the state of public opinion, just as it did in Colburn's time. His First Lessons was adopted and used, but in combination with books of an older and less excellent type. In the same way, Grube's method is only partially employed, and more or less side by side with superficial ones which give the appearance of progress. Our school work is very apt to be done in a hurry, with the final result that our scholars do not finish their general education as soon by a year or two as those of other countries.

Up to the number 20 the way seems clear to adopt Grube's analysis; but at this point teachers appear to desert, or at least to postpone it. If a child has acquired skill with the smaller numbers, why, it will be said, can he not proceed at once to the unlimited range of Arabic notation? Simply because important matters are overlooked. The range

of numbers which is of most importance to every one is precisely that from 1 to 100. Any question of wages, for example, is settled by steps within this range; no strike of workmen would, I fancy, take place for one per cent advance, but might well be undertaken for five per cent. We are all pleased to know that the diameter of the earth is nearly 7900 miles, but do not care about the odd miles; or that the sun's average distance from the earth is 93,000,000 miles, where a hundred thousand more or less makes no difference to us. Grube's analysis to 100, number by number, seems to have a basis in the ordinary relation of the mind to numbers, and if faithfully carried out would make the four fundamental operations, especially division, much easier. What is called long division is a great stumbling-block in arithmetic; and its difficulty arises largely from the uncertainty of the first figure of the quotient when the divisor has, we will say, 18 or 19 in its first two figures. Any one can see that a thorough study of every number to 100, with respect to its factors or those of other numbers near it, would be a very great and ready help.

The definite questions to be settled are these: Shall children of seven be taught numbers in general, Arabic notation as a system, the abstract ideas of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and with numbers larger than they can comprehend? Or shall the simpler exercises of analysis, easy problems with numbers less than 100 and familiar applications of the four forms of calculation, be practiced with less abstraction? It would be easy to choose between these two alternatives, were not all our habits formed in the first manner, so that the second and better one appears strange even to teachers.

A pedagogical maxim of some importance is that the matter taught must be mastered by the teacher, not only in scientific form, but also in the form in which it is to be taught. The common defect of textbooks is that they present the subject nearly as an expert would review it, and without much thought for immature minds. The teacher of arithmetic forgets his early struggles to master the art of numbers, and considers the real basis of the subject very simple, merely because he has been well trained in it; and it requires, in fact, much labor to know the first hundred numbers, as the analysis requires the teacher to do. Grube's method of employing this analysis is only sketched in his book, and its easy handling needs a great degree of pedagogic insight and experience. While interesting to the learner, it is not easy for the teacher; yet it is very fascinating to those who study it.

We may say, then, that this method is gradually coming into use; every advance in the qualifications of teachers makes it easier to take it up more thoroughly, and the training it gives children is more and more appreciated. An important question for primary-school teachers is how far to employ actual objects. It seems probable that the first year ought to give the conception of abstract number, of two, three, four, as distinguished from two hands, three pencils, four children, and so forth. The use of some contrivance for showing the collection of tens into a hundred, and of representing the intermediate numbers, is called for; but if the single numbers are learned one by one, and abstraction is gradually introduced by small steps, the need of actual objects for exhibition diminishes little by little. When the numbers between 100 and 1000 are studied, it may be well to exemplify the Arabic principle by mechanical devices; but the Grube analysis of the smaller single numbers now gives the qualities of the tens, and the material objects need be only sparingly introduced. In fact, the necessity of employing such devices as a main element of training beyond 100 would seem

to indicate that the earlier work is not well done.

Grube takes up fractions one by one; and the proper fractions whose denominators are less than 10 furnish material for a half year's lessons. Here, of course, objective illustration is needed. The somewhat stolid way in which he goes on, taking up the denominators 2 to 9 in their order, seems to displease teachers who consider other fractions, as tenths, twelfths, more important than sevenths or ninths, just as these same teachers would omit 23, 29, and other prime numbers, while paying individual attention to 24, 25, 28, or 30. But yet the numbers and fractions in regular order offer much more variety to the pupil from the alternation between odd and even, prime and composite; the German method is after all that which gives the most solid foundation. As Grube suggests, prime numbers are to be studied more for the sake of the abstract number, composite for their applications.

Fractions in the abstract are so difficult that any method of lightening the work upon them is a great gain; and there seems to be no doubt that the pupil can be led to understand, in their order, halves, thirds, quarters, and so forth, and to determine their relations to each other, much more easily than he can be led to form the abstract idea of a fraction and deduce the general rules of operation. Most grown people are easily puzzled by quite simple fractional questions, for the very reason here indicated; they have attempted as children to learn general statements before particulars, if not to deal with the subject by mechanical rules.

The true method for learning elementary mathematics is the heuristic, the method of discovery. The pupil should be shown or taught the mathematical object. In arithmetic the objects are whole numbers or fractions, in algebra quantities not always discontinuous. These objects should be presented in the simplest manner when new ideas are to be developed. The more nearly spontaneous the pupil's thought can be made, the better; the teacher keeps his own wider and more abstract thoughts about the object as far in the background as possible, and attempts to enter into his pupil's mind. Suppose 28 is the number studied; 27 was the last one. The child has by this time learned to expect 28 after 27, as 18 followed 17, and 8, 7. The teacher hardly needs to name it; the symbol or actual counting gives the name. But 27 was 9×3, an odd number. 28 is even; it is divisible by 4; it is 4×7 or 7×4; it can be divided by 2, 4, 7, 14, — no other numbers. How does it compare in this respect with previous numbers? 24 has had six factors, 25 one, 26 two, 27 two. In actual life what is the importance of this number? Four weeks are 28 days; February has 28; in England 28 pounds make a quarter, and so on. Some of these things the teacher must state; others can be readily educed from the children's thoughts, still others from their memories. But everywhere the method is heuristic, not dogmatic; the pupil's own faculties are briskly exercised. The single numbers seem to offer materials for such exercise almost spontaneously, in the greatest abundance.

At the next stage, where numbers of three figures are taken up, the objects become more abstract. Few numbers in the hundreds are very significant; the process is more a synthesis than an analysis. Having learned with numbers of two figures what the Arabic principle is, we inquire what will be produced when we carry it a step farther. We have several bundles of sticks or the like to represent hundreds, and we put them together; we count (synthetically) 100, 200, 300, 60, 5. We now have a larger number (represented) than any of which we have much experience. We compare this number so made up with other like numbers; add, subtract; or we put two

or more equal bundles together, and multiply. In a word, we are now extending our pupils' ideas of number, not a single little step at a time, but on the large scale.

To return to the debatable point of the proper conclusion of the one-by-one analysis: is it not nearly certain that this can better go on to 100 than stop at 20? We are now generalizing, in one sense, but with limitations. We still hold to our three figures. It is a very good arithmetician indeed who knows all that is to be known about the first thousand numbers; and our pupils of eight years do not need to go beyond them to be very thoroughly trained in the four fundamental processes as a matter of practice rather than of theory.

The next step is a still more abstract one, — numeration. The process itself is now the object to be presented. No material objects are to represent the things counted; but the law of place in the Arabic system is explained with proper illustrations. So far three figures only have been used; the principle is thus readily fixed and extended. The employment of an unlimited number of figures can be hinted at, and applied so far as need be; then should follow the study of the four fundamental operations, definitely separated and practiced apart. Up to this time numerical analysis and synthesis have used the operations quite freely as a means, and, so to speak, empirically; they are now to be studied for themselves. "Carrying" has been practiced, but instinctively, heuristically; it is now taught as a distinct mode of operation. By the time the child is nine years old, he (or she) is able to perform the four fundamental operations in whole numbers, both pure and applied, without any special restriction of the magnitude of the numbers involved, save as common sense dictates. The operations, separately considered as objects, cannot be rationally taught to young children until they are familiar with many numbers and perform the calculations habitually; for the study of the object "multiplication" requires introspection together with interest in and power over the process.

A year's course in fractions, spent half on the individual fractions and half on the fundamental operations as such, concludes the arithmetic of the primary school. At the age of about ten years the pupils are ready to go on with the practical study of the subject, or that higher work which furnishes a base for algebra.

In this country taken as a whole, I fancy that no more than a third in number of the actual teachers are even partially in favor of this reform. Many are inexperienced; many others are looking forward to other professions or to marriage; a good many have no wish to be martyrs to principle or leaders of reform; some, who would like to improve their work, are hampered by circumstances or public opinion, and perhaps grow discouraged and leave off teaching. A well-made speech, full of glittering generalities and commonplaces, will command much applause in a teachers' meeting; and the forward movement among educators does not go on as smoothly as if all were professional, permanent, and fully interested in their work. But, in the long run, those of our teachers who are advancing will prevail.

Aside from the specialties of Grube's method, there are certain well-recognized truths which no teacher can afford to forget. Mere calculation by rule should be abandoned; in its place training in the use of small numbers, and consequent formation of right habits, should be introduced. All arithmetic is mental; written arithmetic, so called, is merely for the purpose of diminishing the strain on the memory. All exercises in this subject should be predominantly mental, and deal by preference with small numbers; taking up larger ones for practice

only. The weight of teaching should be on the mental side, not the mechanical. When written arithmetic is practiced, the work should be neatly and systematically done.

Grube's Leitfaden was first published in 1842. By some German teachers and writers of textbooks the analysis was restricted to 20, and the generalization begun at that point. They did, however, introduce one of his essential principles, which our teachers do not seem yet fully to approve, the separate treatment of the simpler fractions up to ninths and tenths.

The present article cannot be better concluded than by some extracts from Dr. Kellner's Volksschulkunde, sixth edition, published at Essen in 1868. This work is quoted, as not at all a radical or venturesome one; in fact, the author was then Catholic school counselor at Treves, with jurisdiction over the schools of a population of perhaps 400,000. The book may be compared with Emerson and Potter's The School and the Schoolmaster, or later books of the kind; and in it Grube is mentioned with approbation. Kellner says, in substance, that arithmetic has been too much employed for formal education, and that in consequence its true importance has been overlooked, and an artificial formality introduced; that the examples have lost relation to the life and business of the common man, while referring to all sorts of so-called business methods; that the length and complexity of the road traversed are a special hindrance to the many-sided and thorough study of the separate portions; and that the whole process of instruction has been crowded into the old mechanism from which teachers were trying to get free. It was not enough for the pupils to divide numbers of six figures by numbers of three, but the dividends must be billions, and the divisors hundreds and thousands of millions. The fraction $\frac{1}{13}$ was not sufficiently complicated; the pupil must reduce $\frac{547}{8761}$ of a dollar to lesser denominations. Mental arithmetic was kept strictly apart from written, and by special devices carried beyond the powers of average pupils.

The scholar should, on the contrary, be taught to solve the moderate examples naturally appropriate to him in as independent a way as possible; not by mechanism and complicated formulæ, but by his intellect. Mental arithmetic should be introduced everywhere and accompany every exercise. The small practical result obtained from it, sometimes urged, is due to the neglect to give regular hours to it in connection with written. Kellner advises finishing the common school course with fractions, and suggests that the rule of three and interest be taught as their applications.

From an educational periodical he quotes "six rules for teaching arithmetic badly," which are here condensed.

First. Divide your hours for arithmetic into theory, mental arithmetic, and written. In each division pay no attention to either of the others.

Second. In theory, proceed from abstract ideas; use foreign and high-sounding words; spend the most time on what is of no practical use; give a detailed theory of proportion.

Third. Arrange your mental arithmetic so that the children shall not employ any processes of their own; make it as much an arithmetic of figures as possible; if the scholar is to divide mentally, accustom him to write the dividend and divisor in the air with his finger.

Fourth. Have some special devices in mental arithmetic to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

Fifth. In written arithmetic, let each child do the sums from a book, imitating a process which has been shown him, but not explained. Let every one go on for himself; if he gets the right answer (by the key, which you keep), say Right! if not, say Wrong! and leave him to find out for himself how to get a better

result. This we may call training in independence.

Sixth. An especial means of hindering all progress in arithmetic lies in the examples. Large numbers, unintelligible denominations, matters which the children do not understand, — all these should be thoroughly employed.

By these six rules you will be pretty sure to attain your object of teaching without any result.

In thus quoting Kellner's book I do not care to lay any stress upon the fact that it is German. The author, though a German and a Catholic, understands well the nature and capacities of such children as we find in American schools. He is, in fact, a practical teacher and superintendent, who has leisure enough to put into words the results of a long experience; and American teachers well know that the European boy, French, German, Italian, Slavic, Scandinavian, is after all very much like the young American in the growth of his mental processes.

We must carefully guard ourselves from the illusion that the average rate of progress of our sons and daughters is more rapid than that of European children. It is quite the contrary; and that this is so is owing to many causes, very prominent among them the fact that the material development of this country has greatly taxed the mental energies of the race; and even in education theory has been looked upon askance, and the practical man, who can produce the tangible results called for by uninstructed public opinion in the quickest and cheapest manner, has been glorified to the disadvantage of such dreamers as Pestalozzi and Froebel. The great sums now devoted to the higher learning will, if we are wise in their application, give our scholars leisure to theorize in such a practical manner that our common schools shall in part reap the benefit.

Truman Henry Safford.

THE IDEAL.

"Not the treasures is it that have awakened in me so unspeakable a desire, but the *Blue Flower* is what I long to behold." — NOVALIS.

SOMETHING I may not win attracts me ever, —
Something elusive, yet supremely fair;
Thrills me with gladness, yet contents me never,
Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the paths I follow,
It shines beyond the farthest stars I see;
It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow,
And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best, with joyful feeling,
Essays to reach it as I make reply;
I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing,
Yet know ere I attain it I must die!

Florence Earle Coates.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

SECOND PAPER: THE TRAGEDY OF THE FIRST PART.

We have seen in a former paper the care with which Goethe has pointed out the way to discover the answer to the question, What is Faust? In his letters he returns to the subject again and again, though he purposely avoids direct disclosure, because, as Mephistopheles remarks to the Student in the Second Part, people in no ways value what is imparted to them directly, but cherish it as their own if they have to delve for the meaning. But everywhere he gives us the clue in his iteration that the First Part is wholly subjective. It proceeded, he tells Eckermann, "from that impressed and impassioned state of the individual character which excites such agreeable feelings in the mind of man."

It appeared from Goethe's remarks about the play in his conversations, letters, etc., as well as in the Prologues to the drama itself, that the play of Faust was the Drama of Existence, the Enigma of Life, as he calls it to Zelter; which the poet is, if he can, to help us solve, by setting before us the experiences and feelings of his own existence as a living reality in the story of this Faust, who, he tells us, is the Soul of Man. Thus the poet is to bring us into harmony with the Divine Purpose, — "to the gods unite us," — and solve the enigma of our lives.

The Creative Energy, that divine instinct of production, is the true hero of the Drama of Existence as we see it glimpsed in the history of this Soul of Man. To this the poet will bring us, in harmony with that Love, the Divine Beauty, the *Ewig-weibliche*, the feminine element of existence, which indeed is the true heroine of the play. Till we so join our lives to this Infinite Purpose and this Divine Love, we are, as has been said, but the slaves of Selfishness, the demon Mephistopheles. "Thus," says Goethe, "a consciousness of the worth of the morally beautiful and good could be attained by experience and wisdom, inasmuch as the bad showed itself in its consequences as a destroyer of happiness, both in individuals and in the whole body, while the noble and right seemed to secure the happiness of one and all. Thus the morally beautiful could become a doctrine, and diffuse itself over whole nations as something plainly expressed." So "a great dramatic poet, if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by a strong and noble purpose, which pervades the whole of his works, may succeed in making the soul of his pieces become the soul of the people."

Do we ask for a further key to this mystery? The poet has assured us we shall find it in his own life and thought, which he has incarnated for us in the figures of his play. Here is the "shining key" which will guide us to a true knowledge of the hero and heroine of existence.

We must stray into the Second Part, again, to find the promise yet more clearly stated in that passage which has been regarded as the darkest enigma of the play. Goethe remarks that "Mephistopheles too is a part of my own being," and often is only the spokesman of his thought, which he tells us is so simple. Faust is in search of the Source of all things, the mother element. To him comes Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, take this key.

FAUST.

It is a little thing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp it, not lightly valuing.

FAUST.

It glows within my hand, it beams and flashes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You 'll soon now mark what one in this possesses.
This key will scent it out, if you but heed.
Follow it down, — 't will to the Mothers lead.

. . . . . .

If he will touch it with the key!
[*Observing him.*
Well done!
As faithful slave it joins and follows on!

. . . . . .

So call the hero — heroine from night,
The first that ever dared that deed;
Thus it is done, for thus you must succeed.
Then onward, in this magic method range,
And into gods these incense-clouds will change.

When we come to this passage in the Second Part, we shall find yet other meanings; but in that realm of double and triple allegory Goethe's voice is often heard directly, and for the present purpose we shall listen only for the poet's immediate word.

He says that this First Part proceeded from a somewhat darkened state of his existence. Like Faust, he had gone through all learning, and found only that he could learn nothing. He was like a traveler astray in the twilight. "I too had drifted about in all sorts of studies, and had soon enough come to suspect their worthlessness. I had made all sorts of ventures in life, and had returned from them with greater disgust and vexation."

As the drama opens, Faust sits in his darkened study. With him too it is night. The scene is so entitled: "Night. A narrow Gothic chamber."

> "Where e'en the lovely light of heaven
> Sadly through painted panes is driven."

"These darkened narrow Gothic rooms," says Goethe, "cramp and confine my spirit."

> "Shut in here by this heap of books."

He has toiled through all learning, crammed himself with all lore, only to find he knows nothing, and, like the young poet returning disgusted from the university, he will give himself to magic and what in modern phrase we call Spiritualism.

> "So I 've given myself to sorcery:
> If, haply, through spirits' mouth and might
> Some mystery may not be brought to light,
> That I no more, with sweating brow,
> Need tell of something I do not know;
> That I may learn what 't is that holds
> The world together, its inmost folds;
> See all its active powers and seeds,
> And rummage no more in words not deeds."

"Error belongs to libraries, truth to the human mind; books may be increased by books, while intercourse with living primitive law alone gratifies the mind that can embrace the simple, disentangle the perplexed, and enlighten the obscure." "Ask not the echoes of your cloisters," exclaims the young man in Wilhelm Meister, "not your mouldering parchments, not your narrow whims and ordinances! Ask Nature and your own heart!"

Faust looks up at the lovely moonlight streaming through an open casement.

> "O brightest moonlight! could you shine
> The last time on this pain of mine,
> That I, through many a midnight sky,
> Watched at this desk mount up on high,
> When over books and papers here
> You would, sad friend, to me appear.
> Ah! could I yet, on the mountain height,
> Go onward in your lovely light,
> Round mountain caverns with spirits hover,
> And float in your twilight the meadows over,
> And, freed from wisdom's qualms and pain,
> Bathe in your dew and be well again."

"One shrinks," says Goethe to Eckermann, "in the narrow confinement of the house; here, out-of-doors, one feels great and free as the great Nature one has before his eyes."

"Fly!" cries Faust: —

> "Fly! out in the wide, the open land:
> And this book full of mystery,
> From Nostradamus' very hand,
> Is it not guide enough for thee?"

"Nothing comes," says Goethe, "but it first announces itself;" and through-

out the poem we shall find this as true as it is in life. The commentators take pains to tell us who the historical character was who bore this significant name Nostradamus (Michel de Nôtre Dame). We recall rather a passage from Wilhelm Meister, preceding the one just quoted: "He described to us in rapturous terms how this heavenly girl had drawn him out of his unnatural state of separation from his fellow-creatures into true life." Mephistopheles, in a court masque at Weimar, wherein all modern literature is made to appear and explain itself before the Grand Duchess, calls attention to the fact that by this means he has drawn Faust out into life, and that this is in part the import of the play. It is Our Lady who sails gloriously over the concluding scene of the drama; and as in the Wagner operas we catch hints of the coming theme, so here we shall find, again to use Goethe's words, that "nothing comes but it first announces itself." It is interesting because it is an illustration of the Goethean method, which we have become accustomed of late to speak of as the Wagnerian method, to set the thought before our minds by subtle hints and suggestions. Writing, in Truth and Poetry of my Life, of his magico-cabalistic studies with the Fräulein von Klettenburg, he tells of the dark hints by which the author refers from one passage to another, and thus promises to reveal what he conceals. It was this gentle spirit who first led him to read of the *macrocosm* and *microcosm*, and aided and encouraged his attempts to penetrate the mystery of life through the whimsical endeavors of the alchemists; to which he alludes in Faust's description to Wagner of his father's labors in his dark laboratory. She it was who found in the young Goethe that "striving after an unknown happiness." And, most noteworthy, it was she who "interpreted my disquiet, my impatience, my striving, my seeking, investigating, musing, and wavering, *as proceeding from my having no reconciled God.*"

This was Our Lady who taught him the pathways of the stars. It is, to be sure, a "dark hint" only, a single note of that Celestial Love motive which reechoes in the Easter Choruses, gleams on us for a moment from The Witch's Mirror, and plays over the sunlight outside the cathedral door, as Margaret, that loveliest incarnation of the Divine in woman, passes by; but the motive of the play is here as we saw it stated in the Prologue, "to unite us to the gods." It is Our Lady who leads us back to Nature; who, with the magic of the imagination, sends Faust to Nature, to find there that

> "The spirit-world 's not locked and barrëd.
> Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
> Up, scholar, bathe then, bathe unwearied,
> Thine earthly breast in morning-red."

All through his life Goethe found in Nature a refuge and a comforter. When his lifelong friend, the Grand Duke, died, he went at once into the country, to busy himself with her secrets, and find in her loveliness the panacea for his earthly ills. From there he writes to Eckermann: "Often before dawn I am already awake, and lie down by the open window to refresh my spirit with the increasing brilliancy of the morning-red. I then pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me, of which I could tell you wonders." He thought of all these soothing influences of Nature as those pitying elves that we hear singing the distracted soul to sleep, in the opening of the Second Part; and throughout the play, whenever Faust goes to Nature, he sees life and the things of life in their true relations.

> "You then shall know the courses of the stars;
> Nature instructs you, if you will but hear it.
> And then, for you, the Soul her powers unbars,
> As spirit speaks unto the other spirit."

"But," says Goethe, "man was not born to solve the problem of the Universe; neither his powers nor his point of view justify him in such an ambition. He is to find out what he has to do, and then restrain himself within the limits of his powers of comprehension." So Faust finds he can, even by the utmost aid of this magic of the mind, only discern the harmony of the Universe.

"Harmonious, All through the All ringing.
Ah, what a spectacle! Alas, a show alone!
Unending Nature, where mayst thou be known?"

He will search out the "Founts of Life;" but that "is beyond our powers."

"The scene," Goethe states, "dates back to the time when a rich youthful spirit identified itself with the Universe, in the belief that it could fill out and reproduce it in its various parts." At least we may in some measure master the secret of this Earth! "I think of the Earth and her atmosphere as a great living being, always engaged in inspiration and expiration."

Faust summons up the vision of the Spirit of the Earth, the Earth-Spirit. "But the immediate perception of the primal phenomena of nature," again to quote Goethe, "puts us into a sort of anguish; we feel the unattainable." So when Faust succeeds in bringing this "Frightful Phantom" before him, he cowers and trembles. The Earth-Spirit speaks to him: —

"In floods of Life, in a storm of Deeds,
Up and down I wave,
To and fro float free!
Birth and the grave,
An eternal Sea,
A forming, changing
Life, glowing, ranging.
So I work at Time's loom, and, with whir and strife,
I weave for the Godhead its Garment of Life."

"Nature is after all inaccessible. Nature has ever in reserve problems which man has not the faculties capable of solving." So the Earth-Spirit vanishes, and Wagner, the *famulus*, the incarnation of that spirit of pedantry which has tormented and hampered the poet's youth, comes in.

Goethe's picture of the learned young Germans who visited him might stand as Wagner's portrait. "Short-sighted, pale, young without youth, — that is the picture of them as they appear to me. The things in which one of us takes pleasure seem to them too trivial and vain; only the highest problems of speculation are fitted to interest them. Of some sense of delight in the sensual there is no trace: all youthful feeling and all youthful pleasures are driven out of them."

Wagner too, it appears, is anxious to get back to the Source of things; but Faust tells him he will never find it in his old parchments. Wagner leaves Faust alone. The despair at the impossibility of reaching truth has undermined Faust's love of life.

"The anxious striving after truth and moral greatness," writes Goethe to Frau Laroche, "has so undermined his heart that unsuccessful trials of life and passion have urged him to tragic resolution." "We have, then, to do with those whose life is embittered by a want of action, through exaggerated demands upon themselves. I was myself in that predicament, and best know the pains I suffered in it." "When the *tedium vitæ* seizes a man, he is only to be pitied, not blamed," writes Goethe to Zelter; "all the symptoms of this strange disease at one time raged furiously through my own inmost being. I know full well what resolutions and efforts it cost me in those days to escape from the waves of death. But after the storm at night the shore is reached again; the glorious sun once more breaks forth over the glittering waves."

"The mirrored billows glitter at my feet,
A new day lures me forth to fair, new shores."

We see Faust take down his father's old wassail bowl, and pour into it that

"Essence of all lovely, slumberous flowers,
That extract of all deadly, finer powers,"

which shall free his spirit, and bear it forth on a new path through the ether,

"To fair, new spheres of pure activity."

But, as he sets the bowl to his lips, the sound of bells and chorus-singing is heard.

"Truth, like a solemn, friendly bell tone, rings throughout the world," is one of Goethe's Sayings.

And now the Easter morning dawns, with its songs of praise to the One who, without a thought of selfish striving for his own advancement, gave Himself.

The sound of bells and chorus-singing is heard.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!
Joy to the sorrowing
Mortal, whom harrowing
Taints and our narrowing
Needs would imprison.

FAUST.

What bells, deep booming, what a clear, bright strain!
Down from my mouth it draws the glass with power!
Ye hollow bells, proclaim ye, once again,
The Easter Day's first, festal hour?
Was it, ye choirs, the Consolation Song ye sang,
That once, from angels' lips, around the Grave's night rang
Assurance of the Covenant's new dower?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices we made Him
A sweet rest that day;
We, His Faithful, we laid Him
So softly then away.
With clean cloths to bind Him
We wound Him neatly o'er;
Ah! and we find Him,
Christ, here no more.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ has arisen!
Happy the Loving One
Who all your sorrowing,
Wholesome and harrowing
Trials, has known!

The celestial, the womanly love motive sings out clearly now, and, awaking the childlike feeling in the world-worn man, brings him back to life.

"Remembrance holds me yet, with childlike feeling,
Back from that solemn step, the last.
Oh, still sound on, sweet songs, a heavenly strain!
My tears well forth, Earth has me once again."

The disciples sing of the risen Christ as being in "*Werdelust;*" that is, in the bliss of becoming (which the translators generally render by the words "bliss of birth"), near to "*Schaffender Freude.*" This is a difficult phrase, but it contains the whole philosophy of the drama; "Schaffender Freude" being that Joy which is the Maker. The translators say "Creative rapture," or "Rapture creative near," as Mr. Taylor has it.

"He only is glad," sings the beggar in the next scene, "who may give," and the line might stand as the text of Faust: —

"Nur der ist froh, der geben mag."

The whole lesson of the play is in this line.

The angels bid us tear ourselves loose from our fetters, and, praising Him with deeds, to manifest in our own lives that Love which is the Master. The charm and force of the lines are untranslatable, because the music gives us such deep suggestions of joyous song, and of those solemn, friendly bells of heaven which ring "like truth throughout the world."

"Faust," Goethe writes to Zelter, "contains many things which would interest you from a musical point of view. I should like to hear the words of this chorus in a fugue, which, as far as possible, should imitate the pealing of bells."

In the following scene, the Easter holiday in the fields, we notice especially that here is no thought of the worthlessness of life. All are full of joyfulness and hilarity, because they have earned their holiday by hard work. We may

see the source from which this scene is drawn in Goethe's account of the peasants' holidays outside of Frankfort; for even the scenery of Faust is painted from his own recollection, and every character is sketched from life. If we met one of these peasants, we should know him again from his speech; and, had we space, it would be interesting to pause and see here, too, what musical interest there is in the varying metres assigned to the characters. The whine of the hurdy-gurdy, the martial tramp of the soldiery, the whirl and swirl of the peasants' dance and song under the linden, are all reproduced in the measure assigned to the parts as they appear before us. Thus the metre itself becomes a sort of running commentary; and, as Goethe finds in actual life all persons surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere, we have them here encircled with a most suggestive musical atmosphere of song.

Wagner is distressed in his over-refined soul to be among these vulgar persons; but Faust exclaims: —

"Here I am Man, — here dare 't to be!"

"There is something more or less wrong," says Goethe to Eckermann, "among us old Europeans. Our relations are far too artificial and complicated, our nutriment and mode of life are without their proper nature, and our social intercourse is without proper love and good will. Every one is polished and courteous, but no one has the courage to be hearty and true. Often a man cannot help wishing that he had been born on one of the South Sea islands, a so-called savage, so as to have enjoyed human existence in all its purity, without any adulteration."

We would gladly pause to recall the exquisite passage in this scene about the sunset, the remembrancer of Goethe's childhood and of his later Swiss journey, the longing to fly after the sinking sun. But, as night falls about the wanderers' path, and that black dog of Selfishness appears in the gloaming, let us be reminded of that pregnant passage from the Sayings, "Common notions and great darkness are ever on the way to serve up some dreadful misfortune."

Faust, coming in with the poodle from communion with Nature, feels some intimation of her solemn lessons even in the stifling atmosphere of his narrow study: —

"The upland high, the meadow lowly,
I leave enwrapt in depths of night.
In us, with awe prophetic, holy,
The better soul awakes to light.
The impulse wild now stirs no longer,
But sleeps with every reckless deed;
The human love in us grows stronger,
We feel the love of God, and heed."

He has brought back with him this old Demon of Selfishness, this animal idea of living only for what we can get. The poodle now becomes restless, and, however Faust may yearn for the Source of life, and strive to find it in revelation, he is again out of the mood. The demon swells himself up till his horrible form fills the whole space of Faust's cell. Unless he is exorcised, life will be unendurable. We notice that, though Faust conjures him by all the elements of nature,

"No trace of these, the least,
Sticks in the beast."

But

"Hear me stronger adjure thee!"

He will set opposite this monstrous thought of living only to get for our selfish ends that life of Christ, that life which was all one great gift. Then the mist sinks, and Mephistopheles, this Demon of Selfishness, this "Spirit of Darkness, Denier, Destroyer, Father of Lies, Beelzebub," steps forth in his true colors, dressed as a traveling scholar, pedantry and licentiousness combined. He is Demon of Sloth as well. Faust, under this deadening influence, falls asleep, as the wooing passions lull and sing his spirit into deepest oblivion. He wakes to find himself "once more deceived." Among these enticing forms who sing

him the Fiend's lullaby, that Love of Woman, the Woman-Soul that ultimately leads him upward and on, is heard in the melody, and, later, lamenting in the chorus of spirits who wail over Faust's destruction of that beautiful world which he madly curses. Mephistopheles, to be sure, tells him that these lovely spirits are all his, "the little Ones of my train." He does, with the bait of womanly beauty, succeed in luring him out of his wretched life into the world of men and deeds.

The demon promises Faust, if he will join him, he will give him all he desires.

"What have you, then, poor Devil, worth the giving?
When was one human spirit, in its lofty striving,
Grasped by the like of you, though you had tried your best?
You have, though, food that satisfies not; are possest
Of ruddy gold, that without rest,
Quicksilver-like, out of the hand will run;
A game which man has never won;
A maiden, from my very bosom, she
Ogles my neighbor, bids him call upon her;
That joy of all the gods, fair Honor,
That, like a meteor, ceases suddenly."

The Devil bets he can give him happiness. Notice the condition of the wager. If Mephistopheles can once so delight Faust with these things that he will "prize the idler's noble leisure," as Mephistopheles calls it, and long for its continuance, the Demon of Destruction has him.

"When I say to the moment, Let us
Here linger yet, thou art so fair!
Then you may cast me into fetters,
Then gladly I 'll destruction dare;
Then may the awful death-bell thunder,
Then you are from your service free!
The clock may stop, the hour-hand yonder
May fall, and Time be past for me."

Goethe, as Mephistopheles, in Faust's long robe, mocks at pedantry with the Student once more, and then they sail out of the window in quest of happiness. "My old cloak and a bit of gas will carry us gayly up in the world, if you do not take any great bundle of thoughts and scruples with you." So off they sail in that pursuit of joy, the universal quest of humanity.

Goethe tells us how he sought for happiness in such a cellar as we have in the next scene. Herman Grimm, his biographer, remarks that he found only ill health. "See," says Mephistopheles, as they turn to go, "how the Devil jests!" These "jolly fellows," who have given themselves over to sensuality, imagine they are in a lovely arbor, about to cut off luscious grapes, and wake to find themselves only about to cut off their own noses.

Do we need any further explanation of this much-discussed scene as a whole? It has, however, two songs which may well attract our closer attention. One contains an allusion to a remark of Goethe's that he "was at this time like a poisoned rat, who rushed frantically about, vainly swilling out of all the puddles." This song has also a deeper significance, not before alluded to by the commentators, in its refrain, which brings us the first hint of the approaching tragedy, a suggestion of the horrible mirth of the gossiping girls about the fountain.

"Then loudly laughed the poisoner! See!
She pipes in the last hole now, said she,
As if she had love in her body.

CHORUS.

As if she had love in her body."

This song is given "to suit the case" of "some folks in love," and one sees in the rat's fate "his likeness done to life." For the suggestion of the other song, the flea who was made prime minister, we must remember that it is put into the mouth of this Denier, this Prince of Philistine Darkness. Recall the position of the Philistine element in Goethe's world at Weimar toward his own occupation of that position in the grand ducal court, — the language of the Philistine world in general toward the poet's position as prime minister to

the Soul of Man. The bitter irony of this song has not been pointed out; but if we follow Goethe's advice, and look to his own life for the solution of mysteries, and for "deep meaning under seeming trivialities," we can hardly be far astray.

The next scene, The Witch's Kitchen, is filled with seeming trivialities that have been declared to be only willful fooleries, or given all sorts of fanciful interpretations. The commentators have neglected to follow the method which Goethe recommends, — to see of what epoch of his life this scene was the fruit. Goethe laughs with Eckermann at all such misdirected efforts as had occupied the critics of his day with the elucidation of this mystery. If, then, this scene is the "fruit of an epoch of his life," as he tells Eckermann, let us see where the poet was when he wrote it, and what he was thinking about. Here is that "key" he has recommended to us, which will unlock this hitherto unsolved enigma, and make its darkest passages glow and sparkle with intense sarcasm.

First, where was it written? In Rome, at the time when Goethe came into contact with the Roman Church. The outward forms of the scene are drawn from outward incidents which there occurred to him; significant, be it observed, of some deeper meaning. If we turn to Goethe's Italian Journey, we find a story of the old woman who sat as a model when he painted the Witch's portrait. She took care of his chambers for him, and rushed into the room to beg him to come and see a miracle. "The cat is praying before the image." Goethe remarks that the cat did seem to be aping human postures of devotion before his head of Jupiter; but he "very soon saw through this cat devotion," this monkeyish imitation of man. "The cat was after fat which it found in the beard of the figure." Goethe takes pains to tell this story, and states that he selected only the significant portions of his Journals for publication. He also gives an account of visiting a dark old kitchen. In Faust this kitchen is again described, and we have two catlike apes, *Meerkatze*, engaged in all sorts of monkey tricks. Goethe, talking to Eckermann, "assumed the tone and mien of Mephistopheles," and said: "If I had been a bishop, I would have lied and played the hypocrite so well and long that my £30,000 a year should not have escaped me." "Above all, I would have done everything to make the night of ignorance still darker." In Rome he goes to see the papal function, and sets down his disgust at the mummery and monkeyish aping of religious postures. He is, "like Diogenes [in the Sistine Chapel], in search of an honest man." It "fills him with amazement," and over it he makes his "silent observation." Then he goes out, and takes up his Faust again, to write this scene, The Witch's Kitchen. "Thank God," he writes to Zelter, "we have withdrawn ourselves from priestcraft as far as we have drawn near to Nature."

In Truth and Poetry he speaks of "an irreconcilable hatred of the priesthood, sprung from the contemplation of the rude, tasteless, and mind-destroying foolery of the monks." In his Sayings he calls it

> "A crazy ornament brewery:
> It is pure clownishness to me.
> No man will take now, for example,
> The elephant's, the grotesque's temple;
> With sacred crotchets, mockeries odd,
> One neither Nature feels, nor God."

In The Witch's Kitchen we find these catlike apes tending a great kettle, from the steam of which strange forms arise, and they are taking care that it does not boil over.

"What do I want of this cooked-up mess?" says Faust.

> "Has Nature, has a noble spirit,
> Not found a balsam anywhere?"

"What are you cooking up, there?" says Mephistopheles.

"Soup for beggars!" reply the monkeys.

To quote again from Eckermann's report of Goethe's conversation: "Quench not the Spirit, says the Apostle. There are many absurdities in the propositions of the Church; nevertheless, rule it will, and so it must have a narrow-minded multitude which bows its head and likes to be ruled. The high and richly endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as possible." That record of divine poverty, the meek who shall inherit the earth, — what strange forms have arisen from the cooking over of the gospel message! Mephistopheles asks: —

How do you like the dainty beasts?

FAUST.

As tasteless and insipid as were ever seen.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, such a discourse as this
Is just the one I 'd rather carry on!

These apes come fawning up to Mephistopheles, — these apes who are only anxious to "warm their paws." As long as they can warm their paws you will not see The Witch. They hint to the Demon of Selfishness, the old worldling, that what they want is gold.

"How happy the monkey would think himself,
Could he in the lottery put his pelf!"

says Mephistopheles. And then they tell him that "this great ball is the world, that it is hollow and brittle. Don't say, dear son, you are alive; you must soon die. It is of clay, and gives nothing but shards." "Philistine priests, lower than the brutes," is one of Goethe's Sayings in Rhyme.

"God's Earth, a hall, with splendor glows;
Ye make it dark, but a vale of woes!"

But here Faust, who has been looking in The Witch's mirror, now going nearer to see, and then standing farther off, cries out: —

"What see I? What a Form divine
Appears within this magic mirror!
Oh, lend me love to bear me near her,
The swiftest of those wings of thine!
Ah! if I do not on this spot remain,
And if I venture to go near,
I only as in mists can see her,
That fairest image of a woman!
Is 't possible that woman can attain
Such perfect beauty? Must I in this human,
Reposing figure e'en the Essence see
Of all the heavens? On earth can such things be?"

In the very movement of the German verse, a strain of melody amid the monkey jargon, we feel the music of the Celestial Love motive. This is the figure which Goethe has borrowed from the Church, her Mater Gloriosa, the gracious image of the Ewig-weibliche, which, amid all her nonsense and shortcoming, she has forever held aloft in that magic mirror of the Virgin Soul. Go nearer, scrutinize her myth of the Immaculate Conception closely, and it disappears, as all myths do, in the harsh light of common sense; but stand off, and view it as a beautiful picture of The Mother, that shrine where the Lord of Life forever renews, in sacred mystery,

"The Garment of Life, which the Deity wears."

In this image of a woman must we not see "the Essence of all the heavens"? Here is that Love which is the co-creator and incarnation of the Divine. When we leave this "wild waste of craziness," as Faust calls it, and, in the next scene, find ourselves "outside the cathedral door," this Love, which on the misty surface announces its advent, will pass by us in the sunlit street.

But Goethe is not yet through with his terrible arraignment of the old Mother Church. "Come, come," he seems to say with Hamlet: —

"Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

We cannot, however, now follow this scene line by line, though the force of its biting sarcasm would become yet more apparent. We pause but for one more count in this searching indictment, and then pass on. Mephistopheles is brought by the monkeys to The Witch's old settle, and given her hearth-brush. He says: —

"I sit here like a king upon my throne;
I have the sceptre, lack the crown alone."

The monkeys bring a crown to him, and beg him to be "so good as to belime it with sweat and blood;" yet before they fairly get it on his head their carelessness breaks it to pieces. Look through Goethe's eyes on the history of modern Europe, to see these broken crowns belimed, at the request of Rome, with sweat and blood. But meanwhile the kettle, which the monkeys have forgotten to tend, boils over and flames up the chimney.

"When," says Goethe to Eckermann, "the poor church member sees in the gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with his disciples, traveled humbly on foot, what will he think of the princely bishop who rattles along in his carriage drawn by six horses?" May we not well ask ourselves what was the effect of this "soup for beggars," this doctrine of the dignity of the laborer, of the Carpenter and the poor fishermen, on the Reformation, on the American, and still more on the French Revolution? How busy the clergy were warming their paws just before that tremendous flame rushed up the chimney, and how the old Scarlet Woman raved, till this Philistine iconoclast threatened to smash her pots for her!

Passing, in The Witch's "once one 's one," Goethe's dislike of theology, we must leave The Witch, only noticing Goethe's idea of the effect of her appeal, addressed solely to the senses and the emotions. The most learned physicians tell us that the effect of exciting any part of the interwoven emotional system is to excite all parts, even the apparently most distant. As The Witch offers her chalice to Faust, which shall give him, she promises, a new birth, across its surface flicker little flames of hell. "Down with it!" exclaims Mephistopheles; and then aside: —

"With this drink in your body you 're a new man.
You 'll see a Helen now in every woman."

And so they go on to the next scene, — outside the cathedral door. There Faust sees Margaret, that loveliest image of womanhood, pass by, and longs to possess her at once.

Here we enter upon that tragedy of Margaret which the English theatre managers give us as the play of Faust. It is as if a German should extract the story of Ophelia from Hamlet, and give that as Shakespeare's masterpiece. This story of Margaret is too familiar, through the operatic and theatrical representations of it under the absurdly abused name of Goethe's Faust, to need recalling as a whole. We may pause one moment over it to renew our acquaintance with that passage, omitted by the theatre managers, which contains Goethe's special explanation of his view of the Deity, which, as the Life of life, is so large a part of the aim of this Drama of Existence. As Margaret passes through the garden on Faust's arm, she asks: —

Do you believe in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who can say,
I believe in God? Parson or sage the question may
Ask, and your answer only seems an odd,
Curt mockery of the asker.

MARGARET.

Then you do not believe?

FAUST.

Sweet face, do not mistake, nor for me grieve.
Who dares to name Him,
Who so expresses
Himself, professes,
I believe in Him?

Who that can feel
Presumes to steel
Himself to say, I don't believe in Him?
Enfolding All,
Upholding All,
Enfolds, upholds He not
You, me, Himself?
Does not the heaven o'erarch us yonder?
Does not the earth lie firm beneath?
And, up there, glancing friendly,
Do not the stars, eternal, rise?
Do not my eyes look into yours,
And do not all things throng,
In head and heart, to you,
And weave themselves, in mystery eternal,
Unseen and seen, around you?
Fill your heart full of that, it is so great;
And when you with the sense of it are wholly blest,
Then name it what you will, —
Name 't Bliss, Heart, Love, God!
I have no name for that!
Feeling is everything;
Name is but sound and smoke,
Clouding the glow of heaven.

MARGARET.

That 's all right fair and good, and even
The priest almost said that, only he spoke
With other words, that differed just a bit.

FAUST.

They say it everywhere; say it,
All hearts beneath the heavenly day,
Each in his language and his way.
Then why not I in mine, my dear?

From this point the tragedy of Margaret speeds on to its dreadful close. For a moment Faust, in the presence of Nature, alone amid forest and cavern, had seen whither he was hurrying them both, the abyss that yawned at their feet; but the demon, with his lure of pleasure, had them too closely in his grasp to escape. The mocking girls at the fountain tell the sad story; and we see its effect in the awful agony of soul sobbing through the young creature's prayer to the Virgin Mother, and her vain attempt to pray in the cathedral, with the taunting fiend at her elbow.

Meanwhile, the Demon of Selfishness bears Faust away, to forget his remorse in that carnival of sensuality and self-seeking on the Brocken, the witches' revel. Goethe laughs with Zelter over the German commentary which hunts down the historical foundation of the scene, as if the prose fact were important, though he admits using it as the foundation of his "poetical fable."

Let us see, then, what they are doing in these witches' orgies. Faust, in the lovely wood-path, would linger and enjoy the beauty of the spring night. Mephistopheles urges him to hasten to the summit. He asks an *ignis fatuus*, a light of error, as the Germans call it, to light the path upward. Through what swarms of animal creatures they thread their way! The mountain is alive with a seething mass of deformed animal humanity, all struggling to get to the top. It is the night of the witches. The lurid light, like the gleam of ruddy gold in the firelight, glimmers through the abyss, glows in clouds of mist through a vaporous veil, threads the valley with a hundred veins, here confined sparkles like golden sand.

"And see, in their whole height rise o'er us,
Enkindled, all the mountain walls."

Here, says Mephistopheles, is a midway elevation, where we can see, with astonishment,

"How Mammon in the mountain glows."

Need we go far afield to find the meaning of the poet's fable? On that midway elevation of what is called an "easy competence," as we come from the country into the mad whirl of struggling humanity in a great city, we realize vividly the rush for wealth, the constant struggle to get to the top. Look out, again with Goethe's eyes, on the orgies that preceded the French Revolution.

"Call me Sir Baron," remarks Mephistopheles to The Witch.

"I am a cavalier like other cavaliers."

As we see all this, shall we be quite at a loss for the poet's meaning? Mephistopheles, looking on the scene, exclaims to Faust, that Soul of Man: —

"Has not Sir Mammon grandly lighted
His palace for this festival!"

"Our country people," says Goethe to

Eckermann, continuing a remark about the last day seeming to be near, which we find repeated in this scene as Faust and Mephistopheles approach the horrible revelry, — "our country people have certainly kept up their strength, and will, I hope, long be able to secure us from total decay and destruction. The rural population are to be regarded as a magazine, from which the forces of declining manhood are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great towns, and you will feel quite differently. Just take a turn beside a second *Diable Boiteux* or a physician of large practice, and he will whisper to you tales which will horrify you at the misery, and astonish you at the vice, with which human nature is visited, and from which society suffers."

Here, then, in Mephistopheles we find our "second diable boiteux," by whose side we take a turn through the great city; and, after reading this paragraph, we may enjoy with Goethe his quiet laugh with Zelter over the labors of the commentators who have "taken such pains to convert poetry back into prose." They have rendered a service, however, in searching out the originals who sat for the different portraits; for here, as everywhere, Goethe always draws, even his most fanciful figures, from a living model. We may, perhaps, in connection with this recall Goethe's remark to Schiller, on "the peculiar character of the public in a great city. It lives in an incessant tumult of getting and spending; and what we call the higher mood can neither be produced there nor communicated;" and his observation to Eckermann, that he "anticipates special pleasure from Delacroix's scenes on the Brocken. You will see here the extensive experience of life for which a great city like Paris has given him such opportunities."

With the disgust which comes to Faust, dancing with his fair, nude partner, as her animal nature shows itself to him, the image of his purer love returns; and in the next scene, again face to face with Nature, he sees his action in its true light, curses Mephistopheles, and bids him bear him to where Gretchen is imprisoned. In that most pathetic scene of all literature which ends the First Part, we learn from the distracted utterances of poor Gretchen, raving amid the straw on the prison floor, the secret of her tragic end.

"The world," says Goethe, "is to me like a great factory, where, amid the whirring looms and wheels, we all work out the purposes of the Master Workman." To Gretchen, with the great gift of love, the great responsibility of another life has been given. She too, at work in this whirring loom of time, has been made the guardian of a part of that fabric, the Garment of Life, by which we recognize the Deity. "If we work with the Master," Goethe says, "our holiday will come, and our reward. If we strive to seize the web or destroy it, we shall destroy ourselves." Gretchen, neglecting the loom, has, for her own convenience, stretched out her hand to get rid of the responsibility imposed upon her, and the awful wheels of God come over and crush her. But notice, as the night ends, in the gray streak of dawn she recognizes the divine justice, and, refusing to escape the penalty, becomes, in her exalted reunion with the Divine Purpose, the influence that still shall lead her lover upward and on.

In the Second Part we see, reviewing the larger field, the life of the race; what this influence, this manifestation of the Ewig-weibliche, the Woman-Soul, has there done for us. But all this must be reserved for another occasion.

William P. Andrews.

MRS. KEMBLE'S LETTERS.[1]

In spite of the great mass of private correspondence offered to the public within the last quarter of a century, we can think of but three women, Mrs. Carlyle, Madame Craven, and Madame Mohl, whose letters in any respect offer a parallel to those of Mrs. Kemble. This resemblance lies not so much in the style, the keen observation, the bold diagnosis, and the pretty variegated arrows shot almost at random, which amuse the reader, but may somewhere leave a sting, in which these letters remind us of Mrs. Carlyle's; nor in the exquisite feeling for family life, for friendship, for all beauty of the intellectual and moral order, in which Mrs. Kemble is nearly akin to Madame Craven; nor yet in the capacity which belongs to the woman of the salon for a wide diversity of intimate friendships, and for keen appreciation of the exotic refinements of the most highly civilized life which characterize alike the writer and Madame Mohl; but rather in the fact that each one of these women possesses, like Mrs. Kemble, the art of embodying the facts of her environment, giving definite shape and color to her surroundings, and presenting the men and women encountered day by day as in a magic mirror, where few of the shifting lights which constitute personality and make up life are lost. There is a wide difference in the way these four women write, and in the effect their letters produce upon the reader; but in each of them we discern the artist behind the detailed and balanced impression produced, — an artist under the spur of an imperative necessity to find some clear medium of expression, that takes the form of confidential letters, which are half a self-confession and half a work of art, presenting as they do, although unconsciously, by a cunning arrangement of details and stroke upon stroke of line and color, what the artist has seen, heard, and felt, thus making up in the total more than a narrative, — an idyl or a drama.

Of course another factor in such correspondence, and a powerful one, is friendly feeling, and a desire to share all with one in complete sympathy with the writer; but, as we know, that may exist quite independently of any capacity for producing good letters. George Sand's letters are, in general, simple, serious, and charming, showing a large and tranquil outlook upon life, but the real human element nowhere emerges into full relief. When she writes about particular people, she idealizes, or philosophizes, or psychologizes; that is, she crosses the borderland of actuality, and enters her own realm of romance. A thoroughly enjoyable letter-writer must have absolute truth for a starting-point, if only in order to give charm to his divagations on the road. Variations on a familiar air played out of tune delight nobody with a true ear. Besides this instinctive habit of seeing accurately and reporting fairly, a keen vision and keener feelings are required, a wide sympathy with the facts of life, and, above all, the requisite "push" which comes from an unjaded literary talent and a strong individuality. For, after all, no matter what letters describe, the actual interest centres in the writer herself, and it is the revelation of her own character that gives worth to details which, except as manifestations of herself, would have little force or meaning.

[1] *Further Records.* 1848–1883. A Series of Letters by Frances Anne Kemble. Forming a Sequel to Records of a Girlhood and Records of Later Life. New York: Henry Holt & Co. London: Richard Bentley. 1891.

If these Further Records lack the charm of Mrs. Kemble's wonderful Records of a Girlhood, which first found favor with the public in the pages of The Atlantic under the title of Old Woman's Gossip, or if they fail to touch contemporary life and thought with the same breadth and vigor which characterized her later Records, they possess their own unique advantages, and could not easily be excelled in their clear presentation of a striking individuality and its *milieu*, or in their shrewd and accurate criticism of life. The present book is made up, not like the others from a general correspondence, but of two independent series of letters, each printed continuously: the first, addressed to Miss Harriet St. Leger, beginning in January, 1874, and ending with Miss St. Leger's death, in 1877, taking up more than three quarters of the whole space, and making indeed a *journal intime;* and the second to Mr. Arthur Malkin, infrequent, desultory, but still complete enough to give a general sketch of the writer's experience from 1848 to 1883. There is a deplorable lack of good editing in the whole work, which might have been considerably shortened had the endless repetition of the same matter been omitted. Undated letters have been introduced in a way to make, at times, a bewildering jumble. Then, too, the want of chronological arrangement in the two distinct series of letters shows a singular indifference to the artistic make-up of the book on the part of author and publishers. Why those addressed to Mr. Malkin, most of which so far antedate those to Miss St. Leger, should not have been presented at the start, and finally have been merged in the fuller correspondence, is nowhere explained. However, the sudden transition offers the charm of the unexpected. In the twinkling of an eye the writer casts off the trappings of age, and reappears as the traditional Fanny Kemble midway in her brilliant career; crossing the ocean twice a year, and delighting both England and America with her readings; climbing mountains in Switzerland; wintering in Rome and summering in Lenox. In truth, the letters to "Arthur," both in their tone and scope, afford a piquant contrast to those addressed to "H.," whose views of life, always serious, had plainly not lightened with the advance of age and loss of sight. Mrs. Kemble is evidently at not a little pains to put herself into sympathy with the deprivations of her elderly friend by herself coquetting with old age, as sexagenarians are apt to do. She is now many years older than when she wrote the latest in date of these letters; yet when, in 1889, she was spending the summer in her beloved Switzerland, the group who were wont to gather in her tiny salon day after day — one of whom was a distinguished American novelist, and another John Walter Cross (who walked daily four miles across the glacier to join the little coterie) — found her, conversationally, at her inimitable best; never clearer in intellect or more ready with sallies of wit.

Miss St. Leger's friendship had counted for much in Mrs. Kemble's experience, and she was generous in acknowledgments. "I have lost," remarked the younger Pliny, when Corellius Rufus died, — "yes, I have lost a witness of my own life;" and this all readers of Mrs. Kemble's various memoirs and letters know her beloved "H." to have been to her. And certainly letters like Mrs. Kemble's must have counted for much in the life of a blind invalid, past eighty years of age, written as they were with a complete absence of reserve, with marvelous facility of expression and trenchant powers of description, and out of an intellect swept clear of cobwebs. To see clearly and describe fearlessly belonged to Mrs. Kemble's temper and habit, and in this full correspondence minuteness of detail amply atones in the way of interest for possible

lack of variety. It seems to have been printed almost as it was written, the occasional hiatuses suggesting no obscure and conjectural private history, but rather serving to point to the meaning between the lines, while the initials are the most transparent veil to the personalities alluded to on every page.

Naturally, Mrs. Kemble's return to Philadelphia, in 1874, stirred memories and associations of an experience which, in a life like hers, actually formed but a single chapter, and which during the busy years of her full after career as an actress and a reader must have seemed unreal, but now was brought up at every turn. Her relationship with those closest had, however, little of the intimate habit which usually accompanies ties of blood; thus her constant allusions to her family take a delicate and piquant turn, and her admiring appreciation is tinged with a hundred pretty changeable lights of sentiment and also of criticism. She arranges her life at York Farm as completely as an Englishwoman may who perpetually reminds herself of American limitations. We may follow every detail of the quiet routine at York Farm, and each member of the household, from the central figure down to the setter dog and the canary bird, becomes individualized to us. Many vivid touches set forth the region round about, — the burst of spring, the intense heats of summer, the wonderful transfiguration of autumn, the white and glittering splendors of winter, which seems to have expended its worst rigors in the years Mrs. Kemble lived at York Farm. The sloping fields undulate to the woods of Champlost, where lives her friend "M.," who is described over and over again, with a touch made exquisite by tender and admiring affection. Even the by-path leading to Champlost soon gains charm for the reader, — along a lane, across a park where fine oaks grow, with a gush of violets at the foot of the great trees, while the meadows on either side are blue-white with the starry blossoms of the euphrasia. A quick sense for nature's refreshment and renovation to heart and soul is shown in every allusion to out-of-door life.

To transfer to this country not only the habits of English life, but also of English thought and the prejudices of a lifetime, was of course to make Mrs. Kemble an inexorable critic of everything American. We are accustomed to judicious strictures upon our manners, habits, and tendencies, — in fact, we frequently court them by asking foreigners, and particularly English people, for their candid opinion of us; yet we do not get over a certain expectation of being pronounced faultless, and our withers are wrung when exceptions are taken to our public institutions and our national idiosyncrasies. There is no display of rose-pink optimism in Mrs. Kemble's criticisms, but it should be remembered that when she sets out to interpret our domestic habits and our public politics, she is answering the questions of a correspondent curious to know the worst of a country she believes little good of; indeed, is surprised should be inhabited by well-to-do people able to denationalize themselves by living in Europe.

That Mrs. Kemble, in spite of her fault-finding with America in certain minor details, was in sympathy with us at the time of the crisis of our history may be seen by this extract from a letter to Mr. Malkin in September, 1861:

"The state of the country is very sad, and I fear will long continue to grieve and mortify its well-wishers; but of the ultimate success of the North I have not a shadow of a doubt. I hope to God that neither England nor any other power from the other side of the water will meddle in the matter, but above all *not* England; and thus, after some bad and good fighting, and an unlimited amount of brag and bluster on both sides, the South, in spite of a much better state of preparation, of better soldiers,

better officers, and above all a much more unanimous and venomous spirit of hostility, will be obliged to knock under to the infinitely greater resources, and less violent but much more enduring determination, of the North. With the clearing away of this storm slavery will be swept from among the acknowledged institutions of America."

This same power of what might be called divinatory diagnosis of the facts before her may be seen in certain remarks concerning Louis Napoleon in 1859. "He is," she writes, "I take it, much wiser in his generation than any child of light; and yet, after all, the light that is in him (very powerful gas although it seems) may turn out sheer darkness in a little while."

To return, however, to the impressions of our own country. Although Mrs. Kemble piques herself on being English in contradistinction to being American, and will not even accept the convenience of our decimal system, but goes on reckoning by cumbrous pounds, shillings, and pence, when such currency must have been a matter of sheer reminiscence, and although we are obliged to give up the hope that she will like any American institutions, yet she likes individual Americans. Our women, it is true, she considers cold and undemonstrative, but she says of our men: "You ask me if American men are like English men. No; American gentlemen are a cross between English and French men, and yet really altogether like neither. They are more refined and modest than Frenchmen, and less manly, shy, and rough than Englishmen. Their brains are finer and flimsier, their bodies less robust and vigorous, than ours. We are the finer animals, and they the subtler spirits. Their intellectual tendency is to excitement and insanity, and ours to stagnation and stupidity."

Her allusions to friendly intercourse with the editor of the Variorum Shakespeare, to whom she presents the pair of Shakespeare's gloves which had once been the property of Garrick, and had been given by him to Mrs. Siddons, are charming, as are those to her familiar intercourse with Longfellow and his family. In speaking of Boston as she first knew it, she observes, in one of the many bracketed notes inserted in the correspondence: "The persons I knew best and saw most frequently there were Dr. Channing; Prescott, Motley, the historians; Felton, the learned Greek professor; Agassiz, the great scientific naturalist; Hillard, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow. Such an extraordinary contemporaneous collection of eminent and remarkable men in a comparatively small city ought to have resulted in a society that might have been the admiration and envy of the greatest civilized capitals of Europe. . . . With such material for the most charming and brilliant society, it has often been a subject of curious surprise to me that Boston had nothing that could be called so, — nothing comparable to that finest product of mature civilization, the frequent, easy, and delightful intercourse of highly cultivated and intelligent men and women. . . . I had the honor, pleasure, and privilege of the acquaintance and friendship of these distinguished men, and was received by them with the most courteous kindness in their homes and families; but a general society of them, attractive and interesting, such as their combined intercourse ought to have produced, did not exist among them. Three reasons may have tended to this result: the men worked too hard in their business abroad; the women were too hard worked in their duties at home; and I think the New Englanders inherited from the Old ones the want of both taste and talent for society, and from their Puritan ancestors a decided disinclination and incapacity for amusement in general, for amusing others and being amused themselves."

Probably she would confirm Matthew

Arnold's opinion that there exists in America no great society. Certainly she shows little sympathy for Lord Houghton's genial optimism, who, she remarks (writing while he is staying a few days with her at York Farm), "has praised everything in the country, from the debased currency to the degraded government.'" He was one of her lifelong friends, and in a sketch inserted, giving some incidents of their acquaintance, she alludes to the time she first met him, at the age "when conceit is the proud privilege of youth, and Monckton Milnes had a justifiable share of that great gift of the imperturbable gods." The last time she saw Lord Houghton was when they were staying together at Mrs. Greville's, and paid Alfred Tennyson an afternoon visit. "The room where he received us commanded a fine view of the downs and the distant shining of the sea; while the situation of the house itself, halfway up a hillside covered with fine trees, gave a striking effect to a sudden storm that darkened the sky, and swept the downs, and lashed with violent rain the window panes, against which the oaks bent and bowed themselves, writhing and struggling with the wind, while Alfred Tennyson, to whom Mrs. Greville had made an urgent request that he should read something to us, declaimed in his sonorous monotone the imprecations of his British Boadicea on her Roman Enemies. When he had finished reading, he brought me a Shakespeare which was on his writing-table, and, putting it in my hands, desired me to read something. 'What was this for?' said I, taking a pen from between the leaves. 'Oh, to write his criticisms on Shakespeare,' said Lord Houghton. I took possession of it, . . . and then read where it had divided the leaves, those wonderful computations of the worthlessness of life and the terrors of death spoken in the prison scene of Measure for Measure by the Duke and Claudio."

We quote one more suggestion of the associations and intimacies of Mrs. Kemble's fuller life: "During the winter when my sister and myself were in Rome at the same time, we had an excellent custom of going on alternate weeks to spend a morning on the Campagna, always accompanied by the same party of our intimate friends, and carrying with us a picnic luncheon. Browning, Ampère, Sir Frederick Leighton, Lord Lyons, the sculptress Harriet Hosmer and a friend of hers, both known to us from their English girlhood, and two English sisters, our dear friends, one like a rippling brook in sunshine, the other like a still lake in moonlight, — with these, our invariable companions, we drove to some exquisite place in the flowery solitude of the magnificent desert which stretches on every side of Rome. We used to leave our carriages, and wander, and sit on the turf, and take our luncheon in the midst of all that was lovely in nature and picturesque in the ruined remains of Roman power and the immortal memories of Roman story. They were hours in such fellowship never to be forgotten. Alas, few now remain to remember them."

Interludes like these inspire the regret that Mrs. Kemble has permitted us chiefly to gather the facts of her biography from her letters, since her complete reminiscences might have been so valuable, besides being so delightful. Letters are apt to voice complaints. It is in general our disquietude, our disappointment, our *ennui*, which give the spur to self-confession; and literary work undertaken at a time of life when what is original, vital, fruitful, has largely been expended might gracefully take the form of recollections. She records an ingenious and graceful compliment from Frederika Bremer, upon whom she called one day, and found indisposed. Mrs. Kemble expressed a fear lest the exertion of receiving a visitor should be too much for her. "Oh, no!" Miss Bremer exclaimed; then added, laugh-

ing, "And yet I do not know that I ought *to see so many people at once.*" This pretty speech may be taken with two meanings; for Mrs. Kemble, one of the most brilliant and versatile women of this century, has in her time played many parts, not only on the stage, but in real life. She has been an actress, a dramatic reader, a poet, a playwriter, a voluminous writer in other literary forms, and she has throughout her career enjoyed high social distinction. Strange to say, in all her revelations of herself we nowhere see the whole woman dominated by an all-pervading idea, nor her powers fused into a single ambition. We suspect her of being most a poet, and, like other poets, *chercheur de l'infini*, whose secret goal of life dips far below the horizon, and is caught sight of only from the mountain top.

In every art in which she has expended an effort she has been more or less successful, and may be called a wonderfully clever woman all round, and not merely in this or that direction or quality. She always proclaimed her dislike for the stage, in spite of the *éclat* attending her career as an actress; and although the aerial charm of certain of her personations has never been surpassed, and must forever remain a tradition, it is generally considered that it was as a dramatic reader that she rose to the very zenith of her capabilities, embodying as she did with her matchless voice and with a marvelous versatility of sympathetic comprehension the whole scale of characters in every play she attempted. Whether her dislike of the stage sprang from a fastidious repugnance to the associations connected with it, or from her exacting demands upon her own powers, never fully satisfied, is a question which might be answered in different ways; but quite unnecessarily. She herself remarks, in a letter to Mr. Malkin, apropos of Samuel Laurence, the portrait painter: "If people have to live by bread, they should have as few opinions as possible, even about their own business, because one's neighbors always know it better than one's self, in matters of art quite as much as any other matter."

Speaking of the Life of Macready, she says: "How curious it seems to me that he could care as he did for his profession, having none of the feeling of contempt and dislike for it *itself* that I had, and then dislike and despise it because he thought it placed him socially in an inferior position! . . . I do not think any of my people ever looked at their calling in that fashion."

Apparently, the modern stage was known to her only by hearsay and rumor; and when she alludes in one of her letters to the accounts of Henry Irving's performances, she adds: "I have not seen a play of Shakespeare's acted I do not know when. I think I should find such an exhibition extremely curious as well as entertaining."

One wishes that she might have attended some "Shakespearean revival," and given us her impressions of the elaborate spectacular modern stage, with its fine-spun prettinesses and double-distilled subtleties, — clever substitutions which talent and invention impose for the missing genius once a *sine qua non* in a first-class actor. For Mrs. Kemble's long life is the bridge which connects us with the ideas and traditions of the old school, which still remains the great school.

Mrs. Kemble's intimate friendship with Miss Cobbe deserves particular mention, for it is evident that she derived benefit and stimulus from this influence. But, although she sympathizes with modern ideas, she is never carried into the wide sweep of curve which makes the orbit of the zealous reformer. On one occasion she sends for Mrs. Garret-Anderson, the "lady doctor," and, alluding to this visit, she remarks: "The lady physicians that I have known have appeared to me clever and intelli-

gent persons, but with something hard and dry in their manner which would have struck me disagreeably in a man, but makes me wonder whether something especially and essentially womanly, tenderness, softness, refinement, must either be non-existent, or sacrificed in the acquirement of a manly profession and the studies it demands. On the other hand, it occurred to me that this very peculiarity of these ladies might be a judicious assumption of the manly unsympathetic 'habit of business' tone and deportment."

The letters contain nothing so fresh and exhilarating as the descriptions of her Alpine journeys, which seem to have been varied each year, until she gained a most comprehensive knowledge of the ins and outs of Switzerland. Her passion for mountain scenery dominates lesser impressions, and she writes from Sorrento: "That which is sublime, severe, stern, dark, solemn, wild, and even savage is more to my taste than this profusion of shining, glittering, smiling, sparkling, beaming prospects and aspects."

The letters are interspersed with anecdotes of well-known people, often piquant and characteristic, and invariably interesting. But there is no running after brilliant effects, and no effort to say fine or witty things. Still, they abound in the book, and help to make up the admirably balanced impression left by the letters, in which feeling, humorous perception, accurate judgment, clear-headed observation, and sympathy with life all have free play. It may be said of Mrs. Kemble, "She brought an eye for all she saw," and brought besides the wit to understand and power to describe.

A SYSTEM OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AND CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.[1]

Mr. Burgess has produced a work possessing conspicuous merits and conspicuous faults. It will both command admiration and provoke criticism; and it will be fortunate if the criticism does not overcrow the praise which it must receive. For the very fact that its good and its bad points are equally accentuated tends to make its bad points seem more prominent than any just estimate should pronounce them. It will serve the purposes alike of specific appreciation and specific criticism if, at the outset, a general chart be made of Mr. Burgess's method and thought, and an outline of the excellences and defects which must be examined and estimated before his work can be appreciated as a whole.

Its excellences are excellences both of method and of thought. There is the utmost clearness and adequacy of analysis throughout the book: nowhere in the two volumes does one lose his way in the subject, or doubt for a moment concerning the bearings of what he reads upon the subject-matter as a whole. There is also, of course, what successful analysis always secures, namely, perfect consistency everywhere; there is almost complete logical wholeness in the exposition. The reader enjoys the satisfaction, so rare in this day of easy writing, of being nowhere in doubt as to the author's meaning.

These are excellences of a high order, and are excellences, obviously, not of method only, but of thought as well. The thought is for the most part clear, consistent, and certain. There is ac-

[1] *Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law.* In two volumes. By John W. Burgess. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891.

curate knowledge throughout, also, and thoroughness in setting it forth.

The faults of the work, though equally evident, are not so easy of statement: the mind of the reader finds them distinct and irritating, but his vocabulary may find them subtle and difficult of explicit exposure. Stated in the plainest words that come to hand, they consist in a mechanical and incorrect style, a dogmatic spirit, and a lack of insight into institutions as detailed expressions of life, not readily consenting to be broadly and positively analyzed and classified.

We have now our scheme for a more minute and just examination of the contents of the work, whose importance no one can deny without fortifying his judgment by not reading it. The title of the work indicates at once the principal distinction upon which its treatment is based: one portion of it is devoted to those topics touching the nature and operations of the state which the author conceives to fall mainly within the domain of political science; another and quite distinct portion embodies such topics as fall exclusively within the domain of constitutional law. A sharp line of division is run between these two domains. Political science deals with those processes, whether legal or revolutionary, and with those conceptions, whether juristic or lying entirely outside the thought of the lawyer, by virtue of which states come into existence, take historic shape, create governments and institutions, and at pleasure change or discard what forms or laws they must in order to achieve development. Constitutional law, on the other hand, has a much narrower scope. It deals only with such part of political life as is operative within the forms of law, and obedient to its commands and sanctions. Juristic method scrutinizes laws, examines their contents, ponders their meaning, seeks to elicit from them their logical purpose; does not concern itself with what they ought to contain, but only with what they do contain. The method of political science is much broader and freer. It does not hesitate to question laws as to their right to exist, to indulge bold speculations as to their foundations in the historical development and purposes of the people which has produced them, to account revolution just and necessary upon occasion, to say that laws are valid only so long as they contain some part of the national life and impede no essential measure of reform. Political science, in short, studies the forces of which laws are only the partial and temporary manifestations, while constitutional law is a study of conditions wholly statical.

Almost all that is most individual and important in Mr. Burgess's thought lies within the first portion of his work, which deals with the greater topics of political science. The two topics which stand forward most prominently in his treatment, as including all the rest, are Sovereignty and Liberty. The cardinal questions of systematic politics are, first, With whom does supreme political power rest, where is sovereignty lodged? and second, What liberty does the sovereign vouchsafe to the individual, and what are the guarantees of that liberty? But neither of these questions, nor any other questions whatever, either of political science or of constitutional law, can be discussed with any assurance of success without a most careful and consistent observance of the distinction between the state and the government. This is a distinction fundamental to every portion, great or small, of Mr. Burgess's thought. Always, under whatever constitution, distinguishable in thought, the state and the government are in most modern constitutions distinguishable also in fact. Back of the government, or else contained in it, is that other entity in which there persists a life higher than that of the government, and more enduring: that entity is the state, which gives to the government its form and its vitality.

State and government are never identical except in mere point of organization; they may have the same organs, but they are not on that account the same thing. It is the state which is sovereign; whatever person or body of persons constitutes the sole vital source of political power in a nation, that person or body of persons is the state, and is sovereign. In those periods of the history of politics in which the will of a king or of a prince has been decisive of law and conclusive as to individual liberty, the monarch has himself been the state. Wherever minorities have established themselves as a ruling class, obeyed by all organs of government, there minorities have wielded sovereignty, have been the state. Whenever majorities command, the nation has itself become sovereign, has been made the state.

So much for the fact of the state as a thing separable from the forms of government, and merely operative through those forms. The organization of the state is another matter. Its organization may be identical with the organization of the government, as it practically is in England, where the House of Commons is sovereign; or it may be distinct from the organization of the government, as it is among ourselves, where our constitutions are not changed by ordinary legislative process, but by other machinery specially arranged for the purpose. Only the state is superior to the laws; the government is subject to the laws. The state makes constitutions; governments give effect to them. Whatever power can change the constitution, that power is the state organized. Thus in England the government is organized in the Queen, the Lords, and the Commons; but the state is organized in the House of Commons alone, whose will, whenever it is clearly determinate, is supreme. In France the state is organized in the National Assembly sitting at Versailles; the government, in the Chamber of Deputies, the Senate, and the President and Ministers. In Germany the government consists of the Emperor, the Reichstag, and the Bundesrath; but sovereignty resides in the Reichstag and a majority of the Bundesrath great enough to include at least forty-five out of the fifty-eight votes of that body. In the United States, while the government is organized in the houses of Congress and the President, the state has an alternative organization, represented by the two alternative methods of amending the Constitution permitted by Article V. of that instrument.

Nor does the significance of this distinction between state and government stop here. It is carried much further, to the upsetting of not a little familiar phraseology; for it invades that portion of Mr. Burgess's book which is devoted to comparative constitutional law, and commands his discussion of the forms of government. We can no longer speak of a federal state, but only of a federal government; neither does there exist any dual state, though dual governments there may be and have been. Every state is single and indivisible, let governments have what duality or complexity they may. The sovereign body which can make or unmake constitutions is in every case a single body; but the governments which give effect to constitutions may be made up of as many distinct and balanced parts as constitution makers may succeed in giving them. Sweden-Norway, for example, is not a dual state, for there is no such thing, but two states bound together in some important matters under a common government, which you may, if you choose, call a dual government.

If it be asked, Why must the sovereign will be always conceived of as single and indivisible, — why may it not be dual or treble, or multiple? the answer is ready and emphatic: Because sovereignty is by very definition supreme will, and there can be but one supreme will. This is

an old answer, sometimes supposed to have become long ago axiomatic; only the reasoning here built upon it contains anything that is new.

Such is the theoretical side of the book, such its structure of thought. The importance and serviceableness of such an analysis will not for a moment be doubted. It is only in the application of it to the actual facts of political life, the actual phenomena of state growth, that difficulty enters. Mr. Burgess himself does not seem to feel that there are any difficulties. He is as confident in his application of this analysis as in his construction of it. It is characteristic of him to have no doubts; to him the application of his analysis seems the perfect and final justification of it. His thoughtful readers, however, will experience much more difficulty and have many more doubts. For he makes specific application of his analysis to the governments of the United States, England, France, and Germany, — governments with which every student of politics is familiar, and whose history is known in detail. It is in his treatment of the history of these governments — a treatment in every instance as brief as it is confident — that our author is at his boldest in making trial of his theories. He subjects them to great risks in the process, and they by no means escape damage. Or perhaps it would be more just to say that, in seeking a very absolute exemplification of the truth of his theories at every stage of complex national histories, like those of Germany, France, and England, he displays an extraordinary dogmatic readiness to force many intricate and diverse things to accommodate themselves to a few simple formulas. He believes that he can specifically identify on the one hand the state, and on the other the government, in each period of the manifold development of these great nations, — that he can point out exactly, that is, the real possessors of sovereign influence or authority during each principal age of their political growth; and the attempt must give every reader accustomed to deal with the multiform and delicate phenomena of such growth a distressing impression of crudeness and dogmatic presumption.

Perhaps the most striking example of this quality is afforded by Mr. Burgess's confident analysis of our own national history in the terms of his theory. Without touch of hesitation, he formulates our history as follows: A national "state" came into existence among us in 1774 with the assembling of the first Continental Congress; so long as the Continental Congress continued to sit, it represented that state in organization; when that state, thus in Congress assembled, consented to the formation of the Confederation, under the Articles framed in 1777 and put into operation in 1781, it consented to its own dissolution, for those Articles attributed statehood to the several commonwealths, denying in every provision the existence of any single national sovereign will; but in the Constitution of 1789 the national state reasserted itself and regained organization, while the commonwealths lost their statehood, and became once again merely governments. These conclusions Mr. Burgess reaches, not as a lawyer, of course, for they are without sanction in our legal history, but as a political scientist: they are the "facts" of the case as contradistinguished from the law of the case, — a distinction upon which he is careful to insist. The distinction is indeed valid, — nay, obvious enough; but many there be that are betrayed into singular error in the use of it. For the facts have to be determined; and while it is generally easy enough to determine what the law is, political fact is subtle and elusive, not to be caught up whole in any formula. It is a thing which none but a man who is at once a master of sentences and a seer can bring entire before the mind's eye in its habit

as it lived, so many-sided is it and so quick to change.

It is always necessary to ascertain, therefore, just what a writer means by the antithesis between law and fact. Mr. Burgess believes, as we have seen, that a "state," with a single sovereign will, sprang into existence, however imperfect its organization, with the assembling of the Continental Congress of 1774. He evidently, therefore, excludes opinion altogether from the category of "fact;" for he quite certainly would not undertake to prove that in contemporary thought there was any real recognition of the occurrence of so momentous an event. He admits, indeed, with perhaps a touch of regret, that "the dull mind of the average legislator cannot at once be made conscious of such changes;" and he would probably admit also that even legislators who were not dull, like Madison and Hamilton, for example, were quite unconscious that a state had been born in 1774, and destroyed in 1781. The truth is, of course, that political fact is made up largely of opinion. Opinion is no less a fact than is heat, or cold, or gravitation. It is a determining force, and for that reason a controlling fact; in political development it is the fact of facts. If Mr. Burgess could but appreciate this, it would give life and significance to his theories such as in his own hands they do not possess. The national "state," with its sense of unity and of a common purpose, if democratic in structure, comes always slowly into existence, with the habit of coöperation and the growth of the national idea. The commonwealths of 1774 esteemed themselves states, and were states; adding nothing to their independence and dignity, assuredly, by the arrangement of 1781, but on the contrary consciously curtailing their privileges thereby. States they remained both in consciousness and purpose when they entered the union consummated in 1789. The national "state" has come into existence since then by virtue of a revolution of ideas, by reason of national union and growth and achievement, through a process also of struggle and of civil war. A state cannot be born unawares, cannot spring unconsciously into being. To think otherwise is to conceive mechanically, and not in terms of life. To teach otherwise is to deaden effort, to leave no function for patriotism. If the processes of politics are unconscious and unintelligent, why then this blind mechanism may take care of itself; there is nothing for us to do.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Burgess does not keep the method of the jurist and the method of the political scientist quite so distinct as he supposes. The juristic method is the method of logic: it squares with formulated principles; it interprets laws only, and concrete modes of action. The method of political science, on the contrary, is the interpretation of life; its instrument is insight, a nice understanding of subtle, unformulated conditions. For this latter method Mr. Burgess's mind seems unfit; the plain logic of concrete modes of action is much more natural to him than the logic of circumstance and opinion. Where he employs the forms and expressions of induction, therefore, he will often be found using in reality the processes of a very absolute deduction. He has strong powers of reasoning, but he has no gift of insight. This is why he is so good at logical analysis, and so poor at the interpretation of history. This is why what he says appears to have a certain stiff, mechanical character, lacking flexibility and vitality. It seems to have been constructed, not conceived. It suggests nothing; it utterly lacks depth and color. As a matter of fact, these defects do not invalidate in the least the serviceable analysis upon which the whole work is founded, neither do they rob its very excellent and lucid discussions of comparative constitutional law of their significance; but

they do put the author at a great disadvantage with his reader by creating the impression that the whole matter of the volumes has been arbitrarily conceived.

Mr. Burgess, constructing thus, does not write in the language of literature, but in the language of science. The sentences of the scientist are not sentences in the literary sense, — they are simply the ordered pieces of statements; they are not built upon any artistic plan, but upon the homeliest principles of grammatical joinery, which cares nothing for color, or tone, or contrast, but contents itself with mere serviceable construction out of any materials that will hold together mechanically. There is no "style" about such writing; words are used simply as counters, without regard to the material out of which they are made, or to the significance which they bear in their hearts. A book thus constituted may be read much and consulted often, but can itself never live: it is not made up of living tissue. It may suggest life, but it cannot impart it. Doubtless the artificers of such writings do not pretend to be making literature, but they have no choice; if they do not write literature, they do not write truth. For political science cannot be truthfully constructed except by the literary method; by the method, that is, which seeks to reproduce life in speech. Constitutional law may perhaps dispense with the literary method in its expositions, but political science cannot. Politics can be successfully studied only as life; as the vital embodiment of opinions, prejudices, sentiments, the product of human endeavor, and therefore full of human characteristics, of whim and ignorance and half knowledge; as a process of circumstance and of interacting impulses, a thing growing with thought and habit and social development — a thing various, complex, subtle, defying all analysis save that of insight. And the language of direct sight is the language of literature.

It would not be possible to criticise these volumes in detail without criticising them in very great detail. The strong ideas that stand out in them will prove eminently serviceable to subsequent writers in the great field which they seek to occupy, and will doubtless pass into the literature of the subject; but Mr. Burgess's specific judgments upon the political history of the four great nations with whose institutions he chiefly concerns himself, his judgments also upon races and upon race development in the opening chapters of the work, every attempt that he makes to unfold the interior meanings of national political development, must provoke sharp dissent and criticism. Perhaps this, in the absence of a suggestive method of treatment, will be the book's means of stimulation. Its very dogmatism, indeed, will prove not unpleasant to those who have experienced a touch of *ennui* in this age of cautious, timid writing. It is an agreeable shock to hear once more the old confident phrase, "I have demonstrated." You may not agree, but you may possibly admire the boldness of temperament which makes such phrases possible.

Mr. Burgess will not have done a bad thing if he hearten us once more to get clear ideas and put muscle into their defense. That is one way to rouse truth, though it may not be the gentlest or the best way.

GILDERSLEEVE'S ESSAYS AND STUDIES.

THE young classical scholarship of America has been characterized, in the past at any rate, by a quality not ordinarily ascribed to youth, nor to our people, — timidity. We have been too ready to think ourselves so remote from the famous centres of advanced study, and from the original sources of knowledge concerning the Hellenic and Roman races, that we could contribute nothing of value toward the fuller comprehension of ancient life. Even our most conscientious students have too often been content to absorb, and to accept almost slavishly, the teachings of the latest European treatise in each department of research.

On the other hand, we have not even made an aggressive effort to reveal to the wider circle of intelligent men and women the intrinsic beauty and significance of our favorite studies. There has been a general disposition, rather, to take refuge, almost in silence, behind the traditional prestige of the classical languages; to put our trust in the awe inspired by that which is unknown or little understood, — an insecure reliance, indeed, in the midst of a community so practical, irreverent, and inquisitive as our own.

The instruction of the last generation rarely attempted to make any appeal to the imagination even of the "advanced student." The college did hardly more than continue the narrow textbook routine, the uninspiring study and recitation, of the school. Of course such lessons were forgotten within a few years, with an alacrity which has become almost proverbial, unless the pupil, after graduation, plodded as a teacher over the same narrowly limited path to which his own youthful feet had been trained.

The few and scattered publications of those days were usually of the kind contemptuously designated by our Teutonic kinsfolk as bread-and-butter work. They were chiefly either drill-books for beginners, or annotated editions of the school classics, leaning heavily, whether with or without adequate acknowledgment, upon the labors of German and French predecessors. Even more significant is the fact that it has been possible for some to win their way to high position in prominent seats of learning without feeling the duty, or at least the necessity, of producing anything whatever.

It is believed that this will be accepted as a fair outline of the conditions prevailing in the past. It is not, indeed, a past remote from our own time, nor have these conditions by any means wholly disappeared. Yet a new day has, without question, already dawned. A sturdier, more independent race of scholars is appearing in this as in other fields.

A second assertion will probably also pass unquestioned. The progress of classical philology among us has been and is almost wholly under the lead of men who have been trained in Germany, and who are still largely dependent upon German influences. The writer is by no means prepared to stigmatize this as wholly a mistake or a misfortune. It is, however, true that we unduly neglect valuable work done in France and England; in fact, a citation of a French or even an English authority is nearly a rarity in our own philological publications. Yet books frequently appear in both countries which are indispensable to the thorough student. In this respect the Germans are often more catholic than we. Still, Berlin and Leipzig, Göttingen and Bonn, really are the chief centres of organized original research, and to them we must doubtless look for

guidance, so long as we are content, or compelled, to follow any lead.

Like all forms of dependence, however, this condition has its especial dangers, to one of which we wish to refer. It is a familiar truth that pupils push to an even greater extreme the tendencies of their masters. Allusion has just been made to the fact that Germany is the home of highly specialized studies and of original investigation. No student there can receive his degree until he has made a creditable effort to contribute his mite toward the sum total of knowledge. Much of this work, indeed, especially under the present reign of statistical grammar, is hardly more inspiring or varied than that of our census enumerators. Yet the unwearied performance of a piece of philological drudgery is by no means a bad training for the youthful scholar. In many cases, moreover, a master is really pushing his own investigations over a wide field, through the tasks divided among his pupils.

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that such labors are always regarded by the really learned Germans as merely preparatory to some great constructive work. The special studies, for instance, of Mommsen and his pupils find their goal in his Roman History and the great Manual of Roman Antiquities. Kirchhoff scans eagerly each fresh inscription from Asia, hoping that it will prove the keystone for the history of the Greek alphabets. Even the most analytical of Homeric scholars dreams of demonstrating at last the real origin and growth of the immortal epics. And finally, beyond and above all special tasks looms the fair vision of antiquity itself. Through the literature, the art, and the handicraft of the elder races, the true scholar would fain reach an adequate conception of the remote past itself, and of its true relations with our modern life; though here, certainly, each generation realizes all too well that such an ideal is far beyond its reach, and murmurs in its own words the brave thought of Clough: —

> "Others, I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toil shall see."

At any rate, the young doctor's dissertation on, for example, the comparative frequency of two expressions for "perhaps," in the various dialogues of Lucian, earns thereby in Germany only the right to enter the arena of the higher scholarship. Among ourselves, on the other hand, one or two such performances are too often accepted as sufficient proof of "accurate scholarship," upon which the author may well be permitted to retire complacently to the uneventful routine of the college class-room. It would have pointed the antithesis better to have said that such studies are deliberately accepted by us as a sufficient end and aim in themselves; but the writer has an abiding faith in the practical good sense, the lofty ideals, and the persevering energy of our race. We shall not rest content with less than the best and the highest. If we have paused at the foot of the hill, it is but to gather our strength and clear our vision for the ascent.

Such a train of thought is naturally suggested by the appearance of a volume of essays [1] from the hand of an acknowledged leader among American Hellenists, who is without question the most thorough, patient, and judicious of investigators, but who has also pointed out more impressively than any other the dangers and the shortcomings of our classical scholarship. The instructive autobiographical sketch recently contributed by Professor Gildersleeve to the series upon Formative Influences [2] gives us the materials, as well as the right, to

[1] *Essays and Studies, Educational and Literary.* By Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve. Baltimore: N. Murray. 1890.

[2] The Forum, February, 1891, pages 607–617.

associate to some extent the individuality and environment of the author with the discussion of his book.

In the opening sentence of the first essay in the volume before us, a harmless arrow of jest, aimed at the "oracular centre of Boston," may serve to remind us that Mr. Gildersleeve is a Carolinian, whose tenderness for Charleston, his birthplace, forty years in more northern climes have not chilled. "A Southerner and thoroughly identified with the South, I have shared the fortunes of the land in which my lot was cast, and in my time have shared its prejudices and its defiant attitude. A clearer vision and a more tolerant spirit have come with wider experience and mellower years." He assures us that, in antebellum days, "as against the North, we were Southerners; as against England, we were national enough." And now "I am, or ought to be, American enough to satisfy even" — the author of A Man Without a Country. Perhaps it may be permitted us to reply that such assurances are, we trust, hardly necessary now from any quarter.

There is a truly poetic passage in one of these essays, where Mr. Gildersleeve, while alluding to that isolation of American scholars upon which we have already touched, adds: "Who is a stranger to this feeling, and who has a more bitter experience of it than those of us who . . . were cut off . . . from new books, new journals, nay, every sign of life from without, now by the pillar of fire which is called war, now by the pillar of cloud which is called poverty?" Many a reader in the Northeast may well be moved by these words to ponder what his own feeling and action might have been, or might yet be, if that circle of fire were drawn about New England. From our saddest memories springs the bitter joy of the knowledge that every type of American manhood has shown its readiness to perish for its own ideal of fatherland. We all rejoice, surely, that the terrible problem which was but our inheritance, and not of our making, is settled, and so settled that all the English-speaking peoples of Hesperia are, or will yet be, welded into an indissoluble union; perchance the fair foreshadowing of that "federation of the world" whereof the laureate at twenty dreamed, and in old age despairs. That the men and women of various sections are still, and may always be, somewhat diverse in type and powers is but cause for rejoicing. Just at the darkest midnight and before the brightest dawn of Athenian history, the scholar hears ring out high and clear the words of Aristides, returning from exile: "It is our destiny to be rivals, now and in the after time, each of us striving to render the greater service to the fatherland." But if at times the toilers in lonely ways shall feel that recognition is "scant and slow," they may be assured that the cause is not to be found in sectional or local jealousy. That enlightened national patriotism, which has more of solicitude in it than of pride, must yet be greatly strengthened, and more fully informed with the true scholarly spirit, which regards one's own generation as heirs of all the past and joint heirs with all posterity. In the growth of such a national spirit all earnest work is helpful, and the worker will not be forgotten.

President Gilman is quoted as saying, upon the question How to begin a University, "Enlist a great mathematician and a distinguished Grecian; your problem will be solved." This was realized when Sylvester and Gildersleeve were called to Johns Hopkins. During twenty years' service in the University of Virginia, the latter had already won an undoubted position among the foremost of our Hellenists. The fourteen years since spent in Baltimore have, however, been especially fruitful. In particular, the American Journal of Philology is already eleven years old. This well-

known periodical has long ago established itself as a storehouse of laborious research and sound learning, to which an American may point in no apologetic fashion as the equal of any publication in the world within its peculiar field. It is, indeed, "a quarterly which is not meant for popular reading," and professed philologists find some of its pages as discouragingly hard as Cicero confesses the speeches in Thucydides were to him. The editor himself does not possess, or rather does not often employ, such a style as that of the still-lamented Hadley. It was said of the latter that he made the most ignorant reader imagine that he could enter into the discussion of almost any question. Gildersleeve oftener causes even the earnest student to feel himself but a crude and incompetent dilettante. Yet his articles have been unique, even in this learned environment, for the patient investigation upon which they are constructed, but still more for the untiring energy, the picturesque style, the vivid and unlooked-for illustrations, employed upon subjects usually regarded as arid and unattractive. The eminence of Gildersleeve, as of every masterful mind, consists chiefly in the ability to see, and to make us see, the essential relations of the subject under discussion to greater, and through them to the greatest realities. This is beautifully illustrated in the volume before us, where Gildersleeve describes a lecture he once heard by another great master, on "the vanishing of weak vowels in Latin." The subject did not seem an exhilarating one even to the earnest young philologian; but "as he went on, and marshaled the facts, and set in order the long lines that connected the disappearance of the vowel with the downfall of a nationality, and great linguistic, great moral, great historical laws marched in stately procession before the vision of the student, the airy vowels that had flitted into the Nowhere seemed to be the lost soul of Roman life, and the Latin language, Roman literature, and Roman history were clothed with a new meaning." The great master thus described is evidently a German, perhaps Ritschl. That Gildersleeve is largely under the same Teutonic influences as our other leaders would hardly be questioned, yet we may quote his own words: "To Germany and the Germans I am indebted for everything, professionally, in the way of apparatus and method, and for much, very much, in the way of inspiration." But such sentences as the one just quoted — and they occur on many pages — draw their inspiration direct from the true source of the poetic and the beautiful; from an adequate perception of the relation between the most delicate detail and the most universal law.

Of course the style of our author does not always maintain so lofty a level. Indeed, though always masculine, energetic, and characteristic, it has some unquestionable faults, of which the writer himself more than once reveals a half-amused consciousness. Sometimes the stores of learning strew the page with unessential names and allusions, so that the scholar once quotes to himself the admonition of Corinna to her pupil, when the youthful Pindar had embodied in a single ode all the chief myths of Thebes: "Sow from the hand, and not from the sack!" A fondness for quaint and vivid illustration occasionally tempts to a jesting side-thrust somewhat below the dignity of the theme, and oftener to the mention of local and temporary celebrities or events, which, after a few years, — to quote Gildersleeve the critic upon himself, — "belong to ancient history as much as Socrates." These latter words are from one of the rather scanty footnotes, which are almost the only means by which these papers, most of them written nearly a quarter century ago, have been "brought up to date." It detracts from the effect even of a

remarkably fine essay, like the one on Lucian, when we are told that its author now sees that it is inadequate and incorrect. But we are already at the end of our little tale of adversaria, which we have set, with some trepidation, here in the centre, as the cautious general or advocate disposes his weakest troops. They all serve to illustrate the undoubted fact, which in these pages, at any rate, it is our evident duty to lament, that such brilliant literary work is only the avocation of a devoted philologian.

The title indicates the dual character of the volume, but this dualism, though real, is not excessively marked. The more purely literary studies are seven in number. One, upon Platen's poems, is in part a tribute to the German associations and influences which made the author's last three student years (1850–1853) both happy and profitable. Here Mr. Gildersleeve shows also, in a number of versions from the German poet, his excellent command of metrical form. We more than suspect that the professor's desk contains many English translations from the classical masters as well, — translations which would be a most welcome addition to our scanty store of such work executed in a manner at once scholarly and poetical. Another essay is devoted to the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who seems to us like a mediæval paladin astray in an alien century and an uncongenial land. "Many of our exiles knew him well," says a footnote. The other five papers of the group are all upon classical subjects. The one most easily read at a sitting is a defense of Xantippe, which leaves the unlucky dame indeed still in "that Hades of disreputables" where she has made her abode so long, but at least succeeds in lighting up with singular vividness the interior of a humble Greek home. The learning of the author is carried very lightly in this study, and the humor of the situations is thoroughly enjoyed by writer and reader. Our own favorite, however, is the paper on Lucian, which we mentioned before, and to which we shall return. Apollonius of Tyana, a study of a once famous "false prophet," is most of all a tribute of the classical scholar to the firm faith in the divinity of Christ, — a faith in which "I grew up, a Calvinist like my father."

But we must turn without further lingering to the "educational" essays. These four papers may be said to be connected like concentric circles, since they treat of the position and work of the Classical Scholar in the World, the College, the University, and the Study. The most striking characteristic upon every page is the wideness of view, combined with a firm grasp of and a hearty enthusiasm for the object under examination at the moment. Many sentences are quite worthy of transcription into the notebook of every scholar or earnest worker in any field, no matter how remote.

George Eliot tells us that every man or woman who listened to Savonarola seemed to hear in the preacher's words a thrilling appeal to his own strongest feelings and motives; and so, in these wise utterances of our leader, we naturally receive most eagerly, and would gladly emphasize, those warnings and admonitions which are in closest accord with our own convictions as to the pressing needs of the hour. "Special studies, by all means, — special even to the minutest variations of form and structure, to the exactest detail of statistic. But, for all that, let us not lose sight of the magnificent idea of philology, which is instinct with the life of humanity." The popularity of certain French writers "is a good sign of the intelligent interest of the cultivated public in these subjects, and without such an intelligent interest the department must die. . . . That it is possible to forget the end in the means, that there are those who never go beyond the collec-

tion of facts, is most true ; but there are others, and those not a few, who, while they put aside the mere dilettanteism of æsthetic phrase-making, are not insensible of the total effect, and, while they use the measuring-rod, are not blind to the chambers of imagery, — to cherubim and palm-trees and lions."

This last sentence, with its fierce side-thrust at the dilettante, its reminiscence of early familiarity with the Hebrew scriptures, and the careful reference in the footnote to "Ezek. ch. xli." for us of shallower or profaner training, is perhaps the best keynote of a book which every lover of learning and of letters may read with profit; and it is also exactly the one on which we can best base the critic's demand for more.

Mr. Gildersleeve regards this volume as a farewell to literature ; or rather as a memorial of his alter ego, the man of letters long since departed, for whom the surviving philologian has not even the power to recast those portions of the work which are confessedly inadequate or out of date. To this decision we must, perforce, give a consent, however reluctant. But not only is the philologian at least full of life and energy, but upon his shoulders rest the heavy responsibilities, as well as the thankless honors, of leadership. Here and elsewhere he has pointed out with firm hand the paths by which we must ascend. We have the best of authority for counting upon at least a decade of years fruitful in results for the enthusiastic chief of our Hellenists. He would himself undoubtedly agree that it is quite time for American scholarship to produce some sustained, independent, and characteristic work of a constructive character.

It is not needful that this work shall be popular, in any degrading sense ; yet it is happily true that any such masterly statement of results appeals to a circle far wider than the few able to follow the researches on which it is built. As the author tells us: "Many of the aspects of American life enable us to understand the ancients better than some of our European contemporaries can do." Again, he refers to "the special aptitude of Americans for the appreciation of the political and social relations of antiquity, due partly to our peculiar endowment, partly to our peculiar position."

Teaching by example is always more effective than teaching by precept, and we confidently believe that Professor Gildersleeve will yet give us what is in a certain sense due from him, and what he has the power and natural fitness to undertake. Dörpfeld demonstrated the position and form of the original circular orchestra in the Athenian theatre, by discovering and pointing out two fragments of the foundation sufficiently large to show the curvature of the whole structure. In a like manner, many readers of such an essay as that upon Lucian must have felt that it sufficed to indicate the general scope and character, at any rate, of a treatise on Greek literature or Greek life by the same hand, and upon somewhat the same scale. Doubtless the author would desire that we should refer rather to a maturer and perhaps more difficult achievement, the essay on Pindar, prefixed, in 1885, to the masterly edition of the Olympian and Pythian odes. But the earlier paper, especially, seems like a chapter detached from an actual history of Greek thought. The last words, in particular, remind us vividly that the individual can be studied aright only as a part of the larger drama : "The old systems of faith and philosophy are dropping to pieces. New combinations are forming. . . . A great struggle is preparing. Lucian has swept the arena."

In discussing the latest book in English upon Greek literature, which the Journal of Philology would ignore or brush aside as the work of a man who

had never grappled with his subject at first hand, a recent review closed with the suggestion that there is already one American scholar whose right to undertake this high and arduous task would not be questioned anywhere. It is but an echo of these words when we express the earnest hope that we may hereafter welcome a book, as yet unannounced and very probably unplanned, which would be a worthy corner-stone for the national scholarship of the twentieth century, — Gildersleeve's Literature and Life of Hellas.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Art. An Artist's Story of the Great War, told and illustrated, with nearly three hundred relief-etchings after Sketches in the Field and twenty half-tone Equestrian Portraits from Original Oil Paintings, by Edwin Forbes. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) Mr. Forbes is one of the greatest of war correspondents, and as he handled a brush as deftly as he did a stylographic pen the combination of text and design is uncommonly good. In the four parts already issued of a serial which is to contain twenty, it is easy to see the scope of the work. This is an artist's portfolio, with letterpress by the artist himself. He has disengaged notable and characteristic passages and treated them, so that the reader, before he finishes, will have a wide range of observation of soldier life, and need not fear that he is in for a long formal narrative. It is all touch and go. — The chief features of L'Art (Macmillan) for 15 January and 1 February are etchings after Rubens and Claes Berchem, red chalk studies from nature by Émile Lévy, an interesting woodcut portrait of Alphonse Karr, and several cuts illustrative of Pays de France by Pierre Gauthiez. The portrait of Karr occurs in the serial study Les Salonniers depuis Cent Ans. — Oberammergau, 1890, by William Allen Butler. (Harpers.) A vellum-covered, dignified folio volume, containing Mr. Butler's narrative of and comment on the play in fluent, serious verse, several interesting wood engravings from scenes, and an accompaniment of notes.

Literature and Criticism. Boswell's Life of Johnson, including Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. In six volumes. (Harpers.) Dr. Hill has identified his name with Johnson's in this noble edition of a great work. Johnson was himself such a golden milestone of his age and country that it is easy to regard him the centre of the literary history of his time, and to annotate Boswell's work so freely as to make it, text and annotation, a thesaurus. This has always been seen, and Croker loaded the book down, but Croker was both careless and prejudiced. Dr. Hill approaches the subject from that scientific side which is so inestimable a point of view when one is exploiting a subject, and not himself. His notes are rich in matter, yet restrained in expression, and his apparatus of index and appendix gives a value to the work which any one will appreciate who has been baffled by the vexatious index of the most familiar edition heretofore. The plates and portraits increase the positive worth of the work, and the style of the whole series of volumes is of a high order of bookmaking. — A Guide-Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning, by George Willis Cooke. (Houghton.) In the city built by Browning there are many places which it is hard for strangers to find, and even his friends are sometimes puzzled to describe. In this handy volume, arranged alphabetically, Mr. Cooke has performed the very useful service of furnishing clues. He does not irritate the sensitive mind of the student and lover of Browning by acting as a bumptious *valet de place*, and telling him what he is to think or how he is to feel, but simply puts him in the way of enjoying himself more thoroughly by removing some of those external ob-

stacles which a few words from some one more familiar with the way can dispose of. In short, the Guide-Book is a library of information regarding the subjects of Browning's verse, besides containing a good deal of bibliographical material of great usefulness. By means of it one may easily play that he has an annotated edition of Browning, with headnotes, various readings, footnotes, appendix, and index. — The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia, by W. T. Harris. (Appleton.) In this interesting essay Dr. Harris aims to expand, by a scrutiny of successive scenes, the important critical dictum that the work is to be regarded "under the form of eternity." In other words, he looks for first principles, and discovers them through the veil of poetic incidents. Whether or not one accepts all his specific interpretations, the underlying scheme is one that can be applied to all great works of art, and has therefore a universality which is the first condition of authority in interpretation. — The Putnams issue in their pretty Knickerbocker Nuggets, in two volumes, Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson, with the Earl of Carnarvon's Memoir of his Lordship. It is a pity that the publishers do not stop at the beauty which goes with typography, instead of attempting embellishment by portraiture through some specially inadequate process. — Talks with Athenian Youths ; Translations from the Charmides, Lysis, Laches, Euthydemus, and Theætetus of Plato. (Scribners.) An interesting preface puts the reader in possession of the necessary knowledge for an intelligent reading of the dialogues, and then, unhampered by notes, which are reserved for the end of the book, the dialogues themselves are translated in a singularly graceful, attractive style. The absence of archaism is refreshing, and yet there is a dignity in the English which never allows the colloquial form to trip the translator into a slouching ease. — Essays in Little, by Andrew Lang. (Scribners.) Mr. Lang always appears to write at haphazard, to be the victim of the latest book or caught by the immediate occasion, and on whatever theme he discourses he is always delightfully contemporary. If he harks back to Homer, it is the Homer whom an Englishman of to-day may enjoy, not an ancient Greek or an antiquity-encrusted Englishman. The law of association, if the modern psychologists will leave us the term when speaking of a Scotsman, seems to have Mr. Lang well under subjugation, for his nimble pen can hardly keep up with the quick suggestions which wide reading and a lively curiosity are constantly starting in his mind. Hence his Essays in Little are as desultory as essays should be, and, with all their power of entertainment, constantly set one to thinking that they are undeveloped articles. Several of the essays illustrate very cleverly the singular capacity which Mr. Lang has for assumption of parts played by other authors. Not only can he put himself alongside of the author whom he is reviewing, which is the first condition for sympathetic criticism ; he can put himself in his skin. — The Epic of the Inner Life. Being the Book of Job translated anew, and accompanied with Notes and an Introductory Study. By John F. Genung. (Houghton.) Mr. Genung is already favorably known by his systematic study of Tennyson's In Memoriam, and the same careful minute touch which characterized that little book is here evident. If his translation lack the swing and boldness of the masterly King James version, it was necessary to his purpose that he should make it with all its nicer shades of meaning and transition ; for his work is analytical and constructive, and he aims to disclose all the joints as well as the structure of the immortal poem. His treatment is literary and scholarly, and strikingly devoid of any theological partisanship. More than this, it is the sane attitude of a man who recognizes the greatness of the work, and is bent only on interpreting it by large standards.

History and Biography. Journal of William Maclay, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789–1791, edited by Edgar S. Maclay. (Appleton.) A most interesting contribution to our political history, since it gives a series of instantaneous photographs of the interior of the United States Senate in its earliest sessions. Mr. Maclay was of Scotch descent and of ineradicable Scotch obstinacy. He was a hard-headed, irascible democrat, who found everybody beside himself irascible. John Adams was his pet detestation, and the two men were flint and steel. The minute comment on men and affairs is singularly microscopic,

but the reader will not fail to find a good many shrewd observations, and to catch a vivid and very prejudiced glimpse of the legislative mind in that notable period, when parties had not yet crystallized. Mr. Maclay unquestionably was pretty near the fountain head of the Democratic party. His personality is quite the most noticeable thing in the book. It would be hard to find a portrait better painted on the back of the canvas. — Hannibal, a History of the Art of War among the Carthaginians and Romans down to the Battle of Pydna, 168 B. C., with a detailed Account of the Second Punic War, by Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Houghton.) A second in the author's important series of Great Captains. Colonel Dodge renders a service to his reader by heading each chapter with a brief digest of the matter contained in it; but we think most who enter upon the book will be lured by the author's direct style and strong interest in his work to read without regard to the headnotes. These volumes, of which Alexander was the first, have a special value from the fact that the writer is interested not merely in the technique of the art of war, but in the principles involved in the conflict and in the character of the persons engaged. — The Vikings in Western Christendom, A. D. 789 to A. D. 888, by C. F. Keary. (Putnams.) Mr. Keary's design strikes one at once as worth the attempt, namely, to tell the story of the Viking raids, when the Norsemen were not yet a nation, but a race which was learning its lesson in nationality through the satisfaction of its roving nature, and to do this by means of a skillful interpretation of Viking half myth by contemporaneous European annals. The part which these northerners played in the history of Europe is told with spirit and a good sense of pictorial values. — The latest volume in the series of Imbert de Saint-Amand's Famous Women of the French Court, translated by T. S. Perry, is Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814. (Scribners.) The same interesting qualities belong to this as to the other volumes of the series: a deft use of personal memoirs, so that all the events which take place in the momentous history seem to be incidents in the fortunes of certain persons rather than movements of national import; a polite gallantry toward these famous women; and a fine air of philosophic calm on the part of the writer. — A Commentary on the Campaign and Battle of Manassas of July, 1861, together with a Summary of the Art of War, by General G. T. Beauregard. (Putnams.) An extended criticism of General J. E. Johnston's Century article, in which our author, like Cæsar, treats himself as a third person. The Summary is a document drawn up by the general for the use of his forces at Charleston. — Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens, by Evelyn Abbott. (Putnams.) A volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series. Mr. Abbott writes out of a full knowledge, and he is systematic in the arrangement of his material. He is at his best, not in narrative, but in observation. Hence his closing chapters on Athens in the time of Pericles are more readable and more likely to hold the attention than those which pursue the most dramatic period of Greek history in a calm, dignified, but rather unmoved spirit.

Poetry. A Psalm of Deaths, and Other Poems, by S. Weir Mitchell. (Houghton.) The longest poem in this thin volume, Master François Villon, displays that nervous dramatic power which is, to our thinking, the most notable of Dr. Mitchell's poetic gifts. To tell a story in a few words, and hint at much more than one tells, and to do this in strong lines, is a fine achievement. The meditative verses which form the first group and gather about the fact of death are marked by deep feeling and restrained expression. Now and then throughout the volume a lighter chord is struck, but the general tone is grave and thoughtful. — Lyrics, by Joseph Hudson Young. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Lyrics are meant to be sung, but it is a little hard to tell what musical instrument should accompany these verses. A tom-tom would answer sometimes, but the humorous pieces appear to require the bones. — Winona, a Dakota Legend, and Other Poems, by E. L. Huggins. (Putnams.) — Cabin and Plantation Songs, as Sung by the Hampton Students, arranged by Thomas P. Fenner and Frederic G. Rathbun. (Putnams.) Here may be found not only the sweet and wild melodies which captivate all who hear them, but many interesting scraps of information about the origin of certain of the songs. — Bohemia, and Other Poems, by Isabella T. Aitken. (Lippincott.) Reflections, sug-

gested by travel largely, and wrought with a resolution which all the difficulties of poetry shall not weaken. There is a good illustration of the writer's determination to be poetic in her verses to a certain Dr. R. One of the verses reads: —

> "R——, thy skill has earned for thee a name
> Unrivaled in the obstetrics of the land;
> European shores would crown thy fame
> With laurels from Olympia's classic strand."

— Moody Moments, Poems, by Edward Doyle. (Ketcham & Doyle, New York.) The author is blind, and this fact lends something more than a pathetic interest to his verse, for it furnishes the *motif* of many of his lines, and, without affectation, enables the reader to enter somewhat into the spiritual experience of one thus isolated; as, for example, in the moving sonnet Bewitching Sleep, and in the verses Cherubs! I Follow Slowly. Apart from the verses of this order, the poetry is rather strenuous, than strong with wise reserve. — Poems, Sketches of Moses Traddles. (Keating & Co., Cincinnati.) Sixty pages of verse which hesitates between sentiment and the rough cast of humor. The author does not wholly escape the trenchant criticism of Dick Deadeye, that hopelessly honest commenter.

Social and Political Science. Socialism, New and Old, by William Graham. (Appleton.) A volume in the International Scientific Series. The scientific treatment of the subject lends it special interest. That is to say, socialism having many forms of manifestation, and offering phenomena capable of classification, Mr. Graham has approached the subject, not from the side either of advocate or of enemy, but as an historian, an analyst, and a critic. He makes but little use of American contributions, because, we infer, he sees in socialistic views a more positive leaven in European politics than in American, where the nearness of the people to the government, and the freedom with which combinations are formed and dissolved, offer a healthy protection against too violent changes in general polity. — Woman's Work in America, edited by Annie Nathan Meyer, with an Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. (Holt.) A collection of essays on various phases of woman's work, by a number of authors, most of whom are notably identified with the topic they discuss. Thus Miss Cone treats of Woman in Literature; Rev. Ada C. Bowles of Woman in the Ministry; Mrs. Livermore of Woman in the State; Miss Willard of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; Miss Barton of the Work of the Red Cross Society. The topics of education, philanthropy, journalism, medicine, are also handled, and the editor shows a careful study of the entire subject, and adds effective footnotes. The best papers are by the specialists. The more general papers, like those devoted to education, are a little too general, though by the absence of confusing details one is enabled to take a more rapid and comprehensive survey. One is struck by the high value which all these women place upon organization. Perhaps there is an instinct in this. — Socialism of Christ, or Attitude of Early Christians toward Modern Problems, by Austin Bierbower. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) An interesting examination of the New Testament ideals, in the light of present perplexing questions, and with illustrations from history, especially the history of the French Revolution. The fundamental error, we suspect, in Mr. Bierbower's reasoning is in the assumption that the Christ came to revolutionize the world by a new system, instead of bringing to light a life which was in the world, but was a force not understood; that could not, indeed, be understood till it was concrete in a person. Hence his superficial view of what he regards as the inconsistency and change in the spirit of the teaching of the gospels. By the way, he enforces this view on page 189 by ascribing to the Christ words used by the Baptist. — A Plea for Liberty, an Argument against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation, consisting of an Introduction by Herbert Spencer and Essays by Various Writers, edited by Thomas Mackay. (Appleton.) Some of the subjects discussed are: Liberty for Labor, by George Howell, who says tersely that the inelasticity of positive law is adverse to the development of human intelligence and skill; Free Education, by Rev. B. H. Alford, who treats the topic in the light of English conditions, not abstractly; Free Libraries, by M. D. O'Brien, which sounds rather reactionary to an American. Mr. Auberon Herbert closes the series with an interesting paper on The True Line of

Deliverance, the substance of which is that the present tendency of the organization of labor is in the nature of war. But his words will evoke scarcely more attention than the utterances of peace orators. — The New Reformation, a Lay Sermon, by Prognostic. The title-page of this little book bears at the foot "Published by the Author; address: New York P. O." As it is copyrighted by J. Van Buren, perhaps that gentleman is the person to address, if one wishes seventy-six pages of rambling comment on Huxley, Tolstoï, Bellamy, the Farmers' Alliance, and the simple gospel. The author has most excellent intentions, but he seems to lack concentration of thought. — The Death Penalty, a Consideration of the Objections to Capital Punishment, with a Chapter on War, by Andrew J. Palen. (Putnams.) The sixty-sixth volume in Questions of the Day Series. A plea for the abolition of capital punishment; not a careful and dispassionate consideration of the subject.

Education and Textbooks. Tales from Shakespeare's Comedies, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe. (Harpers.) Mr. Rolfe has set these stories in the school form, which he well understands. The notes afford help by repeatedly introducing passages from the plays, and the explanatory footnotes are brief and to the point. Possibly they err a little by making the almost plain very plain; as when, in speaking of Ariel, Mary Lamb says he was left "to wander uncontrolled in the air," and Mr. Rolfe explains that this word here means "free, without restraint." Might not a teacher, or a scholar even, who had got so far in his reading as to enjoy Shakespeare, resent this implication on his intelligence? — Five-Minute Declamations. Second Part. Selected and Arranged by Walter K. Fobes. (Lee & Shepard.) The subjects are largely drawn from patriotic addresses, but a few relating to the subject of labor have crept in. The editor does good service when he selects so much excellent material and adjusts it to the demands of school-boys. The five-minute notion is a capital one. — The Picturesque Geographical Readers, by Charles F. King. Second Book: This Continent of Ours; Supplementary and Regular Reading in the Lower Classes in Grammar Schools, Public Libraries, and the Home. (Lee & Shepard.) If we conceive of this book as the literal report of actual conversation between children and their elders, we may accept with pleasure the evidence of hours well spent in learning familiarly of physiographical features of the country. As a book to be read, it has the customary defect of its class in an entire absence of vitality in the human machinery made use of. We do not see what loss would be sustained if it were all swept away, and the attention of children confined to the very interesting substance of the book itself. — Harper's School Speaker, by James Baldwin. Second Book. Graded Selections. (Harpers.) The selections are arranged successively for first, second, third, fourth, and higher grade pupils. They are mainly in verse, and the choice is fairly wise; but we think regard has not always been had to the distinction between speaking and reading, nor in the prose is there sufficient attention paid to the class of speech which is more strictly contemporary. The old mouth-filling eloquence is here, but not so much that forensic speech which has its force in directness, logical sequence, and conviction of truth. We could wish there had been more patriotism in the book, for patriotism and speech-making are near friends; but perhaps the plan of the volume, since it is one of a series, excludes this element. — A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations, Ancient and Modern, with Illustrations from American and English Authors, and Explanatory Notes. Compiled by John Devoe Belton. (Putnams.) The second word in the title is intended to differentiate this book from others of the same general character. Technical and professional phrases have been disregarded. The compiler has sought for his material in the works of modern English-speaking writers, and has given the setting as well as the jewel. The result is an interesting as well as a useful book. Of the quotations cited, the Latin leads, followed by French, German, and Italian. In each instance the quotation is translated, referred to its origin, explained if need be, and then illustrated by quotations.

Fiction. Jerome Leaster, of Roderick Leaster & Co., by Lillian Sommers. With Illustrations by Jules Guerin. (Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.) There is a singular mingling of downright observation of

life and wild imaginings of incident and plot in this odd book. The author now and then comes upon the firm ground, and treads well and evenly, but this does not prevent her from much artificial construction in the interest of her story. Sometimes it would seem as if she had not settled her thoughts, and could only trust her eyes, but must needs for all that make the story of what she has seen wait upon all manner of unknown, conjectural events, conversations, and personages. The cuts are queer things, giving the appearance at times of blocks which have not been routed, and generally quite indistinguishable. — The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago has issued an English version, in two dignified volumes, of Gustav Freytag's well-known novel, The Lost Manuscript. It is the psychological theories of the novelist which appear to have caused this reissue, certainly not the humor of the book; for though Freytag, in Debit and Credit, showed that he had larger notions of humor than generally belong to German novelists, he had in that book a more deliberate story to tell. Here the predominance of psychical notions interferes with the readableness of the narrative for all except those who go to novels for philosophy rather than for entertainment. — A Quaker Home, by George Fox Tucker. (George B. Reed, Boston.) A narrative couched in the first person, which discloses the gradual change of a boy brought up in the strictest circles of Quakerism into a man of the world. The reader must not suppose, however, that this phrase intimates any wickedness in the hero, who is a simple, unaffected, honest youth, owing his conversion mainly to the love he has for a pretty worldling, only once removed herself from Quakerism. The story, which has but slight involution, is interesting for its main purpose of describing minutely and sympathetically the interior life of the Friends of our own day; for the hero, when he leaves the story, is still a very young husband. The book is a quiet one, as the subject demands.

Religion and Theology. The New Religion a Gospel of Love, by Eld. Gray. (The Thorne Publishing Company, Chicago.) We might quarrel a little with Mr. Gray's title, but the contention would be over names, perhaps, rather than over things, though names have a mighty power in reasoning. So long as people go on comparing the Christian religion with other religions, they will be likely to miss the significance, not of Christianity alone, but of Paganism as well. Mr. Gray recognizes throughout his earnest work that Christianity is a life, and his application of this doctrine is of more value than his theories. We think he would see the force of our criticism if he would read that illuminating book, God in His World.

Science. The Autobiography of the Earth, a Popular Account of Geological History, by Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. (Appleton.) The plan of this book, by an accredited English geologist, is, first, to give in simple language "a brief sketch of the former history of our planet, beginning with its first appearance as a member of the solar system, and passing through all the different geological periods, with their changing scenes and various phases of life, down to the latest period, when man appeared on the scene;" and added to that, to put the evidence of this history before the reader by explaining the methods taken by geologists for arriving at the facts. It is a little unfortunate for American readers that the illustrations are practically confined to Great Britain.

Books for the Young. Campmates, a Story of the Plains, by Kirk Munroe. (Harpers.) When, in the first pages of this book, the acute reader is told of a railroad accident, the only survivors of which are the engine-driver and a baby boy from the passenger car, he knows that that small child will find a most satisfactory father by the end of the book, but he can only dimly guess the accumulation of adventure and heroic deeds which will reward him for following the fortunes of the young Japhet. Indians, surveying parties, railroad building, life on the plains, — here is a bookful which will keep youngsters on the *qui vive.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Catiline's Namesake.

HUDDLED together like sheep in a windstorm are the houses of a certain little hamlet high in the Apennines, but the corridor-like streets are so clean one could eat one's macaroni on the pavement. The ancient town hall is crusted over with the armorial bearings of scores of mountain captains; a stone lion sits on a tall column before the fountain; and corniced windows and porticoes point to a venerable history. This mountain eyrie claims the old Roman conspirator as its godfather; and though the name has been strangely twisted, we will shut our eyes to improbability, hold fast to Charles Merivale's assertion that among these heights Catiline was hunted to his death, and believe a tradition which confers a certain hoary, wicked dignity on a very innocent, peaceful spot.

A little apart, as if withdrawing for devotional quiet, is the church, belted by towering Norway pines; and adjoining it is the convent, now emptied of its former inhabitants, and occupied by the public school and by the young doctor, who grows medicinal herbs, and cultivates currants and cherries in the garden for his bachelor preserving. His horse grazes quietly on the grassy plot beneath the church *loggia*. But once a year the place is resonant with gayety, when a merry-go-round is set up on the green, the enterprising manager blows lustily on a big trumpet, and all rich possessors of one sou come to ride on the prancing steeds and in the small chariots, while moneyless small folk gaze with envious eyes at the supreme bliss of their proud neighbors.

In one well-swept, sunny court is a dame school of tots, too wee for even an Italian communal school. In the midst presides a lovely dark-eyed old peasant woman, with a courteous, dignified bearing which a senator's wife might envy. Around her, on low stools and all varieties of diminutive chairs, sit the small students, black haired and brown, boys and girls alike pursuing the arts of knitting and A B C, and that most difficult art, the art of keeping still. When the evening shadows lengthen, the school-mistress takes a baby charge in her arms, and, with many little folk clinging to her blue cotton skirt, she warily leads her pigmy procession down the precipitous alleys to their several homes. Of course on colder days the blue sky is exchanged for the smoky vaulting of a friendly kitchen, and then the noise grows quite deafening, and the gentle mistress shows a weary brow when her task is over. I carried on flirtations in barley sugar and chocolate drops with several chubby seekers after knowledge, but one day, unintentionally, became a general benefactress. I was preparing brandy cherries, and, having heard that it is a good plan to sun them, I stepped out on my stone balcony, perched high in air above the entrance of the infant academy, to try the receipt on a mammoth jar of fruit. There was some defect in the glass, and as I set it on the stone slab the jar shivered into fragments; cherries and brandy rained down below. A shout arose on the strongly scented air.

"Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in the farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running."

The dame school had discovered the novel hail from heaven, and feasted so gayly that certainly my sweet pickles could not have been more genuinely appreciated anywhere.

Life is hard and food scarce up here in the hills, but it is a feast time for young and old when a certain couple from the Pistoian plains passes through the village. An old man and a pannier-laden donkey arrive on Fridays, and are soon surrounded by people with outstretched hands and earthenware dishes, to whom the gray-haired vender dispenses luscious syrupy figs, at the rate of twenty for one cent. Children sit in the doorways, quite sticky and happy with the unusual plenty, and, peeping through barred windows, one sees a *genre* picture after the heart of Teniers: a smoke-stained kitchen, where the ruddy flames of a brushwood fire leap up the wide-mouthed chimney; a table spread with the creamy, never-failing linen cloth of the

Italian peasant, set out with flat dishes of pink ham and colossal piles of green and purple figs, illumined by the soft, confined light of the tall brass Tuscan lamp; and, near the fireplace, an olive-skinned woman, whose gold-hooped earrings flash under her black braids, pouring out yellow-meal porridge for the supper, which to-night is a rare one.

In the summer time the place leads its gay existence. Families from the cities come here to spend July and August, and the narrow ways daily see gay parties starting out on picnics and mountain climbs. The pet trade of shoemaking is busily plied by the men; the women wash and sew for the strangers; and the children spend their days gathering raspberries and strawberries on tangled, overgrown hillsides, and picking silver thistles and a feathery grass called "mountain mist" for sale to romantic old ladies.

The hall of the municipality, on whose walls a gaudy Victor Emmanuel gazes across at a no less ruffianly Garibaldi, and both are leered at by chromo young women in pink satin, with their forefingers vulgarly thrust in their eyes, is turned into a ball-room, and sometimes into a concert hall. An itinerant prestidigitator presses a round-eyed, wonderstruck little native into service as slavey, and eats up handkerchiefs, swallows fire, and grows roses, in the old miraculous fashion. Once a week, a band, resplendent in blue and yellow, plays in the square, and a card swung on the *cafe* door announces in red chalk that frozen raspberry water is sold within at three cents a portion. On Sunday, the *piazzetta* under the pines is full of summer boarders, who gather there to chat and watch the peasants in their festal glory of bright cottons and gay kerchiefs.

But the storms and winds of the autumn change the aspect of this nook. Carriage after carriage departs down the winding road; the English baker from Florence takes his leave; the men go off to work in the Maremme and the silver mines of Sardinia; the women shut themselves up with their little ones in the dark, cramped houses, to struggle through the bitter winter on a fare of heavy chestnut cakes, corn-meal mush, and coarse cheese; the shepherds lead their flocks down to warmer, more sheltered valleys, and at night one is waked by strangely musical bells, whose peals, and then faintly echoing tinkles, reverberate long after in visions of sheep and bleating lambs hurrying down the passes of misty mountains, majestic in still, cold moonlight.

The Complete Character-Reader. — Where have I seen a stout pamphlet volume entitled The Complete Character-Reader? Though I recall it but hazily, I have a strong impression that, from the mere perusal of its contents, the wayfaring man, though a fool, need no longer err regarding his traveling companions, however accomplished in roguery. Certainly, an almost incredible amount of information of a diagnostic order would seem to have been compressed into this admirable book, and yet it appeared in all the desiccated distinctness of a table of logarithms. To obtain the character corresponding to a given individual, or the individual corresponding to a given character, involved no least difficulty. Instead of depending upon deductions formed from the laborious, gradual, day-by-day acquisition of knowledge regarding one's neighbor as a significant human digit, you had but to select a few of his most "salient features," and then to refer them to The Complete Character-Reader, where the aggregate of his traits had received the proper and distinguishing label. In the world of practical affairs you were enabled to determine the profession of any stranger; and not only this, for there were supplied also the indubitable indices of the more delicately shaded and often unavowed professions, as that of The Flirt, The Casuist, The Parasite, The Arch-Destroyer of Button-Holes. To give a further idea of this succinct and well-indexed work, two illustrations are subjoined: —

Character of Blunt, Honest Man, The:

1. Carriage erect, aggressive, movements abrupt, step firm.

2. In shaking hands gives a strong grip.

3. Steady eye, which never wavers in a prolonged encounter with your own.

4. Laughs much, loudly, often boisterously.

5. Voice harsh and unconciliating.

6. Chooses the nearest word, calls a spade a spade, and never shuns expression of his convictions.

Character of Habitual, Hardened Hypocrite, The :

1. Servile inclination of the head, step soft, movements sinuous and graceful.

2. Does not shake hands, but touches your palm lightly, or gives you his finger tips.

3. Eye restless and evasive; unable to gaze steadily into your own for any given time.

4. Never laughs out loud, but smiles often, a frequent, flitting, and subtle smile.

5. Voice exquisitely modulated, and ingratiating in quality.

6. In speech *suaviter in modo*, preferring always the softer to the more emphatic word, and to conciliate rather than to antagonize the listener.

So much I seem to remember from the pages of The Complete Character-Reader. These two diagrams, in point of social use, are invaluable, chiefly for their interchangeableness, all the indices given under the head of Blunt, Honest Man serving just as well under the caption of Habitual, Hardened Hypocrite.

On second thought, I am obliged to confess that I cannot be sure that I have ever seen the excellent thesaurus above described. I do not even know that it is in process of making, or that it has yet occurred to the mind of the gifted author to be. I incline to think it is numbered among the books of the future, — the possession of the future, the great desideratum of the present. When, however, it does appear, much floating testimony will finally be sifted, and the good grain thereof will be gathered into the garner. At present the number and kinds of character-gauges are infinite, and infinitely confusing by reason of their mutually conflicting corollaries. The palmister, the physiognomist, the phrenologist, sit not alone in the synod of human nature's shrewd discerners. We are read offhand by other adepts, who find their argument in our chirography, *penchants* in dress, tastes for food, manner of walking, etc. There are those, even, who, not content with the time-honored test, *ex pede Herculem*, assume to discover Hercules in the wrinkles of his cast-off boot. I have indeed read somewhere of an illuminated cobbler who could detect a thief by a peculiar attrition of the latter's shoe leather in a certain part of the shoe, and who also was able to discern genius by a characteristic "wearing down at the heel" !

Character-gauges often turn upon some trivial point of local social usage, and then, though not in themselves to be found fault with, they may be arraigned for their sweeping severity of judgment. The lady of my acquaintance who (herself having been reared in the warmest days of the antislavery agitation) declared that "no gentleman or lady would say 'nigger'" cannot be exact in the verity of her observation, else were excluded from the court of the gentle many a good citizen below Mason and Dixon's line, by whom the word is employed without thought of contumely in its application.

In conclusion, is there not something very youthful in this our insistence upon some final and infallible test for character ? For youth divides between evil and well doers by the mere automatic actions of each, — voice, gesture, gait. Everything the good man does is definitive of the good man ; everything the bad man does is definitive of the bad man. With the maturing mind and with growth of experience comes the perception that many personal actions and characteristics are identical in the good and the bad man. Or, certain criteria usually applied to the good man may find him lacking, while not so the bad man. He whose account is clear may laugh no more cheerily than does his moral antipode, or the good man may speak in dull, confused, and obscure tones which in him are no indication of furtiveness of soul, while the base and crafty may utter himself in ringing and confident tones which give no clue to his real nature. "We are not always even what we are most" is the baffling element that confounds, or should confound, the over-zealous "reader of character."

Two Doyens of French Art.

— Visitors last summer to the pretty forest town of Saint-Germain may have noticed a tremulous yet erect and keen-eyed old gentleman taking the morning air on the terrace, or standing rapt in contemplation before a bricabrac window in the Rue des Coches. More interesting than any souvenir on view behind the dusty panes this relic of a past generation, who was born before the century, who painted the fair ladies of Louis

Philippe's court (he would tell you that politics change, *mais les jolies épaules des femmes ne changent pas*), who culled, *en passant*, the glittering favors of the Third Empire, and last, but not least, while thrones tottered, received through many prosperous years a generous meed of patronage from the great house of Rothschild.

Eugène Lami passed away last winter, full of years and honor. To-day Fame trumpets her loudest over the *manes* of Meissonier. It is to be hoped that the cheering spectacle of honor paid where honor is due may help to encourage other less fortunate laborers in the arduous fields, while serving as a relief to that tragic picture of genius martyrized which has lately harrowed our sympathies in the case of Jean-François Millet.

At Saint-Germain, which stands on a bend of the river above Poissy, separated by a strip of forest land, the eccentric, almost dwarfish figure of old Meissonier was also well known. Not a raw recruit in the cavalry regiment quartered there but could tell you his name, coupling it with the familiarly affectionate appellation of "father." Among the officers his popularity was associated with that of the great Napoleon, whose memory he had done so much to serve. I remember, two or three summers ago, hearing a young sous-lieutenant of chasseurs, then stationed in the town, describing an encounter he had had with *le père* Meissonier. The merry incident gained not a little by the inimitable *verve* and gayety of its narrator, a born *raconteur*, evidently, as well as *joli garçon* in his speckless sky-blue uniform.

Early in the morning, it appeared, he had been abroad exercising his squad, and was returning with it at a footpace along one of those straight, interminable avenues which traverse the forest, when midway a tall yellow dogcart swooped down upon him. Aloft sat a little old *bonhomme*, whose patriarchal beard floated to the wind like the famed white plume of Navarre.

"Hola! M. l'Officier!" the little man shouted, when within earshot. Hardly waiting to draw rein, he scrambled precipitately over the wheels of the *charrette*, and presented his card. It was now our lieutenant's turn to spring to earth.

"Of what service can I be to M. Meissonier?"

"The loan of your men, *mon officier*," cried the fiery artist, "an affair of ten minutes! You consent? *Très bien!* Follow me."

Away rattled the yellow charrette at racing speed (Meissonier would brook no laggard in his stables), our blue-coated chasseurs clattering fast on its tracks. Presently they passed the borders of the forest, and entered a wheat-field which skirted the road, unprotected by fence or hedge, as is the custom in most parts of France. The grain was ripe for harvest, and already a peasant proprietor, assisted by two or three farm lads, had begun operations at an upper corner. Calling halt to the company, Meissonier sped across the field to a parley with the farmers. An animated pantomime took place, in which coin of the country seemed to flow uncounted from capacious shooting-jacket pockets to some secret receptacle under the voluminous blue blouse. Then back again, aglow with generous enthusiasm.

"Now, my dear sir," the old painter cried, "all I have to ask of you is to station your men yonder, under shadow of those trees. At a signal from me — *tiens!* I'll flutter this handkerchief — make a bee-line through the grain. Gallop straight for me."

The officer did as desired, and was met by Meissonier in a high state of excitement. "Faster! faster!" he shouted, gesticulating wildly, notebook in one hand, crayon in the other. "Try it again!"

Half a dozen times at least the soldiers charged, and devastated indeed lay that golden grain-field before word was given to desist. They were then courteously thanked, and dismissed with a forty-franc *pourboire*, that "*ces braves enfants* might wet their throats after such dry work." When last in sight, the old painter (verging at the time, be it remembered, on his eightieth year) occupied a grotesque attitude in the middle of the beaten field, taking an upside down view of his surroundings.

An Unknown Scholar.

— Before me lies a paper yellow with age. It has a border of two black lines, evidently ruled by hand. Within this border is an important document, written in a precise, clerkly hand, the capital letters being adorned with many flourishes. It reads thus: —

CHATHAM (N. Y.), *May* 4, 1822.

Noadiah Hill can spell as well as any lad of his age in the County of Columbia.

Attested, JOSEPHUS JOHNSON,
Preceptor.

Sixty-nine years have passed since Master Johnson gave this "reward of merit" to a little lad of seven, whose dark eyes shone as he carried it exultingly home to his mother; for Noadiah Moore Hill was born February 7, 1815.

Master Johnson's school was miles from the little boy's home; but it was a famous one in those days, and even then this child with the quaint, old-fashioned name felt stirring within him the scholastic instinct. He would be a scholar; and as there was no better teacher than this same Josephus Johnson in all the region round about, to him he trudged daily, never minding the long country roads, the summer's heat or the winter's cold, if only what was best was to be found at the end of the journey.

It is pleasant to think how short the way was that afternoon in May, and how swiftly the small feet flew over it. Was the sky ever so blue before? Was the grass ever so green? How the robins sang in the treetops! Let us hope the apple blossoms came early that year, delighting him with their pink and white beauty and their delicious fragrance even while he would not loiter.

But I question if he heeded them, with this precious scrap of paper in his small pocket. Doubtless the little sun-browned hands took it out more than once, and unfolded it with reverent care, to make sure that it did indeed say that he, Noadiah Hill, could spell as well as any lad of his age in Columbia County, which was his world! It is pleasant, too, to believe he was sure of his mother's sympathy in that supreme hour, and that he reveled in advance in the praises and caresses he was certain to receive.

For it was from his mother that the boy inherited his scholarly tastes and habits. She was what her neighbors called "a great reader;" and children from far and near swarmed about her, as bees about honey, charmed by the stories she was ever ready to tell them. A hunger for books, that must be gratified even at the sacrifice of what most of the sons and daughters of Adam regard as the more essential needs, seems to have been a characteristic of her family. So we may know beyond a peradventure that to her love and pride we owe the preservation of Master Johnson's certificate, which after threescore and nine years attests the good spelling of her little son.

To go to college, and some time to become, perhaps, — oh, wondrous thought! — a professor of languages or mathematics, was the dream of the boy from his earliest childhood. How or why this desire was thwarted the chronicler saith not. We only know that his father and mother died, and that the elder brother, who was the head of the family, had no sympathy with his aspirations. Probably there was lack of money; and it is quite possible that the unworldliness of the younger boy seemed but idle folly in the eyes of the elder, who was bearing the burden and the heat of the day. For we are told that the young Noadiah would creep away to a haymow, and there read and study all day long. Be that as it may, when the boy grew older a country "store" became a part of the family possessions, and he was placed in charge of it.

It is to be feared he was not a born salesman. The fewer customers he had, the better he liked it; for did not customers sadly interfere with reading? Like Agassiz, he could not afford to make money. A great table stood in the middle of the store, laden with books and papers. If a yard of calico or a gallon of molasses was called for, Noadiah would attend to the cry, and then fly back to his beloved study as if life itself were at stake. At this time he took a few lessons in French, and also fell in with a German, who grew to be his fast friend. The two subscribed for a German newspaper, and Noadiah's study of languages began.

When he was about thirty, he, in partnership with one of his brothers, bought a farm in Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y., which was then considered as in the wild West. There he lived twenty-four years. In 1869, having sold the farm, he returned to North Chatham, the place of his birth, and built a house, which proved to be a white elephant, if not a *bête noire*. The builder was limited to a certain moderate cost, but, after the manner of builders, he

contrived to make the sum total amount to more than double the estimate. The white elephant swallowed his master's small fortune, crippling him financially for the rest of his days. After this Noadiah did little actual business beyond teaching a few terms in the village school. But he was conversant with legal forms, and was often called upon to draw wills and add codicils, and to help his country neighbors in divers matters of a kindred nature.

When he was fifty-eight years old he married. His wife survives him. They had no children. He died July 29, 1889.

A short and simple story, hardly worth the telling if this were all. But it is not all. This shy, reticent man, who was often misunderstood and sometimes undervalued, who had no friendships with scholars, so called, and whose whole life lacked the stimulus of literary associations, had made himself master of fifty languages and dialects. Entirely self-taught, he was familiar with the best literature of all times and all races. Blessed with a wonderful memory, he wrote, "I never have had to look twice at the meaning of a word."

After his death, in one of the volumes of his small but valuable library was found this memorandum : —

"I have read the Old and New Testament in Hebrew and Arabic, the Pentateuch in Chaldee, the Psalms in Syriac, and a large part of the Old Testament in Persian. I have read the New Testament in ancient and modern Greek, in Dutch, in Spanish, in Tartar, in Hindustani and Armenian, the Gospels and Acts in Turkish, and portions of the New Testament in Anglo-Saxon. I have read Schalch's Arabic Selections, Borhan Ed Dini Enchiridion Studiosi, Abi Falebi's Proverbs, Aribicé, Kirschii Chrestomathiam Arabicum, Maured Allatafet in Arabic, De Braine's Cours de Langue Arabe, Lokmân's Fables in Arabic. I have read in Greek all of Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, Thucydides, Herodotus, most of Plato, portions of Lucian and Plutarch, Aristotle's Rhetoric and Ethics, Euripides' Tragedies, Xenophon's Anabasis and Memorabilia, Arrian's Romaica."

He was no mere linguist. He was well versed in political history, and was familiar with the rise and fall of nations. A difficult problem in mathematics delighted him, and he was a botanist of no mean order. "He was well informed in all directions," says one who knew him well. "If you wanted information on any subject, he would tell you where to find it, or point you to chapter and verse."

I did not know this old man, this rare, unworldly nature that gathered to itself as if by instinct whatsoever was best worth having and knowing. I heard of him only by the merest chance a few weeks ago. But his photograph lies before me as I write, showing a refined, scholarly face, with dark, deep-set eyes looking out steadily, searchingly, from underneath heavy, overhanging brows. It is a strong yet kindly countenance, one to be trusted. The mouth is firm, the thin lips are compressed. One who saw him in "his habit as he lived" says he dressed neatly, even precisely, in black, and, whatever might be the fashion of the day, always wore a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, that contrasted strikingly with his hair and beard, which were snow-white.

Mr. Hill seems to have been singularly reticent all his life ; shut in, as it were, not only by circumstances, but by the strong tendency of his own nature. Tender and affectionate in his own immediate circle, he yet shrank from intercourse with strangers or with mere acquaintances. He talked but little. If he went, as he sometimes did, to the nearest city, it was not to see its men and women, but to frequent its libraries and bookstores, while he kept himself in the shadow, and no one dreamed the quiet, unpretentious man was a scholar. Hospitable and courteous to those who sought him in his own home, he never went out in search of others, or appeared to be conscious that he was himself worth seeking. Yet with all this lack of self-consciousness, or perhaps because of it, he wore a certain quiet dignity as a garment, and all unruly spirits stood in awe of him.

"Plain living and high thinking" must have been the law of his life. Of his religious beliefs, if he had any, — and what man has not ? — he was as reticent as of all else. But what a delightful old monk he would have made if he had lived five centuries ago ! He loved study for its own sake, not for what he could make out of it. Surely such a life as his carries its own lesson to this self-seeking, money-worshiping

age, and puts to shame the puny souls who would, but dare not, undertake.

At a Late Vendue. — We lately attended an auction at which were offered for sale an Excise Receipt signed by Robert Burns, a bill addressed to Monsieur Molière by his Washerwoman, and a toothpick which had once belonged to the poet Otway. After witnessing a spirited bidding for the last-named curiosity we departed, and on reaching home our reflections on what we had seen took shape in the following verses, which may be called

THE PROGRESS OF LETTERS.

My Lord:

I humbly Beg to Claim
Your Succor in the Muses' Name.
A Debt, that to the Happy Great
Were but a Trifle, — Two Pound Eight, —
Hath cost me that which Nature gives
(Saith Tacitus) to All that Lives.
In short, My Lord, I lie in Jail.
Friends, Publishers, and Patrons fail,
And Hope had fled my Anxious Breast,
Did not a Pleasing Thought suggest
The Name of One, great, good, and sage,
The only Phœnix of the Age,
Whom All Admire, whom All Commend,
To Virtue and the Muse a Friend.
Alas! My Lord, too well I know
Not smoothly do their Numbers Flow
Who write by Grief and Want opprest.
("Haud facile" — *you know the Rest.*)
But soon I Trust, by You Restor'd,
To show the World how much, My Lord,
I am your Lordship's Duteous
Most Grateful, most Obsequious.

Postscriptum: *Grief hath turn'd my Head —*
O Sir! my Children cry for Bread!
I swear I know not What I say!
But send me Present Aid, I Pray,
In these my Hard, my Sorest Straits!

Newgate, June 1st.

The Bearer Waits.

We know not if the missive brought
The help so movingly besought;
Fame, that has quite ignored the Peer,
(But spares the Bard,) is silent here.
Only the letter, creased and old,
Is still extant. I saw it sold
In a great auction's crush and din:
A rich collector bought it in,
And paid (O irony of Fame!)
One Hundred Dollars for the same.

Dogberry in Paris. — The story of a modern Dogberry, told at a recent meeting of the Contributors' Club, recalled to me an experience of last summer which, although far from amusing at the time, has afforded me a certain amount of satisfaction whenever I have thought of it since.

My Dogberry was a *chef de gare* at the goods station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, in Paris; and the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance were these. I chanced to be in Amsterdam with my friend S., and we were about to take a little run through Germany, to bring up in Paris after a few weeks. Not wishing to be encumbered with unnecessary luggage, we packed the greater part of our modest belongings in two trunks, and turned them over to a forwarding agent to be shipped to Paris *station restante*. Both trunks were covered by a single receipt, issued in my name. The forwarding agent assured me that all I had to do, upon reaching Paris, was to present this receipt at the goods station, pick out the trunks, and take them away.

The morning after our arrival in Paris we set out, light of heart, to claim our luggage. When we happened to mention our mission to an acquaintance at the hotel, he smiled sardonically, and remarked that we had an all day's job before us. We took this as a pleasant sort of joke at the time, but before the day was over learned that it was a profound and veracious observation. We were told that the goods station of the Nord was at La Chapelle, in the outskirts of the city, and so we hailed a passing 'bus which was going in that direction. The station reached, we alighted, and began to make inquiries. It is a peculiarity of Continental officials that they never direct you at once to the person whom you are seeking, but pass you on from clerk to clerk, up through the whole hierarchy of subordinates, until you come to the one whose business it is to tell you what you are trying to find out. Having been thus passed on in the regular way, we at last found the *magasin*, or storehouse, and soon discovered our trunks. At this juncture we smiled, as we thought what a simple matter it was, after all, and how facetious our acquaintance of the morning had been. We were next directed to the chef de gare, and with him our trials commenced. I explained to him our wishes, and produced my receipt. This was examined and compared with a pile of papers before him, one of which was soon seen to be the bill of lading for the trunks. But the official shook his head dubiously, and said that my receipt was not sufficient. The receipt of the railway company was required for the

delivery of the goods. I explained that we had no such receipt, and that the forwarding agent in Amsterdam had declared none to be necessary. But arguments were of no avail ; the receipt of the railway company must be produced.

Finally, we were told that, although our informant had no authority to allow so irregular a withdrawal of goods from the station, we might possibly obtain the necessary authorization from one of the higher officials at the central bureau of the company. So we asked to be directed thither, and were given an address down in the heart of the city.

Armed with this, we started back, chafing a little at the annoyance. We reached the bureau, entered, were met by a clerk, and made known our wishes to him. He referred us politely to the next in authority, and we again explained the situation. After listening to us attentively, this official passed us on to a third, and we poured the tale into his ear. He was an old gentleman, with a benign cast of countenance, and indications of a certain amount of intelligence. Having grasped the situation, he left us, he said, to consult the high and mighty official at the head of the department. In about five minutes he returned with the information that the head of the department was at breakfast, but would probably come back within an hour. Thereupon we sallied forth, and whiled away the hour at a neighboring *café*. The time up, we presented ourselves to our clerical friend, and were told that the great functionary had finished his breakfast. This was encouraging, and we asked if we might be accorded an interview with him. The smile with which this suggestion was received showed us our mistake ; no ordinary mortal might approach that august presence. But our clerical friend was privileged to have audience, and he left us for that purpose. Then we sat and waited for about twenty minutes.

When our friend returned, it was to tell us that we could not have the required authority at once, but that a subordinate of the department had been detailed to accompany us to the La Chapelle station, and that he was armed with the proper instructions. Presently this official appeared, and we all three set off.

Again we sought our chef de gare, who at once closeted himself with the special representative of the higher authority. The interview lasted nearly half an hour, and then they reappeared to inform us gravely that the trunks could not be delivered without the receipt of the railway company. I repeated that I had no such receipt, and that it was impossible for me to obtain one, as I was going to sail for America in two days. It was suggested, with, I am sure, wholly unconscious humor, that I should telegraph to Amsterdam for it. Imagine explaining the matter in a telegram ! Then I pointed out that my name was on one of the trunks, my friend's on the other ; that we had the keys to both in our pockets ; and that we could describe their contents. But all this was not of the slightest avail. Finally, I offered to produce my steamship ticket, my letter of credit, and my passport, in evidence of my identity with the person to whom one of the trunks belonged. This, I thought, would surely be a knock-down argument. But I thought so because I had not fully realized that I was dealing with a genuine Dogberry. I realized it, however, when the chef de gare, becoming excited at our persistence, declared that upon no evidence of my identity would he deliver the trunks without the required receipt, and that he would deliver them to anybody who should produce the receipt, whether they belonged to him or not. At this point I think we both lost our patience. At all events, we took turns in expressing, in our most eloquent French, our opinion of such proceedings. Our auditors were listening with growing amazement to the discourse, when one of them seemed to be struck by an idea. He whispered it to the other, who nodded approval. Then a consultation under the breath followed, of which we caught a snatch now and then. "They might try it." "It would n't do any harm, would it ?" "Not that I can see." Such were the phrases that fell upon our expectant ears. As the result of this deliberation, we were told that it had just occurred to the speaker that the Amsterdam agents, whose blunder had made us all this trouble, were represented in Paris by a Monsieur So-and-So, having an office in the Rue des Marais. If we could find the gentleman in question, and persuade him to assume the entire responsibility in the matter, the trunks would be delivered to us.

Despair giving place to renewed hope, we sallied forth on our new quest. A cab was hailed, and we soon found the person whose address had been furnished us. Once more did we make our way through that tiresome explanation (an explanation that had naturally grown more complicated with each new stage of the proceedings); but this time we discovered, to our delight, that we were dealing with a man of intelligence. He had no difficulty in understanding what we wanted, but we found it exceedingly difficult to make him understand why the trunks had not been handed over to us upon a presentation of the receipt in our possession. Such a receipt should, he said, have been ample for the purpose. Then he went to his desk and wrote out an elaborate document in the shape of a formal demand upon the railway company for the delivery of the trunks, at the same time discharging them of all responsibility. This was signed with a big flourish, ornamented with a revenue stamp, and delivered to us.

Then we started for La Chapelle again. We found our old friend, the chef de gare, in a remote corner of the magasin, and handed him our document with a triumphant smile. He read it carefully, pondered a few moments, and finally said that the trunks were at our disposition. He took us to his office, and found the bill of lading. Armed with this, I next sought the desk of a customs officer, who requested me to write out a description of the packages to be withdrawn, and a statement of their contents. This being done, I was directed to the cashier's window, where I paid the charges for transportation. Then I was directed to another window, where I paid ten centimes for a stamp, which was duly affixed to the receipt given me by the cashier. With bill of lading and receipt I again sought the magasin, and succeeded in getting the trunks brought out into an open space for examination. There I was told that I must wait for the appearance of the *vérificateur de douane*, in whose presence the trunks were to be opened. Presently that official appeared. I unlocked the trunks; he compared their contents with my written declaration, which he held in his hand, expressed himself as satisfied, and departed. The trunks were placed on a truck, and carried out near the entrance of the building. Here there were stationed two officials, each at a separate desk, and each examined my papers, and requested me to sign some document or other. I signed everything that was handed me, and after a while we got outside the building. Then there was a large yard to be crossed, and an entrance-gate, with guardhouse, to be passed. Through this yard an official accompanied us, and explained matters to the guard, I signed one more document, and we were free at last. All Paris was before us, and our luggage was our own. The trunks were piled into the cab, we piled in after them, and half an hour more found us at dinner at our hotel. We had started out at ten in the morning, and it was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon when we returned.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.[1]

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay undertook a peculiarly difficult task in writing a biography [2] which at the same time was to be a complete history of the greatest crisis in the life of this republic. The biographer may content himself with sketching an historical background to set forth and render intelligible the character and career of the person to be portrayed; and that sketch may be more restricted or more comprehensive as the events and conditions described are more or less significant in their relation to the central figure. The historian has to present conditions and events, as well as the persons concerned in them, in just proportion to their historic importance. A biography which is to fulfill the purpose of a history will be in danger of oppressing the biographical portrait with the size and elaborateness of the frame. The history whose main object is biography will be apt to sacrifice to the biographical purpose that just proportion and symmetry in the treatment of men and things which true history essentially demands.

While the authors of this comprehensive biography of Lincoln could hardly be expected completely to overcome the difficulties inherent in their undertaking, they have indeed succeeded in producing a work which, both as a biography and a history, is of high value. They enjoyed the great advantage of having been eye-witnesses to many of the occurrences they relate; of having stood in confidential relations to not a few of the foremost personages of the time; of having been intimate daily companions of Lincoln himself during his presidency; and of commanding a mass of documentary material hitherto not accessible to other writers. Of this advantage they have made excellent use in bringing out new facts of historic importance, and in shedding new light upon others which were only imperfectly known. We cannot follow them in all their reasoning, nor accept their judgment in every case as impartial, least of all in their treatment of some of the persons grouped around the principal character. In their presentation of Chase's conduct, for instance, they transgress all the limits of fairness. But, on the whole, the merit of the contribution they have made to the history of a most important period cannot be too highly acknowledged.

It is to be regretted that a somewhat diffuse style has swelled what should be a popular book into the formidable bulk of ten stout volumes, which only persons of means are able to buy, and from the reading of which only a man of leisure will not recoil. Especially when speaking of their hero, the authors seem to lose all restraint. On every possible occasion, the reader is reminded, with great redundancy of phrase, what high quality of Abraham's Lincoln's mind or

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Carl Schurz.

[2] *Abraham Lincoln.* A History. By John J. Nicolay and John Hay. In ten volumes. New York: The Century Company. 1890.

heart came into play when he said this or did that, while the naked story might safely have been left to point its own moral. Only in the treatment of a few facts and circumstances in Lincoln's life, which might be regarded as capable of unfavorable interpretation, the book is less explicit and straightforward than might be desired. It is not surprising, however, that, in the hands of Nicolay and Hay, a biography of Lincoln should have drifted into the tone of a eulogy. In the days of their early manhood, and during the most eventful period of his career, they had been his private secretaries, and lived with him almost like members of his family. What they will always regard and be proud to remember as the most interesting part of their lives they had spent in the closest intimacy with him. They had shared his hopes, his labors, his triumphs, his anxieties, his sorrows. They had known his aims to be high and his motives to be pure, when his policy and his acts were fiercely assailed. They had been under the strange charm of his sympathetic nature, his large humanity, when his manners were held up to ridicule, and his character was belittled and traduced. Their story of him could hardly be anything but a work of filial love, painting every strong and noble feature in idealizing colors, and with reverential tenderness covering whatever might look like a blemish.

But Abraham Lincoln's fame needed neither the reiterated enumeration of his virtues and abilities, nor any concealment of his limitations and faults. It was rather the weird mixture of qualities and powers in him, of the lofty with the common, the ideal with the uncouth, of that which he had become with that which he had not ceased to be, that made him so fascinating a character among his fellow-men, gave him his singular power over their minds and hearts, and fitted him to be the greatest leader in the greatest crisis of our national life.

His was indeed a marvelous growth. The statesman or the military hero born and reared in a log cabin is a familiar figure in American history; but we may search in vain among our celebrities for one whose origin and early life equaled Abraham Lincoln's in wretchedness. He first saw the light in a miserable hovel in Kentucky, on a farm consisting of a few barren acres in a dreary neighborhood; his father a typical "poor Southern white," shiftless and improvident, without ambition for himself or his children, constantly looking for a new piece of land on which he might make a living without much work; his mother, in her youth handsome and bright, grown prematurely coarse in feature and soured in mind by daily toil and care; the whole household squalid, cheerless, and utterly void of elevating inspirations. Only when the family had "moved" into the malarious backwoods of Indiana, the mother had died, and a stepmother, a woman of thrift and energy, had taken charge of the children, the shaggy-headed, ragged, barefooted, forlorn boy, then seven years old, "began to feel like a human being." Hard work was his early lot. When a mere boy he had to help in supporting the family, either on his father's clearing, or hired out to other farmers to plough, or dig ditches, or chop wood, or drive ox teams; occasionally also to "tend the baby," when the farmer's wife was otherwise engaged. He could regard it as an advancement to a higher sphere of activity when he obtained work in a "cross-roads store," where he amused the customers by his talk across the counter; for he soon distinguished himself among the backwoods folk as one who had something to say worth listening to. To win that distinction, he had to draw mainly upon his wits; for, while his thirst for knowledge was great, his opportunities for satisfying that thirst were wofully slender.

In the log school-house, which he could

visit but little, he was taught only reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic. Among the people of the settlement, bush farmers and small tradesmen, he found none of uncommon intelligence or education; but some of them had a few books, which he borrowed eagerly. Thus he read and re-read Æsop's Fables, learning to tell stories with a point and to argue by parable; he read Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, a short history of the United States, and Weems' Life of Washington. To the town constable's he went to read the Revised Statutes of Indiana. Every printed page that fell into his hands he would greedily devour, and his family and friends watched him with wonder, as the uncouth boy, after his daily work, crouched in a corner of the log cabin, or outside under a tree, absorbed in a book while munching his supper of corn bread. In this manner he began to gather some knowledge, and sometimes he would astonish the girls with such startling remarks as that the earth was moving around the sun, and not the sun around the earth, and they marveled where "Abe" could have got such queer notions. Soon he also felt the impulse to write; not only making extracts from books he wished to remember, but also composing little essays of his own. First he sketched these with charcoal on a wooden shovel scraped white with a drawing-knife, or on basswood shingles. Then he transferred them to paper, which was a scarce commodity in the Lincoln household; taking care to cut his expressions close, so that they might not cover too much space, — a style-forming method greatly to be commended. Seeing boys put a burning coal on the back of a wood turtle, he was moved to write on cruelty to animals. Seeing men intoxicated with whiskey, he wrote on temperance. In verse-making, too, he tried himself, and in satire on persons offensive to him or others, — satire whose rustic wit was not always fit for ears polite. Also he put political thoughts upon paper, and some of his pieces were even deemed good enough for publication in the county weekly.

Thus he won a neighborhood reputation as a clever young man, which he increased by his performances as a speaker, not seldom drawing upon himself the dissatisfaction of his employers by mounting a stump in the field, and keeping the farm hands from their work by little speeches in a jocose and sometimes also a serious vein. At the rude social frolics of the settlement he became an important person, telling funny stories, mimicking the itinerant preachers who had happened to pass by, and making his mark at wrestling matches, too; for at the age of seventeen he had attained his full height, six feet four inches in his stockings, if he had any, and a terribly muscular clodhopper he was. But he was known never to use his extraordinary strength to the injury or humiliation of others; rather to do them a kindly turn, or to enforce justice and fair dealing between them. All this made him a favorite in backwoods society, although in some things he appeared a little odd to his friends. Far more than any of them, he was given not only to reading, but to fits of abstraction, to quiet musing with himself, and also to strange spells of melancholy, from which he often would pass in a moment to rollicking outbursts of droll humor. But, on the whole, he was one of the people among whom he lived; in appearance perhaps even a little more uncouth than most of them, — a very tall, rawboned youth, with large features, dark shriveled skin, and rebellious hair; his arms and legs long, out of proportion; clad in deerskin trousers, which from frequent exposure to the rain had shrunk so as to sit tightly on his limbs, leaving several inches of bluish shin exposed between their lower end and the heavy tan-colored shoes; the nether garment held usually by only one sus-

pender that was strung over a coarse home-made shirt; the head covered in winter with a coonskin cap, in summer with a rough straw hat of uncertain shape, without a band.

It is doubtful whether he felt himself much superior to his surroundings, although he confessed to a yearning for some knowledge of the world outside of the circle in which he lived. This wish was gratified; but how? At the age of nineteen he went down the Mississippi to New Orleans as a flatboat hand, temporarily joining a trade many members of which at that time still took pride in being called "half horse and half alligator." After his return he worked and lived in the old way until the spring of 1830, when his father "moved again," this time to Illinois; and on the journey of fifteen days "Abe" had to drive the ox wagon which carried the household goods. Another log cabin was built, and then, fencing a field, Abraham Lincoln split those historic rails which were destined to play so picturesque a part in the presidential campaign twenty-eight years later.

Having come of age, Lincoln left the family, and "struck out for himself." He had to "take jobs whenever he could get them." The first of these carried him again as a flatboat hand to New Orleans. There something happened that made a lasting impression upon his soul: he witnessed a slave auction. "His heart bled," wrote one of his companions; "said nothing much; was silent; looked bad. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinion on slavery. It run its iron in him then and there, May, 1831. I have heard him say so often." Then he lived several years at New Salem, in Illinois, a small mushroom village, with a mill, some "stores" and whiskey shops, that rose quickly, and soon disappeared again. It was a desolate, disjointed, half-working and half-loitering life, without any other aim than to gain food and shelter from day to day. He served as pilot on a steamboat trip, then as clerk in a store and a mill; the business failing, he was adrift for some time. Being compelled to measure his strength with the chief bully of the neighborhood, and overcoming him, he became a noted person in that muscular community, and won the esteem and friendship of the ruling gang of ruffians to such a degree that, when the Black Hawk war broke out, they elected him, a young man of twenty-three, captain of a volunteer company, composed mainly of roughs of their kind. He took the field, and his most noteworthy deed of valor consisted, not in killing an Indian, but in protecting against his own men, at the peril of his own life, the life of an old savage who had strayed into his camp.

The Black Hawk war over, he turned to politics. The step from the captaincy of a volunteer company to a candidacy for a seat in the legislature seemed a natural one. But his popularity, although great in New Salem, had not spread far enough over the district, and he was defeated. Then the wretched hand-to-mouth struggle began again. He "set up in store-business" with a dissolute partner, who drank whiskey while Lincoln was reading books. The result was a disastrous failure and a load of debt. Thereupon he became a deputy surveyor, and was appointed postmaster of New Salem, the business of the post office being so small that he could carry the incoming and outgoing mail in his hat. All this could not lift him from poverty, and his surveying instruments and horse and saddle were sold by the sheriff for debt.

But while all this misery was upon him his ambition rose to higher aims. He walked many miles to borrow from a school-master a grammar with which to improve his language. A lawyer lent him a copy of Blackstone, and he began to study law. People would look won-

deringly at the grotesque figure lying in the grass, "with his feet up a tree," or sitting on a fence, as, absorbed in a book, he learned to construct correct sentences and made himself a jurist. At once he gained a little practice, pettifogging before a justice of the peace for friends, without expecting a fee. Judicial functions, too, were thrust upon him, but only at horse-races or wrestling matches, where his acknowledged honesty and fairness gave his verdicts undisputed authority. His popularity grew apace, and soon he could be a candidate for the legislature again. Although he called himself a Whig, an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, his clever stump speeches won him the election in the strongly Democratic district. Then for the first time, perhaps, he thought seriously of his outward appearance. So far he had been content with a garb of "Kentucky jeans," not seldom ragged, usually patched, and always shabby. Now he borrowed some money from a friend to buy a new suit of clothes — "store-clothes" — fit for a Sangamon County statesman; and thus adorned he set out for the state capital, Vandalia, to take his seat among the lawmakers.

His legislative career, which stretched over several sessions, for he was thrice reëlected, in 1836, 1838, and 1840, was not remarkably brilliant. He did indeed not lack ambition. He dreamed even of making himself "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois," and he actually distinguished himself by zealous and effective work in those "log-rolling" operations by which the young State received "a general system of internal improvements" in the shape of railroads, canals, and banks, — a reckless policy, burdening the State with debt, and producing the usual crop of political demoralization, but a policy characteristic of the time and the impatiently enterprising spirit of the Western people. Lincoln, no doubt with the best intentions, but with little knowledge of the subject, simply followed the popular current. The achievement in which, perhaps, he gloried most was the removal of the state government from Vandalia to Springfield; one of those triumphs of political management which are apt to be the pride of the small politician's statesmanship. One thing, however, he did in which his true nature asserted itself, and which gave distinct promise of the future pursuit of high aims. Against an overwhelming preponderance of sentiment in the legislature, followed by only one other member, he recorded his protest against a proslavery resolution, — that protest declaring "the institution of slavery to be founded on both injustice and bad policy." This was not only the irrepressible voice of his conscience; it was true moral valor, too; for at that time, in many parts of the West, an abolitionist was regarded as little better than a horse-thief, and even "Abe Lincoln" would hardly have been forgiven his antislavery principles, had he not been known as such an "uncommon good fellow." But here, in obedience to the great conviction of his life, he manifested his courage to stand alone, — that courage which is the first requisite of leadership in a great cause.

Together with his reputation and influence as a politician grew his law practice, especially after he had removed from New Salem to Springfield, and associated himself with a practitioner of good standing. He had now at last won a fixed position in society. He became a successful lawyer, less, indeed, by his learning as a jurist than by his effectiveness as an advocate and by the striking uprightness of his character; and it may truly be said that his vivid sense of truth and justice had much to do with his effectiveness as an advocate. He would refuse to act as the attorney even of personal friends when he saw the right on the other side. He would abandon cases even during trial when the testimony convinced him that his

client was in the wrong. He would dissuade those who sought his service from pursuing an obtainable advantage when their claims seemed to him unfair. Presenting his very first case in the United States Circuit Court, the only question being one of authority, he declared that, upon careful examination, he found all the authorities on the other side, and none on his. Criminals he would not defend at all, or, attempting their defense, he was unable to put forth his powers when he thought them guilty. One notable exception is on record, when his personal sympathies were strongly aroused. But when he felt himself to be the protector of innocence, the defender of justice, or the prosecutor of wrong, he frequently disclosed such unexpected resources of reasoning, such depth of feeling, and rose to such fervor of appeal as to astonish and overwhelm his hearers, and make him fairly irresistible. Even an ordinary law argument, coming from him, seldom failed to produce the impression that he was profoundly convinced of the soundness of his position. It is not surprising that the mere appearance of so conscientious an attorney in any case should have carried, not only to juries, but even to judges, almost a presumption of right on his side, and that the people began to call him, sincerely meaning it, "honest Abe Lincoln."

In the mean time he had private sorrows and trials of a painfully afflicting nature. He had loved and been loved by a fair and estimable girl, Ann Rutledge, who died in the flower of her youth and beauty, and he mourned her loss with such intensity of grief that his friends feared for his reason. Recovering from his morbid depression, he bestowed what he thought a new affection upon another lady, who refused him. And finally, moderately prosperous in his worldly affairs, and having prospects of political distinction before him, he paid his addresses to Mary Todd, of Kentucky, and was accepted. But then tormenting doubts of the genuineness of his own affection for her, of the compatibility of their characters, and of their future happiness came upon him. His distress was so great that he felt himself in danger of suicide, and feared to carry a pocket-knife with him; and he gave mortal offense to his bride by not appearing on the appointed wedding day. Now the torturing consciousness of the wrong he had done her grew unendurable. He won back her affection, ended the agony by marrying her, and became a faithful and patient husband and a good father.

He continued to "ride the circuit," read books while traveling in his buggy, told funny stories to his fellow-lawyers in the tavern, chatted familiarly with his neighbors around the stove in the store and at the post office, had his hours of melancholy brooding as of old, and became more and more widely known and trusted and beloved among the people of his State for his ability as a lawyer and politician, for the uprightness of his character and the ever-flowing spring of sympathetic kindness in his heart. His main ambition was confessedly that of political distinction; but hardly any one would at that time have seen in him the man destined to lead the nation through the greatest crisis of the century.

His time had not yet come when, in 1846, he was elected to Congress. In the House of Representatives, he denounced, in a clever speech, President Polk for having unjustly forced war upon Mexico, and amused the Committee of the Whole by a witty attack upon General Cass. More important was the expression he gave to his antislavery impulses by offering a bill looking to the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia, and by his repeated votes for the famous Wilmot Proviso, intended to exclude slavery from the Territories acquired from Mexico. But when, at the expiration of his term, in

March, 1849, he left his seat, he gloomily despaired of ever seeing the day when the cause nearest to his heart would be rightly grasped by the people, and when he would be able to render any service to his country in solving the great problem. Nor had his career as a member of Congress in any sense been such as to gratify his ambition. Indeed, if he ever had any belief in a great destiny for himself, it must have been weak at that period; for he actually sought to obtain from the new Whig President, General Taylor, the place of Commissioner of the General Land Office, willing to bury himself in one of the administrative bureaus of the government. Fortunately for the country, he failed; and no less fortunately, when, later, the territorial governorship of Oregon was offered to him, Mrs. Lincoln's protest induced him to decline it. Returning to Springfield, he gave himself with renewed zest to his law practice, acquiesced in the Compromise of 1850 with reluctance and a mental reservation, supported in the presidential campaign of 1852 the Whig candidate in some spiritless speeches, and took but a languid interest in the politics of the day. But just then his time was drawing near.

The peace promised, and apparently inaugurated, by the Compromise of 1850 was rudely broken by the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in 1854. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, opening the Territories of the United States, the heritage of coming generations, to the invasion of slavery, suddenly revealed the whole significance of the slavery question to the people of the free States, and thrust itself into the politics of the country as the paramount issue. Something like an electric shock flashed through the North. Men who but a short time before had been absorbed by their business pursuits, and deprecated all political agitation, were startled out of their security by a sudden alarm, and excitedly took sides. That restless trouble of conscience about slavery, which even in times of apparent repose had secretly disturbed the souls of Northern people, broke forth in an utterance louder than ever. The bonds of accustomed party allegiance gave way. Antislavery Democrats and antislavery Whigs felt themselves drawn together by a common overpowering sentiment, and soon they began to rally in a new organization. The Republican party sprang into being to meet the overruling call of the hour. Then Abraham Lincoln's time was come. He rapidly advanced to a position of conspicuous championship in the struggle. This, however, was not owing to his virtues and abilities alone. Indeed, the slavery question stirred his soul in its profoundest depths; it was, as one of his intimate friends said, "the only one on which he would become excited;" it called forth all his faculties and energies. Yet there were many others who, having long and arduously fought the antislavery battle in the popular assembly, or in the press, or in the halls of Congress, far surpassed him in prestige, and compared with whom he was still an obscure and untried man. But Lincoln found himself placed in a position of peculiar local advantage on the political battlefield. In the assault on the Missouri Compromise which broke down all legal barriers to the spread of slavery, Stephen Arnold Douglas was the ostensible leader and central figure; and Douglas was a Senator from Illinois, Lincoln's State. Douglas's national theatre of action was the Senate, but in his constituency in Illinois were the roots of his official position and power. What he did in the Senate he had to justify before the people of Illinois, in order to maintain himself in place; and in Illinois all eyes turned to Lincoln as Douglas's natural antagonist.

As very young men, they had come to Illinois, Lincoln from Indiana, Doug-

las from Vermont, and had grown up together in public life, Douglas as a Democrat, Lincoln as a Whig. They had met first in Vandalia, in 1834, when Lincoln was in the legislature and Douglas in the lobby; and again in 1836, both as members of the legislature. Douglas, a very able politician, of the agile, combative, audacious, "pushing" sort, rose in political distinction with remarkable rapidity. In quick succession he became a member of the legislature, a State's attorney, secretary of state, a judge on the supreme bench of Illinois, three times a Representative in Congress, and a Senator of the United States when only thirty-nine years old. In the national Democratic convention of 1852, he appeared even as an aspirant to the nomination for the presidency, as the favorite of "young America," and received a respectable vote. He had far outstripped Lincoln in what is commonly called political success and in reputation. But it had frequently happened that in political campaigns Lincoln felt himself impelled, or was selected by his Whig friends, to answer Douglas's speeches; and thus the two were looked upon, in a large part of the State at least, as the representative combatants of their respective parties in the debates before popular meetings. As soon, therefore, as, after the passage of his Kansas-Nebraska bill, Douglas returned to Illinois to defend his cause before his constituents, Lincoln, obeying not only his own impulse, but also general expectation, stepped forward as his principal opponent. Thus the struggle about the principles involved in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, or, in a broader sense, the struggle between freedom and slavery, assumed in Illinois the outward form of a personal contest between Lincoln and Douglas; and, as it continued and became more animated, that personal contest in Illinois was watched with constantly increasing interest by the whole country. When, in 1858, Douglas's senatorial term being about to expire, Lincoln was formally designated by the Republican convention of Illinois as their candidate for the Senate, to take Douglas's place, and the two contestants agreed to debate the questions at issue face to face in a series of public meetings, the eyes of the whole American people were turned eagerly to that one point; and the spectacle reminded one of those lays of ancient times telling of two armies, in battle array, standing still to see their two principal champions fight out the contested cause between the lines in single combat.

Lincoln had then reached the full maturity of his powers. His equipment as a statesman did not embrace a comprehensive knowledge of public affairs. What he had studied he had indeed made his own, with the eager craving and that zealous tenacity characteristic of superior minds learning under difficulties. But his narrow opportunities and the unsteady life he had led during his younger years had not permitted the accumulation of large stores in his mind. It is true, in political campaigns he had occasionally spoken on the ostensible issues between the Whigs and the Democrats, the tariff, internal improvements, banks, and so on, but only in a perfunctory manner. Had he ever given much serious thought and study to these subjects, it is safe to assume that a mind so prolific of original conceits as his would certainly have produced some utterance upon them worth remembering. His soul had evidently never been deeply stirred by such topics. But when his moral nature was aroused, his brain developed an untiring activity until it had mastered all the knowledge within reach. As soon as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had thrust the slavery question into politics as the paramount issue, Lincoln plunged into an arduous study of all its legal, historical, and moral aspects, and then his mind became a complete arsenal of argument.

His rich natural gifts, trained by long and varied practice, had made him an orator of rare persuasiveness. In his immature days, he had pleased himself for a short period with that inflated, high-flown style which, among the uncultivated, passes for "beautiful speaking." His inborn truthfulness and his artistic instinct soon overcame that aberration, and revealed to him the noble beauty and strength of simplicity. He possessed an uncommon power of clear and compact statement, which might have reminded those who knew the story of his early youth of the efforts of the poor boy, when he copied his compositions from the scraped wooden shovel, carefully to trim his expressions in order to save paper. Although he had never studied the rules of logic, he was a master of logical lucidity. His reasoning he loved to point and enliven by humorous illustrations, usually anecdotes of Western life, of which he had an inexhaustible store at his command. These anecdotes had not seldom a flavor of rustic robustness about them, but he used them with great effect, while amusing the audience, to give life to an abstraction, to explode an absurdity, to clinch an argument, to drive home an admonition. The natural kindliness of his tone, softening prejudice and disarming partisan rancor, would often open to his reasoning a way into minds most unwilling to receive it.

Yet his greatest power consisted in the charm of his individuality. That charm did not, in the ordinary way, appeal to the ear or to the eye. His voice was not melodious; rather shrill and piercing, especially when it rose to its high treble in moments of great animation. His figure was unhandsome, and the action of his unwieldy limbs awkward. He commanded none of the graces of oratory as they are commonly understood. His charm was of a different kind. It flowed from the rare depth and genuineness of his convictions and his sympathetic feelings. Sympathy was the strongest element in his nature. One of his biographers, who knew him before he became President, says: "Lincoln's compassion might be stirred deeply by an object present, but never by an object absent and unseen." In the former case he would most likely extend relief, with little inquiry into the merits of the case, because, as he expressed it himself, it 'took a pain out of his own heart.'" Only half of this is correct. It is certainly true that he could not witness any individual distress or oppression, or any kind of suffering, without feeling a pang of pain himself, and that by relieving as much as he could the suffering of others he put an end to his own. This compassionate impulse to help he felt not only for human beings, but for every living creature. As in his boyhood he angrily reproved the boys who tormented a wood turtle by putting a burning coal on its back, so, we are told, he would, when a mature man, on a journey, dismount from his buggy and wade waist-deep in mire to rescue a pig struggling in a swamp. Indeed, appeals to his compassion were so irresistible to him, and he felt it so difficult to refuse anything when his refusal could give pain, that he himself sometimes spoke of his inability to say "no" as a positive weakness. But that certainly does not prove that his compassionate feeling was confined to individual cases of suffering witnessed with his own eyes. As the boy was moved by the aspect of the tortured wood turtle to compose an essay against cruelty to animals in general, so the aspect of other cases of suffering and wrong wrought up his moral nature, and set his mind to work against cruelty, injustice, and oppression in general.

As his sympathy went forth to others, it attracted others to him. Especially those whom he called the "plain people" felt themselves drawn to him by the instinctive feeling that he understood, esteemed, and appreciated them.

He had grown up among the poor, the lowly, the ignorant. He never ceased to remember the good souls he had met among them, and the many kindnesses they had done him. Although in his mental development he had risen far above the [illegible] down upon them. How very [illegible] and how they reasoned he knew, for so he had once felt and reasoned. How they could be moved he knew, for so he had once been moved himself and practiced moving others. His mind was much larger than theirs, but it thoroughly comprehended theirs; and while he thought much farther than they, their thoughts were ever present to him. Nor had the visible distance between them grown as wide as his rise in the world would seem to have warranted. Much of his backwoods speech and manners still clung to him. Although he had become "Mr. Lincoln" to his later acquaintances, he was still "Abe" to the "Nats" and "Billys" and "Daves" of his youth; and their familiarity neither appeared unnatural to them, nor was it in the least awkward to him. He still told and enjoyed stories similar to those he had told and enjoyed in the Indiana settlement and at New Salem. His wants remained as modest as they had ever been; his domestic habits had by no means completely accommodated themselves to those of his more high-born wife; and though the "Kentucky jeans" apparel had long been dropped, his clothes of better material and better make would sit ill sorted on his gigantic limbs. His cotton umbrella, without a handle, and tied together with a coarse string to keep it from flapping, which he carried on his circuit rides, is said to be remembered still by some of his surviving neighbors. This rusticity of habit was utterly free from that affected contempt of refinement and comfort which self-made men sometimes carry into their more affluent circumstances. To Abraham Lincoln it was entirely natural, and all those who came into contact with him knew it to be so. In his ways of thinking and his feelings he had become a gentleman in the highest sense, but the refining process had polished but little the outward form. The plain people, therefore, still considered "honest Abe Lincoln" one of themselves; and when they felt, which they no doubt frequently did, that his thoughts and aspirations moved in a sphere above their own, they were all the more proud of him, without any diminution of fellow-feeling. It was this relation of mutual sympathy and understanding between Lincoln and the plain people that gave him his peculiar power as a public man, and singularly fitted him, as we shall see, for that leadership which was preëminently required in the great crisis then coming on, — the leadership which indeed thinks and moves ahead of the masses, but always remains within sight and sympathetic touch of them.

He entered upon the campaign of 1858 better equipped than he had ever been before. He not only instinctively felt, but he had convinced himself by arduous study, that in this struggle against the spread of slavery he had right, justice, philosophy, the enlightened opinion of mankind, history, the Constitution, and good policy on his side. It was observed that after he began to discuss the slavery question his speeches were pitched in a much loftier key than his former oratorical efforts. While he remained fond of telling funny stories in private conversation, they disappeared more and more from his public discourse. He would still now and then point his argument with expressions of inimitable quaintness, and flash out rays of kindly humor and witty irony; but his general tone was serious, and rose sometimes to genuine solemnity. His masterly skill in dialectical thrust and parry, his wealth of knowledge, his power of reasoning and elevation of sen-

timent, disclosed in language of rare precision, strength, and beauty, not seldom astonished his old friends.

Neither of the two champions could have found a more formidable antagonist than each now met in the other. Douglas was by far the most conspicuous member of his party. His admirers had dubbed him "the little giant," contrasting in that nickname the greatness of his mind with the smallness of his body. But though of low stature, his broad-shouldered figure appeared uncommonly sturdy, and there was something lionlike in the squareness of his brow and jaw, and in the defiant shake of his long hair. His loud and persistent advocacy of territorial expansion, in the name of patriotism and "manifest destiny," had given him an enthusiastic following among the young and ardent. Great natural parts, a highly combative temperament, and long training had made him a debater unsurpassed in a Senate filled with able men. He could be as forceful in his appeals to patriotic feelings as he was fierce in denunciation and thoroughly skilled in all the baser tricks of parliamentary pugilism. While genial and rollicking in his social intercourse, — the idol of the "boys," — he felt himself one of the most renowned statesmen of his time, and would frequently meet his opponents with an overbearing haughtiness, as persons more to be pitied than to be feared. In his speech opening the campaign of 1858, he spoke of Lincoln, whom the Republicans had dared to advance as their candidate for "his" place in the Senate, with an air of patronizing if not contemptuous condescension, as "a kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman and a good citizen." The little giant would have been pleased to pass off his antagonist as a tall dwarf. He knew Lincoln too well, however, to indulge himself seriously in such a delusion. But the political situation was at that moment in a curious tangle, and Douglas could expect to derive from the confusion great advantage over his opponent.

By the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, opening the Territories to the ingress of slavery, Douglas had pleased the South, but had greatly alarmed the North. He had sought to conciliate Northern sentiment by appending to his Kansas-Nebraska bill the declaration that its intent was "not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." This he called "the great principle of popular sovereignty." When asked whether, under this act, the people of a Territory, before its admission as a State, would have the right to exclude slavery, he answered, "That is a question for the courts to decide." Then came the famous "Dred Scott decision," in which the Supreme Court held substantially that the right to hold slaves as property existed in the Territories by virtue of the Federal Constitution, and that this right could not be denied by any act of a territorial government. This, of course, denied the right of the people of any Territory to exclude slavery while they were in a territorial condition, and it alarmed the Northern people still more. Douglas recognized the binding force of the decision of the Supreme Court, at the same time maintaining, most illogically, that his great principle of popular sovereignty remained in force nevertheless. Meanwhile, the proslavery people of western Missouri, the so-called "border ruffians," had invaded Kansas, set up a constitutional convention, made a constitution of an extreme proslavery type, the "Lecompton Constitution," refused to submit it fairly to a vote of the people of Kansas, and then referred it to Congress for acceptance; seeking thus to accomplish the admission of Kansas as a slave State. Had Doug-

las supported such a scheme, he would have lost all foothold in the North. In the name of popular sovereignty, he loudly declared his opposition to the acceptance of any constitution not sanctioned by a formal popular vote. He "did not care," he said, "whether slavery be voted up or down," but there must be a fair vote of the people. Thus he drew upon himself the hostility of the Buchanan administration, which was controlled by the proslavery interest, but he saved his Northern following. More than this, not only did his Democratic admirers now call him "the true champion of freedom," but even some Republicans of large influence, prominent among them Horace Greeley, sympathizing with Douglas in his fight against the Lecompton Constitution, and hoping to detach him permanently from the proslavery interest and to force a lasting breach in the Democratic party, seriously advised the Republicans of Illinois to give up their opposition to Douglas, and to help reëlect him to the Senate. Lincoln was not of that opinion. He believed that great popular movements can succeed only when guided by their faithful friends, and that the antislavery cause could not safely be entrusted to the keeping of one who "did not care whether slavery be voted up or down." This opinion prevailed in Illinois; but the influences within the Republican party, over which it prevailed, yielded only a reluctant acquiescence, if they acquiesced at all, after having materially strengthened Douglas's position. Such was the situation of things when the campaign of 1858 between Lincoln and Douglas began.

Lincoln opened the campaign on his side, at the convention which nominated him as the Republican candidate for the senatorship, with a memorable saying which sounded like a shout from the watch-tower of history: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, — old as well as new, North as well as South." Then he proceeded to point out that the Nebraska doctrine combined with the Dred Scott decision worked in the direction of making the nation "all slave." Here was the "irrepressible conflict" spoken of by Seward a short time later, in a speech made famous mainly by that phrase. If there was any new discovery in it, the right of priority was Lincoln's. This utterance proved not only his statesmanlike conception of the issue, but also, in his situation as a candidate, the firmness of his moral courage. The friends to whom he had read the draught of this speech before he delivered it warned him anxiously that its delivery might be fatal to his success in the election. This was shrewd advice, in the ordinary sense. While a slaveholder could threaten disunion with impunity, the mere suggestion that the existence of slavery was incompatible with freedom in the Union would hazard the political chances of any public man in the North. But Lincoln was inflexible. "It is true," said he, "and I *will* deliver it as written. . . . I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." The statesman was right in his far-seeing judgment and his conscientious statement of the truth, but the practical politicians were also right in their prediction of the immediate effect. Douglas instantly seized upon the declaration that a house divided against itself can-

not stand as the main objective point of his attack, interpreting it as an excitement to a "relentless sectional war," and there is no doubt that the persistent reiteration of this charge served to frighten not a few timid souls.

Lincoln constantly endeavored to bring the moral and philosophical side of the subject to the foreground. "Slavery is wrong" was the keynote of all his speeches. To Douglas's glittering sophism that the right of the people of a Territory to have slavery or not, as they might desire, was in accordance with the principle of true popular sovereignty, he made the pointed answer: "Then true popular sovereignty, according to Senator Douglas, means that, when one man makes another man his slave, no third man shall be allowed to object." To Douglas's argument that the principle which demanded that the people of a Territory should be permitted to choose whether they would have slavery or not "originated when God made man, and placed good and evil before him, allowing him to choose upon his own responsibility," Lincoln solemnly replied: "No; God did not place good and evil before man, telling him to make his choice. On the contrary, God did tell him there was one tree of the fruit of which he should not eat, upon pain of death." He did not, however, place himself on the most advanced ground taken by the radical antislavery men. He admitted that, under the Constitution, "the Southern people were entitled to a congressional fugitive slave law," although he did not approve the fugitive slave law then existing. He declared also that, if slavery were kept out of the Territories during their territorial existence, as it should be, and if then the people of any Territory, having a fair chance and a clear field, should do such an extraordinary thing as to adopt a slave constitution, uninfluenced by the actual presence of the institution among them, he saw no alternative but to admit such a Territory into the Union. He declared further that, while he should be exceedingly glad to see slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, he should, as a member of Congress, with his present views, not endeavor to bring on that abolition except on condition that emancipation be gradual, that it be approved by the decision of a majority of voters in the District, and that compensation be made to unwilling owners. On every available occasion, he pronounced himself in favor of the deportation and colonization of the blacks, of course with their consent. He repeatedly disavowed any wish on his part to have social and political equality established between whites and blacks. On this point, he summed up his views in a reply to Douglas's assertion that the Declaration of Independence, in speaking of all men as being created equal, did not include the negroes, saying: "I do not understand the Declaration of Independence to mean that all men were created equal in all respects. They are not equal in color. But I believe that it does mean to declare that all men are equal in some respects; they are equal in their right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

With regard to some of these subjects Lincoln modified his position at a later period, and it has been suggested that he would have professed more advanced principles in his debates with Douglas, had he not feared thereby to lose votes. This view can hardly be sustained. Lincoln had the courage of his opinions, but he was not a radical. The man who risked his election by delivering, against the urgent protest of his friends, the speech about "the house divided against itself" would not have shrunk from the expression of more extreme views, had he really entertained them. It is only fair to assume that he said what at the time he really thought, and that if, subsequently, his opinions changed, it was owing to new concep-

tions of good policy and of duty brought forth by an entirely new set of circumstances and exigencies. It is characteristic that he continued to adhere to the impracticable colonization plan even after the Emancipation Proclamation had already been issued.

But in this contest Lincoln proved himself not only a debater, but also a political strategist of the first order. The "kind, amiable, and intelligent gentleman," as Douglas had been pleased to call him, was by no means as harmless as a dove. He perceived keenly the ugly dilemma in which Douglas found himself, between the Dred Scott decision, which declared the right to hold slaves to exist in the Territories by virtue of the Federal Constitution, and his "great principle of popular sovereignty," according to which the people of a Territory, if they saw fit, were to have the right to exclude slavery therefrom. Douglas was twisting and squirming to the best of his ability to avoid the admission that the two were incompatible. The question then presented itself if it would be good policy for Lincoln to force Douglas to a clear expression of his opinion as to whether, the Dred Scott decision notwithstanding, "the people of a Territory could, in any lawful way, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution." Lincoln foresaw and predicted what Douglas would answer: that slavery could not exist in a Territory unless the people desired it, and gave it protection by territorial legislation. In an improvised caucus the policy of pressing the interrogatory on Douglas was discussed. Lincoln's friends unanimously advised against it, because the answer foreseen would sufficiently commend Douglas to the people of Illinois to insure his reëlection to the Senate. But Lincoln persisted. "I am after larger game," said he. "If Douglas so answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." The interrogatory was pressed upon Douglas, and Douglas did answer that, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court might be on the abstract question, the people of a Territory had the lawful means to introduce or exclude slavery by territorial legislation friendly or unfriendly to the institution. Lincoln found it easy to show the absurdity of the proposition that, if slavery were admitted to exist of right in the Territories by virtue of the supreme law, the Federal Constitution, it could not be kept out or expelled by an inferior law, one made by a territorial legislature. Again the judgment of the politicians, having only the nearest object in view, proved correct: Douglas was reëlected to the Senate. But Lincoln's judgment proved correct, also: Douglas, by resorting to the expedient of his "unfriendly legislation doctrine," forfeited his last chance of becoming President of the United States. He might have hoped to win, by sufficient atonement, his pardon from the South for his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution; but that he taught the people of the Territories a trick by which they could defeat what the pro-slavery men considered a constitutional right, and that he called that trick lawful, — this the slave power would never forgive. The breach between the Southern and the Northern democracy was thenceforth irremediable and fatal.

The presidential election of 1860 approached. The struggle in Kansas, and the debates in Congress which accompanied it, and which not unfrequently provoked to violent outbursts, continually stirred the popular excitement. Within the Democratic party raged the war of factions. The national Democratic convention met at Charleston on the 23d of April, 1860. After a struggle of ten days between the adherents and the opponents of Douglas, during which the delegates from the cotton States had withdrawn, the convention adjourned

without having nominated any candidates, to meet again in Baltimore on the 18th of June. There was no prospect, however, of reconciling the hostile elements. It appeared very probable that the Baltimore convention would nominate Douglas, while the seceding Southern Democrats would set up a candidate of their own, representing extreme proslavery principles.

Meanwhile, the national Republican convention assembled at Chicago on the 16th of May, full of enthusiasm and hope. The situation was easily understood. The Democrats would have the South. In order to succeed in the election, the Republicans had to win, in addition to the States carried by Frémont in 1856, those that were classed as "doubtful," — New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, or Illinois in the place of either New Jersey or Indiana. The most eminent Republican statesmen and leaders of the time thought of for the presidency were Seward and Chase, both regarded as belonging to the more advanced order of antislavery men. Of the two, Seward had the largest following, mainly from New York, New England, and the Northwest. Cautious politicians doubted seriously whether Seward, to whom some phrases in his speeches had undeservedly given the reputation of a reckless radical, would be able to command the whole Republican vote in the doubtful States. Besides, during his long public career he had made enemies. It was evident that those who thought Seward's nomination too hazardous an experiment would consider Chase unavailable for the same reason. They would then look round for an "available" man; and among the "available" men Abraham Lincoln was easily discovered to stand foremost. His great debate with Douglas had given him a national reputation. The people of the East being eager to see the hero of so dramatic a contest, he had been induced to visit several Eastern cities, and had astonished and delighted large and distinguished audiences with speeches of singular power and originality. The people of the West had grown proud of him as a distinctively Western great man, and his popularity at home had some peculiar features which could be expected to exercise a potent charm. Nor was Lincoln's name as that of an available candidate left to the chance of accidental discovery. It is indeed not probable that he thought of himself as a presidential possibility, during his contest with Douglas for the senatorship. As late as April, 1859, he had written to a friend who had approached him on the subject that he did not think himself fit for the presidency. The vice-presidency was then the limit of his ambition. But some of his friends in Illinois took the matter seriously in hand, and Lincoln, after some hesitation, then formally authorized "the use of his name." The matter was managed by his friends with such energy and excellent judgment that, in the convention, he had not only the whole vote of Illinois to start with, but won votes on all sides without offending any rival. A large majority of the opponents of Seward went over to Abraham Lincoln, and gave him the nomination on the third ballot. As had been foreseen, Douglas was nominated by one wing of the Democratic party at Baltimore, while the extreme proslavery wing put Breckinridge into the field as its candidate. After an animated campaign, the united Republicans defeated the divided Democrats, and Lincoln was elected President by a majority of fifty-seven votes in the electoral colleges.

The result of the election had hardly been declared when the disunion movement in the South, long threatened and carefully planned and prepared, broke out in the shape of open revolt, and nearly a month before Lincoln could be inaugurated as President of the United States seven Southern States had adopted

ordinances of secession, formed an independent confederacy, framed a constitution for it, and elected Jefferson Davis its president, expecting the other slaveholding States soon to join them. On the 11th of February, 1861, Lincoln left Springfield for Washington; having, with characteristic simplicity, asked his law partner not to change the sign of the firm "Lincoln and Herndon" during the four years' unavoidable absence of the senior partner, and having taken an affectionate and touching leave of his neighbors.

The situation which confronted the new President was appalling: the larger part of the South in open rebellion, the rest of the slaveholding States wavering, preparing to follow; the revolt guided by determined, daring, and skillful leaders; the Southern people, apparently full of enthusiasm and military spirit, rushing to arms, some of the forts and arsenals already in their possession; the government of the Union, before the accession of the new President, in the hands of men some of whom actively sympathized with the revolt, while others were hampered by their traditional doctrines in dealing with it, and really gave it aid and comfort by their irresolute attitude; all the departments full of "Southern sympathizers" and honeycombed with disloyalty; the treasury empty, and the public credit at the lowest ebb; the arsenals ill supplied with arms, if not emptied by treacherous practices; the regular army of insignificant strength, dispersed over an immense surface, and deprived of some of its best officers by defection; the navy small and antiquated. But that was not all. The threat of disunion had so often been resorted to by the slave power in years gone by that most Northern people had ceased to believe in its seriousness. But when disunion actually appeared as a stern reality, something like a chill swept through the whole Northern country. A cry for union and peace at any price rose on all sides. Democratic partisanship reiterated this cry with vociferous vehemence, and even many Republicans grew afraid of the victory they had just achieved at the ballot-box, and spoke of compromise. The country fairly resounded with the noise of "anti-coercion meetings." Expressions of firm resolution from determined antislavery men were indeed not wanting, but they were for a while almost drowned by a bewildering confusion of discordant voices. Even this was not all. Potent influences in Europe, with an ill-concealed desire for the permanent disruption of the American Union, eagerly espoused the cause of the Southern seceders, and the two principal maritime powers of the Old World seemed only to be waiting for a favorable opportunity to lend them a helping hand.

This was the state of things to be mastered by "honest Abe Lincoln" when he sat down in the presidential chair, — "honest Abe Lincoln," who was so good-natured that he could not say "no;" the greatest achievement in whose life had been a debate on the slavery question; who had never been in any position of power; who was without the slightest experience of high executive duties, and who had only a speaking acquaintance with the men upon whose counsel and coöperation he was to depend. Nor was his accession to power under such circumstances greeted with general confidence even by the members of his party. While he had indeed won much popularity, many Republicans, especially among those who had advocated Seward's nomination for the presidency, saw the simple "Illinois lawyer" take the reins of government with a feeling little short of dismay. The orators and journals of the opposition were ridiculing and lampooning him without measure. Many people actually wondered how such a man could dare to undertake a task which, as he himself had said to his neighbors in his

parting speech, was "more difficult than that of Washington himself had been."

But Lincoln brought to that task, aside from other uncommon qualities, the first requisite, — an intuitive comprehension of its nature. While he did not indulge in the delusion that the Union could be maintained or restored without a conflict of arms, he could indeed not foresee all the problems he would have to solve. He instinctively understood, however, by what means that conflict would have to be conducted by the government of a democracy. He knew that the impending war, whether great or small, would not be like a foreign war, exciting a united national enthusiasm, but a civil war, likely to fan to uncommon heat the animosities of party even in the localities controlled by the government; that this war would have to be carried on, not by means of a ready-made machinery, ruled by an undisputed, absolute will, but by means to be furnished by the voluntary action of the people: — armies to be formed by voluntary enlistment; large sums of money to be raised by the people, through their representatives, voluntarily taxing themselves; trusts of extraordinary power to be voluntarily granted; and war measures, not seldom restricting the rights and liberties to which the citizen was accustomed, to be voluntarily accepted and submitted to by the people, or at least a large majority of them; — and that this would have to be kept up not merely during a short period of enthusiastic excitement, but possibly through weary years of alternating success and disaster, hope and despondency. He knew that in order to steer this government by public opinion successfully through all the confusion created by the prejudices and doubts and differences of sentiment distracting the popular mind, and so to propitiate, inspire, mould, organize, unite, and guide the popular will that it might give forth all the means required for the performance of his great task, he would have to take into account all the influences strongly affecting the current of popular thought and feeling, and to direct while appearing to obey.

This was the kind of leadership he intuitively conceived to be needed when a free people were to be led forward *en masse* to overcome a great common danger under circumstances of appalling difficulty, — the leadership which does not dash ahead with brilliant daring, no matter who follows, but which is intent upon rallying all the available forces, gathering in the stragglers, closing up the column, so that the front may advance well supported. For this leadership Abraham Lincoln was admirably fitted, — better than any other American statesman of his day; for he understood the plain people, with all their loves and hates, their prejudices and their noble impulses, their weaknesses and their strength, as he understood himself, and his sympathetic nature was apt to draw their sympathy to him.

His inaugural address foreshadowed his official course in characteristic manner. Although yielding nothing in point of principle, it was by no means a flaming antislavery manifesto, such as would have pleased the more ardent Republicans. It was rather the entreaty of a sorrowing father speaking to his wayward children. In the kindliest language, he pointed out to the secessionists how ill advised their attempt at disunion was, and why, for their own sakes, they should desist. Almost plaintively, he told them that, while it was not *their* duty to destroy the Union, it was *his* sworn duty to preserve it; that the least he could do, under the obligations of his oath, was to possess and hold the property of the United States; that he hoped to do this peaceably; that he abhorred war for any purpose, and that they would have none unless they themselves were the aggressors. It was a masterpiece of persuasiveness, and, while Lincoln had accepted many valuable amendments

suggested by Seward, it was essentially his own. Probably Lincoln himself did not expect his inaugural address to have any effect upon the secessionists, for he must have known them to be resolved upon disunion at any cost. But it was an appeal to the wavering minds in the North, and upon them it made a profound impression. Every candid man, however timid and halting, had to admit that the President was bound by his oath to do his duty; that under that oath he could do no less than he said he would do; that if the secessionists resisted such an appeal as the President had made they were bent upon mischief, and that the government must be supported against them. The partisan sympathy with the Southern insurrection which still existed in the North did indeed not disappear, but it diminished perceptibly under the influence of such reasoning. Those who still resisted it did so at the risk of appearing unpatriotic.

It must not be supposed, however, that Lincoln at once succeeded in pleasing everybody, even among his friends, — even among those nearest to him. In selecting his cabinet, which he did substantially before he left Springfield for Washington, he thought it wise to call to his assistance the strong men of his party, especially those who had given evidence of the support they commanded as his competitors in the Chicago convention. In them he found at the same time representatives of the different shades of opinion within the party, and of the different elements — former Whigs and former Democrats — from which the party had recruited itself. This was sound policy, under the circumstances. It might indeed have been foreseen that among the members of a cabinet so composed troublesome disagreements and rivalries would break out. But it was better for the President to have these strong and ambitious men near him as his coöperators than to have them as his critics in Congress, where their differences might have been composed in a common opposition to him. As members of his cabinet he could hope to control them, and to keep them busily employed in the service of a common purpose, if he had the strength to do so. Whether he did possess this strength was soon tested by a singularly rude trial.

There can be no doubt that the foremost members of his cabinet, Seward and Chase, the most eminent Republican statesmen, had felt themselves wronged by their party when, in its national convention, it preferred to them, for the presidency, a man whom, not unnaturally, they thought greatly their inferior in ability and experience as well as in service. The soreness of that disappointment was intensified when they saw this Western man in the White House, with so much of rustic manner and speech as still clung to him, meeting his fellow-citizens, high and low, on a footing of equality with the simplicity of his good nature, unburdened by any conventional dignity of deportment, and dealing with the great business of state in an easy-going, unmethodical, and apparently somewhat irreverent way. They did not understand such a man. Especially Seward, who, as Secretary of State, considered himself next the Chief Executive, and who quickly accustomed himself to giving orders and making arrangements upon his own motion, thought it necessary that he should rescue the direction of public affairs from hands so unskilled, and take full charge of them himself. At the end of the first month of the administration he submitted a "memorandum" to President Lincoln, which has been first brought to light by Nicolay and Hay, and is one of their most valuable contributions to the history of those days. In that paper Seward actually told the President that, at the end of a month's administration, the government was still without a policy,

either domestic or foreign; that the slavery question should be eliminated from the struggle about the Union; that the matter of the maintenance of the forts and other possessions in the South should be decided with that view; that explanations should be demanded categorically from the governments of Spain and France, which were then preparing, one for the annexation of San Domingo, and both for the invasion of Mexico; that if no satisfactory explanations were received war should be declared against Spain and France by the United States; that explanations should also be sought from Russia and Great Britain, and a vigorous continental spirit of independence against European intervention be aroused all over the American continent; that this policy should be incessantly pursued and directed by somebody; that either the President should devote himself entirely to it, or devolve the direction on some member of his cabinet, whereupon all debate on this policy must end.

This could be understood only as a formal demand that the President should acknowledge his own incompetency to perform his duties, content himself with the amusement of distributing post offices, and resign his power as to all important affairs into the hands of his Secretary of State. It seems to-day incomprehensible how a statesman of Seward's calibre could at that period conceive a plan of policy in which the slavery question had no place; a policy which rested upon the utterly delusive assumption that the secessionists, who had already formed their Southern Confederacy, and were with stern resolution preparing to fight for its independence, could be hoodwinked back into the Union by some sentimental demonstration against European interference; a policy which, at that critical moment, would have involved the Union in a foreign war, thus inviting foreign intervention in favor of the Southern Confederacy, and increasing tenfold its chances in the struggle for independence. But it is still more incomprehensible how Seward could fail to see that this demand of an unconditional surrender was a mortal insult to the head of the government, and that by putting his proposition on paper he delivered himself into the hands of the very man he had insulted; for, had Lincoln, as most Presidents would have done, instantly dismissed Seward, and published the true reason for that dismissal, it would inevitably have been the end of Seward's career. But Lincoln did what not many of the noblest and greatest men in history would have been noble and great enough to do. He considered that Seward was still capable of rendering great service to his country in the place in which he was, if rightly controlled. He ignored the insult, but firmly established his superiority. In his reply, which he forthwith dispatched, he told Seward that the administration had a domestic policy as laid down in the inaugural address with Seward's approval; that it had a foreign policy as traced in Seward's dispatches with the President's approval; that if any policy was to be maintained or changed, he, the President, was to direct that on his responsibility; and that in performing that duty the President had a right to the advice of his secretaries. Seward's fantastic schemes of foreign war and continental policies Lincoln brushed aside by passing them over in silence. Nothing more was said. Seward must have felt that he was at the mercy of a superior man; that his offensive proposition had been generously pardoned as a temporary aberration of a great mind, and that he could atone for it only by devoted personal loyalty. This he did. He was thoroughly subdued, and thenceforth submitted to Lincoln his dispatches for revision and amendment without a murmur. The war with European nations was no longer thought of; the slavery question found in due time its proper

place in the struggle for the Union; and when, at a later period, the dismissal of Seward was demanded by dissatisfied Senators, who attributed to him the shortcomings of the administration, Lincoln stood stoutly by his faithful Secretary of State.

Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, a man of superb presence, of eminent ability and ardent patriotism, of great natural dignity and a certain outward coldness of manner, which made him appear more difficult of approach than he really was, did not permit his disappointment to burst out in such extravagant demonstrations. But Lincoln's ways were so essentially different from his that they never became quite intelligible, and certainly not congenial to him. It might, perhaps, have been better had there been, at the beginning of the administration, some decided clash between Lincoln and Chase, as there was between Lincoln and Seward, to bring on a full mutual explanation, and to make Chase appreciate the real seriousness of Lincoln's nature. But, as it was, their relations always remained somewhat formal, and Chase never felt quite at ease under a chief whom he could not understand, and whose character and powers he never learned to esteem at their true value. At the same time, he devoted himself zealously to the duties of his department, and did the country splendid service under circumstances of extreme difficulty. Nobody recognized this more heartily than Lincoln himself, and they managed to work together until near the end of Lincoln's first presidential term, when Chase, after some disagreements concerning appointments to office, resigned from the treasury, and, after Taney's death, the President made him Chief Justice.

The rest of the cabinet consisted of men of less eminence, who subordinated themselves more easily. In January, 1862, Lincoln found it necessary to bow Cameron out of the war office, and to put in his place Edwin M. Stanton, a man of intensely practical mind, vehement impulses, fierce positiveness, ruthless energy, immense working power, lofty patriotism, and severest devotion to duty. He accepted the war office, not as a partisan, for he had never been a Republican, but only to do all he could in "helping to save the country." The manner in which Lincoln succeeded in taming this lion to his will, by frankly recognizing his great qualities, by giving him the most generous confidence, by aiding him in his work to the full of his power, by kindly yielding or affectionate persuasiveness in cases of differing opinions, or, when it was necessary, by firm assertions of superior authority, bears the highest testimony to his skill in the management of men. Stanton, who had entered the service with rather a mean opinion of Lincoln's character and capacity, became one of his warmest, most devoted, and most admiring friends, and with none of his secretaries was Lincoln's intercourse more intimate. To take advice with candid readiness, and to weigh it without any pride of his own opinion, was one of Lincoln's preëminent virtues; but he had not long presided over his cabinet council when his was felt by all its members to be the ruling mind.

The cautious policy foreshadowed in his inaugural address, and pursued during the first period of the civil war, was far from satisfying all his party friends. The ardent spirits among the Union men thought that the whole North should at once be called to arms, to crush the rebellion by one powerful blow. The ardent spirits among the antislavery men insisted that, slavery having brought forth the rebellion, this powerful blow should at once be aimed at slavery. Both complained that the administration was spiritless, undecided, and lamentably slow in its proceedings. Lincoln reasoned otherwise. The ways of thinking and feeling of the masses,

of the plain people, were constantly present to his mind. The masses, the plain people, had to furnish the men for the fighting, if fighting was to be done. He believed that the plain people would be ready to fight when it clearly appeared necessary, and that they would feel that necessity when they felt themselves attacked. He therefore waited until the enemies of the Union struck the first blow. As soon as, on the 12th of April, 1861, the first gun was fired in Charleston harbor on the Union flag upon Fort Sumter, the call was sounded, and the Northern people rushed to arms.

Lincoln knew that the plain people were now indeed ready to fight in defense of the Union, but not yet ready to fight for the destruction of slavery. He declared openly that he had a right to summon the people to fight for the Union, but not to summon them to fight for the abolition of slavery as a primary object; and this declaration gave him numberless soldiers for the Union who at that period would have hesitated to do battle against the institution of slavery. For a time he succeeded in rendering harmless the cry of the partisan opposition that the Republican administration were perverting the war for the Union into an "abolition war." But when he went so far as to countermand the acts of some generals in the field, looking to the emancipation of the slaves in the districts covered by their commands, loud complaints arose from earnest antislavery men, who accused the President of turning his back upon the antislavery cause. Many of these antislavery men will now, after a calm retrospect, be willing to admit that it would have been a hazardous policy to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union.

Lincoln's views and feelings concerning slavery had not changed. Those who conversed with him intimately upon the subject at that period know that he did not expect slavery long to survive the triumph of the Union, even if it were not immediately destroyed by the war. In this he was right. Had the Union armies achieved a decisive victory in an early period of the conflict, and had the seceded States been received back with slavery, the "slave power" would then have been a defeated power, — defeated in an attempt to carry out its most effective threat. It would have lost its prestige. Its menaces would have been hollow sound, and ceased to make any one afraid. It could no longer have hoped to expand, to maintain an equilibrium in any branch of Congress, and to control the government. The victorious free States would have largely overbalanced it. It would no longer have been able to withstand the onset of a hostile age. It could no longer have ruled, — and slavery had to rule in order to live. It would have lingered for a while, but it would surely have been "in the course of ultimate extinction." A prolonged war precipitated the destruction of slavery; a short war might only have prolonged its death struggle. Lincoln saw this clearly; but he saw also that, in a protracted death struggle, it might still have kept disloyal sentiments alive, bred distracting commotions, and caused great mischief to the country. He therefore hoped that slavery would not survive the war.

But the question how he could rightfully employ his power to bring on its speedy destruction was to him not a question of mere sentiment. He himself set forth his reasoning upon it, at a later period, in one of his inimitable letters. "I am naturally antislavery," said he. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember the time when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act upon that judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took

that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using that power. I understood, too, that, in ordinary civil administration, this oath even forbade me practically to indulge my private abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. I did understand, however, also, that my oath imposed upon me the duty of preserving, to the best of my ability, by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which the Constitution was the organic law. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even *tried* to preserve the Constitution if, to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution all together." In other words, if the salvation of the government, the Constitution, and the Union demanded the destruction of slavery, he felt it to be not only his right, but his sworn duty to destroy it. Its destruction became a necessity of the war for the Union.

As the war dragged on and disaster followed disaster, the sense of that necessity steadily grew upon him. Early in 1862, as some of his friends well remember, he saw, what Seward seemed not to see, that to give the war for the Union an antislavery character was the surest means to prevent the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation by European powers; that, slavery being abhorred by the moral sense of civilized mankind, no European government would dare to offer so gross an insult to the public opinion of its people as openly to favor the creation of a state founded upon slavery to the prejudice of an existing nation fighting against slavery. He saw also that slavery untouched was to the rebellion an element of power, and that in order to overcome that power it was necessary to turn it into an element of weakness. Still, he felt no assurance that the plain people were prepared for so radical a measure as the emancipation of the slaves by act of the government, and he anxiously considered that, if they were not, this great step might, by exciting dissension at the North, injure the cause of the Union in one quarter more than it would help it in another. He heartily welcomed an effort made in New York to mould and stimulate public sentiment on the slavery question by public meetings boldly pronouncing for emancipation. At the same time he himself cautiously advanced with a recommendation, expressed in a special message to Congress, that the United States should coöperate with any State which might adopt the gradual abolishment of slavery, giving such State pecuniary aid to compensate the former owners of emancipated slaves. The discussion was started, and spread rapidly. Congress adopted the resolution recommended, and soon went a step farther in passing a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. The plain people began to look at emancipation on a larger scale, as a thing to be considered seriously by patriotic citizens; and soon Lincoln thought that the time was ripe, and that the edict of freedom could be ventured upon without danger of serious confusion in the Union ranks.

The failure of McClellan's movement upon Richmond increased immensely the prestige of the enemy. The need of some great act to stimulate the vitality of the Union cause seemed to grow daily more pressing. On July 21, 1862, Lincoln surprised his cabinet with the draught of a proclamation declaring free the slaves in all the States that should be still in rebellion against the United States on the 1st of January, 1863. As to the matter itself he announced that he had fully made up his mind; he invited advice only concerning the form and the time of publication.

Seward suggested that the proclamation, if then brought out, amidst disaster and distress, would sound like the last shriek of a perishing cause. Lincoln accepted the suggestion, and the proclamation was postponed. Another defeat followed, the second at Bull Run. But when, after that battle, the Confederate army, under Lee, crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland, Lincoln vowed in his heart that, if the Union army were now blessed with success, the decree of freedom should surely be issued. The victory of Antietam was won on September 17, and the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation came forth on the 22d. It was Lincoln's own resolution and act; but practically it bound the nation, and permitted no step backward. In spite of its limitations, it was the actual abolition of slavery. Thus he wrote his name upon the books of history with the title dearest to his heart, — the liberator of the slave.

It is true, the great proclamation, which stamped the war as one for "union and freedom," did not at once mark the turning of the tide on the field of military operations. There were more disasters, — Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. But with Gettysburg and Vicksburg the whole aspect of the war changed. Step by step, now more slowly, then more rapidly, but with increasing steadiness, the flag of the Union advanced from field to field toward the final consummation. The decree of emancipation was naturally followed by the enlistment of emancipated negroes in the Union armies. This measure had a farther reaching effect than merely giving the Union armies an increased supply of men. The laboring force of the rebellion was hopelessly disorganized. The war became like a problem of arithmetic. As the Union armies pushed forward, the area from which the Southern Confederacy could draw recruits and supplies constantly grew smaller, while the area from which the Union recruited its strength constantly grew larger; and everywhere, even within the Southern lines, the Union had its allies. The fate of the rebellion was then virtually decided; but it still required much bloody work to convince the brave warriors who fought for it that they were really beaten.

Neither did the Emancipation Proclamation forthwith command universal assent among the people who were loyal to the Union. There were even signs of a reaction against the administration in the fall elections of 1862, seemingly justifying the opinion, entertained by many, that the President had really anticipated the development of popular feeling. The cry that the war for the Union had been turned into an "abolition war" was raised again by the opposition, and more loudly than ever. But the good sense and patriotic instincts of the plain people gradually marshaled themselves on Lincoln's side, and he lost no opportunity to help on this process by personal argument and admonition. There never has been a President in such constant and active contact with the public opinion of the country, as there never has been a President who, while at the head of the government, remained so near to the people. Beyond the circle of those who had long known him, the feeling steadily grew that the man in the White House was "honest Abe Lincoln" still, and that every citizen might approach him with complaint, expostulation, or advice, without danger of meeting a rebuff from power-proud authority, or humiliating condescension; and this privilege was used by so many and with such unsparing freedom that only superhuman patience could have endured it all. There are men now living who would to-day read with amazement, if not regret, what they then ventured to say or write to him. But Lincoln repelled no one whom he believed to speak to him in good faith and with patriotic purpose. No

good advice would go unheeded. No candid criticism would offend him. No honest opposition, while it might pain him, would produce a lasting alienation of feeling between him and the opponent. It may truly be said that few men in power have ever been exposed to more daring attempts to direct their course, to severer censure of their acts, and to more cruel misrepresentation of their motives. And all this he met with that good-natured humor peculiarly his own, and with untiring effort to see the right, and to impress it upon those who differed from him. The conversations he had and the correspondence he carried on upon matters of public interest, not only with men in official position, but with private citizens, were almost unceasing, and in a large number of public letters, written ostensibly to meetings, or committees, or persons of importance, he addressed himself directly to the popular mind. Most of these letters stand among the finest monuments of our political literature. Thus he presented the singular spectacle of a President who, in the midst of a great civil war, with unprecedented duties weighing upon him, was constantly in person debating the great features of his policy with the people.

While in this manner he exercised an ever-increasing influence upon the popular understanding, his sympathetic nature endeared him more and more to the popular heart. In vain did papers and speakers of the opposition represent him as a light-minded trifler, who amused himself with frivolous story-telling and coarse jokes. The people knew that the man at the head of affairs was more than any other deeply distressed by the suffering he witnessed; that he felt the pain of every wound that was inflicted on the battlefield, and the anguish of every woman or child who had lost husband or father; that whenever he could he was glad to alleviate sorrow, and that his mercy was never implored in vain. They looked to him as one who was with them and of them in all their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, — who laughed with them and wept with them; and as his heart was theirs, so their hearts turned to him. His popularity was far different from that of Washington, who was revered with awe, or that of Jackson, the unconquerable hero, for whom party enthusiasm never grew weary of shouting. To Abraham Lincoln the people became bound by a genuine sentimental attachment. It was not a matter of respect, or confidence, or party pride, for this feeling spread far beyond the boundary lines of his party; it was an affair of the heart, independent of mere reasoning. When the soldiers in the field or their folks at home spoke of "Father Abraham," there was no cant in it. They felt that their President was really caring for them as a father would, and that they could go to him, every one of them, as they would go to a father, and talk to him of what troubled them, sure to find a willing ear and tender sympathy. Thus, their President, and his cause, and his endeavors, and his success gradually became to them almost matters of family concern. And this popularity carried him triumphantly through the presidential election of 1864, in spite of an opposition within his own party which at first seemed very formidable.

Many of the radical antislavery men were never quite satisfied with Lincoln's ways of meeting the problems of the time. They were very earnest and mostly very able men, who had positive ideas as to "how this rebellion should be put down." They would not recognize the necessity of measuring the steps of the government according to the progress of opinion among the plain people. They criticised Lincoln's cautious management as irresolute, halting, lacking in definite purpose and in energy; he should not have delayed emancipation so long; he should not have confided

important commands to men of doubtful views as to slavery; he should have authorized military commanders to set the slaves free as they went on; he dealt too leniently with unsuccessful generals; he should have put down all factious opposition with a strong hand instead of trying to pacify it; he should have given the people accomplished facts instead of arguing with them, and so on. It is true, these criticisms were not always entirely unfounded. Lincoln's policy had, with the virtues of democratic government, some of its weaknesses, which, in the presence of pressing exigencies, were apt to deprive governmental action of the necessary vigor; and his kindness of heart, his disposition always to respect the feelings of others, frequently made him recoil from anything like severity, even when severity was called for. But many of his radical critics have, since then, revised their judgment sufficiently to admit that Lincoln's policy was, on the whole, the wisest and safest; that a policy of heroic methods, while it has sometimes accomplished great results, could, in a democracy like ours, be maintained only by constant success; that it would have quickly broken down under the weight of disaster; that it might have been successful from the start, had the Union, at the beginning of the conflict, had its Grants and Shermans and Sheridans, its Farraguts and Porters, fully matured at the head of its forces; but that, as the great commanders had to be evolved slowly from the developments of the war, constant success could not be counted upon, and it was best to follow a policy which was in friendly contact with the popular force, and therefore more fit to stand the trial of misfortune on the battlefield. But at that period they thought differently, and their dissatisfaction with Lincoln's doings was greatly increased by the steps he took toward the reconstruction of rebel States then partially in possession of the Union forces.

In December, 1863, Lincoln issued an amnesty proclamation, offering pardon to all implicated in the rebellion, with certain specified exceptions, on condition of their taking and maintaining an oath to support the Constitution and obey the laws of the United States and the proclamations of the President with regard to slaves; and also promising that when, in any of the rebel States, a number of citizens equal to one tenth of the voters in 1860 should reëstablish a state government in conformity with the oath above mentioned, such should be recognized by the Executive as the true government of the State. The proclamation seemed, at first, to be received with general favor. But soon another scheme of reconstruction, much more stringent in its provisions, was put forward in the House of Representatives by Henry Winter Davis. Benjamin Wade championed it in the Senate. It passed in the closing moments of the session in July, 1864, and Lincoln, instead of making it a law by his signature, embodied the text of it in a proclamation as a plan of reconstruction worthy of being earnestly considered. The differences of opinion concerning this subject had only intensified the feeling against Lincoln which had long been nursed among the radicals, and some of them openly declared their purpose of resisting his reëlection to the presidency. Similar sentiments were manifested by the advanced antislavery men of Missouri, who, in their hot faction-fight with the "conservatives" of that State, had not received from Lincoln the active support they demanded. Still another class of Union men, mainly in the East, gravely shook their heads when considering the question whether Lincoln should be reëlected. They were those who cherished in their minds an ideal of statesmanship and of personal bearing in high office with which, in their opinion, Lincoln's individuality was much out of accord. They were shocked when they

heard him cap an argument about grave affairs of state with a story of "a man out in Sangamon County," — a story, to be sure, strikingly clinching his point, but sadly lacking in dignity. They could not understand the man who was capable, in opening a cabinet meeting, of reading to his secretaries a funny chapter from a recent book of Artemus Ward, with which, in an unoccupied moment, he had relieved his care-burdened mind, and who then solemnly informed the executive council that he had vowed in his heart to issue a proclamation emancipating the slaves as soon as God blessed the Union arms with another victory. They were alarmed at the weakness of a President who would indeed resist the urgent remonstrances of statesmen against his policy, but could not resist the prayer of an old woman for the pardon of a soldier who was sentenced to be shot for desertion. Such men, mostly sincere and ardent patriots, not only wished, but earnestly set to work, to prevent Lincoln's renomination. Not a few of them actually believed, in 1863, that, if the national convention of the Union party were held then, Lincoln would not be supported by the delegation of a single State. But when the convention met at Baltimore, in June, 1864, the voice of the people was heard. On the first ballot Lincoln received the votes of the delegations from all the States except Missouri; and even the Missourians turned over their votes to him before the result of the ballot was declared.

But even after his renomination the opposition to Lincoln within the ranks of the Union party did not subside. A convention, called by the dissatisfied radicals in Missouri, and favored by men of a similar way of thinking in other States, had been held already in May, and had nominated as its candidate for the presidency General Frémont. He, indeed, did not attract a strong following, but opposition movements from different quarters appeared more formidable. Henry Winter Davis and Benjamin Wade assailed Lincoln in a flaming manifesto. Other Union men, of undoubted patriotism and high standing, persuaded themselves, and sought to persuade the people, that Lincoln's renomination was ill advised and dangerous to the Union cause. As the Democrats had put off their convention until the 29th of August, the Union party had, during the larger part of the summer, no opposing candidate and platform to attack, and the political campaign languished. Neither were the tidings from the theatre of war of a cheering character. The terrible losses suffered by Grant's army in the battles of the Wilderness spread general gloom. Sherman seemed for a while to be in a precarious position before Atlanta. The opposition to Lincoln within the Union party grew louder in its complaints and discouraging predictions. Earnest demands were heard that his candidacy should be withdrawn. Lincoln himself, not knowing how strongly the masses were attached to him, was haunted by dark forebodings of defeat. Then the scene suddenly changed as if by magic. The Democrats, in their national convention, declared the war a failure, demanded, substantially, peace at any price, and nominated on such a platform General McClellan as their candidate. Their convention had hardly adjourned when the capture of Atlanta gave a new aspect to the military situation. It was like a sun-ray bursting through a dark cloud. The rank and file of the Union party rose with rapidly growing enthusiasm. The song "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," resounded all over the land. Long before the decisive day arrived the result was beyond doubt, and Lincoln was reëlected President by overwhelming majorities. The election over, even his severest critics found themselves forced to admit that Lincoln was the only possible candidate for the Union

party in 1864, and that neither political combinations nor campaign speeches, nor even victories in the field, were needed to insure his success. The plain people had all the while been satisfied with Abraham Lincoln: they confided in him; they loved him; they felt themselves near to him; they saw personified in him the cause of Union and freedom; and they went to the ballot-box for him in their strength.

The hour of triumph called out the characteristic impulses of his nature. The opposition within the Union party had stung him to the quick. Now he had his opponents before him, baffled and humiliated. Not a moment did he lose to stretch out the hand of friendship to all. "Now that the election is over," he said, in response to a serenade, "may not all, having a common interest, reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven, and will strive, to place no obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reëlection, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be pained or disappointed by the result. May I ask those who were with me to join with me in the same spirit toward those who were against me?" This was Abraham Lincoln's character as tested in the furnace of prosperity.

The war was virtually decided, but not yet ended. Sherman was irresistibly carrying the Union flag through the South. Grant had his iron hand upon the ramparts of Richmond. The days of the Confederacy were evidently numbered. Only the last blow remained to be struck. Then Lincoln's second inauguration came, and with it his second inaugural address. Lincoln's famous "Gettysburg speech" has been much and justly admired. But far greater, as well as far more characteristic, was that inaugural, in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die. These were its closing words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart.

Now followed the closing scenes of the war. The Southern armies fought bravely to the last, but all in vain. Richmond fell. Lincoln himself entered the city, accompanied only by his son, "little Tad," and by Charles Sumner. Soon some negroes recognized him, and then he was followed by a throng of those who had been slaves. They pressed around him, kissed his hands and his garments, and shouted and danced for joy, while tears ran down the President's care-furrowed cheeks.

A few days more brought the surrender of Lee's army, and peace was assured. The people of the North were

wild with joy. Everywhere festive guns were booming, bells pealing, the churches ringing with thanksgivings, and jubilant multitudes thronging the thoroughfares, when suddenly the news flashed over the land tnat Abraham Lincoln had been murdered. The people were stunned by the blow. Then a wail of sorrow went up such as America had never heard before. Thousands of Northern households grieved as if they had lost their dearest member. Many a Southern man cried out in his heart that his people had been robbed of their best friend in their humiliation and distress, when Abraham Lincoln was struck down. It was as if the tender affection which his countrymen bore him had inspired all nations with a common sentiment. All civilized mankind stood mourning around the coffin of the dead President. Many of those, here and abroad, who not long before had ridiculed and reviled him were among the first to hasten on with their flowers of eulogy, and in that universal chorus of lamentation and praise there was not a voice that did not tremble with genuine emotion. Never since Washington's death had there been such unanimity of judgment as to a man's virtues and greatness; and even Washington's death, although his name was held in greater reverence, did not touch so sympathetic a chord in the people's hearts.

Nor can it be said that this was owing to the tragic character of Lincoln's end. It is true, the death of this gentlest and most merciful of rulers by the hand of a mad fanatic was well apt to exalt him beyond his merits in the estimation of those who loved him, and to make his renown the object of peculiarly tender solicitude. But it is also true that the verdict pronounced upon him in those days has been affected little by time, and that historical inquiry has served rather to increase than to lessen the appreciation of his virtues, his abilities, and his services. Giving the fullest measure of credit to his great ministers, — to Seward for his conduct of foreign affairs, to Chase for the management of the finances under terrible difficulties, to Stanton for the performance of his tremendous task as war secretary, — and readily acknowledging that without the skill and fortitude of the great commanders, and the heroism of the soldiers and sailors under them, success could not have been achieved, the historian still finds that Lincoln's judgment and will were by no means governed by those around him; that the most important steps were owing to his initiative; that his was the deciding and directing mind; and that it was preëminently he whose sagacity and whose character enlisted for the administration in its struggles the countenance, the sympathy, and the support of the people. It is found, even, that his judgment on military matters was astonishingly acute, and that the advice and instructions he gave to the generals commanding in the field would not seldom have done honor to the ablest of them. History, therefore, without overlooking, or palliating, or excusing any of his shortcomings or mistakes, continues to place him foremost among the saviours of the Union and the liberators of the slave. More than that, it awards to him the merit of having accomplished what but few political philosophers would have recognized as possible, — of leading the republic through four years of furious civil conflict without any serious detriment to its free institutions.

He was, indeed, while President, violently denounced by the opposition as a tyrant and a usurper, for having gone beyond his constitutional powers in authorizing or permitting the temporary suppression of newspapers, and in wantonly suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* and resorting to arbitrary arrests. Nobody should be blamed who, when such things are done, in good faith and from patriotic motives protests against them.

In a republic, arbitrary stretches of power, even when demanded by necessity, should never be permitted to pass without a protest on the one hand, and without an apology on the other. It is well they did not so pass during our civil war. That arbitrary measures were resorted to is true. That they were resorted to most sparingly, and only when the government thought them absolutely required by the safety of the republic, will now hardly be denied. But certain it is that the history of the world does not furnish a single example of a government passing through so tremendous a crisis as our civil war was with so small a record of arbitrary acts, and so little interference with the ordinary course of law outside the field of military operations. No American President ever wielded such power as that which was thrust into Lincoln's hands. It is to be hoped that no American President ever will have to be entrusted with such power again. But no man was ever entrusted with it to whom its seductions were less dangerous than they proved to be to Abraham Lincoln. With scrupulous care, he endeavored, even under the most trying circumstances, to remain strictly within the constitutional limitations of his authority; and whenever the boundary became indistinct, or when the dangers of the situation forced him to cross it, he was equally careful to mark his acts as exceptional measures, justifiable only by the imperative necessities of the civil war, so that they might not pass into history as precedents for similar acts in time of peace. It is an unquestionable fact that during the reconstruction period which followed the war more things were done capable of serving as dangerous precedents than during the war itself. Thus it may truly be said of him not only that under his guidance the republic was saved from disruption and the country was purified of the blot of slavery, but that, during the stormiest and most perilous crisis in our history, he so conducted the government and so wielded his almost dictatorial power as to leave essentially intact our free institutions in all things that concern the rights and liberties of the citizen. He understood well the nature of the problem. In his first message to Congress he defined it in admirably pointed language: "Must a government be of necessity too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence? Is there in all republics this inherent weakness?" This question he answered in the name of the great American republic, as no man could have answered it better, with a triumphant "No."

It has been said that Abraham Lincoln died at the right moment for his fame. However that may be, he had, at the time of his death, certainly not exhausted his usefulness to his country. He was probably the only man who could have guided the nation through the perplexities of the reconstruction period in such a manner as to prevent in the work of peace the revival of the passions of the war. He would indeed not have escaped serious controversy as to details of policy; but he could have weathered it far better than any other statesman of his time, for his prestige with the active politicians had been immensely strengthened by his triumphant reëlection; and, what is more important, he would have been supported by the confidence of the victorious Northern people that he would do all to secure the safety of the Union and the rights of the emancipated negro, and at the same time by the confidence of the defeated Southern people that nothing would be done by him from motives of vindictiveness, or of unreasoning fanaticism, or of a selfish party spirit. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," the foremost of the victors would have personified in himself the genius of reconciliation.

He might have rendered the country

a great service in another direction. A few days after the fall of Richmond, he pointed out to a friend the crowd of office-seekers besieging his door. "Look at that," said he. "Now we have conquered the rebellion, but here you see something that may become more dangerous to this republic than the rebellion itself." It is true, Lincoln as President did not profess what we now call civil service reform principles. He used the patronage of the government in many cases avowedly to reward party work, in many others to form combinations and to produce political effects advantageous to the Union cause, and in still others simply to put the right man into the right place. But in his endeavors to strengthen the Union cause, and in his search for able and useful men for public duties, he frequently went beyond the limits of his party, and gradually accustomed himself to the thought that, while party service had its value, considerations of the public interest were, as to appointments to office, of far greater consequence. Moreover, there had been such a mingling of different political elements in support of the Union during the civil war that Lincoln, standing at the head of that temporarily united motley mass, hardly felt himself, in the narrow sense of the term, a party man. And as he became strongly impressed with the dangers brought upon the republic by the use of public offices as party spoils, it is by no means improbable that, had he survived the all-absorbing crisis and found time to turn to other objects, one of the most important reforms of later days would have been pioneered by his powerful authority. This was not to be. But the measure of his achievements was full enough for immortality.

To the younger generation Abraham Lincoln has already become a half-mythical figure, which, in the haze of historic distance, grows to more and more heroic proportions, but also loses in distinctness of outline and feature. This is indeed the common lot of popular heroes; but the Lincoln legend will be more than ordinarily apt to become fanciful, as his individuality, assembling seemingly incongruous qualities and forces in a character at the same time grand and most lovable, was so unique, and his career so abounding in startling contrasts. As the state of society in which Abraham Lincoln grew up passes away, the world will read with increasing wonder of the man who, not only of the humblest origin, but remaining the simplest and most unpretending of citizens, was raised to a position of power unprecedented in our history; who was the gentlest and most peace-loving of mortals, unable to see any creature suffer without a pang in his own breast, and suddenly found himself called to conduct the greatest and bloodiest of our wars; who wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature; who was a cautious conservative by temperament and mental habit, and led the most sudden and sweeping social revolution of our time; who, preserving his homely speech and rustic manner even in the most conspicuous position of that period, drew upon himself the scoffs of polite society, and then thrilled the soul of mankind with utterances of wonderful beauty and grandeur; who, in his heart the best friend of the defeated South, was murdered because a crazy fanatic took him for its most cruel enemy; who, while in power, was beyond measure lampooned and maligned by sectional passion and an excited party spirit, and around whose bier friend and foe gathered to praise him — which they have since never ceased to do — as one of the greatest of Americans and the best of men.

Carl Schurz.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXXIII.

THE DISTANT TOPSAIL.

I FOUND Walkirk still fishing near the place where I had left him.

"I was beginning to be surprised at your long absence," he said, "and was thinking of going to look for you. Have you had good luck?"

This was a hard question to answer. I smiled grimly. "I have not been fishing," I answered. "I have been dictating my story to my nun."

The rod dropped from the relaxed fingers of my understudy, and he stood blankly staring at me, and waiting for an explanation. I gave it.

Depressed as I was, I could not help feeling interested in the variety of expressions which passed over Walkirk's face, as I related what had happened since I had seen him. When I told him how near we were to our old camp on the Sand Lady's island, he was simply amazed; his astonishment, when he heard of the appearance of Sylvia on the scene, was almost overpowered by his amusement, as I related how she and I had continued the story of Tomaso and Lucilla, in the shade of the tree. But when I informed him of Sylvia's determination to devote her life to the work of the House of Martha, without regard to what I told her of my love, he was greatly moved, and I am sure sincerely grieved.

"This is too bad, too bad," he said. "I did not expect it."

"Miss Raynor is young," I answered, "but the strength and integrity of her soul are greater, and her devotion to what she believes her duty is stronger, than I supposed. Her character is marked by a simple sincerity and a noble dignity which I have never seen surpassed. I think that she positively dislikes the life of the sisterhood, but, having devoted herself to it, she will stand firmly by her resolutions and her promise, no matter what happens. As regards myself, I do not suppose that her knowledge of my existence has any influence on her, one way or the other. I may have interested and amused her, but that is all. If I had finished the Italian love-story I had been telling her, I think she would have been satisfied never to have seen me again."

Walkirk shook his head. "I do not believe that," he said; "her determination to rivet the bonds which hold her to her sisterhood shows that she was afraid of her interest in you; and if it gave her reason to fear, it gives you reason to hope."

"Put that in the past tense, please," I replied; "whatever it may have given, it gives nothing now. To hope would be absurd."

"Mr. Vanderley," exclaimed Walkirk, "I would not give up in that way. I am certain, from what I know, that Miss Raynor's interest in you is plain not only to herself, but to her family and friends; and I tell you, sir, that sort of interest cannot be extinguished by promises and resolutions. If I were you, I would keep up the fight. She is not yet a vowed sister."

"Walkirk," said I, offering him my hand, "you are a good fellow, and, although I cannot believe what you say, I thank you for saying it."

It was now long past noon, and we were both ready for the luncheon which we had brought with us. Walkirk opened the basket, and as he arranged its contents on the broad napkin, which he spread upon the grass, he ruminated.

"I think," he remarked, as we were eating, "that I begin to understand the

situation. At first I could not reconcile the facts with the Sand Lady's statement that no one lived on her island but her family, but now I see that this creek must make an island of her domain; and so it is that, although Captain Jabe is her neighbor, her statement is entirely correct."

Having finished our meal, I lighted my pipe and sat down under a tree, while Walkirk, with his rod, wandered away along the bank of the stream. After a while he returned, and proposed that we try fishing near the eastern outlet of the creek, where, as the tide was coming in, we might find better sport.

"That will be a very good thing for you to do," said I, "but I shall not fish. I am going to Mrs. Raynor's house."

"Where?" exclaimed Walkirk.

"I am going to speak to Mrs. Raynor," I answered, "whom I have known only as the Sand Lady, but whom I must now know as Sylvia's mother. I have determined to act boldly and openly in this matter. I have made suit to Mrs. Raynor's daughter. I have told other people of the state of my affections, and I think I should lose no time, having now the opportunity, in conferring with Mrs. Raynor herself."

Walkirk's face was troubled.

"You do not approve of that?" I asked.

"Since you ask me," he answered, "I must say that I do not think it a wise thing to do. If I properly understand Miss Raynor's character, her mother knows that you are here; and if she is willing to have you visit her, under the circumstances, she will make a sign. In fact, I now think that she will make some sort of sign, by which you can see how the land lies. Perhaps Mrs. Raynor is on your side; but I am afraid that if you should visit the house where Miss Raynor is, it would set her mother against you. I imagine she is a woman who would not like that sort of thing."

"Walkirk," said I, "your reasoning is very good; but this is not a time to reason, — it is a time to act; and I am going to see Mrs. Raynor this day."

"I hope it may all turn out well," he replied, and walked away gravely.

I did not start immediately for the Sand Lady's house. For a long time I sat and thought upon the subject of the approaching interview, planning and considering how I should plead my case, and what I should answer, and how I should overcome the difficulties which would probably be pointed out to me.

At last, like many another man when in a similar predicament, I concluded to let circumstances shape my plan of action, and set forth for Mrs. Raynor's house. The walk was a long one, but I turned in order to pass under the tree where I had begun to dictate to Sylvia; and glad I was that I did so, for to the twig on which I had hung the case containing her inkstand there was now attached a half sheet of note paper. I ran to the tree, eagerly seized the paper, and read these few words that were written on it: —

"Thank you very much for taking such good care of my little case."

"Now, then," said I to myself, proudly gazing at these lines, "this is only a small thing, but the girl who would write it, and who would expect me to read it, must be interested in me. She believes that I would not fail to come here again; therefore she believes in me. That is a great point."

For a moment I felt tempted to write something in reply, and hang it on the tree twig. But I refrained; what I would write to Sylvia must be read by no one but herself. That tree was in a very conspicuous position, and my tamest words to her must not hang upon it. I carefully folded the paper and put it in my pocket, and then, greatly encouraged, walked rapidly to the house.

On the front piazza I found an elderly woman, with a broom. She knew

me, for she had frequently seen me during the time that I was encamped upon the island. She was now greatly surprised at my appearance on the scene.

"Why, sir," she exclaimed, without waiting for me to speak, "have you come back to your camp? It is too bad."

I did not like this salutation. But, making no answer to it, I asked quickly, "Can I see Mrs. Raynor?"

"No, indeed," said she; "they 've gone, every one of them, and not an hour ago. What a pity they did not know you were here!"

"Gone!" I cried. "Where?"

"They 've gone off in their yacht for a cruise," returned the woman. "The vessel has been at Brimley for more than a week, being repaired, and she got back this morning; and as she was all ready to sail, they just made up their minds that they 'd go off in her, for one of their little voyages they are so fond of; and off they went, in less than two hours."

"How long do they expect to be gone?" I asked.

"Mrs. Raynor told me they would be away probably for a week or two," the woman answered, "and she would stop somewhere and telegraph to me when she was coming back. Of course there is n't any telegraph to this island, but when messages come to Brimley they send them over in a boat."

Having determined to speak to Mrs. Raynor, and having set out to do so, this undertaking appeared to me the most important thing in the world, and one in which I must press forward, without regard to obstacles of any kind.

"Are they going to any particular place?" I said. "Are they going to stop anywhere?"

"There is only one place that I know of," she answered, "and that 's Sanpritchit, over on the mainland. They expect to stop there to get provisions for the cruise, for there was but little here that they could take with them. They wanted to get there before dark, and I don't doubt but that, with this wind, they 'll do it. If you 'll step to this end of the piazza, sir, perhaps you can see their topsail. I saw it just before you came, as they were beginning to make the long tack."

"Yes, there it is," she continued, when we reached the place referred to, from which a vast stretch of the bay could be seen, "but not so much of it as I saw just now."

"Their topsail!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, sir," she said. "You can't see their mainsail, because they are so far away, and it 's behind the water, in a manner."

I stood silent for a few minutes, gazing at the little ship. Suddenly a thought struck me. "Do you think they will sail on Sunday?" I asked.

"No, sir," she replied; "Mrs. Raynor never sails on Sunday. And that 's why I wondered, after they 'd gone, why they 'd started off on a Saturday. They will have to lay up at Sanpritchit all day to-morrow; and it seems to me it would have been a great deal pleasanter for them to stay here Sunday, and to have started on Monday. There 's no church at Sanpritchit, or anything for them to do, so far as I know, unless Miss Raynor reads sermons to them, which she never did here, though she 's a religious sister, which perhaps you did n't know, sir."

"Sanpritchit over Sunday," I repeated to myself.

"It 's the greatest pity," said the woman, "that they did n't know you and the other gentleman — that is, if he is with you — were coming back to-day, for I am sure they would have been glad to take you with them. There 's room enough on that yacht, and will be more; for Mr. Heming, the gentleman that collects shells, is not coming back with them. They are to put him off somewhere, and he is going home. I have an

idea, though I was n't told so, that Miss Raynor is not coming back with the rest. She brought very little baggage with her, but she took a lot of things on board the yacht, and that looks as if she was n't coming back. But, bless me, they went off in such a hurry I did n't have time to ask questions."

I now turned to go, but the woman obliged me to inform her that I had not come to camp on the island, and that I was staying with Captain Jabe.

"When they go off in this way," she said, "they take the maids, and leave me and my husband in charge; and if you should fancy to come here and camp again, I know that Mrs. Raynor would wish me to make things as comfortable for you as I can, which, too, I 'll be very glad to do."

I thanked her, and went away. "This good woman," said I to myself, "is the person who would have read my message to Sylvia, had I been foolish enough to hang one to the twig of the tree."

XXXIV.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL.

Captain Jabez did not return until late that Saturday evening; but as soon as he set foot on shore I went to him and asked him if he could, in any way, get us to Sanpritchit that night, offering to pay him liberally for the service.

"I 've got a sailboat," said he, "and ye 'd be right welcome to it if it was here; but it ain't here. I lent it to Captain Neal, of Brimley, having no present use for it, and he won't bring it back till next week some time. There 's a dory here, to be sure; but Sanpritchit 's twenty-five miles away, and that 's too far to go in a dory, especially at night. What 's your hurry?"

"I have very important business in Sanpritchit," I answered, "and if it is possible I must go there to-night."

"Sanpritchit 's a queer place to have business in," said Captain Jabe; "and it 's a pity ye did n't think of it this mornin', when ye might have gone with me and took the train to Barley, and there 's a stage from there to Sanpritchit."

"Captain Jabez," said I, "as there seems to be no other way for me to do this thing, I will pay you whatever you may think the service worth, if you will take me to Sanpritchit in your grocery boat, and start immediately. It will be slow work traveling, I know, but I think we can surely get there before morning."

The grocer-captain looked at me for a moment, with his eyes half shut; then he set down on the pier a basket which had been hanging on his arm, and, putting both hands in his pockets, stared steadfastly at me.

"Do you know," he remarked presently, "that that 'ere proposition of yours puts me in mind of a story I heard of a California man and a New York man. The California man had come East to spend the winter, and the New York man was a business acquaintance o' his. The California man called at the New York man's office before business hours; and when he found the New York man had n't come down town yet, he went up town to see him at his house. It was a mighty fine house, and the New York man, being proud of it, took the California man all over it. 'Look here,' said the California man, 'what will you take for this house, furniture and all, just as it stands?' 'I 'll take a hundred and twenty thousand dollars,' said the New York man. 'Does that include all the odds and ends,' asked the California man, — 'old magazines, umbrellas, needles and pins, empty bottles, photographs, candlesticks, Japanese fans, coal ashes, and all that kind of thing, that make a house feel like a home? My family 's comin' on from California with nothin' but their clothes,

and I want a house they can go right into and feel at home, even to the cold victuals for a beggar, if one happens to come along.' 'If I throw in the odds and ends, it will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand,' said the New York man. 'That 's all right,' said the California man, 'and my family will arrive, with their clothes, on the train that gets here at 6.20 this afternoon; so if your family can get out of the house before that time, I 'm ready to pay the money, cash down.' 'All right,' said the New York man, 'I 'll see that they do it.' And at ten minutes after six the New York family went out with their clothes to a hotel, and at twenty minutes of seven the California family came to the house with their clothes, and found everything all ready for 'em, the servants havin' agreed to stay at California wages.

"Now, then," continued Captain Jabez, "I don't want to hurt nobody's feelin's, and I would n't say one word that would make the smallest infant think less of itself than it did afore I spoke, but it does strike me that that there proposition of yours is a good deal like the California man's offer to the New York man."

"Well," said I, "that turned out very well. Each got what he wanted."

"Yes," replied Captain Jabez, "but this ain't New York city. No, sir, not by a long shot. I am just as willin' to accommodate a fellow-man, or a fellow-woman, for that matter, as any reasonable person is; but if the President of the United States, and Queen Victoria, and the prophet Isaiah was to come to me of a Saturday night, after I 'd just got home from a week's work, and ask me to start straight off and take them to Sanpritchit, I 'd tell 'em that I 'd be glad to oblige 'em, but it could n't be done: and that 's what I say to ye, sir, — neither more nor less." And with this he picked up his basket and went into the house.

I was not discouraged, however, and when the captain came out I proposed to him that he should take me to Sanpritchit the next day.

"No, sir," said he. "I never have sailed my grocery boat on Sunday, and I don't feel like beginnin'."

I walked away, but shortly afterward joined him on board his vessel, which he was just about to leave for the night.

"Captain," I asked, "when does Sunday end in this part of the country?"

"Well, strictly speaking, it 's supposed to end at sunset, or commonly at six o'clock."

"Very well," said I; "if you will start with me for Sanpritchit at six o'clock to-morrow evening, I will pay you your price."

I made this offer in the belief that, with ordinary good fortune, we could reach our destination before the Raynor yacht weighed anchor on Monday morning.

Captain Jabez considered the matter. "I am going to Sanpritchit on Monday, any way," said he; "and if you 're in such a hurry to be there the first thing in the morning, I 'd just as lieve sail to-morrow evening at six o'clock as not."

It was not much after the hour at which some people in that part of the country, when they have a reason for it, still believe that Sunday comes to an end that the grocery boat left her pier with Captain Jabez, Abner, Walkirk, and me on board. There was nothing at all exhilarating in this expedition. I wanted to go rapidly, and I knew we should go slowly. I had passed a dull day, waiting for the time to start, and, to avoid thinking of the slow progress we should make, I soon turned in.

I woke very early, and went on deck. I do not know that I can remember a more disagreeable morning. It was day, but the sun was not up; it was not cloudy, but there was a filmy uncertainty about the sky that was more unpleasant than the clouds. The air was cold,

raw, and oppressive. There was no one on deck but Abner, and he was at the wheel, which, on account of the grocery store occupying so large a portion of the after part of the vessel, was placed well forward. Only a jib and mainsail were set, and as I came on deck these were fluttering and sagging, as Abner carefully brought the vessel round. Now I saw that we were floating slowly toward the end of a long pier, and that we were going to land.

As I leaned over the side of the vessel, I did not wonder that Captain Jabez thought Sanpritchit was not much of a place to do business in. There were few houses, perhaps a dozen, scattered here and there along a low shore, which rose, at one end of the place, into a little bluff, behind which I saw a mast or two. On the pier was a solitary man, and he was the only living being in sight. It was that dreary time before breakfast, when everything that seems cheerless is more cheerless, everything that is sad more sad, everything that is discouraging more discouraging, and which right-minded persons who are able to do so spend in bed.

Gradually the vessel approached the pier, and Abner, to whom I had not yet spoken, for I did not feel in the least like talking, left the wheel, and, as soon as he was near enough, threw a small line to the man on the pier, who caught it, pulling ashore a cable with a loop in the end, threw the latter over a post, and in a few minutes the grocery boat was moored. The man came on board, and he and Abner went below.

It was too early to go on shore, for nothing could be done at that bleak, unearthly hour; but I was in that state of nervous disquietude when any change is a relief, and I stepped ashore. I was glad to put my feet upon the pier. Now I felt that I was my own master. It was too soon to go on board the yacht, but I could regulate my movements as I pleased, and was very willing to be alone during the hour or two in which I must remain inactive.

I walked over the loose and warped planks of the pier, the dull water rippling and flopping about the timbers beneath me, inhaling that faint smell of the quiet water and soaked logs, which is always a little dispiriting to me even at less dispiriting hours. The crowing of one or two cocks made me understand how dreadfully still everything was. The stillness of the very early morning is quite different from that of the night. During the latter people are asleep, and may be presumed to be happy. In the former they are about to wake up and be miserable. That, at least, was my notion, as I walked into the little village.

Not a creature did I see; not a sound did I hear except my own footsteps. Presently I saw a cat run around the corner of a house, and this was a relief. I walked on past a wide space, in which there were no houses, when I came to a small, irregularly built white house, in front of which hung a sign bearing the inscription "Central Hotel." If anything could have made me more disgusted with the world than I then was, it was this sign. If the name of this miserable little country tavern had been anything suitable to itself and the place, if it had been called The Plough and Harrow, The Gray Horse, or even The Blue Devil, I think I should have been glad to see it. A village inn might have been a point of interest to me, but Central Hotel in this mournful settlement of small farmers and fishermen, — it was ridiculous!

However, the door of the house was open, and inside was a man sweeping the sanded floor. When he saw me, he stopped his work and stared at me.

"Good-mornin'," he said. "Don't often see strangers here so airly. Did ye come on the grocery boat? I saw her puttin' in. Do ye want a room? Time for a good nap before breakfast."

I answered that I did not want a room, but the remark about breakfast made me feel that I should like a cup of coffee, and perhaps I might get it here. It might have been a more natural thing to go back to the boat and ask Abner to make me the coffee, but I did not want to go back to the boat. I did not want to wake Walkirk. I did not want to have him with me on shore. I did not want to have him talk to me. My present intention was to go to the yacht as soon as it was reasonable to suppose that its passengers were awake, to see Mrs. Raynor, and say to her what I had to say. I did not feel in the proper spirit for this; but, in the spirit in which I found myself, the less I was trammeled by advice, by suggestions of prudence, and all that sort of thing, the better it would be for me. So I was very glad that my understudy was asleep on the grocery boat, and hoped that he would remain in that condition until I had had my talk with Sylvia's mother.

I put my request to the man, and he smiled. "Ye can't get no coffee," he said, "until breakfast time, and that's pretty nigh two hours off. There is people in the place that have breakfast earlier than we do, but we keep boarders, ye know. We've only got Captain Fluke now, but generally have more; and ye could n't ask a man like Captain Fluke to git up to his breakfast before half past seven. Then ye don't want yer baggage sent fur? Perhaps ye've come ter see friends, an' it's a little airly ter drop in on 'em? Come in, any way, and take a seat."

I accepted the invitation. Sitting indoors might possibly be less dreary than walking out-of-doors.

"Now I tell ye what ye ought to do," continued the man. "Ye ought to take a nip of whiskey with some bitters in it. It's always kinder damp airly in the mornin', and ye must feel it more, bein' in a strange place. I've always thought a strange place was damper, airly in the mornin', than a place ye 're used ter; and there's nothin' like whiskey with a little bitters to get out dampness."

I declined to partake of any Central Hotel whiskey, adding that the one refreshment I now needed was a cup of coffee.

"But there's no fire in the kitchen," said he, "and there won't be for ever so long. That's how whiskey comes in so handy; don't have to have no fire. Ye jes' pour it out and drink it, and there's the end of it."

"Not always," I remarked.

"Ye're right there," said he, with a smile. "A good deal depends on how much ye pour." He turned away, but stopped suddenly. "Look here," said he; "if ye say so, I'll make ye a cup of coffee. I've got an alcohol lamp up there that I can boil water with in no time. I'm out of alcohol, but, if you'll pay for it, I'll fill the lamp with whiskey; that'll burn just as well."

I willingly agreed to his proposition, and the man immediately disappeared into the back part of the house.

I sat and looked about the little bar-room, in which there was absolutely nothing of the quaint interest which one associates with a country inn. It was a bare, cold, hard, sandy, dirty room; its air tainted with the stale odors of whiskey, sugar, and wood still wet from its morning mopping. In less than fifteen minutes the man placed before me a cup of coffee and some soda biscuit. The coffee was not very good, but it was hot, and when I had finished it I felt like another man.

"There, now," cried the bar-keeper, looking at me with great satisfaction, "don't that take the dampness out of ye? I tell ye there's no such stiffener in the airly mornin' as whiskey; and if ye don't use it in one way, ye can in another."

Truly the world seemed warmer and more cheerful; the sun was brighter.

Perhaps now it was not too early to go on board the yacht. At any rate, I would go near where she lay, and judge for myself. I made inquiries of the inn-keeper in regard to Mrs. Raynor's yacht.

"Yacht!" he said. "There's no yacht here."

"You must be mistaken!" I cried. "A yacht belonging to Mrs. Raynor sailed for Sanpritchit on Saturday, and it was not to leave here until this morning."

"Sanpritchit!" he exclaimed. "This is not Sanpritchit."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in amazement. "That boat was bound direct for Sanpritchit."

"Captain Jabe's boat?" said the man. "Yes, and so she is. She sails fur Sanpritchit every Monday mornin', and generally stops here when she's got any freight ter leave fur the store, though I never knowed her ter come so airly in the mornin'."

"My conscience!" I exclaimed. "I must get on board of her."

"Aboard of her!" said he. "She's been gone more'n half an hour. She don't often stop here more'n ten minutes, if she's got the tide with her, which she has this mornin', strong."

XXXV.

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

I rushed out of the Central Hotel, and looked over the water, but I could see nothing of the grocery boat: she had disappeared beyond the bluff, behind which I had stupidly taken it for granted Mrs. Raynor's yacht was lying.

"Oh, she's clean gone," said the bar-keeper, who had joined me, "an' she's not likely to come back ag'in' wind an' tide. They must have thought you was asleep in your berth."

This was undoubtedly the truth, for there was no reason to suppose that any one on the boat knew I had gone on shore.

"Where can I get a boat to follow them?" I cried.

"Can't say exactly," said the man. "We've got a big catboat, but she's on the stocks gettin' a new stern post put in. You can see her mast stickin' up over the bluff, there. I don't think there's any other sailboat in the place jes' now, and Captain Fluke's havin' his fresh painted. I told him it was a bad time o' the year to do it in; but he's Captain Fluke, and that's all there's to say about it. There's rowboats; but Sanpritchit's eight miles from here, and it's a putty long pull there and back, and I don't know anybody here who'd care to take it. If ye want to go to Sanpritchit, ye ought to go in a wagon. That's lots the easiest way."

"Where can I get a horse and vehicle?" I asked quickly, so much enraged with myself that I was glad to have some one to direct my movements.

"That's more'n I know, jes' this minute," said the man; "but if ye'll step inside and sit down, I'll go and ask 'em at the store what they can do fur ye. If it ain't open yet, I'll know where ter find 'em. If anybody comes along for a mornin' drink, jes' tell 'em to wait a minute, and I'll be back."

In about fifteen or twenty minutes the bar-keeper returned, and announced that I could not hire the horse at the store, for one of his hind shoes was off, and they wanted to use him, any way. He had asked two or three other people, also, for the village was waking up by this time, but none of them could let me have a horse.

"But I'll tell ye what ye can do," said the man, "if ye choose to wait here a little while. The boss of this house went over to Stipbitts last night to see his mother, and I expect him back putty soon, and I guess he'll let ye have his hoss. Ye see the people about here ain't used to hiring hosses,

and we is. People as keeps hotels is expected to do it."

There was nothing for me to do but to wait for the return of the landlord of Central Hotel; and for very nearly an hour I walked up and down the main street of that wretched little hamlet, the name of which I neither heard nor asked, cursing my own stupidity and the incapacity of the waterside rustic.

When the "boss" arrived he was willing to let me have his mare and his buckboard, and a boy to drive me; but the animal must be fed first, and of course I would not start off without my breakfast. As I had to wait, and the morning meal was almost ready, I partook of it; but the mare gave a great deal more time to her breakfast than I gave to mine. I hurried the preparations as much as I could, and shortly after eight o'clock we started. My little expedition had the features of a useless piece of trouble, but I had carefully considered the affair, and concluded that I had a good chance of success. Almost any horse could take me eight miles in an hour and a half, even with poor roads, and, from what I knew of the industrial methods of this part of the country, I did not believe that the necessary supplies would be put on the yacht before half past nine: therefore, I did not allow myself to doubt that I should reach Sanpritchit in time to see Mrs. Raynor.

The mare was a very deliberate traveler, and the boy who sat beside me was an easily satisfied driver.

"We must go faster than this," said I, after we had reached what appeared to be a highroad, "or I shall not get to Sanpritchit in time to attend to my business there."

"Ye can't drive a hoss too fast when ye first set out," answered the boy. "Ye 'll hurt a hoss if ye do that. After a little while she 'll warm up, and then she 'll go better. Oh, she can go if she 's a mind ter. She 's a rattler when she really gets goin'."

"I don't want her to rattle," said I; "but what is her ordinary rate of travel, — how many miles an hour, do you suppose?"

"Don't know as I ever counted," the boy said. "Some miles she goes faster, and some miles she goes slower. A good deal depends on whether it 's uphill or downhill."

"Well," said I, taking out my watch, "we must keep her up to six miles an hour, at least, and then we shall do the eight miles by half past nine, with something to spare."

"Eight miles!" repeated the boy. "Eight miles to where?"

"Sanpritchit," replied I. "That 's what they told me."

"Oh, that 's by water," said the driver; "but this road 's got to go around the end of the bay, and after that 'way round the top of the big marsh, and that makes it a good seventeen miles to Sanpritchit. Half past nine! Why, the boss told me, if I did n't get there before twelve, I must stop somewhere and water the mare and give her some oats. I 've got a bag of them back there."

I sat dumb. Of course, with this conveyance, and seventeen miles between me and Sanpritchit, it was absurd to suppose that I could get there before the yacht sailed. It was ridiculous to go an inch farther on such a tedious and useless journey.

"Boy," I asked, "where is the nearest railroad station?"

"Stipbitts," said he.

"How far?"

"Five miles."

"Take me there," I said.

The boy looked at me in surprise. "I can't do that. I was told to take you to Sanpritchit: that 's where I 'm goin', and I 'm goin' to bring back a box belongin' to Captain Fluke. That 's what I 'm goin' to do."

"I cannot get there in time," I said.

"I did n't know it was so far. Take me to Stipbitts, and I will give you a dollar; then you can go along and attend to Captain Fluke's box. I have already paid for the drive to Sanpritchit."

"Have you got as much as a dollar and a half about you?" asked the boy.

I replied that I had.

"All right," said he; "give me that, and I 'll take you to Stipbitts."

The bargain was struck, I was taken to Stipbitts, and an hour afterward I was on my way to my home at Arden.

There was one very satisfactory feature about this course of action: it was plain and simple, and needed no planning. To attempt to follow the yacht would be useless. To wait anywhere for Walkirk would be equally so. He would be more apt to find me at my home than anywhere else. It was his business to find me, and there was no doubt that he would do it. I did not like to defer my intended interview with Mrs. Raynor, but it could not be helped. And as for Sylvia, if she had resolved to return to the House of Martha, the best place for me was the neighborhood of that institution.

XXXVI.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OAK.

I found my home at Arden very empty and dreary. The servants did not expect me, my grandmother had not returned, and the absence of Walkirk added much to my dissatisfaction with the premises.

I was never a man who could sit down and wait for things to happen, and I felt now that it was absolutely necessary that I should do something, that I should talk to somebody; and accordingly, on the morning after my arrival, I determined to walk over to the House of Martha and talk to Mother Anastasia. For a man to consult with the Mother Superior of a religious institution about his love affairs was certainly an uncommon proceeding, with very prominent features of inappropriateness; but this did not deter me, for, apart from the fact that there was no one else to talk to, I considered that Mother Anastasia owed me some advice and explanation, and without hesitation I went to ask for it.

When I reached the House of Martha, and made known my desire to speak to the head of the institution, I was ushered into a room which was barer and harder than I had supposed, from Walkirk's description of it. It did not even contain the religious pictures or the crucifixes which would have relieved the blankness of the walls in a Roman Catholic establishment of the kind.

As I stood gazing about me, with a feeling of indignation that such a place as this should ever have been the home of such a woman as Sylvia, a door opened, and Mother Anastasia entered.

Her appearance shocked me. I had in my mind the figure of a woman with whom I had talked, — a woman glowing with the warmth of a rich beauty, draped in graceful folds of white, with a broad hat shadowing her face, and a bunch of wild flowers in her belt. Here was a tall woman clothed in solemn gray, her face pale, her eyes fixed upon the ground; but it was Mother Anastasia; it was the woman who had talked to me of Sylvia, who had promised to help me with Sylvia.

Still gazing on the floor, with her hands folded before her, she asked me what I wished. At first I could not answer her. It seemed impossible to open my heart to a woman such as this one. But if I said anything, I must say it without hesitation, and so I began.

"Of course," I said, "I have come to see you about Sylvia Raynor. I am in much trouble regarding her. You promised to aid me, and I have come to ask for the fulfillment of that promise.

My love for that girl grows stronger day by day, hour by hour, and I have been thwarted, mystified, and I may say deceived. I have come" —

"She of whom you speak," interrupted Mother Anastasia, "is not to be discussed in that way. She has declared her intention to unite herself permanently with our sisterhood, and to devote her life to our work. She can have nothing more to do with you, nor you with her."

"That will not do at all," I said excitedly. "When I last saw you, you did not talk like that, and the opinions you expressed at that time are just as good now as they were then. I want to go over this matter with you. There are things that I have a right to know."

A little frown appeared upon her brow. "This conversation must cease," she said; "the subjects you wish to discuss are forbidden to our sisterhood. You must mention them no more."

I tried hard to restrain myself and speak quietly. "Madam" — said I.

"You must not call me 'madam,'" she broke in. "I am the Mother Superior of this house."

"I understand that," I continued, "and I understand your feeling of duty. But you have other duties besides those you owe to your sisterhood. You made me a promise, which I accepted with an honest and confiding heart. If you cannot do what you promised, you owe it to me to explain why you cannot do it. I do not know what has happened to change your views and her views, and, so far as I am concerned, the whole world. You can set me right; you can explain everything to me."

The frown disappeared, and her face seemed paler. "It is absolutely impossible to discuss anything of the sort in this house. I must insist" —

I did not permit her to finish her sentence. "Very well, then," I exclaimed, "if you cannot talk to me here, talk to me somewhere else. When you desire it, you go outside of these walls, and you speak freely and fully. You have so spoken with me; and because you have done so, it is absolutely necessary that you do it again. Your own heart, your conscience, must tell you that after what you have said to me, and after what I have said to you, it is unjust, to say no more, to leave me in this state of cruel mystification; not to tell me why you have set aside your promise to me, or even to tell me, when we talked together of Sylvia, that we were then at the home of Sylvia's mother."

For the first time she looked at me, straight in my eyes, as a true woman would naturally look at a man who was speaking strongly to her. I think I made her forget, for a few moments at least, that she was a Mother Superior. Then her eyes fell again, and she stood silent.

"Perhaps," she said presently, and speaking slowly, "I ought to explain these things to you. It is a great mistake, as I now see, that I ever said anything to you on the subject; but things were different then, and I did not know that I was doing wrong. Still, if you rely on me to set you right, you shall be set right. I see that this is quite as necessary from other points of view as from your own. I cannot speak with you to-day, but to-morrow, about this time, I shall be on the road to Maple Ridge, where I am going to visit a sick woman."

"I shall join you on the road," I answered, and took my leave.

For the rest of the day I thought of little but the promised interview on the morrow. To this I looked forward with the greatest interest, but also with the greatest anxiety. I feared that Mother Anastasia would prove to me that I must give up all thoughts of Sylvia. In fact, if Sylvia had resolved to devote herself to the service of the House of Martha, — and she had told me herself that she had so resolved, — I was quite sure she would do so. Then what was

there for Mother Anastasia to say, or me to do? The case was settled. Sylvia Raynor must be nothing to me.

I greatly wished for Walkirk. I knew he would encourage me, in spite of the obvious blackness of the situation. It was impossible for me to encourage myself. But, however black my fate might be, I longed to know why it had been made black and all about it, and so waited with a savage impatience for the morning and Mother Anastasia.

Immediately after breakfast, the next day, I was on the Maple Ridge road, strolling from our village toward the top of a hill a mile or more away, whence I could see the rest of the road, as it wound through the lonely country, and at last lost itself in the woods. Back again to Arden I came, and had covered the distance between the village and the hilltop five times, when, turning and coming down the hill, I saw, far away, the figure of a woman walking.

I knew it was Mother Anastasia, but I did not hasten to meet her. In fact, I thought, the further she was from the village, when our interview took place, the more likely she would be to make it long enough to be satisfactory. I came slowly down the hill, and, reaching a place where a great oak-tree shaded the road, I waited.

She came on quickly, her gray dress appearing heavier and more sombre against the sun-lighted grass and foliage than it had appeared in the dreary room of the House of Martha. As she approached the tree I advanced to meet her.

"You made me come too far," she said reproachfully, as soon as we were near each other. "The lane which leads to the house I came to visit is a quarter of a mile behind me."

"I am sorry," I replied, "that I have made you walk any farther than necessary, on such a warm morning, but I did not know that you intended to turn from this road. Let us step into the shade of this tree; we can talk more comfortably there."

She looked at the tree, but did not move. "What I have to say," she remarked, "can be said here; it will not take long."

"You must not stand in the sun," I replied; "you are already heated. Come into the shade," and, without waiting her answer, I walked toward the tree; she followed me.

"Now, then," said I, "here is a great stone conveniently placed, upon which we can sit and rest while we talk."

She fixed her large eyes upon me with a certain surprise. "Truly, you have no regard for conventionalities. It is sufficiently out of the way for a sister of the House of Martha to meet a gentleman in this manner, but to sit with him under a tree would be ridiculously absurd, to say the least of it."

"It does not strike me in that light," I said. "You are tired and warm, and must sit down. You came here on my account, and I regard you, in a manner, as a guest."

She smiled, and looked at the rock which I had pointed out. It was a flat one, about three feet long, and it seemed as if it had been put there on purpose to serve for a seat.

"I am tired," she said, and sat down upon it. As she did so, she gave a look about her, and at the same time made a movement with her right hand, which I often before had noticed in women. It was the involuntary expression of the female soul longing for a fan. A fan, however, made up no part of the paraphernalia of a sister of the House of Martha.

"Allow me," I said, and, taking off my straw hat, I gently fanned her.

Mother Anastasia laughed. "This is really too much; please stop it. But you may lend me your hat. I did not know the morning would be so warm, and I am afraid I walked too fast. But we are losing time. Will you tell me

precisely what it is you wish to know of me?"

"I can soon do that," I answered; "but I must first say that I believe you will suffocate if you try to talk from under that cavernous bonnet. Why don't you take it off, and get the good of this cool shade? You had discarded all that sort of thing when I last talked with you, and you were then just as much a Mother Superior as you are now."

She smiled. "The case was very different then. I was actually obliged, by the will of another, to discard the garb of our sisterhood."

"I most earnestly wish," said I, "that you could be obliged to do partially the same thing now. With that bonnet on, you do not seem at all the same person with whom I talked on Tangent Island. You appear like some one to whom I must open the whole subject anew."

"Oh, don't do that," she said, with a deprecating movement of her hand, — "I really have n't the time to listen; and if my bonnet hinders your speech, off it shall come. Now, then, I suppose you want to know the reason of my change of position in regard to Sylvia and you." As she said this she took off her bonnet; not with a jerk, as Sylvia had once removed hers, but carefully, without disturbing the dark hair which was disposed plainly about her head. I was greatly relieved; this was an entirely different woman to talk to.

"Yes," I replied, "that is what I want to know."

"I will briefly give you my reasons," she said, still fanning herself with my hat, while I stood before her, earnestly listening, "and you will find them very good and conclusive reasons. When I spoke to you before, the case was this: Sylvia Raynor had had a trouble, which made her think she was the most miserable girl in the whole world, and she threw herself into our sisterhood. Her mother did not object to this, because of course Sylvia entered as a probationer, and she thought a few months of the House of Martha life would do her good. That her daughter would permanently join the sisterhood never occurred to her. As I was a relative, it was a natural thing that the girl should enter a house of which I was the head. I did not approve of the step, but at first I had no fears about it. After a while, however, I began to have fears. She never liked our life and never sympathized with it, and her heart was never enlisted in the cause of the sisterhood; but after a time I found she was endeavoring to conquer herself, and when a woman with a will — and Sylvia is one of these — undertakes in earnest to conquer herself, she generally succeeds. Then it was I began to have my fears, and then it was I wished to divert her mind from the life of the sisterhood, and send her back to the world to which she belongs."

"Then it was you gave me your promise?" I added.

"Yes," she answered; "and I gave it honestly. I would have helped you all I could. I truly believed that in so doing I was acting for Sylvia's good."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," I said; "and tell me, did Mrs. Raynor know, when I was on the island, of my affection for Sylvia?"

"She knew as much as I knew," was the answer, "for I went to the island on purpose to consult with her on the subject; and when you confided in me, and I gave you my promise to help you, I also told her about that."

"And did she approve?" I asked anxiously.

"She did not disapprove. She knew all about you and your family, although she had never seen you until you were at her island."

"It is strange," said I, "that I should have happened to go to that place at that time."

"Yes," she continued, "it does seem rather odd. But, as I was going to say,

a letter came not more than an hour after we had had our conversation, which totally altered the face of affairs. Sylvia wrote that she had resolved to devote her life to the sisterhood. This was a great blow to her mother and to me, but Mrs. Raynor had firmly resolved not to interfere with her daughter's resolutions in regard to her future life. She had done so once, and the results had been very unfortunate. I was of an entirely different mind, and I resolved, if the thing could be done, to change Sylvia's purpose; but I failed, and that is the end of it. She is not to be moved. I know her well, and her conviction and determination are not to be changed. She is now on a visit to her mother, and when she returns she will enter the House of Martha as an inmate for life."

"Yes," said I, after a little pause, "I know that. I saw her a few days ago, and she told me of her purpose."

"What!" cried Mother Anastasia, "you have seen her! A few days ago! She told you all this! Why did you not say so? Why did you come to me?"

"Do not be displeased," I said, and as I spoke I seated myself beside her on the stone. She made no objections. I think she was too much agitated even to notice it. "I had no intention of keeping anything from you, but I first wanted to hear what you had to tell me. Sylvia did not tell me everything, nor have you."

"Met her, and talked with her!" ejaculated Mother Anastasia. "Will you tell me how this happened?"

She listened with the greatest attention to my story.

"It is wonderful," she said, when I had finished. "It seems like a tantalizing fate. But it is well you did not overtake Mrs. Raynor. It would have been of no good to you, and the interview would have greatly troubled her."

"Now tell me," I asked, "what I most want to know: what was the reason of Sylvia's sudden determination?"

Mother Anastasia fixed her dark eyes on mine; they were full of a tender sadness. "I thought of you nearly all last night," she said, "and I determined that if you should ask me that question to-day I would answer it. It is a hard thing to do, but it is the best thing. Sylvia's resolve was caused by her conviction that she loved you. Feeling assured of that, she unhesitatingly took the path which her conscience pointed out to her."

"Conscience!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mother Anastasia, "it was her conscience. She was far more in earnest than we had thought her. It was conviction, not desire or sympathy, which had prompted her to enter the sisterhood. Now her convictions, her conscience, prompt her to crush everything which would interfere with the life she has chosen. All this she has told me. Her conscience stands between you and her, and you must understand that what you wish is absolutely impossible. You must be strong, and give up all thought of her. Will you promise me to do this?" and as she spoke she laid her hand upon my arm. "Promise it, and I shall feel that I have devoted myself this morning to as true a mission of charity as anything to which our sisters vow themselves."

I did not respond, but sat silent, with bowed head.

"I must go now," said Mother Anastasia. "Reflect on what I have said, and your heart and your practical sense will tell you that what I ask you to do is what you ought to do and must do. Good-by," and she held out her hand to me.

I took her hand and held it. The thought flashed into my mind that when I released that hand the last tie between Sylvia and myself would be broken.

Presently the hand was adroitly withdrawn, Mother Anastasia rose, and I was left alone, sitting in the shadow of the tree.

Frank R. Stockton.

A WIDOW AND TWINS.

"The fatherless and the widow . . . shall eat and be satisfied." — DEUTERONOMY xiv. 29.

ON the 1st of June, 1890, I formally broke away from ornithological pursuits. For two months, more or less, — till the autumnal migration should set in, — I was determined to have my thoughts upon other matters. There is no more desirable plaything than an outdoor hobby, but a man ought not to be forever in the saddle. Such, at all events, had always been my opinion, so that I long ago promised myself never to become, what some of my acquaintances, perhaps with too much reason, were now beginning to consider me, a naturalist, and nothing else. That would be letting the hobbyhorse run away with its owner. For the time being, then, birds should pass unnoticed, or be looked at only when they came in my way. A sensible resolve. But the maker of it was neither Mede nor Persian, as the reader, if he have patience enough, may presently discover for himself.

As I sat upon the piazza, in the heat of the day, busy or half busy with a book, a sound of humming-bird's wings now and then fell on my ear, and, as I looked toward the honeysuckle vine, I began after a while to remark that the visitor was invariably a female. I watched her probe the scarlet tubes and dart away, and then returned to my page. She might have a nest somewhere near; but if she had there was small likelihood of my finding it, and, besides, I was just now not concerned with such trifles. On the 24th of June, however, a passing neighbor dropped into the yard. Was I interested in humming-birds? he inquired. If so, he could show me a nest. I put down my book, and went with him at once.

The beautiful structure, a model of artistic workmanship, was near the end of one of the lower branches of an apple-tree, eight or ten feet from the ground, saddled upon the drooping limb at a point where two offshoots made a good holding-place, while an upright twig spread over it a leafy canopy against rain and sun. Had the builders sought my advice as to a location, I could hardly have suggested one better suited to my own convenience. The tree was within a stone's toss of my window, and, better still, the nest was overlooked to excellent advantage from an old bank wall which divided my premises from those of my next-door neighbor. How could I doubt that Providence itself had set me a summer lesson?

At our first visit the discoverer of the nest — from that moment an ornithologist — brought out a step-ladder, and we looked in upon the two tiny white eggs, considerately improving a temporary absence of the owner for that purpose. It was a picture to please not only the eye, but the imagination; and before I could withdraw my gaze the mother bird was back again, whisking about my head so fearlessly that for a moment I stood still, half expecting her to drop into the nest within reach of my hand.

This, as I have said, was on the 24th of June. Six days later, on the afternoon of the 30th, the eggs were found to be hatched, and two lifeless-looking things lay in the bottom of the nest, their heads tucked out of sight, and their bodies almost or quite naked, except for a line of grayish down along the middle of the back.

Meanwhile, I had been returning with interest the visits of the bird to our honeysuckle, and by this time had fairly worn a path to a certain point in the wall, where, comfortably seated in the

shade of the hummer's own tree, and armed with opera-glass and notebook, I spent some hours daily in playing the spy upon her motherly doings.

For a widow with a house and family upon her hands, she took life easily; at frequent intervals she absented herself altogether, and even when at home she spent no small share of the time in flitting about among the branches of the tree. On such occasions, I often saw her hover against the bole or a patch of leaves, or before a piece of caterpillar or spider web, making quick thrusts with her bill, evidently after bits of something to eat. On quitting the nest, she commonly perched upon one or another of a certain set of dead twigs in different parts of the tree, and at once shook out her feathers and spread her tail, displaying its handsome white markings, indicative of her sex. This was the beginning of a leisurely toilet operation, in the course of which she scratched herself with her feet and dressed her feathers with her bill, all the while darting out her long tongue with lightning-like rapidity, as if to moisten her beak, which at other times she cleansed by rubbing it down with her claws or by wiping it upon a twig. In general she paid little attention to me, though she sometimes hovered directly in front of my face, as if trying to stare me out of countenance. One of the most pleasing features of the show was her method of flying into the nest. She approached it, without exception, from the same quarter, and, after an almost imperceptible hovering motion, shut her wings and dropped upon the eggs.

When the young were hatched I redoubled my attentions. Now I should see her feed them. On the first afternoon I waited a long time for this purpose, the mother conducting herself in her customary manner: now here, now there, preening her plumage, driving away a meddlesome sparrow, probing the florets of a convenient clover-head (an unusual resource, I think), or snatching a morsel from some leaf or twig. Suddenly she flew at me, and held herself at a distance of perhaps four feet from my nose. Then she wheeled, and, as I thought, darted out of the orchard. In a few seconds I turned my head, and there she sat in the nest! I owned myself beaten. While I had been gazing toward the meadow, she had probably done exactly what I had wasted the better part of the afternoon in attempting to see.

Twenty-four hours later I was more successful, though the same ruse was again tried upon me. The mother left the nest at my approach, but in three minutes (by the watch) flew in again. She brooded for nine minutes. Then, quite of her own motion, she disappeared for six minutes. On her return she spent four minutes in dressing her feathers, after which she alighted on the edge of the nest, fed the little ones, and took her place upon them. This time she brooded for ten minutes. Then she was away for six minutes, dallied about the tree for two minutes longer, and again flew into the nest. While sitting, she pecked several times in quick succession at a twig within reach, and I could plainly see her mandibles in motion, as if she were swallowing. She brooded for thirteen minutes, absented herself for three minutes, and spent six minutes in her usual cautionary manœuvres before resuming her seat. For the long interval of twenty-two minutes she sat still. Then she vanished for four minutes, and on her return gave the young another luncheon, after a fast of one hour and six minutes.

The feeding process, which I had been so desirous to see, was of a sort to make the spectator shiver. The mother, standing on the edge of the nest, with her tail braced against its side, like a woodpecker or a creeper, took a rigidly erect position, and craned her neck until her bill was in a perpendicular line

above the short, wide-open, upraised beak of the little one, who, it must be remembered, was at this time hardly bigger than a humblebee. Then she thrust her bill for its full length down into his throat, a frightful-looking act, followed by a series of murderous gesticulations which fairly made one observer's blood run cold.

On the day after this (on the 2d of July, that is to say) I climbed into the tree, in the old bird's absence, and stationed myself where my eyes were perhaps fifteen feet from the nest, and a foot or two above its level. At the end of about twenty minutes, the mother, who meantime had made two visits to the tree, flew into place, and brooded for seventeen minutes. Then she disappeared again, and on her return, after numberless pretty feints and sidelong approaches, alighted on the wall of the nest, and fed both little ones. The operation, though still sufficiently reckless, looked less like infanticide than before, — a fact due, as I suppose, to my more elevated position, from which the nestlings' throats were better seen. After this she brooded for another seventeen minutes. On the present occasion, as well as on many others, it was noticeable that, while sitting upon the young, she kept up an almost incessant motion, as if seeking to warm them, or perhaps to develop their muscles by a kind of massage treatment. A measure of such hitchings and fidgetings might have meant nothing more than an attempt to secure for herself a comfortable seat; but when they were persisted in for fifteen minutes together, it was difficult not to believe that she had some different end in view. Possibly, as human infants get exercise by dandling on the mother's knee, the baby hummingbird gets his by this parental kneading process. Whether brooding or feeding, it must be said that the hummer treated her tiny charges with no particular carefulness, so far as an outsider could judge.

The next day I climbed again into the tree. The mother bird made off at once, and did not resume her seat for almost an hour, though she would undoubtedly have done so earlier but for my presence. Again and again she perched near me, her bill leveled straight at my face. Finally she alighted on the nest, and, after considerable further delay, as if to assure herself that everything was quite safe, fed the two chicks from her throat, as before. "She thrust her bill into their mouths so far" (I quote my notes) "that the tips of their short little beaks were up against the root of her mandibles!"

Only once more, on the 4th of July, I ventured into the apple-tree. For more than an hour and a half I waited. Times without number the mother came buzzing into the tree, made the circuit of her favorite perches, dressed her plumage, darted away again, and again returned, till I was almost driven to get down, for her relief. At last she fed the nestlings, who by this time must have been all but starved, as indeed they seemed to be. "The tips of their bills *do* come clean up to the base of the mother's mandibles." So I wrote in my journal; for it is the first duty of a naturalist to verify his own observations.

On the 10th we again brought out the ladder. Though at least eleven days old, the tiny birds — the "widow's mites," as my facetious neighbor called them — were still far from filling the cup. While I stood over it, one of them uttered some pathetic little cries that really went to my heart. His bill, perceptibly longer than on the 5th, was sticking just above the border of the nest. I touched it at the tip, but he did not stir. Craning my neck, I could see his open eye. Poor, helpless things! Yet within three months they would be flying to Central America, or some more distant clime. How little they knew what was before them! As little as I know what is before me.

The violence of the feeding act was

now at its height, I think, but it would be impossible to do justice to it by any description. My neighbor, who one day stood beside me looking on, was moved to loud laughter. When the two beaks were tightly joined, and while the old bird's was being gradually withdrawn, they were shaken convulsively, — by the mother's attempts to disgorge, and perhaps by the young fellow's efforts to hasten the operation. It was plain that he let go with reluctance, as a boy sucks the very tip of the spoon to get the last drop of jam; but, as will be mentioned in the course of the narrative, his behavior improved greatly in this respect as he grew older.

On the 12th, just after the little ones had been fed, one of them got his wings for the first time above the wall of the nest, and fluttered them with much spirit. He had spent almost a fortnight in the cradle, and was beginning to think he had been a baby long enough.

From the first I had kept in mind the question whether the feeding of the young by regurgitation, as described briefly by Audubon, and more in detail by Mr. William Brewster,[1] would be continued after the nestlings were fully grown. On the 14th I wrote in my journal: "The method of feeding remains unchanged, and, as it seems, is likely to remain so to the end. It must save the mother much labor in going and coming, and perhaps renders the cooperation of the male parent unnecessary." This prediction was fulfilled, but with a qualification to be hereafter specified.

Every morning, now, I went to the apple-tree uncertain whether the nest would not be found empty. According to Audubon, Nuttall, Mr. Burroughs, and Mrs. Treat, young humming-birds stay in the nest only seven days. Mr. Brewster, in his notes already cited, says that the birds on which his observations were made — in the garden of Mr. E. S. Hoar, in Concord — were hatched on the 4th of July,[2] and forsook the nest on the 18th. My birds were already fifteen days old, at least, and, unless they were to prove uncommonly backward specimens, ought to be on the wing forthwith. Nevertheless they were in no haste. Day after day passed. The youngsters looked more and more like old birds, and the mother grew constantly more and more nervous.

On the 18th I found her in a state of unprecedented excitement, squeaking almost incessantly. At first I attributed this to concern at my presence, but after a while it transpired that a young oriole — a blundering, tailless fellow — was the cause of the disturbance. By some accident he had dropped into the leafy treetop, as guiltless of any evil design as one of her own nestlings. How she did buzz about him! In and out among the branches she went, now on this side of him, now on that, and now just over his back; all the time squeaking fiercely, and carrying her tail spread to its utmost. The scene lasted for some minutes. Through it all the two young birds kept perfectly quiet, never once putting up their heads, even when the mother, buzzing and calling, zigzagged directly about the nest. I had seen many birds in the tree, first and last, but none that created anything like such a stir. The mother was literally in a frenzy. She went the round of her perches, but could stay nowhere. Once she dashed out of the tree for an instant, and drove a sparrow away from the tomato patch. Ordinarily his presence there would not have annoyed her in the least, but in her then state of mind she was ready to pounce upon any-

[1] The Auk, vol. vii. p. 206.

[2] But Mr. Hoar, from whom Mr. Brewster had his dates, informs me that the time of hatching was not certainly known; and from Mr. Brewster's statement about the size of the nestlings, I cannot doubt that they had been out of the shell some days longer than Mr. Hoar then supposed.

body. All of which shows once more how "human-like" birds are. The bewilderment of the oriole was comical. "What on earth can this crazy thing be shooting about my ears in this style for?" I imagined him saying to himself. In fact, as he glanced my way, now and then, with his innocent baby face, I could almost believe that he was appealing to me with some such inquiry.

The next morning ("at 7.32," as my diary is careful to note) one of the twins took his flight. I was standing on the wall, with my glass leveled upon the nest, when I saw him exercising his wings. The action was little more pronounced than had been noticed at intervals during the last three or four days, except that he was more decidedly on his feet. Suddenly, without making use of the rim of the nest, as I should have expected him to do, he was in the air, hovering in the prettiest fashion, and in a moment more had alighted on a leafless twig slightly above the level of the nest, and perhaps a yard from it. Within a minute the mother appeared, buzzing and calling, with answering calls from the youthful adventurer. At once — after a hasty reconnaissance of the man on the wall — she perched beside him, and plunged her bill into his throat. Then she went to the nest, served the other one in the same way, and made off. She had no time to waste at this juncture of affairs.

When she had gone, I stepped up to the trunk of the tree to watch the little fellow more closely. He held his perch, and occupied himself with dressing his plumage, though, as the breeze freshened, he was compelled once in a while to keep his wings in motion to prevent the wind from carrying him away. When the old bird returned, — in just half an hour, — she resented my intrusion (what an oppressor of the widow and the fatherless she must by this time have thought me!) in the most unmistakable manner, coming more than once quite within reach. However, she soon gave over these attempts at intimidation, perched beside the percher, and again put something into his maw. This time she did not feed the nestling. As she took her departure, she told the come-outer — or so I fancied — that there was a man under the tree, a pestilent fellow, and it would be well to get a little out of his reach. At all events, she had scarcely disappeared before the youngster was again on the wing. It was wonderful how much at home he seemed, — poising, backing, soaring, and alighting with all the ease and grace of an old hand. One only piece of awkwardness I saw him commit: he dropped upon a branch much too large for his tiny feet, and was manifestly uncomfortable. But he did not stay long, and at his next alighting was well up in the tree, where it was noticeable that he remained ever after.

With so much going on outside, it was hard to remain indoors, and finally I took a chair to the orchard, and gave myself up to watching the drama. The feeding process, though still always by regurgitation, was by this time somewhat different from what it had been when the bills of the young were less fully developed. In my notes of this date I find the following description of it: "Number Two is still in the nest, but uneasy. At 10.25 the mother appeared and fed him.[1] Her beak was thrust into his mouth at right angles, — the change being necessitated, probably, by the greater length of his bill, — and he seemed to be jerking strenuously at it. Then he opened his beak and remained motionless, while the black mandibles of the mother could be seen running down out of sight into his throat."

[1] For convenience, I use the masculine pronoun in speaking of both the young birds; but I knew nothing as to the sex of either of them, though I came finally to believe that one was a male and the other a female.

The other youngster, Number One, as I now called him, stayed in the tree, or at most ventured only into the next one, and was fed at varying intervals, — as often, apparently, as the busy mother could find anything to give him. Would he go back to his cradle for the night? It seemed not improbable, notwithstanding he had shown no sign of such an intention so long as daylight lasted. At 3.50 the next morning, therefore, I stole out to see. No; Number Two was there alone.

At seven o'clock, when I made my second visit, the mother was in the midst of another day's hard work. Twice within five minutes she brought food to the nestling. Once the little fellow — not so very little now — happened to be facing east, while the old bird alighted, as she had invariably done, on the western side. The youngster, instead of facing about, threw back his head and opened his beak. "Look out, there!" exclaimed my fellow-observer; "you'll break his neck if you feed him in that way." But she did not mind. Young birds' necks are not so easily broken. Within ten minutes of this time she fed Number One, giving him three doses. They were probably small, however (and small wonder), for he begged hard for more, opening his bill with an appealing air. The action in this case was particularly well seen, and the vehement jerking, while the beaks were glued together, seemed almost enough to pull the young fellow's head off. Within another ten minutes the mother was again ministering to Number Two! Poor little widow! Between her incessant labors of this kind and her overwhelming anxiety whenever any strange bird came near, I began to be seriously alarmed for her. As a member of a strictly American family, she was in a fair way, I thought, to be overtaken by the "most American of diseases," — nervous prostration. It tired me to watch her.

With us, and perhaps with her likewise, it was a question whether Number Two would remain in the nest for the day. He grew more and more restless; as my companion — a learned man — expressed it, he began to "ramp round." Once he actually mounted the rim of the nest, a thing which his more precocious brother had never been seen to do, and stretched forward to pick at a neighboring stem. Late that afternoon the mother fed him five times within an hour, instead of once an hour, or thereabouts, as had been her habit three weeks before. She meant to have him in good condition for the coming event; and he, on his part, was active to the same end, — standing upon the wall of the nest again and again, and exercising his wings till they made a cloud about him. A dread of launching away still kept him back, however, and shortly after seven o'clock I found him comfortably disposed for the night. "He is now on his twenty-first day (at least) in the nest. To-morrow will see him go." So end my day's notes.

At 5.45 the next morning he was still there. At 6.20 I absented myself for a few minutes, and on returning was hailed by my neighbor with the news that the nest was empty. Number Two had flown between 6.25 and 6.30, but, unhappily, neither of us was at hand to give him a cheer. I trust that he and his mother were not hurt in their feelings by the oversight. The whole family (minus the father) was still in the apple-tree; the mother full, and more than full, of business, feeding one youngster after the other, as they sat here and there in the upper branches.

Twenty-four hours later, as I stood in the orchard, I heard a hum of wings, and found the mother over my head. Presently she flew into the top of the tree, and the next instant was sitting beside one of the young ones. His hungry mouth was already wide open, but before feeding him she started up

from the twig, and circled about him so closely as almost or quite to touch him with her wings. On completing the circle she dropped upon the perch at his side, but immediately rose again, and again flew round him. It was a beautiful act, — beautiful beyond the power of any words of mine to set forth; an expression of maternal ecstasy, I could not doubt, answering to the rapturous caresses and endearments in which mothers of human infants are so frequently seen indulging. Three days afterward, to my delight, I saw it repeated in every particular, as if to confirm my opinion of its significance. The sight repaid all my watchings thrice over, and even now I feel my heart growing warm at the recollection of it. Strange thoughtlessness, is it not, which allows mothers capable of such passionate devotion, tiny, defenseless things, to be slaughtered by the million for the enhancement of woman's charms!

At this point we suddenly became aware that for at least a day or two the old bird had probably been feeding her offspring in two ways, — sometimes by regurgitation, and sometimes by a simple transfer from beak to beak. The manner of our discovery was somewhat laughable. The mother perched beside one of the young birds, put her bill into his, and then apparently fell off the limb head first. We thought she had not finished, and looked to see her return; but she flew away, and after a while the truth dawned upon us. Thereafter, unless our observation was at fault, she used whichever method happened to suit her convenience. If she found a choice collection of spiders,[1] for instance, she brought them in her throat (as cedar-birds carry cherries), to save trips; if she had only one or two, she retained them between her mandibles. It will be understood, I suppose, that we did not see the food in its passage from one bird to the other, — human eyesight would hardly be equal to work of such nicety; but the two bills were put together so frequently and in so pronounced a manner as to leave us in no practical uncertainty about what was going on. Neither had I any doubt that the change was connected in some way with the increasing age of the fledgelings; yet it is to be said that the two methods continued to be used interchangeably to the end, and on the 28th, when Number Two had been out of the nest for seven days, the mother thrust her bill down his throat and repeated the operation, just as she had done three weeks before.

For at least two days longer, as I believe, the faithful creature continued her loving ministrations, although I failed to detect her in the act. Then, on the 1st of August, as I sat on the piazza, I saw her for the last time. The honeysuckle vine had served her well, and still bore half a dozen scattered blossoms, as if for her especial benefit. She hovered before them, one by one, and in another instant was gone. May the Fates be kind to her, and to her children after her, to the latest generation! Our intercourse had lasted for eight weeks, — wanting one day, — and it was fitting that it should end where it had begun, at the sign of the honeysuckle.

The absence of the father bird for all this time, though I have mentioned it but casually, was of course a subject of continual remark. How was it to be explained? My own opinion is, sorry as I am to have reached it, that such absence or desertion — by whatever name it may be called — is the general habit of the male rubythroat. Upon this point I shall have some things to say in a subsequent paper.

Bradford Torrey.

[1] Mr. E. H. Eames reports (in The Auk, vol. vii. p. 287) that, on dissecting a humming-bird, about two days old, he found sixteen young spiders in its throat, and a pultaceous mass of the same in its stomach.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME.

I.

Iter Supremum.

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, — soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep, and the flagons low;
But without, the wind and the trackless sky,
And night at the gates where a soul would go.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

II.

The Old Dwelling.

See how the dwelling trembles to its fall, —
The wondrous house of life, now leased to death
How softly in and out moves the light breath,
And gently in the tender-memoried hall
Speaks the loved owner, soon beyond recall!
In the fast-closing windows glimmereth
A dying glory, as when sunset saith
Good-night, sweet dreams, and faith and hope to all.

Thus, full of enterprise and joyous trust,
Perched on a sill, serene and plumed for flight,
A dove will pause, while ruin round it lies.
So, too, dear soul, although thy house be dust,
Yet thou thyself, now free as morning light,
Canst find another home, 'neath other skies.

Charles Henry Crandall.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION.

I START from a patent fact, — the widespread ignorance of classical literature on the part of persons who have received a classical education. It is not the scholarship of scholars that is here impugned; though even among scholars ten men are to be found whose studies have been mainly philological for one who gives prominence to the spirit of the literatures he professes. But in the world of education the expert counts for little in comparison with the average man; and the great mass of ordinary students leave school or college with slight interest in the ancient authors they have been studying, or wish to go on reading for themselves. This evil carries in its train an evil which is even worse, — that our liberal education gives no literary training at all, since it is to classics that educational tradition has trusted for instruction in literature. The great universities of England do not even profess to teach English; and a Cambridge man, if he has nothing but his university to look to, is in danger of regarding the whole of his national literature as represented by Paley's Evidences of Christianity. American and Scotch universities are not open to this reproach; but if quantitative analysis be applied to the curricula of these institutions, it will appear that the attention of the ordinary student has been directed to pure literature only just enough to suggest to him that there is such a thing, and that it is comparatively unimportant. In fact, the study called "classics" appears at the present moment to be the greatest of all the obstacles in the way of any real study of the ancient classics.

As a matter of history, it is not difficult to see how this perversion of a great study has arisen. It was at the Renaissance that classics became the staple of liberal education. The study was worthy of its position; mental discipline was furnished by the difficulties of dead languages, while for the varied powers that go to make up the literary sense — that which has come to be called "culture" — there could be no fitter instrument of training than the literatures of Greece and Rome. But in process of time subjects like mathematics or science forced their way into the educational programme, diminishing the time that could be devoted to classics. Now this diminution must be taken wholly from the culture side of classical study, since this cannot commence until the student is at home in the languages. Accordingly, while education as a whole has been advancing, the literary training to be derived from classics has been proportionately diminishing; until, in the present crowded condition of our educational time-tables, it is hardly claimed that classics is more than a mental discipline.

Side by side with this failure to reach literary training amongst students of classics is to be placed a failure of a different kind outside their ranks. A large area of liberal education is occupied with systems, by no means low in their aims and standards, which boldly exclude classics altogether. Sometimes this exclusion is in favor of more modern and practical studies, such as physical science. I believe supporters of this view are often misjudged as undervaluing culture; whereas the real alternative with them is, not between literature and science, but between success in learning science and failure in studying literature. Another class of educators would substitute modern languages for Latin and Greek; but since, with a view to being worthy of their rivals, they multiply these languages, once more linguistic details come to crowd out literary

training. A more specious position is occupied by those who take their stand upon English. Let us, they say, be taught our own literature. But, in the first place, such systems usually lay great stress upon Early and Middle English; and thus, by a sort of fatality, the philological veil is interposed again between the simple student and the attractions of literature. Even apart from this the plea is based upon a false analogy. In the history of language, it is true that there is no break between the earliest English and our own modern speech; there is no phenomenon corresponding to this in the history of literature. On the contrary, the classical writers of Greece and Rome are the most important of our literary ancestors; it is these who, for the most part, have formed the minds that have formed ours. The great masters of English literature, whom we all wish to study, may have dipped into our early writers, but they are most of them saturated with the literatures of Greece and Rome. The ancient classics are the quarry out of which Milton and Spenser have dug the materials with which they build. Ancient thinking is assumed in every literary discussion; ancient imagination underlies the allusions, images, ornamentation, of the most modern poets. Even in the case of Shakespeare, no clear analysis can be made of his intricate plots by one unfamiliar with the simpler treatment of antiquity. A student may have worked faithfully through all the publications of the Early English Text Society, and yet may be absolutely cut off from the literary succession of writers whose thoughts have made the thinking of the world.

For both these failures — the failure through classical studies to reach classical literature, and the failure to find any sufficient substitute for these classical studies — there is only one remedy: the ancient classics must be studied in the vernacular. The time has come for recognizing the lesson of experience: that so long as language and literature are studied together the letter will kill the spirit, and the linguistic difficulties which lie on the surface, and lend themselves readily to mechanical teaching, will distract from the beauties of literature that lie beneath, and task our whole powers to grasp. I am not in any way attacking the study of Latin and Greek, on which I set high value. But I would impose on every person charged with the construction of an educational time-table the duty of treating Latin and Greek as purely linguistic and disciplinary studies, and giving them just so much prominence as in that category they deserve; while for literary culture he must, except in the case of very advanced scholarship, look entirely to other sources, — to modern literature if he pleases, but in any case to English versions of the two literatures which are to us the most important of all.

I know well the objections which will be flung at such a proposal. By many men of scholarly attainments it will be scouted as a descent in the intellectual scale, a cheapening of liberal education; to read a Greek author in translation is, they will insist, to lose all that is worth having. I strengthen myself against such objectors by remembering how all that is now urged against the study of the classics in English was, a few generations ago, urged with more force against the translation of the Bible. Yet three centuries have used an English Bible, and, while religion in this period has been purified and elevated, the effect of the translated literature has been to mould our whole speech and thought. I do not wish to confuse the secular and sacred, but, making proper allowance for this difference, I believe we may look, when Greek and Latin literatures have been made accessible to the masses, for an intellectual awakening not unworthy of comparison with the spiritual awakening brought about by the opening to the vernacular of our other great

literary ancestor, the sacred Scriptures of the Hebrews. The scholar's objection to translations is founded upon a fallacy. It is true that to appreciate an author in the original tongue means more than to appreciate him in translation. But my whole contention is that the great mass of ordinary students never do and never can appreciate literature which they read in a language bristling to them with difficulties. The objection is itself an argument on my side. If a scholar tells me that by reading an ancient author in English I have lost all that is worth having, I simply conclude that he himself has learnt to value nothing except language; that his scholarship has taught him to appreciate Greek, but not to appreciate Æschylus. The deep or bright thoughts of a great master, his conception of a situation or character, the light he casts on our common human nature, his deft handling of plot or artistic moulding of story, his portrayal of the passions and contrivance of their conflicts, his mythological suggestiveness, his relation to history and literary development, — these forms of literary interest, all of them independent of language, go for nothing with such a learned objector, in comparison with the play of idiom, the charm of linguistic nicety and word æsthetics; to say nothing of the fact that a considerable proportion of even these latter beauties is open to the reader of translations, and a proportion that will steadily increase as the art of translating rises in educational importance. There are, no doubt, authors whose main force lies in language, and these will be inaccessible except in the original tongue. But the world's great classics make a deep sea of literary power, undisturbed by superficial waves of linguistic differences.

I believe that the reverse of the objection is the truth, and that there can be no thorough study of literature without a free use of translations. One of the gravest charges against the existing study of classics is its looseness and want of thoroughness. It is worse than inaccurate; it corrupts the sense of accuracy by violating the proportions of things and requiring exactness in details, while it leaves vague and flimsy ideas, or a total absence of ideas, about things that are great. To expect a youth to know the principal parts of verbs without mistake, and to study nicety in the rendering of idioms, while he is never tested as to his knowledge of the author's thoughts or his grasp of literary ideals, is a regimen coming perilously near the social training that expects faultlessness in boots and necktie, while morals are left to take care of themselves. The use of translated classics becomes essential because quantity plays so important a part in a study in which the unit is a complete book. To grasp only a single work involves many readings, including readings that are made rapid with a view of catching the connection of parts, as well as the slower reading that masters particular passages; and the readings can be more easily multiplied if they are in the vernacular. Again, the single book will hardly be understood apart from other works of the same author, and for such additional works English versions are still more desirable. But this is not all. Literary study must, like all others, be comparative in its method. No one imagines he can study American history by reading the annals of that country apart from the history of the rest of the world. It is equally essential to compare the literature of one country with the literatures of other nations, and this becomes a practical impossibility without the aid of translations. Such use of adapted matter has its analogies in all other pursuits. I suppose there are few professed theologians who do not in a considerable part of their work use the English Bible. A student of painting or sculpture will not confine himself to the comparatively few originals which

he can see, but will make free use of copies and casts, which, with all their intrinsic inferiority, will nevertheless enlarge his knowledge of styles and schools. A musician may learn much from piano transcriptions, although a symphony stripped of its orchestration loses far more than a poem translated into another language. Every branch of education must somewhere or other use borrowed matter, or else lose its catholicity; and, like the rest, classics, if it rejects the aid of translations, will remain a provincial study.

I am in a position to speak on this matter in the light of experience. The University Extension Movement in England, with which I have been connected, has for more than ten years been offering courses of instruction in the ancient literatures, chiefly the ancient classical drama, to classes in which not one person in ten would know a word of Greek or Latin. The results have been very interesting. So far as concerns attractiveness, with the exception of Shakespeare I have found no subject so popular as the ancient drama, unless it be Faust and Dante, which are themselves examples of classics studied in translation. The popularity of which I speak has not been confined to the more cultured classes. I recollect being obliged, against my judgment, to yield to the urgency of a class of workingmen, and take with them a course of reading in Greek comedy, during which I had the curious experience of having to explain The Clouds to students who had never heard of Socrates. In the examination of students at the conclusion of these courses there has never, so far as I am aware, been an unfavorable report; while more than once examiners have gone out of their way to express surprise at the results attained. I should myself attach more importance to the exercises done throughout the term by students; and in these I often have been astonished, not at the keenness of interest displayed, which I should expect, but at the width of reading, which, in the case of the best students, has covered all the tragedies of the three dramatists, and the grasp of technicalities, sometimes amounting to high scholarship. It is worth noting that amongst the attendants at such courses were some persons who had studied classics at school, and occasionally high university graduates. From the latter came more than once the acknowledgment, which entirely agrees with my own personal experience as a graduate in classics, that they had never appreciated the literary side of the drama until they thus studied it in the vernacular; while from those whose classical studies had been of a humbler order was continually heard the exclamation, "Oh, if we had only had our attention drawn to these things in that dreary school work!" The results that have thus been attained in the case of the ancient classical drama are equally to be reached in connection with Homer and Plato, Tacitus and Horace.

The next great chapter of educational reform must be the restoration of the ancient Greek and Latin literatures to their proper place in all the education that claims to be liberal, — a place which originally was theirs by universal consent, and from which they have lapsed by the slow and unperceived changes of time, while the lapse has been concealed under the confusion between language and literature that lurks in the term "classics." The change required is no sweeping revolution: a readjustment of balance in our time-tables and an increase in the apparatus of translation are all that is necessary. The reform may be differently stated as regards the classes that do and do not study Latin and Greek.

For the education that is distinctively English, and applies to the masses of people who will never learn the ancient tongues, the desideratum is that the chief classical masters shall be intro-

duced as constituting the most important chapter in the history of English literature. Homer, the dramatists, and Plato, they must be taught, are just as much a part of our literature as Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon. The earlier masters are, perhaps, the more important, just because they are the earlier, and thus stand to the others in the relation of the basis to the superstructure. It is one of the safest principles of education that the student period of life may be considered a sort of embryonic stage, in which the individual goes rapidly through the several phases of development traversed at length by society at large. Thus to approach English literature through that which has inspired it, and which is reflected in all its details, will give a solidarity to literary culture, however limited it may be in amount. What is more important still is, that so connected a view of literature has the better chance of sowing the interest that will last beyond the period of pupilage, and turn the whole life into a literary education.

Where the ancient languages are already in vogue, I would suggest, as a practical reform, that no work should ever be set for study in the original Greek or Latin without its having attached to it a prescribed course of reading in English. This reading might be in other works of the same author or of allied authors, or in great works of kindred interest drawn from English or other literatures. To illustrate: where, at present, it is usual to set four or five Greek plays, I would set only one for study in Greek, say the Alcestis of Euripides; and with this I would combine Browning's Balaustion, the Love of Alcestis by William Morris, and Longfellow's Golden Legend, which transfers a similar situation to Christian surroundings. The student would, I suppose, by this change, suffer a little in his knowledge of Greek; not much, I venture to say, for language differs from literature in the fact that a limited quantity of it, if thoroughly studied, yields a great deal of training. But, as compensation, he would gain not only literary interest, but an insight into comparative literature, which, when once awakened, becomes one of the most powerful forces for literary training. Similarly, where an elementary class at present is able to cover a book or two of Homer, I would set, as an exercise in Greek, only a limited number of lines, and with this I would combine, for study in English, the whole Iliad of Chapman and the Odyssey of William Morris.[1] The class might know less Greek, but they would know Homer, and never lose their love for him. It would be easy to multiply illustrations. Where the Agamemnon is studied in the original, the two Iphigenias of Euripides might be read in English; and the link of Iphigenia might further draw in the play of Goethe and the music of Gluck. With the Prometheus Bound would go, besides Mrs. Browning's English version, the Prometheus Unbound of Shelley; with a dialogue of Plato in Greek the whole personality of Socrates studied in English versions, together with dialogues of Landor to illustrate a parallel English form. My meaning is, not that these works should merely be mentioned to the student for reference, but that means should be taken to make the study of the English works just as methodical as the study of the Greek. I would make this linking together of classics in the original tongues with classics in vernacular a rule without an exception. Nothing less rigorous than this is sufficient to counteract the fatal tendency in all ordinary minds for difficulties of a dead lan-

[1] I mention these translations because they may be considered as English classics. It might, however, be found better to use versions emanating from the world of scholarship: such as Morshead's translation of Æschylus and Sophocles, or the renderings of Homer which have been foreshadowed in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly by Professor Palmer.

guage to swamp and obscure the literary beauties concealed in it.

I believe there is a great opportunity for any university that will lead a new departure in the direction for which I have argued; uniting, in its own studies, pure literature in English with linguistic exercises in Latin and Greek, opening by "extension" teaching the ancient classics to the plain people, and by way of material for both these purposes encouraging the production of good translations. Ours is an age in which university education has to justify itself to a public opinion which uses other bases of judgment besides tradition, and I cannot think that the common sense of society would have accorded to classical studies the primacy they may have enjoyed in the past if they had been no more than the narrow discipline they have now become. What is the ideal of a classical education? it may be well to ask; for though the reality is always different from the ideal, yet, in education as in other things, he who aims at the sky will shoot higher than he that means a tree. I take it that the enthronement of classics in the realm of education rests upon a conception that a classical graduate should have traveled as truly with his mind into the world of Greek and Roman antiquity as if he had in person crossed the Atlantic and visited Europe; and that he should thus possess, in a degree that no mere bodily journeying could give, that enlargement of mind which the most Philistine critic is ready to recognize in men who have traveled. It is not enough that he should have heard classical names, as if one were to turn over the pages of some ancient Baedeker, but the landmarks of the old world must be to him emphatic spots, like the favorite scenes one has visited. The history and institutions of antiquity he must understand, not of course with the special knowledge of a lawyer, but with the intelligence of a citizen, or at least a visitor; and he should have dipped into their rationale deeply enough to raise the questions of principle common to ancient and modern society. The forms of Greek art should be familiar to his eye, and their principles he should have absorbed as the basis of the æsthetic sense he will bring to bear upon the art of the modern world. The ways and customs of ancient life should seem as natural to him as if he had been obliged to adapt himself to them for a while, and be concerned with its religious mysteries or athletic gatherings of races, its political factions, social banquets, military expeditions, domestic privacy. The classic literature, such of it as is for all time, should have moved him like his own; he should feel as if he had heard Herodotus recite his history, or Pericles make a funeral oration, or Socrates cross-examine Gorgias, while he may have imbibed party spirit enough to enjoy the fun of seeing Socrates in his turn roughly handled by Aristophanes; fragments of Homer should come as naturally to his lips as to a modern child quotations from Alice in Wonderland; he may have become deeply enough imbued with ancient spirit to take sides, and feel all a Roman's doubt whether to prefer Virgil or Lucretius, Tacitus or Livy; he should, finally, in a degree proportioned to his ability, understand the great speech of the classic peoples, and by this potent though unconscious instrument be made to move along the very lines of their mind-play.

All this, which to one whose associations of classical study are with the slow labor of reading in the original will seem wildly impracticable, I believe to be within the compass of a man of ordinary powers, assisted by an intelligent teacher who can cover the ground with the free movement of a reader in his native tongue. But if I am mistaken, and my scheme includes too much, then the ideal of a classical education involves the duty of wise selection among the topics enumerated, as to which may be best aban-

doned and which retained. I am doubtful whether, in this case, the first thing to throw overboard should not be the linguistic exercise which at present makes the staple of classics. But of one thing I have no doubt whatever: that the last thing we can consent to give up must be the study of the ancient literatures of Greece and Rome, which have woven themselves into the very framework of human thought, and the omission of which makes a scheme of liberal education an attempt to erect a pyramid otherwise than on its base.

Richard G. Moulton.

REMINISCENCES OF PROFESSOR SOPHOCLES.

On the 14th of February, 1883, Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, Professor of Ancient, Byzantine, and Modern Greek in Harvard University, died at Cambridge, in the corner room of Holworthy Hall which he had occupied for nearly forty years. A past generation of American school-boys knew him gratefully as the author of a compact and lucid Greek grammar. College students — probably as large a number as ever sat under an American professor — have been introduced by him to the poets and historians of Greece. Scholars of a riper growth, both in Europe and America, wonder at the precision and loving diligence with which, in his dictionary of the later and Byzantine Greek, he assessed the corrupt literary coinage of his native land. His brief contributions to The Nation and other journals were always noticeable for exact knowledge and scrupulous literary honesty. As a great scholar, therefore, and one who through a long life labored to beget scholarship in others, Sophocles deserves well of America. At a time when Greek was usually studied as the school-boy studies it, this strange Greek came among us, connected himself with our oldest university, and showed us an example of encyclopædic learning, and such familiar and living acquaintance with Homer and Æschylus — yes, even with Polybius, Lucian, and Athenæus — as we have with Tennyson and Shakespeare and Burke and Macaulay. More than this, he showed us how such learning was gathered. To a dozen generations of impressible college students he presented a type of an austere life directed to serene ends, a life sufficient for itself and filled with a never-hastening diligence which issued in vast mental stores.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to trace the influence over American scholarship of this hardly domesticated wise man of the East. Nor will there be any attempt to narrate the outward events of his life. These are not fully known; and could they be discovered, there would be a kind of impiety in reporting them. Few traits were so characteristic of him as his wish to conceal his history. His motto might have been that of Epicurus and Descartes: "Well hid is well lived." Yet in spite of his concealments, perhaps in part because of them, few persons ever connected with Harvard have left behind them an impression of such massive individuality. He was long a notable figure in university life, one of those picturesque characters who by their very being give impulse to aspiring mortals and check the ever-encroaching commonplace. It is ungrateful to allow one formerly so stimulating and talked about to go out into silence. Now that the decent interval after death is passed, a memorial to this unusual man may be reverently

set up. His likeness may be drawn by a fond, though faithful hand. Or at least such stories about him may be kindly put into the record of print as will reflect some of those rugged, paradoxical, witty, and benignant aspects of his nature which marked him off from the humdrum herd of men.

My own first approach to Sophocles was at the end of my Junior year in college. It was necessary for me to be absent from his afternoon recitation. In those distant days absences were regarded by Harvard law as luxuries, and a small fixed quantity of them, a sort of sailor's grog, was credited with little charge each half year to every student. I was already nearing the limit of the unenlargeable eight, and could not well venture to add another to my score. It seemed safer to try to win indulgence from my fierce-eyed instructor. Early one morning I went to Sophocles's room. "Professor Sophocles," I said, "I want to be excused from attending the Greek recitation this afternoon." "I have no power to excuse," uttered in the gruffest of tones, while he looked the other way. "But I cannot be here. I must be out of town at three o'clock." "I have no power. You had better see the president." Finding the situation desperate, I took a desperate leap. "But the president probably would not allow my excuse. At the play of the Hasty Pudding Club to-night I am to appear as leading lady. I must go to Brookline this afternoon and have my sister dress me." No muscle of the stern face moved; but he rose, walked to a table where his class lists lay, and, taking up a pencil, calmly said: "You had better say nothing to the president. You are here *now*. I will mark you so." He sniffed, he bowed, and, without smile or word from either of us, I left the room. As I came to know Sophocles afterwards, I found that in this trivial early interview I had come upon some of the most distinctive traits of his character; here was an epitome of his *brusquerie*, his dignity, his whimsical logic, and his kind heart.

Outwardly he was always brusque and repellent. A certain savagery marked his very face. He once observed that, in introducing a character, Homer is apt to draw attention to the eye. Certainly in himself this was the feature which first attracted notice; for his eye had uncommon alertness and intelligence. Those who knew him well detected in it a hidden sweetness; but against the stranger it burned and glared, and guarded all avenues of approach. Startled it was, like the eye of a wild animal, and penetrating, "peering through the portals of the brain like the brass cannon." Over it crouched bushy brows, and all around the great head bristled white hair, on forehead, cheeks, and lips, so that little flesh remained visible, and the life was settled in two fiery spots. This concentration of expression in the few elementary features of shape, hair, and eyes made the head a magnificent subject for painting. Rembrandt should have painted it. William Hunt would have done it best justice among our own painters. It is a pity that no report of it hangs in Memorial Hall. But he would never allow a portrait of himself to be drawn. Into his personality strangers must not intrude. Venturing once to try for memoranda of his face, I took an artist to his room. The courtesy of Sophocles was too stately to allow him to turn my friend away, but he seated himself in a shaded window, and kept his head in constant motion. When my frustrated friend had departed, Sophocles told me, though without direct reproach, of two sketches which had before been surreptitiously made, — one by the pencil of a student in his class, another in oils by a lady who had followed him on the street. Toward photography his aversion was weaker; perhaps because in that art a human being less openly

meddled with him. Several admirable photographs of him exist.

From this sense of personal dignity, which made him at all times determined to keep out of the grasp of others, much of his brusqueness sprang. On the morning after he returned from his visit to Greece a fellow-professor saw him on the opposite side of the street, and, hastening across, greeted him warmly: "So you have been home, Mr. Sophocles; and how did you find your mother?" "She was up an apple-tree," said Sophocles, confining himself to the facts of the case. A boy who snowballed him on the street he prosecuted relentlessly, and he could not be appeased until a considerable fine was imposed; but he paid the fine himself. Many a bold push was made to ascertain his age; yet, however suddenly the question came, or however craftily one crept from date to date, there was a uniform lack of success. "I see Allibone's Dictionary says you were born in 1805," a gentleman remarked. "Some statements have been nearer, and some have been farther from the truth." One day, when a violent attack of illness fell on him, a physician was called for diagnosis. He felt the pulse, he examined the tongue, he heard the report of the symptoms, then suddenly asked, "How old are you, Mr. Sophocles?" With as ready presence of mind and as pretty ingenuity as if he were not lying at the point of death, Sophocles answered: "The Arabs, Dr. W., estimate age by several standards. The age of Hassan, the porter, is reckoned by his wrinkles; that of Abdallah, the physician, by the lives he has saved; that of Achmet, the sage, by his wisdom. I, all my life a scholar, am nearing my hundredth year." To those who had once come close to Sophocles these little reserves, never asserted with impatience, were characteristic and endearing. I happen to know his age; hot irons shall not draw it from me.

Closely connected with his repellent reserve was the stern independence of his modes of life. In his scheme, little things were kept small and great things large. What was the true reading in a passage of Aristophanes, what the usage of a certain word in Byzantine Greek, — these were matters on which a man might well reflect and labor. But of what consequence was it if the breakfast was slight or the coat worn? Accordingly, a single room, in which a light was seldom seen, sufficed him during his forty years' of life in the college yard. It was totally bare of comforts. It contained no carpet, no stuffed furniture, no bookcase. The college library furnished the volumes he was at any time using, and these lay along the floor, beside his dictionary, his shoes, and the box that contained the sick chicken. A single bare table held the book he had just laid down, together with a Greek newspaper, a silver watch, a cravat, a paper package or two, and some scraps of bread. His simple meals were prepared by himself over a small open stove, which served at once for heat and cookery. Eating, however, was always treated as a subordinate and incidental business, deserving no fixed time, no dishes, nor the setting of a table. The peasants of the East, the monks of Southern monasteries, live chiefly on bread and fruit, relished with a little wine; and Sophocles, in spite of Cambridge and America, was to the last a peasant and a monk. Such simple nutriments best fitted his constitution, for "they found their acquaintance there." The Western world had come to him by accident, and was ignored; the East was in his blood, and ordered all his goings. Yet, as a grave man of the East might, he had his festivities, and could on occasion be gay. Among a few friends he could tell a capital story and enjoy a well-cooked dish. But his ordinary fare was meagre in the extreme. For one of his heartier meals he would cut a piece of meat into bits and roast it on

a spit, as Homer's people roasted theirs. "Why not use a gridiron?" I once asked. "It is not the same," he said. "The juice then runs into the fire. But when I turn my spit it bastes itself." His taste was more than usually sensitive, kept fine and discriminating by the restraint in which he held it. Indeed, all his senses, except sight, were acute. The wine he drank was the delicate unresinated Greek wine, — Corinthian, or Chian, or Cyprian; the amount of water to be mixed with each being carefully debated and employed. Each winter a cask was sent him from a special vineyard on the heights of Corinth, and occasioned something like a general rejoicing in Cambridge, so widely were its flavorous contents distributed. Whenever this cask arrived, or when there came a box from Mt. Sinai filled with potato-like sweetmeats, — a paste of figs, dates, and nuts, stuffed into sewed goatskins, — or when his hens had been laying a goodly number of eggs, then under the blue cloak a selection of bottles, or of sweetmeats, or of eggs would be borne to a friend's house, where for an hour the old man sat in dignity and calm, opening and closing his eyes and his jack-knife; uttering meanwhile detached remarks, wise, gruff, biting, yet seldom lacking a kernel of kindness, till bedtime came, nine o'clock, and he was gone, the gifts — if thanks were feared — left in a chair by the door. There were half a dozen houses and dinner tables in Cambridge to which he went with pleasure, houses where he seemed to find a solace in the neighborhood of his kind. But human beings were an exceptional luxury. He had never learned to expect them. They never became necessities of his daily life, and I doubt if he missed them when they were absent. As he slowly recovered strength, after one of his later illnesses, I urged him to spend a month with me. Refusing in a brief sentence, he added with unusual gentleness: "To be alone is not the same for me and for you. I have never known anything else."

Unquestionably, much of his disposition to remain aloof and to resist the on-coming intruder was bred by the experiences of his early youth. His native place, Tsangarada, is a village of eastern Thessaly, far up among the slopes of the Pindus. Thither, several centuries ago, an ancestor led a migration from the west coast of Greece, and sought a refuge from Turkish oppression. From generation to generation his fathers continued to be shepherds of their people, the office of Proëstos, or governor, being hereditary in the house. Sturdy men those ancestors must have been, and picturesque their times. In late winter afternoons, at 3 Holworthy, when the dusk began to settle among the elms about the yard, legends of these heroes and their far-off days would loiter through the exile's mind. At such times bloody doings would be narrated with all the coolness that appears in Cæsar's Commentaries, and over the listener would come a sense of a fantastic world as different from our own as that of Bret Harte's Argonauts. "My great-grandfather was not easily disturbed. He was a young man and Proëstos. His stone house stood apart from the others. He was sitting in its great room one evening, and heard a noise. He looked around, and saw three men by the farther door. 'What are you here for?' 'We have come to assassinate you.' 'Who sent you?' 'Andreas.' It was a political enemy. 'How much did Andreas promise you?' 'A dollar.' 'I will promise you two dollars if you will go and assassinate Andreas.' So they turned, went, and assassinated Andreas. My great-grandfather went to Scyros the next day, and remained there five years. In five years these things are forgotten in Greece. Then he came back, and brought a wife from Scyros, and was Proëstos once more."

Another evening: "People said my grandfather died of leprosy. Perhaps he did. As Proëstos he gave a decision against a woman, and she hated him. One night she crept up behind the house, where his clothes lay on the ground, and spread over his clothes the clothes of a leper. After that, he was not well. His hair fell off, and he died. But perhaps it was not leprosy; perhaps he died of fear. The Knights of Malta were worrying the Turks. They sailed into the harbor of Volo, and threatened to bombard the town. The Turks seized the leading Greeks and shut them up in the mosque. When the first gun was fired by the frigate, the heads of the Greeks were to come off. My grandfather went into the mosque a young man. A quarter of an hour afterwards the gun was heard, and my grandfather waited for the headsman. But the shot toppled down the minaret, and the Knights of Malta were so pleased that they sailed away, satisfied. The Turks, watching them, forgot about the prisoners. But two hours later, when my grandfather came out of the mosque, he was an old man. He could not walk well. His hair fell off, and he died."

Sometimes I caught glimpses of Turkish oppression in times of peace. "I remember the first time I saw the wedding gift given. No new-made bride must leave the house she visits without a gift. My mother's sister married, and came to see us. I was a boy. She stood at the door to go, and my mother remembered she had not had the gift. There was not much to give. The Turks had been worse than usual, and everything was buried. But my mother could not let her go without the gift. She searched the house, and found a saucer, — it was a beautiful saucer; and this she gave her sister, who took it and went away."

"How did you get the name of Sophocles?" I asked, one evening. "Is your family supposed to be connected with that of the poet?" "My name is not Sophocles. I have no family name. In Greece, when a child is born, it is carried to the grandfather to receive a name." (I thought how, in the Odyssey, the nurse puts the infant Odysseus in the arms of his mother's father, Autolycus, for naming.) "The grandfather gives him his own name. The father's name, of course, is different; and this he too gives when he becomes a grandfather. So in old Greek families two names alternate through generations. My grandfather's name was Evangelinos. This he gave to me; and I was distinguished from others of that name because I was the son of Apostolos, Apostolides. But my best schoolmaster was fond of the poet Sophocles, and he was fond of me. He used to call me his little Sophocles. The other boys heard it, and they began to call me so. It was a nickname. But when I left home people took it for my family name. They thought I must have a family name. I did not contradict them. It makes no difference. This is as good as any." One morning he received a telegram of congratulation from the monks in Cairo. "It is my day," he said. "How did the monks know it was your birthday?" I asked. "It is not my birthday. Nobody thinks about that. It is forgotten. This is my saint's day. Coming into the world is of no consequence; coming under the charge of the saints is what we care for. My name puts me in the Virgin's charge, and the feast of the Annunciation is my day. The monks know my name."

To the Greek Church he was always loyal. Its faith had glorified his youth, and to it he turned for strength throughout his solitary years. Its conventual discipline was dear to him, and oftener than of his birthplace at the foot of Mt. Olympus he dreamed of Mt. Sinai. On Mt. Sinai the Emperor Justinian founded the most revered of all Greek monasteries. Standing remote on its sacred mountain, the monastery is obliged to depend on Cairo for its supplies. In

Cairo, accordingly, there is a branch or agency, which during the boyhood of Sophocles was presided over by his uncle Constantius. At twelve he joined this uncle in Cairo. In the agency there, in the parent monastery on Sinai itself, and in journeyings between the two, the happy years were spent which shaped his intellectual and religious constitution. Though he never outwardly became a monk, he largely became one within. His adored uncle Constantius was his spiritual father. Through him his ideals had been acquired, — his passion for learning, his hardihood in duty, his imperturbable patience, his brief speech, which allowed only so many words as might scantily clothe his thought, his indifference to personal comfort. He never spoke the name of Constantius without some sign of reverence; and in his will, after making certain private bequests, and leaving to Harvard College all his printed books and stereotype plates, he adds this clause: "All the residue and remainder of my property and estate I devise and bequeath to the said President and Fellows of Harvard College in trust, to keep the same as a permanent fund, and to apply the income thereof in two equal parts: one part to the purchase of Greek and Latin books (meaning hereby the ancient classics) or of Arabic books, or of books illustrating or explaining such Greek, Latin, or Arabic books; and the other part to the Catalogue Department of the General Library. . . . My will is that the entire income of the said fund be expended in every year, and that the fund be kept forever unimpaired, and be called and known as the Constantius Fund, in memory of my paternal uncle, Constantius the Sinaite, Κωνστάντιος Σιναίτης."

This man, then, by birth, training, and temper a solitary; whose heritage was Mt. Olympus, and the monastery of Justinian, and the Greek quarter of Cairo, and the isles of Greece; whose intimates were Hesiod and Pindar and Arrian and Basilides, — this man it was who, from 1842 onward, was deputed to interpret to American college boys the hallowed writings of his race. Thirty years ago, too, at the period when I sat on the green bench in front of the long-legged desk, college boys were boys indeed. They had no more knowledge than the high-school boy of to-day, and they were kept in order by much the same methods. Thus it happened, by some jocose perversity in the arrangement of human affairs, that throughout our Sophomore and Junior years we sportive youngsters were obliged to endure Sophocles, and Sophocles was obliged to endure us. No wonder if he treated us with a good deal of contempt. No wonder that his power of scorn, originally splendid, enriched itself from year to year. We learned, it is true, something about everything except Greek; and the best thing we learned was a new type of human nature. Who that was ever his pupil will forget the calm bearing, the occasional pinch of snuff, the averted eye, the murmur of the interior voice, and the stocky little figure with the lion's head? There in the corner he stood, as stranded and solitary as the Egyptian obelisk in the hurrying Place de la Concorde. In a curious sort of fashion he was faithful to what he must have felt an obnoxious duty. He was never absent from his post, nor did he cut short the hours, but he gave us only such attention as was prescribed in the bond; he appeared to hurry past, as by set purpose, the beauties of what we read, and he took pleasure in snubbing expectancy and aspiration.

"When I entered college," says an eminent Greek scholar, "I was full of the notion, which I probably could not have justified, that the Greeks were the greatest people that had ever lived. My enthusiasm was fanned into a warmer glow when I learned that my teacher was himself a Greek, and that our first lesson was to be the story of Thermopylæ.

After the passage of Herodotus had been duly read, Sophocles began: 'You must not suppose these men stayed in the Pass because they were brave; they were afraid to run away.' A shiver went down my back. Even if what he said had been true, it ought never to have been told to a Freshman."

The universal custom of those days was the hearing of recitations, and to this Sophocles conformed so far as to set a lesson, and to call for its translation bit by bit. But when a student had read his suitable ten lines, he was stopped by the raised finger; and Sophocles, fixing his eyes on vacancy, and taking his start from some casual suggestion of the passage, began a monologue, — a monologue not unlike one of Browning's in its caprices, its involvement, its adaptation to the speaker's mind rather than to the hearer's, and its ease in glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. During these intervals the sluggish slumbered, the industrious devoted themselves to books and papers brought in the pocket for the purpose, the dreamy enjoyed the opportunity of wondering what the strange words and their still stranger utterer might mean. The monologue was sometimes long and sometimes short, according as the theme which had been struck kindled the rhapsodist, and enabled him, with greater or less completeness, to forget his class. When some subtlety was approached, a smile — the only smile ever seen on his face by strangers — lifted for a moment the corner of the mouth. The student who had been reciting stood meanwhile, but sat when the voice stopped, the white head nodded, the pencil made a record, and a new name was called.

There were perils, of course, in records of this sort. Reasons for the figures which subsequently appeared on the college books were not easy to find. Some of us accounted for our marks by the fact that we had red hair or long noses; others preferred the explanation that our professor's pencil happened to move more readily to the right hand or to the left. For the most part we took good-naturedly whatever was given us, though questionings would sometimes arise. A little before my time there entered an ambitious young fellow, who cherished large purposes in Greek. At the end of the first month under his queer instructor he went to the regent and inquired for his mark in Plato. It was three, the maximum being eight. Horror-stricken, he penetrated Sophocles's room. "Professor Sophocles," he said, "I find my mark is only three. There must be some mistake. There is another Jones in the class, you know, J. S. Jones" (a lump of flesh), "and may it not be that our marks have been confused?" An unmoved countenance, a little wave of the hand, accompanied the answer: "You must take your chance, — you must take your chance." In my own section, when anybody was absent from a certain bench, poor Prindle was always obliged to go forward and say, "I was here to-day, Professor Sophocles," or else the gap on the bench where six men should sit was charged to Prindle's account. In those easy-going days, when men were examined for entrance to college orally and in squads, there was a good deal of eagerness among the knowing ones to get into the squad of Sophocles; for it was believed that he admitted everybody, on the ground that none of us knew any Greek, and it was consequently unfair to discriminate. "Do you read your examination books?" he once asked a fellow-instructor. "If they are better than you expect, the writers cheat; if they are no better, time is wasted." "Is to-day story day or contradiction day?" he is reported to have said to one who, in the war time, eagerly handed him a newspaper, and asked if he had seen the morning's news.

How much of this cynicism of conduct and of speech was genuine perhaps he knew as little as the rest of us; but

certainly it imparted a pessimistic tinge to all he did and said. To hear him talk, one would suppose the world was ruled by accident or by an utterly irrational fate; for in his mind the two conceptions seemed closely to coincide. His words were never abusive; they were deliberate, peaceful even; but they made it very plain that as long as one lived there was no use in expecting anything. Paradoxes were a little more probable than ordered calculations; but even paradoxes would fail. Human beings were altogether impotent, though they fussed and strutted as if they could accomplish great things. How silly was trust in men's goodness and power, even in one's own! Most men were bad and stupid, — Germans especially so. The Americans knew nothing, and never could know. A wise man would not try to teach them. Yet some persons dreamed of establishing a university in America! Did they expect scholarship where there were politicians and business men? Evil influences were far too strong. They always were. The good were made expressly to suffer, the evil to succeed. Better leave the world alone, and keep one's self true. "Put a drop of milk into a gallon of ink; it will make no difference. Put a drop of ink into a gallon of milk; the whole is spoiled."

I have felt compelled to dwell at some length on these cynical, illogical, and austere aspects of Sophocles's character, and even to point out the circumstances of his life which may have shaped them, because these were the features by which the world commonly judged him, and was misled. One meeting him casually had little more to judge by. So entire was his reserve, so little did he permit close conversation, so seldom did he raise his eye in his slow walks on the street, so rarely might a stranger pass the bolted door of his chamber, that to the last he bore to the average college student the character of a sphinx, marvelous in self-sufficiency, amazing in erudition, romantic in his suggestion of distant lands and customs, and forever piquing curiosity by his eccentric and sarcastic sayings. All this whimsicality and pessimism would have been cheap enough, and little worth recording, had it stood alone. What lent it price and beauty was that it was the utterance of a singularly self-denying and tender soul. The incongruity between his bitter speech and his kind heart endeared both to those who knew him. Like his venerable cloak, his grotesque language often hid a bounty underneath. For he was never weary in well-doing. How many students have received his surly benefactions! In how many small tradesmen's shops did he have his appointed chair! His room was bare: but in his native town an aqueduct was built; his importunate and ungrateful relatives were pensioned; the monks of Mt. Sinai were protected against want; the children and grandchildren of those who had befriended his early years in America were watched over with a father's love; and by care for helpless creatures wherever they crossed his path he kept himself clean of selfishness.

One winter night, at nearly ten o'clock, I was called to my door. There stood Sophocles. When I asked him why he was not in bed an hour ago, "A. has gone home," he said. "I know it," I answered; for A. was a young instructor dear to me. "He is sick," he went on. "Yes." "He has no money." "Well, we will see how he will get along." "But you must get him some money, and I must know about it." And he would not go back into the storm — this graybeard professor, solicitous for an overworked tutor — till I assured him that arrangements had been made for continuing A.'s salary during his absence. I declare, in telling the tale I am ashamed. Am I wronging the good man by disclosing his secret, and saying

that he was not the cynical curmudgeon for which he tried to pass? But already before he was in his grave the secret had been discovered, and many gave him persistently the love which he still tried to wave away.

Toward dumb and immature creatures his tenderness was more frank, for these could not thank him. Children always recognized in him their friend. A group of curly-heads usually appeared in his window on Class Day. A stray cat knew him at once, and, though he seldom stroked her, would quickly accommodate herself near his legs. By him spiders were watched, and their thin wants supplied. But his solitary heart went out most unreservedly and with the most pathetic devotion toward fragile chickens; and out of these uninteresting little birds he elicited a degree of responsive intelligence which was startling to see. One of his dearest friends, coming home from a journey, brought him a couple of bantam eggs. When hatched and grown, they developed into a little five-inch burnished cock, which shone like a jewel or a bird of paradise, and a more sober but exquisite hen. These two, Frank and Nina, and all their numerous progeny for many years, Sophocles trained to the hand. Each knew its name, and would run from the flock when its white-haired keeper called, and, sitting upon his hand or shoulder, would show queer signs of affection, not hesitating even to crow. The same generous friend who gave the eggs gave shelter also to the winged consequences. And thus it happened that three times a day, as long as he was able to leave his room, Sophocles went to that house where the Harvard Annex is now sheltered to attend his pets. White grapes were carried there, and the choicest of corn and clamshell; and endless study was given to devising conveniences for housing, nesting, and the promenade. But he did not demand too much from his chickens. In their case, as in dealing with human beings, he felt it wise to bear in mind the limit and to respect the foreordained. When Nina was laying badly, one springtime, I suggested a special food as a good egg-producer. But Sophocles declined to use it. "You may hasten matters," he said, "but you cannot change them. A hen is born with just so many eggs to lay. You cannot increase the number." The eggs, as soon as laid, were penciled with the date and the name of the mother, and were then distributed among his friends, or sparingly eaten at his own meals. To eat a chicken itself was a kind of cannibalism from which his whole nature shrank. "I do not eat what I love," he said, rejecting the bowl of chicken broth I pressed upon him in his last sickness.

If in ways so uncommon his clinging nature, cut off from domestic opportunity, went out to unresponsive creatures, it may be imagined how good cause of love he furnished to his few intimates among mankind. They found in him sweet courtesy, undemanding gentleness, an almost feminine tact in adapting what he could give to what they might receive. To their eyes the great scholar, the austere monk, the bizarre professor, the pessimist, were hidden by the large and lovable man. Even strangers recognized him as no common person, so thoroughly was all he did and said purged of superfluity, so veracious was he, so free from apology. His everyday thoughts were worthy thoughts. He knew no shame or fear, and had small wish, I think, for any change. Always a devout Christian, he seldom used expressions of regret or hope. Probably he concerned himself little with these or other feelings. In the last days of his life, it is true, when his thoughts were oftener in Arabia than in Cambridge, he once or twice referred to "the ambition of learning" as the temptation which had drawn him out from the

monastery, and had given him a life less holy than he might have led among the monks. But these were moods of humility rather than of regret. Habitually he maintained an elevation above circumstances, — was it stoicism or Christianity? — which imparted to his behavior, even when most eccentric, an unshakable dignity. When I have found him in his room, curled up in shirt and drawers, reading the Arabian Nights, the Greek service book, or the Ladder of the Virtues, by John Klimakos, he has risen to receive me with the bearing of an Arab sheikh, and has laid by the Greek folio and motioned me to a chair with a stateliness not natural to our land or century. It would be clumsy to liken him to one of Plutarch's men; for though there was much of the heroic and extraordinary in his character and manners, nothing about him suggested a suspicion of being on show. The mould in which he was cast was formed earlier. In his bearing and speech, and in a certain large simplicity of mental structure, he was the most Homeric man I ever knew.

George Herbert Palmer.

ROWING AT OXFORD.

THE beginning of the 'Varsity year in October brings with it its new consignment of Freshmen. Of these, some have already, while at school, made a name either as oars, or cricketers, or in one of the two kinds of football. By means of this bias the choice of many is soon decided, though of course one sport need not exclude entirely another during a man's 'Varsity career. The river is always sure of its supply of recruits, for two reasons: first, setting aside those who have already had experience in oarsmanship, a small frame or light weight is perhaps less a disadvantage in rowing than in any other sport; and second, the large amount of practice and coaching which the river recruit will receive gives small-statured skill a chance of differentiating itself from big-bodied stolidity. For rowing preëminently among sports demands the exercise, and consequently favors the development, of intellectual and moral qualities.

Let us suppose, then, that there have come down to the college barge in October thirty Freshmen. From this material are selected all those who are likely to benefit by practice under the eye of careful coaches. Crews are arranged to row in heavy tub fours, and are taken daily in the afternoon a couple of journeys down to Iffley and back, making for the afternoon's exercise an average of about five miles' rowing. Besides this, individual faults, which in the tyro are legion, are corrected either between or after journeys in a tub pair. This kind of work is carried on for four or five out of the eight weeks of the October term, and at the end of this period the racing capacities of the men are first put to the test. According to the mettle now displayed will be the brief and inglorious, or the long and illustrious, rowing careers of the several oars. These races are the concern of college clubs only, and are managed after the traditional system of each particular college. Thus, while some clubs prefer to have the trial fours rowed in heats of two boats starting abreast, others arrange two or three boats in a heat, at a given distance behind each other, corresponding to the distance separating their respective flags at the winning posts. With the latter method, when the stern of a boat has passed its flag at

the end of the course, a pistol is fired, and the decision is given by the reports. But in either case the rowing and sporting sets of a college run along the towing path, encouraging the crews with bells and rattles and yells. Good fours generally augur successes on the river for the ensuing year. Pots are given to the winning crew, and perhaps a challenge oar or cup, to be held, in the first case, by each member of the crew, or, in the second, by the stroke.

About three weeks now remain of the October term. After a few days' rest, those in authority set about selecting the best men from the fours to represent their colleges in the torpid eight-oared races, which will be rowed in the middle of the next or Easter term. The change from a slow and heavy tub four to a moderately heavy eight is a great one, and the novice at first is surprised at the rate of traveling and the small amount of energy he is able to expend on each stroke. This experience proves that his oarsmanship will necessarily, in future, be of a finer quality, and the greatest attention will have to be paid to the admonitions of the coach, who now runs or rides along the bank each journey to instruct and polish his crew. The coxswain, too, requires some little skill and a considerable voice, to manipulate a long eight through the narrow and tortuous "gut." Something like the probable crew is put together by the end of the term. A six weeks' vacation follows, and when the men reassemble work commences in real earnest. It is no slight or maiden's task that the oarsman undertakes who engages to row in his college torpid. For, to begin with, this is the first occasion on which strong feeling attends the results of the racing, it being the first intercollegiate competition. It must be remembered that the status of any one of the colleges or halls, of which there are about two dozen, depends as much on its position on the river as on its class lists in the schools. Again, the weather between January and March is, as a rule, the reverse of gentle: strong east winds, rain, hail, snow, and ice have been known to make the thinly clad oarsman wish he had never put his hand to the plough. What is more, before he can row he must become a member of the University Boat Club; and the privilege of membership is not to be bought at a price less than £3 10*s.*, which sum paid, however, he is a member for life. Lastly, it is not one day's racing he is to train for, but six afternoons', broken only by the Sunday rest. There is no turning backward, so one thinks twice before one rows in his "togger." A healthy mind, however, finds a difficulty nothing but an opportunity, and accepts the hardship which his ambition entails. Imagine, then, that I am chosen as one of the eight who are to undergo three weeks' training and one week of racing.

"In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted jott."

Thus sings Spenser in The Faëry Queene concerning the spiritual training of the Red Cross Knight, and his words not inaptly describe the effect of rowing discipline.

We train, briefly, as follows: Rising at half past seven, we take a brisk run of a quarter of a mile in meadow or park as a breather and to induce a gentle sweat, which we dispel by means of a cold tub and rough towels. This operation in cold weather is followed by a tingling and glowing sensation and a general readiness for breakfast, which the crew eat together, under the presidency of a coach, at 8.30. Fish and fowls, chops and steaks, dry toast and

butter, marmalade and green food *ad lib.*, washed down with strictly limited weak tea, constitute a satisfying repast. Lunch, at one, is a light meal, consisting of a little cold meat and a half pint of beer. Between two and five o'clock is done the rowing exercise for the day, and at seven we dine, again with a certain recognized training *menu*, and go to bed at 10.30. There is no pleasant indulgence in afternoon tea; but after a particularly hard day's work, such as a course rowed over, and during the racing week, a glass or two of port or claret is permitted after the evening meal, to make blood and prevent staleness, which is apt to overtake us during training.

The first day of the racing week is always a Thursday. As there are too many boats to row simultaneously, they are divided into two divisions: the first dozen, let us say, rowing at three o'clock, and the lower half at five. In order to make it possible for a boat to rise from one to the other division, the first of the lower division boats (which row first) is entitled to row again on the same afternoon as last of the upper division. It is then called the "sandwich boat." The system of a bumping race is as follows: The boats start at Iffley from their punts, which have previously been fixed at equal distances (one hundred and twenty feet) below one another. The race is rowed up stream over a course about a mile long. A gun on the bank is fired at five minutes before the start as a warning, a second gun four minutes afterwards, and a third for the start. A dozen boats instantly burst away in a long line divided by the stated interval. But before half the course is rowed the relative positions of the crews are greatly altered. Take, for example, the fortune of the fourth boat. It gradually lessens its distance from the third, at the same time increasing that between itself and the fifth. Presently its bows overlap the stern of number three, and in a moment more it has grazed the boat well up alongside of the coxswain, who holds up his hand in recognition of the "bump," while both three and four lose no time in falling out of the line toward either bank, to allow those below to continue their race. This is on Thursday. On Friday boat four starts third, and boat three fourth; and so in six nights a boat may normally rise or fall six places, but seven, if it pass through the position of sandwich boat, in which it may bump or be bumped twice on the same day. A position among the first half dozen boats is much prized, and it requires sustained excellence of coaching and rowing to maintain the headship more than a single year.

But there are two boats representing a given college. Its torpid may be fifth, its "eight" tenth, on the river. Who then compose the "eight," and when are the eights rowed? The eight consists of the best oars in college, and is generally recruited from the torpid. It is the representative boat, and no man who has rowed in it may row subsequently in the torpid. These crews race in the third or summer term, generally in May. The boats are lighter, and the oarsman is for the first time introduced to a sliding-seat, but he trains in much the same fashion as for the torpid. With the eights the year's routine is at an end. If a Freshman finds his way into the eight by the end of his first year, he has done exceptionally well. Those eightsmen who continue in residence for the following year manage the college clubs and coach its boats in the manner we have already described. There are distinguishing badges for the status of foursman, toggerman, or eightsman, consisting of caps or blazers, varying in colors or trimming.

With fours, torpids, and eights the oarsman's career is completed so far as his particular college is concerned. If his ambition looks still higher, he must

now try to represent the 'Varsity in the inter-'Varsity race at Putney. Paulo majora canamus. This contest is the means of adding two further grades of distinction to the three already mentioned. In October, while colleges are selecting fours, the university president and committee are carefully searching for eligible material among the last year's eightsmen. From these are finally chosen sixteen men to form two trial eights, who row over a longer course at Moulsford. The trial eightsman is further distinguished by a white cap with black oars crossed in front, and from such sixteen the vacant thwarts in the 'Varsity boat are filled up each year. But neither trial eightsmen or "Blues," as such, are prohibited from rowing in their college eights in May.

So then we have reached the highest rung of the five-stepped ladder if, in January or early February, we are selected to row for Oxford against Cambridge over the Putney course. The efforts required are naturally proportionate to the distinction to be won. If he has not before passed the ordeal, each man must at this stage be medically examined, and certified fit to stand the strain of six weeks' training and the twenty minutes' row from Putney to Mortlake. The "Blue" has attained all that is attainable with the oar, especially if he happen to be a member of a winning boat. "The force of nature could no further go." Still, for the yet undamped enthusiast there are fresh laurels to be won at Henley, or new obstacles for his energy to overcome in the effort to raise a college boat on the river, either by coaching or rowing; and for a rowing god, who has already won his way to celestial citadels, to look down on the struggling mortality of a college eight is indeed proof of pure, disinterested *esprit de corps*.

Such is the main *cursus honorum* in the 'Varsity rowing world, and it is substantially similar in both the sister seats of learning. But there are also sidelights of greater or less importance which serve to encourage and to improve the public performances, or to bring out the relative worth of individuals. Rowing is nothing if not coöperative; it exhibits the most perfect system of socialism imaginable, and the individual is lost in oblivion. Hence the excellence of the moral training which is on all sides claimed for this form of sport.

Competition between individuals, however, is not studiously avoided. The 'Varsity challenge sculls are rowed after the eights in the summer term, and a better opportunity for displaying "grit" and dogged determination and courage, to say nothing of judgment, is perhaps never afforded. It is among 'Varsity scullers that we expect to find the amateur champion; that is, the winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley.

Another competition open to the whole university is the pair-oar (coxswainless) races. This, the most difficult form of rowing, requires, besides strength and neatness, a very exact balance of weight and similarity of style between the two men rowing together.

Once a man has rowed in his eight, his rowing powers are taxed, in the ordinary course of things, only once a year, for the short period of the summer races. To prevent his sinews and muscles degenerating into fat, and his wrists and arms losing their pliancy, there are two sets of intercollegiate races for fours, one rowed in light, the other in clinker-built ships. Great store is set by the carrying off of the trophy for either event by any particular college.

The several colleges, too, have their own established annual competitions in sculling and pair-oar rowing. At the close of the year, in the warm afternoons of June, are held the college regattas off the barges, in which all the rowing interest of each society makes sport for itself and amusement for spectators on the banks with forms of watermanship

which are lighter and more pleasant, but still require considerable skill and dexterity, such as punting, canoeing, cockle-rowing, etc.

This is the ordinary year's aquatic programme. A few words about the management of this elaborate system. Each college has its own club, with captain, secretary or treasurer, and committee, through which it controls funds and the general working of the boats. There is also the University Boat Club, with its barge and boat-house for headquarters, likewise under a chairman, president, secretary, and committee. As was said above, a member of a college torpid becomes *ipso facto* a member of the University Club by paying his subscription. This club is responsible for the management of matters of general concern, and especially the funds of the inter-'Varsity race at Putney.

Such is the system of river sport that has gradually developed at Oxford during the present century, admirable alike in its hierarchy of clearly defined gradations, its centralization, and its working results.

S. E. Winbolt.

A TOWN MOUSE AND A COUNTRY MOUSE.

"Well, Mis' Phelps, I 'm reelly a-goin' to Glover to see Melindy at last. I be, pos'tive. Don't seem as though it could be true, 't is so long sence I sot eyes on her; and I 've lotted on it so much, and tried so often and failed up on 't, that I can't hardly believe in 't now it 's comin' to pass. But I be a-goin' now, sure as you live, Providence permittin'."

The speaker was a small, thin old woman, alert and active as a chickadee, with a sharp twitter in her voice, reminding one still more of that small black and gray bird that cheers us with his gay defiance of winter, though he utter it from a fir bough bent to the ground with heavy snows. Her dark gray hair was drawn into a tight knot at the back of her head; her tear-worn eyes shone with a pathetic sort of lustre, as if joy were stranger to them than grief; her thin lips wore a doubtful smile, but still the traces of a former dimple, under that smiling influence, creased itself in one lined and sallow cheek. You saw at a glance that she had worked hard always; her small hands were knotted at the joints and callous in the palms; her shoulders were slightly bent. And you saw, too, that poverty had enforced her labor, for her dress, though scrupulously neat, and shaped with a certain shy deference to the fashion of the day, was of poor material and scant draperies.

Amanda Hart was really a remarkable woman, but she did not know it. Her life had been one long struggle with poverty and illness in her family, to whom she was utterly devoted. She had earned her living in one way or another as long as she could remember. Her mother died when she was a mere child, and her father was always a "shiftless," miserable creature, in his later years the prey of a slow yet fatal disease, dying by inches, of torture that defied doctors and wrung poor Amanda's heart with helpless sympathy.

All these years she not only nursed, but supported him; scrubbed, sewed, washed, — did anything that brought in a little money; for there were doctors' bills to pay, beside the very necessities of life to be obtained. Her one comfort was her sister Melinda, a child ten years younger than Amanda, a rosy, sturdy,

stolid creature, on whom the elder sister lavished all the deep love of a heart that was to know no other maternity. At last death mercifully removed old Anson Hart to some other place, — he had long been useless here; but before that relief came, Melinda, by this time a young woman, had married a farmer in Glover, and Amanda had moved into Munson, and was there alone. She "kinder scratched along," as she phrased it, and earned her living, if no more, in the various ways Yankee ingenuity can discover in a large country town. She had friends who helped her to employment, and always made her welcome in their homes; for her quaint shrewdness, her very original use, or misuse, of language, her humor, and her kind heart were all pleasant to have about.

Melinda's marriage was a brief experience. She was left a widow at the end of two years, with a small house and an acre of land; and there she lived alone, on a lonely country road, three miles from the village of Glover, and with no other house in sight.

"I guess it is as good as I can do," she wrote to Amanda. "I cant sell the house, and theres quite a piece of garden to it, besides some apple-trees and quince bushes. Garden sass always was the most of my living, and theres some tailoring to be did, so as that I can get a little cash. Then folks are glad to have somebody around killing times and sech like. Mary Ann Barker used to do that, but shes been providentially removed by death, so I can step right into her shoes. I guess, any way, Ill chance it for a spell, and see how it works."

Melinda had "faculty," and her scheme "worked" so well that she lived in the tiny red house for years, and in all that time Amanda had not seen her. It was a long journey, and money was hard to get. Perhaps Melinda might have gathered enough to take the journey, but she was by no means affectionate or sentimental. Life was a steady grind to her; none of its gentle amenities flourished in the red house. She had her "livin'" and was independent: that sufficed her. But Amanda was more eager every year to see her sister. She thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night; and after fifteen years her cracked teapot at last held coin enough for the expedition. Her joy was great, and the tremulous, sweet old face was pathetic in its constant smiling. She planned her journey as she sat at work, and poured her anticipations into all the neighbors' ears till their sympathy was well worn out.

But at last the day came. Amanda's two rooms were set in order, the windows closed, every fly chased out with the ferocity that inspires women against that intrusive insect, and the fire was raked down to its last spark the night before.

"I don't care for no breakfast," she said to the good woman in whose house she lived. "I should have to bile the kettle and have a cup and plate to wash up; and like enough the cloth 'd get mildewy, if I left it damp. I 'll jest take a dry bite in my clean han'k'chief. I 've eet up all my victuals but two cookies and a mite of cheese that I saved a puppus."

"Why, Mandy Hart! you 're all of a twitter! Set right down here and hev a cup o' tea 'long o' me. You 've got heaps o' time; now don't ye get into a swivet!"

"Well, Mis' Phelps, I thank you kindly; a drop of tea will taste proper good. I expect I be sort o' nervy, what with takin' a journey and the thought o' seein' Melindy. Now you tell: do I look good enough to go travelin'? I thought, first off, to wear the gown Mis' Swift give me, — that Heneryette, I b'lieve she called it; but I 've sponged and pressed it till it looks as good as new, and I sort o' hate to set on 't in the dust o' them cars all day. I thought mabbe this stripid gown would do."

"You look as slick as a pin," Mrs. Phelps answered.

It was an odd pin, then! The "stripid" dress was both short and scant even for Amanda's little figure; it did not conceal an ancient pair of prunella shoes that use had well fitted to her distorted feet, and her ankle-bones, enlarged with rheumatism, showed like doorknobs under her knit cotton stockings. Over her dress she wore a brown linen duster, shiny with much washing and ironing, and her queer little face beamed from under a wide black straw hat wreathed with a shabby band of feather trimming.

But she did not look amiss or vulgar, and the joy that shone in her eyes would have transfigured sackcloth, and turned ashes into diamond dust. She was going to see Melinda! The unsatisfied mother heart in her breast beat fast at the thought. Neither absence nor silence had cooled this one love of her life.

"I expect I shall enjoy the country dretfully," she said to Mrs. Phelps. "It 's quite a spell sence I 've been there. Mother, she set such store by green things, trees and sech, and cinnament roses, and fennel. My land! she talked about 'em all through her last sickness, even when she was dangerous. I shall be proper glad to get out to Glover."

Poor soul! all this meant Melinda.

So she trotted off to the station, with her lunch tied up in a handkerchief in one hand and her cotton umbrella in the other, a boy following with her old cowskin trunk on a wheelbarrow. He was a bad boy, for on the way he picked up an advertisement of a hair restorer and fastened it upon that bald trunk, chuckling fiendishly. But this was lost on Amanda; she paid him his quarter with an ambient smile, and mounted the carsteps with sudden agility. The car was not full, so she sat down next a window, struggled with a pocketful of various things to find her ticket, thrust it inside her glove, to be ready, and resigned herself to the journey. Outside the window were broad fields green with new grass, budding forests, bright and tranquil rivers, distant mountains, skies of spring, blue to their depths, and flecked with white cloud-fleeces; but they were lost on Amanda. She had not inherited her mother's tastes: she saw in all this glory only Melinda, the rosy girl who had left her so long ago; to that presence she referred all nature, wondering if this quiet farmhouse were like that at Glover, if Melinda's apple-trees had bloomed like those on the hillsides she passed, or if her sister could see those far-off hills from her windows. It was a long day. The "dry bite" was a prolonged meal to our traveler. Every crumb was eaten slowly, in order to pass the weary time. Nobody spoke to her; the busy conductor had short answers for her various questions. She was tired, dusty, and half homesick when at last that official put his head in at the door and yelled: "Sha-drach! Sha-drach! Sha-*drach!* Change for Medway, Racketts-Town, *and* Glover!"

So Amanda grasped her handkerchief, and, helped by her sturdy umbrella, for she was stiff with long sitting, found her way to the door, and was, as she phrased it, "yanked" off the steps upon the platform by an impatient brakeman. Why should he be civil to a poor old woman? Fortunately for her, the stage for Glover stood just across the platform, and she saw the driver shoulder her bare brass-nailed trunk which was duly directed to Melinda and Glover. A long five miles lay before her. The driver was not talkative, she was the only passenger, and it seemed a journey in itself before the stage drew up at the gate in front of Mrs. Melinda Perkins's farmhouse, and she came out of the door to meet her sister. A faint color rose to Amanda's cheek, her lips trembled, her eyes glittered, but she only said, "Well, here I be."

Melinda smiled grimly. She was not used to smiling; there was no sensitive shyness about her. Tall and muscular, her heavy face, her primmed-up mouth, her hard eyes glooming under that deep fold on the lids that in moments of anger narrows the eye to a slit and gives it a snaky gleam, her flat, low forehead, from which the dull hair was strained back and tightly knotted behind, — all told of a narrow, severe nature, at once jealous and loveless, the very antithesis of Amanda's. It is true, she stooped and kissed her sister, but the kiss was as frigid as the nip of a clamshell.

"Come in," she said, in an overbearing voice. "Hiram Young, you fetch that trunk in right here into the bedroom."

"You 'll hev to sleep 'long o' me, Mandy," announced Melinda, as she swung open her bedroom door, "for the' ain't no other place *to* sleep."

"Why, I sha'n't object, not a mite," beamed Amanda. "It 'll seem like old times. But you 've growed a sight, Melindy."

"I think likely, seein' it 's quite a spell since you see me; but I 've growed crossways, I guess," and Melinda gave a hard cackle.

"How nice you 're fixed up, too!" said admiring Amanda, as she looked about her in the twilight of green paper shades and spotless cotton curtains. The room was too neat for comfort; there was a fluffy, airless scent about it; the only brightness came from the glittering brasses of the bureau, that even in that half-dark shimmered in well-scoured splendor. Outside, the sweet June day was gently fading, full of fresh odors and young breezes; but not a breath entered that apartment, for even a crack of open window might admit a fly!

Melinda introduced her guest to a tiny closet on one side of the chimney, and then went out to get tea, leaving Amanda to unpack her trunk. This was soon done, for even that small closet was more than roomy enough for her other dress, her duster, and her hat; so that she soon followed her sister, guided by savory odors of hot biscuit, "picked" codfish, and wild strawberries. This was indeed a feast to the "town mouse;" such luxuries as raised biscuit and aromatic wild fruit were not to be indulged in at her own home, and she enjoyed them even more for the faint, delicious odor of old-fashioned white roses stealing in at the open door, the scent of vernal grass in the meadows, the rustle of new leaves on the great maple that shaded the house-corner, and the sharp chirp of two saucy robins hopping briskly about the yard.

It was all delightful to Amanda, but when night shut down the silence settled on her like a pall; she missed the click of feet on the pavement, the rattle of horse cars, the distant shriek of railway trains. There was literally not a sound; the light wind had died away, and it was too early in the season for crickets or katydids, too late for the evening love-songs of toads and frogs.

In vain did she try to sleep; she lay hour after hour "listening to the silence," and trying not to stir, lest she should wake Melinda. Had a mouse, her lifelong terror, squeaked or scratched in the wall, it would have relieved her; but in this dead stillness there was that peculiar horror of a sense suddenly made useless that affects the open eye in utter darkness, or the palsied lips that can make no sound.

Night seemed endless to the poor little woman; but when at last birds began to awake and chirp to the gray dawn, she fell so soundly asleep that not even Melinda's rising, or the clatter of her preparations for breakfast in the next room, aroused her. But her sister's voice was effectual.

"Be you a-goin' to sleep all day?" said that incisive and peremptory tongue.

The question brought Amanda to her feet, quite ashamed of herself.

"You see," she explained to Melinda at breakfast, "I did n't get to sleep till nigh sun-risin', 't was so amazin' still."

"Still! That had ought to have made ye sleep. Well, I never did! Now I can't sleep ef there 's a mite o' noise. I 'd have kep' chickens but for that. Deacon Parker wanted to give me some o' his white Braymys, but I said: 'No; I 've got peace and quietness, and I ain't goin' to have it broke up by roosters.'"

"I s'pose it 's accordin' as we 're used to 't," meekly replied Amanda, with an odd sense of being in the wrong, but she said no more; she was beginning to discover that it was not serene bliss to be with Melinda again. In their long separation she had forgotten her sister's hard and abrupt ways, and indeed in Melinda's solitary and very lonely life her angles had grown sharper and sharper; nothing had worn them off. We can enjoy idealizing a friend, but the longer that ideal fills our hearts the harder does reality scourge us. Amanda could not have explained her heart-sinking to herself. She laid it to the isolation of her sister's house, and, while Melinda made bread, went out to walk a little way, to see if she could not enjoy the country. All about lay green fields, wooded hills, and blooming orchards; for spring was late here in Glover, and only the sheltered hillsides had cast all blossoms from the later trees. A deep sense of desolation clutched Amanda's homesick heart; there was not a house to be seen, not even a curl of smoke to show that one might be hidden somewhere. Used all her days to the throng and bustle of a large town, she found this country peace unendurable. She went back to the house, took up her knitting, and tried to be conversational.

"Have n't got any neighbors at all, have ye, M'lindy?"

"Nearest is Deacon Parker, 'n' he lives three mild back behind Pond Hill."

"My sakes! what if you should be took sick?"

"But I ain't never *took* sick," snapped Melinda, looking like a sturdy oak-tree utterly incapable of ailments.

"But you might be; nobody knows when their time is comin'. Why, when I had the ammonia last year, I do'no but what I should ha' died, — guess I should, — if it had n't have been for the neighbors."

"Well, I sha'n't go over no bridges till I come to 'em," sharply replied Melinda, paring her potatoes with extra energy.

"Glover is quite a ways from here, ain't it?" queried Amanda.

"Three mild."

Evidently Melinda was not given to talking, but Amanda would not be discouraged.

"Don't have no county paper, do ye?"

"No, I have n't got no time to spend on them things. I can 'tend up to my own business, if other folks 'll take care of theirn."

Amanda gave an inaudible sigh, and tried no more conversation. After dinner Melinda did ask a few questions, in her turn, about old acquaintances, but her sister's prattle was effectually cut short. Never in her life had Amanda found a day so dreary or a night so long, for she had it to dread beforehand. Even the sharp rattle and quick flash of a June thunderstorm was a relief to her, for it woke Melinda, and sent her about the house to shut a window here and fasten down a scuttle there, and for a brief space kept her awake; but after that little space the capable woman slept like a log, — she did not even snore, — and the night resumed its deadly silence.

Oh, how Amanda longed for the living noises that she had so often scolded about in Munson! The drunken cackle of men just out from the saloons, the rapid rush of a doctor's carriage whirling by in the small hours, a cross baby next door that would yell its loudest just when she was sleepiest, — any, all of

these would have been welcome in this ghastly stillness.

The next day was Sunday, and when the rigidly recurring Sunday breakfast of baked beans and codfish balls was over Amanda inquired timidly: —

"Do you go to meetin' on the Sabbath, M'lindy?"

"Well, I guess so! We ain't clear heathen."

"I did n't know but 't was too fur to walk."

"'T is, but Deacon Parker goes right a-past here, and stops for me. He 's got a two-seater, and there 'll be room for you, for he don't take nobody but me and Widder Drake."

"Where 's Mis' Parker?"

"I do'no. She 's dead."

Amanda's eyes opened wide at this doubtful remark about the late Mrs. Parker, but she said nothing; she satisfied herself with watching Melinda dress. Her Sunday garments were a black alpaca gown, shiny with age, what she called a "mantilly" of poor black silk edged with emaciated fringe, and the crowning horror of a Leghorn bonnet, "cut down" from its ancient dimensions into a more modern scoop, but still a scoop. It was surmounted with important bows of yellow-green satin ribbon and a fat pink rose with two stout buds. Amanda felt a chill run over her at this amazing head-gear. She did not know that the rose was Melinda's last protest against old age, her symbol of lingering youth, her "no surrender" flag.

"Why don't you wear a hat, Melindy?" she asked meekly, as she smoothed out the dejected band of her own. "Bunnets is all gone out down to Munson."

"Well, they ain't here, and I don't think it 's seemly to wear them flats to meetin'; they 'll do to go a-huckleberryin' or fetchin' cows home from pastur', but, to my mind, they 're kinder childish for meetin'."

Amanda said nothing, and just then the deacon drove up to the gate, — a spare old man, with long, scanty white hair and red-rimmed, watery eyes. Amanda was duly presented.

"Make you 'quainted with my sister, Mandy Hart, down to Munson."

"Pleased to see ye," bobbed Deacon Parker, with a toothless grin. "I 'd get out to help ye in, but old Whitey don't never stand good without tyin'; and gener'lly Mis' Drake holds her, but she 's gone to Shadrach this week back. She 's gardeen to a child over there, and there 's some court business about the prop'ty."

"Lawsy! we can get in good enough," said Melinda, alertly climbing over the hind wheel, and helping Amanda to follow.

"Spry, ain't she?" said the deacon to Amanda, with another void and formless smile. "Huddup, Whitey! We don't want to be late to the sanctooary."

The drive was beautiful, and gave poor Amanda a gentler opinion of the country. It wound by little silver brooks, under the fragrant gloom of pine woods, and the sweet breath of the fields filled her weak lungs with new life. But alas! the meeting-house was a square barn with a sharp steeple, and as she sat down on the bare seat of a corner pew, and choked with the dead odors of "meetin'-seed," the musty chill of the past week, the camphor that exhaled from Sunday clothes but recently taken from their wintry repose, and the smell of boots that had brought their scent of stable and barnyard, she longed to be back in the handsome, well-ventilated church at Munson, with the soft rustle of a well-dressed, perfumy congregation about her, and the sound of a fine organ and well-trained choir in her ears, offended now by the tuneless squalls and growls of these country singers. Poor town mouse! She was ready to exclaim with the mouse of Horace: —

"But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!"

That very night she told Melinda that she must leave her on Tuesday, on account of promised work, and accordingly Tuesday saw her safely back again in dear Munson. Her tiny rooms seemed like a refuge to her, as she opened the blinds and let in the warm air. Her natural vivacity, subdued by Melinda and the solitude of the country, returned.

"Goodness gracious, Mis' Phelps!" Amanda exclaimed to her landlady, "I would n't no more live in the country than nothin'. Why, 't was as still as a ear-trumpet out there. I 'd ha' give all my old shoes to ha' heard a street car or a coal wagon a-rumblin' by. And lonesome! There was n't so much as a rooster a-predicatin' by in the road. I thought I should die for want of knowin' I was alive; and the nighttime shuts down onto ye like a pot-lid. You know you can't go marvelin' round in other folks' houses. I jest had to set and knit daytimes, and sense the lonesomeness. I know I should have shockanum palsy if I had to stay there. Melindy is comin' to see me for a spell early in July, about the Fourth, when it 's kinder lively, and I guess 't 'll wake her up some."

"I expect you had good country victuals and plenty o' flowers, though?" asked Mrs. Phelps, in the indirect Yankee fashion.

"Well, I did. Melindy 's a-most an excellent cook, and the' was a patch of wild strawberries growed to the south side of her old barn that was ripe a'ready; they have got taste into 'em, I tell ye! But, land! victuals and drink ain't the chief o' *my* diet. I 'm real folksy; grasshoppers ain't no neighbors to me. I want to be amongst them that 'll talk back to me; not dumb things that won't never say nothing if you should merang 'em all day."

"Why, how you talk! How does Mis' Perkins stan' it?"

"I do'no. I expect she 's hardened to it, as you may say. *I* 'd jest as lives set down on a slab in the sempitery all my days as to stay out to Melindy's. I do'no but I 'd ruther; for there 'd be funerals, and mourners, and folks comin' to desecrate the graves with flowers, and sech, intervenin' 'most every day there. 'T would be real lively in caparison with M'lindy's house."

Now Amanda set herself to adorn her little rooms and keep them in spotless order till her sister should come; and when that happy day arrived she met her at the station, her smiling old face as pleasant as a hollyhock blossom.

"If I ain't tickled, now!" she beamed on Melinda. "I 've reelly got you here."

"I said I 'd come, did n't I?" answered Melinda, with a laborious smile. "I have n't fetched no great of clothes, for I can't stay long; fruit is comin' in, and I 've got to make preserves for quite a few folks down to Glover."

She secretly blessed herself for making this announcement early, when she reached Amanda's little tenement: two rooms over a grocer's store, redolent with smells of kerosene, cloves, pepper, and the like, added to the fumes of bad tobacco from customers' pipes.

Not only smells, but dust and the heat of a blazing July day added to her discomfort, though she had the grace not to complain; and when Amanda had laid aside that wonderful "bunnet," and set Melinda by the north window with a fan, the country mouse felt a little more comfortable. The tea daunted her; she could not eat the sliced "Bolony," as Amanda called it; the baker's bread was dust and ashes to her taste; the orange marmalade found no favor, though it was a delicacy Amanda had kept for this special purpose, the gift of a friend. Poor Melinda gave afterward a graphic description of this dainty meal to Deacon Parker.

"I never see sech victuals in *my* life! No wonder Mandy 's lean. Cake and bread jest like sawdust, and, if you 'll believe it, raw sassages, actooally *raw*,

sliced up on a dish! I never could eat raw meat, much less pork. And the preserves was as bitter as boneset! I went hungry to bed, you 'd better believe."

Yet worse was in store for the country mouse. Amanda had given up her bed to her visitor, and lain down on the sitting-room lounge; and though it was a breathless night, at first Melinda slept, she was so tired, in spite of the noisy horse cars, rattling wagons, and click of feet.

It was the night of the third of July, and as a neighboring church clock struck twelve the first giant cracker exploded right under the bedroom window. Roused by the crash, that was followed fast by another and another, Melinda started up in all the terror of darkness and din, screaming: —

"Mandy! Mandy! where be ye? What on earth 's the matter?"

Smiling superior, though but half awake, Amanda answered: —

"'T ain't nothin'; it 's the Fourth, and them boys is a-settin' off crackers. Pesky little sarpents! I s'pose there is a puppus in boys, but I 've wished frequent that men growed out o' somethin' more pleasant. You turn over an' go to sleep, sister; the' won't nothin' do ye no harm."

"Oh-h!" shrieked Melinda again, as a cannon roared from the green close by, and then the whole pandemonium set in.

The cat Civilization, with the ribbon of simulated patriotism round its neck, set upon our country mouse now with feline fury. Every noise that could be made by gunpowder, horns, or bells, as well as yelling boys, crashed upon this poor woman's head till she was all but crazy. How she longed for the sweet quiet of her own home, and longed in vain, for she could not get away! Stern and silent as she seemed to be, she was but a woman, and a real feminine panic ensued.

Amanda had her hands full for the rest of the night. Her panacea of "red lavender" was useless, and this was no case for her favorite salve that cured everything. She fanned Melinda, soothed her as she best knew how, and tried with all her heart to comfort and compose the frightened woman, steadied herself by a shy sense of superiority and courage to which Melinda could not attain. But not until sunrise dispersed the crowd of celebrators, and a sort of silence replaced the clamor, could Melinda close her eyes and snatch a nap before breakfast.

Coffee, steak, and stewed potato she could eat when that breakfast came; and later on, when Amanda said timidly, "Would you like to walk out a ways? 'T is n't quite so hot, and we can get a good place to see the percession," Melinda did not refuse. She was glad to get out-of-doors, but nothing could induce her to ride in the horse cars; so Amanda guided her about the pretty town, showed her the public buildings, the fine houses of summer residents, the various churches, and the gay shop-windows, till, worn out, they sat down on one of the hard benches set here and there on the green, to wait for the event of the day.

"Who goes into the pr'cession?" inquired Melinda.

"Oh, fire comp'nies, an' temperance s'cieties, the perlice, and th' elect men. Bands, too, — brass bands with insterments."

Melinda stared her fill at the *mélange* that soon wheeled by.

"Say, Mandy, what be them fellers with muffs on their heads, a-throwin' up sticks and ketchin' of 'em?"

"They call 'em drum majors, I b'lieve, though I don't see no drums. I do lot on seein' 'em always, they 're so pompious, and yet so spry. Look! d' ye see that one catch his batten an' twirl it?"

Melinda nodded her great bonnet, which had all day attracted nearly as

much attention as she bestowed on the drum majors, but she was tired enough to go home now and enjoy a cold dinner.

Perhaps she thought the terrors of the day were over, but they were not. For years before her marriage they had all lived in the deep country, so that the most common sights of the town were unknown to her; and when Amanda insisted on her going out to see the fireworks that wound up that holiday, Melinda's nerves received another shock. The star-dropping rockets, the spitting pinwheels, the soft roar of Roman candles, the blare of "set" pieces, neither pleased nor interested her; she was in terror lest those irresponsible fire-flakes should light on her Sunday bonnet, and every fierce rush of a rocket made her jump with fresh fear.

"Don't say no more, Mandy!" she declared the next day, when her sister tried to have her stay longer. "I've *got* to go. I could n't stan' it another minute. I'm real obleeged to ye for what ye 've did to make it pleasant for me, but I can't stan' a town. I'm all broke up a'ready, and I 'm as homesick as a cat to get back. I 'd rather have a hovel out in the lots than a big house here. There 's too many other folks here for me. I wish 't you 'd come out to Glover and make it home 'long o' me."

"Land, Melindy! I could n't live there an hour. I should die of clear lonesomeness, — I know I should. Why, when I had the neurology in my diagram, last winter, and there come a dretful snow, so as that the neighbors could n't none of 'em happen in, I thought 't would finish me up. What should I do if I was took sick to your house? No doctor, no folks around! It makes me catterpiller to think on 't. But I 'm jest as obleeged, and I hope you 'll come to Munson some time when 't ain't the Fourth."

So Melinda went back to her solitude, and Amanda settled down again to her town life, yet with a vague sense of trouble. She could not have defined it, but it really was the consciousness that, having obtained her heart's desire, it had not satisfied her. We all come to it sooner or later. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness," says David. Is not the phrase a tacit confession that nothing on earth had ever satisfied him, king and poet as he was?

A month or two after Melinda went back to Glover, Amanda received a more positive, an appreciable shock in the following letter: —

DEAR MANDY, — I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am usually well and hope you enjoy the same blessing. I have been busy continual sence I come back, finding quite a little to do about the house and gardin.

I supose I had better speak wright out, though you will be some surprised I expect to hear that I am intending for to change my condishun soon. Fact is Deacon Parker and I calculate to be joined in the bans of Matrimony Monday next. twas quite onexpected to me when he spoke, but after a thinking of it over it looked as though the was a Providence into it for I called to mind what you said about my being took sick here all alone, and though I am not fur along in years, nor sickly, still the is sech a thing as accidents to be pervided against at all times. I have heered folks say that they would n't be no man's fourth but law! what 's the difference? The others is all dead, and buried.

We shant make no weddin, but he and me will be pleased to see you when you can make it convenient to come out to Glover for a spell. Mabbe you wouldnt be so lonesome now for he keeps quite a few chickens; hes a master hand for eggs.

So no more at present from

Yourn truly

MELINDY PERKINS.

"Oh, Lordy!" shrieked Amanda, as Mrs. Phelps opened the door and she dropped her letter. "Oh! I never did! What upon airth *is* she a-thinkin' of? Heavens to Betsey! that miser'ble old stick!"

"Why, Mandy Hart, what 's befell *you?*"

"Befell *me?* 'T ain't me. I ain't nobody's fool. Mis' Phelps, Melindy is a-goin' to marry a old feller out to Glover as white-headed an' red-eyed as a albinia rabbit, and as toothless as a punkin lantern. Pos'tive! I don't no more know how she can! Moreover, she sort of twits me with sayin' that I should n't know how to be took sick in her house, 't was so lonesome, and no doctor within five mild, and no way of gettin' to one at that. Says that put it into her head!"

"Well off, ain't he?" asked Mrs. Phelps, with the crisp acerbity of a woman who knows her world.

"She says he 's got means and she 'll hev a home. A home, with that little ferret a-hoverin' around the hull endurin' time! I 'd ruther grind a hand-organ round Munson streets! I did n't think Melindy *could*."

Two irrepressible tears trickled down the grieved old face from eyes that were sadder than the tears. But Amanda had made her moan. She did not answer Melinda's letter; she went on her tedious way with more patience but less cheer than ever, and the next thing she heard of her sister was the following spring, when a note from Deacon Parker arrived, running thus: —

Miss Amandy Hart, — This is to inform you that your sister is real sick with a fever; the doctor thinks shes dangerous. Shes kep a-askin for you for a week back, but I didnt pay no attention tot, thought she was kind of flighty and twould only be a bill of expense to send for ye. But now Doctor Fenn says shes got to hev a nuss any way, so I bethought me to send for you. I expect to pay your way so I put in a five dollar bill. If youll come a Wednesday I shall be pleased to see ye.

Yours to command

Ammi Parker.

Amanda was alert immediately; she had short notice to set her house in order and buy a few little delicacies for her sister. A born nurse, she knew just what to get and what to take, and was ready to set off on the early train next day. The journey seemed longer than before, the stage road was heavy, and it was much further to the deacon's house than to her sister's. She found Melinda very ill indeed.

"You poor dear soul!" Amanda said, as she bent over her sister, with her heart in her kind eyes. "I wish 't you 'd sent for me before. I wish I had ye down to Munson in the Home Hospittle; you 'd be so much better off."

A flash of hot color surged up into the sick woman's sallow, listless face; she lifted herself, with the sudden force of will, higher on her pillow; a weak, hoarse voice issued from her blackened lips.

"I would n't go! Don't ye speak on 't! None o' them institootions for me. I ain't so low down as that, — not yet!" It was the last protest of sturdy independence; she sank down again, and began muttering to herself.

Amanda looked about her to see what could be done. The room was small and dark, opening out of the kitchen. The one window faced the north; not a ray of sun ever visited it, and its outlook was on a rough lane leading to the near barnyard. On the other side of the lane was a swamp, where the first grass was just greening the tussocks, and folded cones of skunk cabbage were slowly growing up out of the black stagnant water. The window could not be opened; evidently no one had tried to open it since it was paint-stuck, years ago. She could do no-

thing there, so she set the door wide into the kitchen and opened the outer door. Fumes of boiling cabbage and frying pork came into the bedroom in clouds, but there was fresh air mingled with them. Melinda lay in the hollow of a feather bed, burning with typhoid fever, and Amanda could not lift her without help; the deacon was milking, and old Moll Thunder, the temporary "help," was half drunk. Amanda thought with a pang of the clean rooms and easy beds of the Cottage Hospital at Munson, the white-capped nurses, the skillful doctors, and her heart sank, though she knew, from long experience of sickness, that no human power could save Melinda now; but it might have been otherwise, and she was her only sister, the last tie of kindred blood. She did what she could to make the poor woman comfortable, but it was too late. Melinda did not utter a rational word again: a few broken whispers, — "To home," "What a green medder!" "Tell Mandy," — and then stupor overpowered all her faculties. There were a few hours of sonorous breathing; the stern features settled into the pinched masque of death. Melinda had gone beyond her sister's help.

"Yes," said Amanda, the week after, to Mrs. Phelps, who had come in to sympathize with her, "she was dretful sick when I got there; reelly you may say she was struck with death. And now the last one I 'd got lies a-buried in the sand an' stuns in that lonesome graveyard, full o' hardhacks and mulleins. 'T wa'n't much of a funeral, but I had 'em sing Jordan, for you know it tells about 'sweet fields beyond the swellin' flood;' and she favored the country so, it seemed sort o' considerate so to do. Oh, dear! she was all the sister I 'd got, Mis' Phelps, and 't is a real 'fliction. Deacon Parker was a mind to have me stay 'long o' him, for company; he was, pos'tive! But mercy! I should ha' gone crazy a-lookin' at him, if I had!"

Now Amanda was alone indeed: she had been so for years, but there had always been an aim and object to her life; Melinda was in her mind and on her heart. The pleasant expectations, the frail hopes, that had been so dear to her tried in vain to live: they had no resting-point; they recoiled on her with a dull sense of want and solitude. She grew listless, feeble, and sad; yet when a friend or neighbor came in to see her she brightened up, and was so cheery that it was a surprise to them all when she took to her bed and had a doctor. He could find nothing that seemed to warrant her weakness; ordered nourishment, as doctors do, gave her some harmless pills, and went away smiling.

"He do'no nothin' what ails me," Amanda said in a half whisper to Mrs. Phelps. "I guess I 've got through. I 've always looked forrard to Melindy's comin' finally to live with me; an' fust she went an' married that old Parker, an' then she up an' died. I wish 't I 'd ha' stayed with her longer; mabbe she would n't have died. She was n't old; not nigh so old as I be. I feel as though there was n't nothin' to live for; but I s'pose if 't is the Lord's will I *shall* live, only I guess 't ain't. I feel a goneness that I never had ketch hold o' me before. Well, I sha'n't be lonesome, any way; there 's many mansions, and they tell about the holy city; and all my folks is there — or somewhere."

A vague look clouded her eyes for an instant, but she was too weak to speculate. Once more she spoke, very softly:

"I hope M'lindy likes it. 'Sweet fields,' — that 's what the hymn tells about."

She turned her head on the pillow, sighed — and was gone.

Rose Terry Cooke.

THE LAST WATCH.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the sea,
With the flag across my breast
And my sword upon my knee.

Steering out from vanished headlands
For a harbor on no chart,
With the winter in the rigging,
With the ice-wind in my heart,

Down the bournless slopes of sea room,
With the long gray wake behind,
I have sailed my cruiser steady
With no pilot but the wind.

Battling with relentless pirates
From the lower seas of Doom,
I have kept the colors flying
Through the roaring drift and gloom.

Scudding where the shadow foemen
Hang about us grim and stark,
Broken spars and shredded canvas,
We are racing for the dark,

Sped and blown abaft the sunset
Like a shriek the storm has caught;
But the helm is lashed to windward.
And the sails are sheeted taut.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the night.
I can hear the bell-buoy calling
Down below the harbor light.

Steer in shoreward, loose the signal,
The last watch has been cut short;
Speak me kindly to the islesmen,
When we make the foreign port.

We shall make it ere the morning
Rolls the fog from strait and bluff;
Where the offing crimsons eastward
There is anchorage enough.

How I wander in my dreaming!
Are we northing nearer home,
Or outbound for fresh adventure
On the reeling plains of foam?

North I think it is, my comrades,
Where one heart-beat counts for ten,
Where the loving hand is loyal,
And the women's sons are men;

Where the red auroras tremble
When the polar night is still,
Lighting home the worn seafarers
To their haven in the hill.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the North.
Lower me the long-boat, stay me
In your arms, and bear me forth;

Lay me in the sheets and row me,
With the tiller in my hand;
Row me in below the beacon
Where my sea-dogs used to land.

Has your captain lost his cunning
After leading you so far?
Row me your last league, my sea-kings;
It is safe within the bar.

Shoulder me and house me hillward,
Where the field-lark makes his bed
So the gulls can wheel above me
All day long when I am dead;

Where the keening wind can find me
With the April rain for guide,
And come crooning her old stories
Of the kingdoms of the tide.

Comrades, comrades, have me buried
Like a warrior of the sun;
I have carried my sealed orders
Till the last command is done.

Kiss me on the cheek for courage,
(There is none to greet me home,)
Then farewell to your old lover
Of the thunder of the foam;

For the grass is full of slumber
In the twilight world for me,
And my tired hands are slackened
From their toiling on the sea.

Bliss Carman.

WHAT THE SOUTHERN NEGRO IS DOING FOR HIMSELF.

For twenty-six years the Negro has had his freedom, and now the question is, What use has he made of it? I have just returned from an extended trip through the South, arranged and made solely for the purpose of getting an answer to the question, What is the colored man doing for himself? I have traveled through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, returning through Tennessee, the District of Columbia, and Maryland. In the course of this journey, covering 3500 miles, I have visited schools, colleges, and industrial institutions in most of the large centres of the South, from Baltimore to New Orleans. I have gone through the Black Belt, inspected the agricultural districts, visited farms and cabins, and have seen every phase of Negro life, from the destitution of the one-room cabin to the homes of the comfortable and prosperous, and every degree of social standing, from the convicts in the chain gang in the New Orleans Parish prison and the Birmingham mines to ministers, lawyers, doctors, and bankers on the top round of the social ladder. As a result of this observation and experience, I have some clearly defined impressions and some interesting evidence as to what the Negro is doing for himself.

Under slavery the Negro was mainly a plantation laborer. Freedom found him where slavery left him. While there has been some transmigration to the South and North, the shifting of population since the war has not been great. The Negro and his descendants remain pretty much in the places where they lived when the war closed. Three courses were open to him as a free man: first, to rent his own labor; secondly, to rent and work the land of his former master; thirdly, to buy and work a farm for himself. All these courses have in turn been accepted. As a simple farm laborer the Negro has small opportunity to accumulate. His wages do not average over fifty or sixty cents a day. Two tendencies are observable in the agricultural districts of the South: one is the exceptional aggregation of immense farms under white ownership, worked by Negro laborers; the other is the segmentation of the old plantations into small farms let out to Negro tenants. In Georgia, for example, one white farmer owns 20,000 acres of land, and employs a vast number of Negroes. But in the districts I have visited the breaking up of the old plantations into small farms has been the more common process. All through the Black Belt and the adjacent country, plantations have been cut up and rented to Negroes in "one-mule farms" of from twenty-five to thirty acres each. Other things being equal, the step from the position of a man who simply lets out his own labor to the position of one who hires a field for its exercise is a step in advance. It furnishes conditions which stimulate intelligence, self-interest, and power of self-help; it is the roadway towards earning a farm and a home. Great numbers of Negroes have taken this initiative. But

the transition is not easily made. Farms are not to be had for the asking. The Negro was not a capitalist. He was without credit, and his capacity for managing his own affairs was distrusted. He has had to contend, and is still contending, with an onerous system of commercial oppression which keeps him down. This is the mortgage system, or the lien on the crop, which prevails very extensively in the Black Belt. The colored man who hires twenty-five or thirty acres of land pays at the lowest one bale of cotton, worth about $50; or sometimes he pays as much as two or two and a half bales, equivalent to $100 or $125 rent. When we know that land can be bought at from five to seven dollars an acre, we see that the rent in some cases equals half the value of the farm. If the Negro raised all his own corn, meat, and vegetables, he would still be able to make progress, but he is dependent for clothes and much of his provisions upon the storekeeper. As he cannot buy with ready money, he mortgages his crop, paying twenty and twenty-five per cent, and in exceptional cases one hundred per cent, interest on the amount of his bill. It matters not that he does not begin to draw his goods for three months after the contract is made; he pays interest just the same on the whole amount from the beginning. Add to this that the Negro is charged in the first instance three or four prices for what he buys, and it can easily be seen that when the crop is all gathered little or nothing of it belongs to him. "I go to Pennsylvania," said a colored farmer, "and can buy sugar for six and a half cents a pound, but in North Carolina it is eleven cents. The merchant is making a vast profit." The colored race has emerged from civil bondage. The next step will be to come out of a bondage which is financial.

To know, therefore, what the colored man is doing for himself we must know the conditions from which he has to rise. These are hard enough, but not beyond the capacity of the Negro to break through them, as is shown in thousands of instances. Thus in Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee the condition of things is much better than further south, and the colored man, in spite of these obstacles, is rapidly becoming a farm-owner and householder. "In North Carolina," said Bishop Moore, "our people are buying land wherever they can get it." Land ranges from ten to fifteen dollars an acre, in some places running as low as eight dollars. The bishop himself has a little farm of thirty-three acres, near Salisbury, that cost thirty-four dollars an acre. "I am so anxious to see my race improve," he said, "that I should like to have a great deal more done, but in view of the small wages we get for labor we are doing pretty well." In Tennessee, experts assured me that the colored people are buying land throughout the country, and the mortgage system does not prevail extensively. As we go south and enter the Black Belt, the conditions vary with the fertility of the soil, the intelligence of the people, and the degree of education. A great difference is sometimes apparent in different counties in the same State. Thus in Lee County, Georgia, the people are largely laborers, working for wages. But in Marion County fifty per cent of the people own homes, and some of them have large plantations. In Sumter and Terrell counties, they likewise live mostly on farms. In the latter county, I was told that in a small city of 10,000 nearly all the colored people own their homes, and live in cabins or houses varying in size from one room to eight. The same difference is seen in Alabama. In Russell County the blacks are much behind those of Pike County, where there are better schools and more freedom from the mortgage system. In Bullock County, much government land has been preempted by the Negroes. In one section

of that county the colored people are prosperous, one man of exceptional thrift owning 300 acres, twelve good mules, and four horses, and raising his own meat and potatoes. In Coffee County, the people are just beginning to rent their homes. In Elmore County, many have farms of fifty acres. In Macon County, not much land is owned. In Barbour County, land is mainly rented, but there are many who have stock. In the southern part of Randolph County, about half of the blacks own their land. In one township of Lee County, nearly all the colored people own their homes. At Notasulga, about half the people have farms ranging from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty acres. Here I learned of one prosperous woman farmer, who raises three or four bales of cotton, as well as potatoes, chickens, and cows. In the vicinity of Birmingham, farms are owned ranging from fifty to two hundred acres.

The home-buying that is going on in the agricultural districts is going on also in the cities. In Montgomery, street after street is owned by colored people. In Chattanooga, one third of the colored people own their homes. Suburban lots range in cost from $350 to $400. A cottage costs in the neighborhood of $600 to $650. In Birmingham, colored people pay $10 or $12 a month rent. A number of householders have gardens with two or three acres of land. Some were fortunate enough to purchase land before the prices went up, and have profited by the rise.

The Negro is also venturing as a tradesman. In all the large cities, and even in the smaller towns, in the South, he is hanging out his sign. Two young men have engaged in the grocery business at Tuskegee, Alabama. Their credit is good at the bank, and I was told that they were doing more for their race by their industry and thrift than could be done by any amount of talk. The colored grocers in Birmingham are sharing the prosperity of this thriving city. Near a little place which I visited in the Black Belt, a colored school-teacher, who got his education with hand and brain at Tuskegee, had bought for $225 a lot of land, and established a grocery store. At Tuscaloosa, the livery stable man who drove me owns several horses and carriages, and is doing well. Thus, in whatever direction one goes, he can find Negroes who are rising by force of education and of character. The influence of such schools as Hampton, Atlanta, and Tuskegee is felt all through the South in the stimulus given to industrial occupations. Tuskegee has turned out a number of printers, who have made themselves independent, and get patronage from both white and colored customers. One has a printing office in Montgomery. Another has opened an office in Texas. The growth of journalism and the gradual reduction of illiteracy among the colored people will make a way for many printers. In all the mechanical trades, colored men are finding places as blacksmiths, wheelwrights, masons, bricklayers, carpenters, tinsmiths, harnessmakers, shoemakers, and machinists. In Washington, colored brickmakers are earning from four to five dollars a day. Hod-carriers receive $1.50. A boy trained in the industrial department of Atlanta University has built a schoolhouse in Alabama on contract. This boy can earn $2.50 a day with his hands and tools, and is besides a college graduate.

In slavery times there was no stimulus to Negro inventiveness. Before the war, an application made at the United States Patent Office for a patent for a Negro inventor was denied, on the ground that he was a slave. With industrial education and diversified mechanical pursuits, the Negro brain is becoming adaptive and creative. The records of the United States Patent Office make no distinction between white and colored inventors. It is impossible to furnish statistics,

therefore, showing how much the colored man has done in this direction. The chief of the issue division surmises that there may be between five and ten thousand colored patentees, but this estimate has no reliable basis, being derived simply from the casual reports of attorneys in paying their fees. A colored assistant examiner in the Patent Office department has, however, placed at my service a list of some fifty patents taken out by colored people, which show the scope of their inventive genius. In the list of things represented are an improved gridiron, a locomotive smoke-stack, a cornstalk harvester, a shield for infantry and artillery, a fire extinguisher, a dough kneader, a cotton cultivator, life-preserving apparatus, a furniture caster, a biscuit cutter, a rotary engine, a printing press, a file holder, a window ventilator for railroad cars, an automatic switch for railroads, and a telephone transmitter. The electric inventions are said to have a good deal of merit, and have been assigned to a prominent company. In Birmingham, a colored inventor is making money out of his patent.

With the purchase of homes and the accumulation of property, the colored people are gradually changing their condition of living. It is seen at its worst in the miserable one-room cabins of the country districts, and in the alley population of such cities as Washington and Baltimore. In the Black Belt, the typical home is a rude log cabin, without windows, and with one door and a stick chimney. The door is usually kept open during the day, in fair weather, to admit light, which at night is furnished by a pine knot. Into such cabins a whole family is frequently crowded. In Alabama, I heard of twenty-five persons living in three rooms. The genial climate permits a good deal of outdoor living, and the babies need no sand yards to be made for their benefit. The mother sets them out on the ground, and lets them roll. Bad as the one-room cabin is, it is not so bad as the tenement house in the slums of the great cities. The Negro, too, can rival the Chinaman in practicing economy. Sixty cents a week, spent in pork, meal, and syrup, will keep him well alive. At Athens, Georgia, a colored man testified in court that "a man can live mighty good on thirty-five cents a week."

The social evolution of the Negro can be seen even by the casual observer. A house with a window, even if closed with a shutter, is an improvement over one which has only a door, and a double-room house is an improvement over one with a single room. The influence of new ambition is seen later in the growth of the cabin into a two-story house, and at the dinner table in a more varied bill of fare. At Pensacola, where the wages received for loading vessels are unusually good, the laborer is prosperous, and a colored censor said, deprecatingly: "They live 'most too high as far as eating is concerned; some of them eat as fine food as millionaires." A Methodist bishop told me that in Montgomery $24,000 was spent annually on excursions. The Negro is surely learning how to earn his dollar, but he has not learned how to spend it. He is buying his experience dear. The patent-medicine vender and the sewing-machine peddler draw no distinctions in regard to color, and the black often insists on spending his money as foolishly as his white brother. In one little country cabin stood a wooden clock worth about $1.25, for which a woman had paid $10, giving new sarcasm to the proverb that "time is money." Yet the Negro's knowledge of what a dollar will buy is growing.

New social ambitions are manifest even in the humblest cabins. The illustrated newspaper furnishes decoration for the walls. The old people can admire the pictures, and the younger ones can read the text. The cheap chromo

follows, until by and by the evolution of taste produces a home such as one I visited in Washington, in which three beautiful copies of celebrated Madonnas were hanging on the walls. In the cities social development is going on more rapidly, though here we also find greater social degradation. With all their destitution, the people in the country cabins are not tempted by the liquor saloons.

The social progress of the Negro is well illustrated by two historic cities, — the federal capital at Washington and the former capital of the Confederacy at Montgomery. The casual traveler, who sees the alley districts and the settlements around the railroads, forms no better idea of the social development of the Negro than he does of Northern whites, if he confines his inspection to similar localities. In Montgomery, under the guidance of Dr. Dorsette, a colored physician and a respected citizen, I had an opportunity to see the homes of the colored people at their best. In some of the streets, the whites occupy one side, and the blacks the other. Occasionally the colors alternate, like the squares on a checkerboard. It is not easy externally to tell one from the other. The interiors of these homes, especially of the younger and more progressive people, are comfortably and tastefully furnished. The rooms are as high as those of their white neighbors, well carpeted and papered, while the piano or the cabinet organ suggests loftier musical tastes than that of the plantation banjo. While in most respects the movement or development of the white and colored races runs on parallel lines, in music they seem to be going in opposite directions. Though I traveled all through the South, in urban, suburban, and agricultural districts, from Baltimore to New Orleans, the only banjo I heard was played in Atlanta by a white man. Returning to Boston, one of the first sights which met my eyes was that of a fashionable young lady carrying the instrument the Negro is discarding. I was twice serenaded at Tuskegee, once by a brass band, once by a string band, and I slept well after both performances. In New Orleans, I was astounded at the strange phenomenon of a colored hand-organ grinder. Whether this represents a state of musical development or degeneracy, as compared with the banjo, I will not undertake, in the present state of Northern fascination, to decide. It is estimated that there are from 250 to 300 pianos and cabinet organs in the homes of colored people in Montgomery.

The pride of the colored people in buying these homes and furnishing them is a healthful form of domestic ambition, requiring sacrifice and resolute concentration of purpose. A fine house on a corner lot was shown me which had been bought with the savings of a hackman. Even in the poorer districts it is interesting to note the ambition to improve. "I have seen these houses grow," said the doctor. "There is one in which lives an old woman. She began with one room, then built on another; then finished off one, and now has just finished off the other. It has taken her some time, but she has done it."

Immediately after the war I lived at the national capital. Thousands of destitute blacks from Virginia and further south had settled in the barracks around the city. They owned little more than the clothes on their backs, and most of these had been given to them. The change in these districts is remarkable. Large numbers of people live in their own homes. There is not much squalor outside of the alley population. Even the poorest houses have some comforts and show some endeavor to improve. A similar story may be told of Baltimore.

Standards of social position and refinement among the negroes are becoming as varied as among the whites. In some districts I was informed that a colored man had very little standing with his own people unless he had a trade or

profession. It is inevitable, too, that cliques and affiliations should be formed, with the advantage and disadvantage which come from such social differentiation. Two aristocracies are appearing in the colored race, — the aristocracy of culture and the aristocracy of wealth. Fortunately, at present, in the younger generation culture and prosperity are moving together. The colored man's standard of wealth is relatively much smaller than that of the white man. There are no Negro millionaires that I know of; but there is growing up a class of men with fortunes ranging from $15,000 to $100,000. This accumulation has been going on in recent years with increasing rapidity. The colored people in North Carolina are said to have amassed more in the last five years than they did in the twenty years preceding. In most of the States, there are no data from which the amount of taxes paid by the Negroes can be separated from that paid by the whites, or the valuation of their property ascertained. It is one good result of the Fourteenth Amendment that no distinction is made in law between property owned by whites and that owned by blacks. Georgia is the only State in which the comptroller is able to furnish the figures for 1890. The amount of taxes paid by the whites in that State was $1,599,977.75; by the colored people, $48,795.13. The property of whites was assessed at a valuation of $404,287,311; the property of blacks, at a valuation of $12,332,003. The Census Bureau at Washington has the material for making these comparisons in the different States, and as the question is now one of sociology, and not of politics, it is to be hoped that the figures which illustrate the progress of the Negro may be published. The total valuation of Negro property in the South has been given as $150,000,000 or $200,000,000. There are those who maintain that the colored man does not receive full credit for what he is paying. In North Carolina, a daily Democratic paper claimed, about two months ago, that the colored people are paying about three times the tax they are credited with by actual statistics.

There are conspicuous cases of individual prosperity in nearly all the large centres and in the agricultural districts. Thus, in Montgomery, Alabama, a colored barber, originally a slave, has accumulated property amounting to $75,000 or $100,000. An ex-slave in Mississippi has bought one of the plantations that formerly belonged to Jefferson Davis. The colored people of Maryland are said to possess property to the amount of $9,000,000. In Baltimore, there are several colored men worth $15,000 each, three or four worth from $40,000 to $60,000, and the estate of a Negro recently deceased was appraised at $100,000. In Washington, also, colored men have profited by the rise of real estate, and a few are possessed of ample fortunes. These instances might be greatly multiplied from my notes.

The subject of Negro education is vast and absorbing. Among its varied aspects two are of special and correlative interest: first, What is education doing for the Negro; secondly, What is the Negro doing for education? In this paper I can refer only to the latter topic. But these questions cannot be absolutely separated. No man "receives an education" who does not get a good deal of it himself. The student is not so much inert material; he reacts on the forces which impress him. The Negroes are showing their awakened and eager interest in education by the zeal with which they are embracing their opportunities. Everywhere I found in colleges, normal institutes, and district schools fresh, live interest. In some sections, the eagerness of the colored people for knowledge amounts to an absolute thirst. In Alabama, the state superintendent of education, a former Confederate major, assured me that the colored people in that

State are more interested in education than the whites are. Nothing shows better this zeal for education than the sacrifices made to secure it. President Bumstead, of Atlanta University, asks, "Where in the history of the world have so large a mass of equally poor and unlettered people done so much to help themselves in educational work?" This challenge will long remain unanswered. The students of Atlanta University pay thirty-four per cent of the expenses of that institution. A letter from the treasurer of Harvard College informs me that about the same proportion of its expenses is paid from tuition fees. If we compare the wealth represented by the students of Harvard with that represented by the colored students of Atlanta, we shall find how large a sacrifice the latter are making in order to do so much. It must be remembered, also, that at Harvard tuition fees and other expenses are mostly paid by parents and guardians; at Atlanta they are paid by the students themselves, and to a large degree by personal labor. President Bumstead calculates that for every million dollars contributed by the North at least a half million is contributed by the colored people for educational purposes. Though it is difficult to get the material for such large and general totals, it is easy to furnish a vast number of facts illustrating the truth that in the very process of getting his education the Negro is learning the lesson of self-help. Among the denominational colleges, the Livingston Institute at Salisbury, North Carolina, is a good illustration of this capacity for self-help. It receives no state aid. The colored people of the Zion Methodist Episcopal church give $8000 towards the support of this school. The students give towards their own support not less than $6000 more. The president, Dr. Price, one of the ablest colored orators of the South, is a conspicuous example of what the colored man can do for himself.

Another remarkable illustration is furnished by the Tuskegee Normal School. This institution was started in 1881 by a Hampton graduate, Mr. Booker T. Washington, on a state appropriation of $2000. It has grown from 30 pupils to 450, with 31 teachers. During the last year 200 applicants had to be turned away for want of room. Fourteen hundred acres of land and fourteen school buildings form a part of the equipment. While friends of education, North and South, have generously helped its growth, the success of the school is due largely to the executive ability of Mr. Washington and his officers. General Armstrong says, "I think it is the noblest and grandest work of any colored man in the land." All the teachers are colored. Of the fourteen school buildings, eight have been erected, in whole or in part, by the students. The school is broadly unsectarian. It is teaching the colored people the dignity of labor and how to get out of debt. It is an agricultural and industrial school combined. Its stimulating and renovating influence is felt all through the Black Belt.

One of the most important results of the excellent work done by Hampton, Atlanta, and Tuskegee is seen in the radiating influence they exert through the country in stimulating primary education. In most of the communities of the lower Southern States, the money derived from local taxation is not sufficient to keep the school more than three months in the year, and the pay of teachers is poor. The interest of these communities is so quickened by a good teacher that the people raise money to extend the school time and supplement the pay of the teacher. A few examples taken from many will illustrate. In one district in Alabama, the school time was thus extended by private subscription from three months to seven. In Coffee County, the teacher's salary was increased from ten to twenty-five dollars

a month. In many cases the raising of this extra sum means a good deal of self-denial. As the State makes no appropriation for school-houses, most of the schools in the Black Belt are held in churches, which gives rise to sectarian jealousy and disturbance. To overcome these difficulties and build school-houses, additional sacrifice is required. In a district of Butler County, Alabama, the children formed a "one cent society." They brought to the teacher a penny a day. About thirty dollars was raised to buy land, and the school-teacher, a colored girl, helped to clear it and burn the brush. In one township, where the school fund is sufficient for seven or nine months, the teachers are paid thirty-five dollars a month. In Lee County, the people "supplement" for an assistant teacher. One district school which I visited, eighteen miles from Tuskegee, taught by a graduate of its institute, well illustrated the advantage of industrial education. Having learned the carpenter's trade at the normal school, he was able, with the help of his pupils, to build a fine new school-house. The girls often do better than the men. One, who teaches about twenty-five miles from Tuskegee, has now a good two-story school building with four rooms. She has two assistant teachers, who live with her in the building. She has revolutionized that section of the country. A Hampton student whom I met once applied for a school in his district, as he wished to learn to read and write. He was told that there was not a sufficient number of children. Then he offered to give a school building, if the town would furnish a teacher. With the aid of his father he carried out the plan, and established a good school. Samuel Smiles might easily make a library of books on Self-Help out of thousands of individual examples furnished by the colored people.

The interest in education is seen also in the self-denial and sacrifice which parents make to keep their children at school. This sacrifice falls chiefly on the mothers. A student told me that two thirds of the younger scholars at Tuskegee were sent by their mothers. Very often the mother is a widow. She may get twenty dollars a month, or eight, or only four, for her labor. Out of this small sum she sends to college and clothes her boy or girl. "I know mothers," said a student, "who get three dollars a month, and out of that pay one dollar for the rent, and yet send their children to school." To do this they will wash all day and half the night. Said a colored clergyman in Chattanooga: "Sometimes, when I go about and see how hard many of these mothers work, I feel almost inclined to say, 'You ought to keep your child at home;' but they hold on with wonderful persistence. Two girls graduated from Atlanta University. Their mother had been washing several years to keep them in school. She came up to see them graduate. She was one of the happiest mothers I ever saw." At Selma University, some of the students walk from ten to fifteen miles a day in going to and from the university.

There is one education which the children get; there is another which they give to their parents. The influence of the normal school reacts on the home life. The boys and girls at Hampton and Tuskegee are taught to keep house. They are not satisfied to live in the old way, when they go home. "I have seen," says Professor Washington, "the influence of the daughter so potent, when she got home, that the father has torn down the old house, and built another and better one."

The result of higher education is seen in the rise of a professional class. I remember the time when a colored doctor was a curiosity even in Washington; but colored physicians, lawyers, journalists, college professors, dentists, educated clergymen, and teachers are now to

be found in all the large cities of the South. In Montgomery, Dr. Dorsette has built up a thriving practice. He has erected a three-story brick building, on the lower floor of which are two stores, one of them a large and well-equipped drug store. A hall above is used for the accommodation of colored societies. In Birmingham, there are two practicing physicians, one dentist, and one lawyer. At Selma, the practicing physician is a graduate of the university. There is also a pharmacist, owning his drug store, who studied at Howard University. There are six colored lawyers and seven colored physicians in Baltimore. The professional men command the confidence and support of their own people.

Journalism is growing slowly. There are now about fifty-five well-established Negro newspapers and journals. Thirty-seven are in the Southern States; seven are monthlies and two are semi-monthlies. The aggregate weekly circulation of all is about 805,000 copies. There are other ephemeral journals, not included in this list. The largest circulation, 15,000, is claimed for the Indianapolis Freeman.

The colored people are determined to have their churches, and they subscribe, in proportion to their means, large sums to sustain them. Last year the Zion Methodist Episcopal church in North Carolina raised $84,000 to support its religious institutions. This amount represents but one State and but one denomination. The churches built reflect fairly the social standard of the people. In the comparatively new city of Birmingham, there are seven comfortable colored churches, ranging in cost from $2000 to $15,000. In Washington, two churches cost nearly $30,000 each, and the money has been raised almost exclusively by the colored people. In Baltimore, there are forty-four colored churches, holding a large amount of property. The old-time preacher still fills the pulpit in many communities, and the old slaves are loath to give up the hysteric emotionalism of revival preaching. The younger and progressive Negroes are breaking away from it, and demanding preachers whose intelligence and education secure respect. They are giving up, too, the old slave melodies. Modern Protestant hymnology is substituted. The universities and theological schools are meeting the demand for better preachers. The colored people are also ambitious to pay their preachers as much as the whites pay theirs. In Montgomery, one colored preacher has a salary of $1200 a year with a parsonage. In another city in Alabama, $1800 is paid.

The standard of morality is rising, also. There is more respect for property now that the Negro is learning what mine and thine mean. An eminent judge of Louisiana assured me that intoxication among the colored people is the principal cause of crime, but that crime does not exist to the same extent that it formerly did. Marriage, he said, had changed largely the condition of their society. The Negroes are seeking to make this a matter of importance, so that their rights of property may be respected. The temperance movement makes headway. In Methodist conferences in North Carolina, and possibly elsewhere, no one is admitted to the ministry who uses liquor or tobacco.

The colored people do more towards taking care of their unfortunate classes than is generally realized. With all the destitution that exists, there is almost no mendicancy. When one considers how much is done in the North for hospitals, homes, and institutions of every sort, and how little in the South, it is apparent that aid must come from some other quarter. The colored orphan asylum established by Mrs. Steele in Chattanooga is, I am told, the only Protestant colored orphan asylum south of Washington. What, then, becomes of orphan

children? They are adopted. I have met such children in many homes, and their love and respect for their foster parents refute the charge that the Negro is incapable of gratitude. Thus the colored people have instinctively and of necessity adopted the placing-out system for orphans, which, other things being equal, is the best disposition that can be made of them.

In other respects the colored people have developed a laudable disposition to take care of their own poor. In addition to the Odd Fellows, Masons, and Knights of Pythias, benevolent and fraternal organizations are multiplying. The city churches are feeling a new impulse to such work. Brotherhoods, Good Samaritan societies, and mutual benefit organizations are established. Members of these organizations are allowed a regular stipend when sick. In New Orleans, the colored people have started a widows' home, and have collected enough money to buy a piece of ground and to put up a respectable building. In Montgomery, I visited the Hale Infirmary, founded by the late Joseph Hale and his wife, leading colored citizens. It is a large two-story building, especially designed by the son-in-law of the founder for hospital purposes. Such gifts and such organizations show that there is a disposition among the colored people to adopt the practices of a higher order of society. It is charged that the Negro imitates the vices of the white; it is often overlooked that he also imitates his virtues. A good illustration of practical Christianity was given by the Young Men's Christian Association at Tuskegee, in building, last year, a little house for an old colored woman. A colored teacher paid the cost of the lumber, and the young men gave the labor. They are planning more work of this kind. One interesting case of Negro generosity shows the reverses of fortune which followed emancipation. An ex-slave in Louisiana bought a farm, paid for it, and became prosperous. Not long after his old master came to him in a state of destitution. The Negro took him in, kept him for a week, and gave him a suit of clothes on his departure.

Under slavery the Negroes were not organized, except in churches. The organic spirit must have time for growth. Coöperation has made no great headway. In various States and counties the Farmers' Alliance is attracting attention, many of the Negroes hoping to find relief through it from the bondage of the mortgage system. Small stock companies for various purposes exist in a number of cities. A little has been done in the way of building associations. There is one at Atlanta, with branches and local boards elsewhere; others at Tuskegee, Montgomery, Selma, Baltimore, and Washington. In Baltimore there are three or four such associations, but the German organizations, managed by white people, have had much more of their patronage. A daily paper of Charlotte, North Carolina, in speaking of the loan associations there, said that the colored shareholders were outstripping the white. It was noticeable that they paid more promptly. A penny savings bank, chartered under state law, was organized at Chattanooga about ten months ago. It has already one thousand depositors, the amounts ranging from two cents to one thousand dollars. The white as well as the colored children are being educated to save by this bank. In Birmingham, a similar institution was opened last October, and has about three thousand depositors. A school savings bank or postal savings bank system, as recommended by the Mohonk Negro conference, would be of great benefit to the colored people.

A full report of what the colored man is doing for himself within the old slave States can be given only when the census reports are elaborated, or when such a thorough record of his progress is made

in every State as Dr. Jeffrey A. Brackett has made for the State of Maryland. All that has been attempted in this article is to give such indications and evidence as can readily be obtained by one who travels through the South, on this mission, with his eyes and ears open.

To sum up, then, the facts which show what the Negro is doing for himself, it is clear that the new generation of Afric-Americans is animated by a progressive spirit. They are raising and following their own leaders. They are rapidly copying the organic, industrial, and administrative features of white society. They have discovered that industrial redemption is not to be found in legislative and political measures. In spite of oppressive usury and extortion, the colored man is buying farms, building homes, accumulating property, establishing himself in trade, learning the mechanic arts, devising inventions, and entering the professions. Education he sees to be the pathway to prosperity, and is making immense sacrifices to secure it. He is passing into the higher stages of social evolution. In religion the "old-timer" is giving way to the educated preacher. Religion is becoming more ethical. The colored people are doing much to take care of their own unfortunate classes. The coöperative spirit is slowly spreading through trades unions, building associations, and benevolent guilds. In no way is the colored man doing more for himself than by silently and steadily developing a sense of self-respect, new capacity for self-support, and a pride in his race, which more than anything else secure for him the respect and fraternal feeling of his white neighbors.

Samuel J. Barrows.

ON THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.

THERE is a remarkable diversity of opinion as to the value of geographical studies as a part of the curriculum in school and college. Look at the time devoted to geography in the public schools, and this would seem to be one of the most important topics. Talk with the teachers, the scholars, and the parents, and loud outcries may be heard against its domination. Confer with the members of a college faculty. Now and then, from authorities like Arnold Guyot or George P. Marsh (not to name any one living), the most glowing commendation of such studies will be heard, but oftener, expressions like those of the late Coutts Trotter, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who frankly admitted, in a letter intended for publication, that he had not "any very clear ideas of what the study of geography as a separate subject would mean, or what would be the nature of the lectures of a professor or reader in geography." Yet Mr. Trotter was a scholar, a traveler, a man of varied interests, and well acquainted with the problems of modern higher education. This divergence of opinion is more apparent when the ways of German universities are compared with those of English and American institutions. In Germany, there are more than a dozen chairs of geography, filled by men of high distinction,[1] and a trust-

[1] Since the days of Kant, author of one of the earliest physical geographies, a succession of distinguished Germans have been devoted to geography. Humboldt, Berghaus, Ritter, Steffens, Kiepert, Petermann, Peschel, Richthofen, and many younger men deserve remembrance.

worthy authority, Mr. Scott Keltie, states that their courses are attended by from twenty to eighty hearers. In England, the neglect of geography in education has led the Royal Geographical Society to concerted efforts for reform. The recent Proceedings of that body, and especially the first volume of supplementary papers, contain many significant articles upon this theme. Among them, attention may be directed specially to the opinions that have been collected from enlightened men in different countries by the editor, Mr. Keltie.

In the United States, we cannot be reproached with the neglect of geography. The public chest, from the days of Lewis and Clark, and the private purse, from the days of Peabody and Grinnell, have been opened for the aid of continental, oceanic, arctic, and African researches. In the primary and grammar schools, much time (we have already said) is bestowed upon the study, but books and methods are often dry, and not infrequently sterile.

As these facts are borne in mind, it is a hopeful sign that the Brooklyn Institute has recently made a public exhibition of the best maps, charts, models, reliefs, diagrams, atlases, and books that the world has produced, and having shown them, free of charge, to throngs of Brooklynites, is now ready to transfer the collection to other cities. Nothing but good can come from such a display. It was undoubtedly superior to any of the kind that has been seen in the United States. It comprised the varied sorts of educational apparatus published in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Italy, as well as in England and the United States. The general effect was impaired by want of sufficient wall-room, and by the unsympathetic surroundings of the Arcade in which the collection was arranged. If these objects are to be transferred to other cities, larger halls with plenty of wall-room should be secured, and much more should be done than was attempted in Brooklyn to guide the visitor by labels, descriptive cards, leaflets, and familiar lectures. Nevertheless, the collection exhibited by the Brooklyn Institute is most praiseworthy. It should not be too soon dispersed. Its display in other cities would certainly acquaint many teachers and managers of schools with the general inferiority of the maps now employed in this country for school and college instruction. Better apparatus would soon be called for. It is the want of acquaintance with the progress of geographical science which makes our educational authorities indifferent to the methods that are employed on the continent, and to the aids that are provided in Germany and France.

Everybody knows that we live in space of three dimensions, not two; on a sphere, not on a plane; yet maps are often constructed as if they represented "flat land," or the world of two dimensions. Mountains are omitted altogether, — as in a popular historical atlas that lies before me, and in most of our railroad guidebooks, — or else they are indicated by symbols which suggest narrow ridges crossing the country as a zigzag rail fence runs across the meadows. The indication of broad regions of upheaved land, like those of Spain or Anatolia, or the vast plateaux of Asia and North America, is generally wanting. Countries which are diversified by low and lofty plains, by ridges, peaks, and passes, by broad and narrow valleys, are represented as if they were as level as the sea beach or the prairie. Hence the circuitous routes of traffic and travel, the tortuous movements of armies, the sites of memorable battles, the sinuous windings of political boundaries, are not understood.

Yet admirable maps, for the wall and for the table, exhibiting the reliefs as well as the horizontal outlines, have been prepared for every part of Europe, for the United States, for all the continents,

and for many of the islands of the sea. Regions of noteworthy geographical or historical significance are also illustrated by special orographic maps. It is a wonder that they are not more commonly used. Compare, for example, Levasseur's map of the region that is bounded on the south by the sea and the Pyrenees, on the east by the Alps and the Rhine, with a common map of France. The one is full of suggestions to the traveler or the student; the other is flat. The one is alive; the other is dead. On the one the routes that Hannibal, Cæsar, Louis XIV., Napoleon, must have followed are apparent. The meaning of transalpine and cisalpine Gaul requires no glossary. Ultramontanism is not an obscure term. "There are no more Pyrenees" is a rhetorical phrase, not a geographical fact. The prolonged disputes with reference to the Rhenish frontier appear foreordained. Metz, Strasburg, Belfort, are not merely artificial fortresses; they are natural strategic points. Great Britain faces little Britain. The conditions which have made Paris the central city of a great state are easily comprehended. The less one knows of French geography, the more he is incited to study it by this map; the more he knows, the more he will enjoy the study. Or, instead of Levasseur's France, examine Kiepert's Hellas. The limitations of Greek states, their rivalries, alliances, points of contention, places of assembly, shrines, are seen to be based upon the orography of the land. Indeed, without such a map of Greece the classical and the modern historians are alike difficult and obscure. Pen descriptions like those of Curtius, Grote, Kiepert, Jebb, are indeed most graphic, but even their skillful phrases are illuminated by good maps that exhibit the upliftings of the land surfaces as well as their horizontal dimensions.

One word of caution should perhaps be added. In selecting a physical map, avoid, as a general rule, those that are overlaid with typography. Out of deference to the prejudices, or perhaps to the ignorance, of purchasers, the cartographer often endeavors to make the same map serve for natural, historical, and actual political conditions, and consequently he obscures the sheet by a profusion of names. There are, of course, reasons why certain maps must be covered with words, — that is what a postal map is for, and a map of the bishoprics of Christendom or of the minor sovereignties of Germany will be meaningless unless well lettered; but even maps for such purposes as these will be more useful and intelligible if paired with maps that indicate the orographic features, free from disturbing elements. Under no circumstances is it wise to obscure topography by typography.

An admirable piece of geographical apparatus has lately been prepared for Baltimore by Mr. C. Mindeleff, of the United States Geological Survey. He has translated (if that expression may be allowed) into a topographical model the topographical map of the city and its environs lately made by the government. The elevations are represented without exaggeration, — just as they are in nature. Here may be seen in true relations the hills, rising to five hundred feet of altitude; the cañon-like ravines of Jones' Falls and Gwynn's Falls; the broad plateau over which runs the Pikesville turnpike; the rolling country on the summits of which the Cathedral, the Washington Monument, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, the Bay View Asylum, and other edifices are placed; as well as all the watercourses and shore lines. Everything on the map is as trustworthy as it is clear. For instruction in geographical forms, nothing better could be wished for. If reliefs like this, representing districts of special significance and importance, were common in our schools and colleges, the value

of geographical study would quickly be recognized. A few hundred dollars would insure the preparation of a like model for Boston, New York, and other large cities. The original, once made, might be copied at moderate cost. When the full meaning of such maps is perceived, they will be found valuable as accessories for the prosecution of many branches of science.

Not only the student of history, but the student of political economy, will demand them, as they are now called for by geologists and naturalists. Statesmen and legislators will make fewer blunders to be corrected by after generations, if they will only become familiar with the enduring physical characteristics of every region which they are called upon to govern, or over which they exert an influence. Goldwin Smith wisely opens his new book by saying that whoever wishes to know what Canada is, and to understand the Canadian question, should begin by turning from the political to the natural map. "The political map displays a vast and unbroken area of territory, extending from the boundary of the United States up to the north pole, and equaling or surpassing the United States in magnitude. The physical map displays four separate projections of the cultivable and habitable part of the continent into arctic waste." What he says so concisely of Canadian maps may be universally extended. To understand any country, "turn from the political to the natural map." We may even go further, and demand a map which shall show a geographical unit in its relations to other geographical units. For example, the valley of the Mississippi, from the Appalachians on the east to the Cordilleras on the west, is a geographical unit; and to comprehend it, the relations of this vast territory to the lake system and the Canadian territory on the north, and to the mountain barriers, eastern and western, must be examined. For another example consider the peninsula of Arabia, a geographical unit. Its relations to the two great river valleys, the Nile and the Euphrates, and to the three great seas, the Persian, the Red, and the Mediterranean, must be clearly appreciated. In this vast domain and its adjunct territory five ancient empires were established; here the great soldiers of antiquity led their armies; three religions of world-wide significance were cradled on this peninsula. But how rarely a good map of the natural features of Arabia is seen upon the wall of a class-room or lecture-room! Let me give a third example. Not long ago, in a course of lectures prepared for an audience of one hundred and fifty persons, there was need of a wall-map to illustrate the natural characteristics of the Mediterranean lands. With all the favor bestowed on classical studies, anybody would suppose that such a map could easily be found. Not so. I wrote to Washington, New York, Princeton; I searched the resources of Baltimore. I could find separate maps of Asia, Africa, and Europe, the continents being as carefully isolated as if there were a cartographical quarantine. Kiepert's map of the ancient world was accessible. The six sheets of a German hand-map could be pasted together. A map of southeastern Europe in its physical aspects, prepared for Professor Freeman when he lectured in Baltimore, included half the sea; but a suitable wall-map of the entire Mediterranean for a college lecture-room must be made to order. Mr. Sandoz, the expert draughtsman, whose handiwork is familiar to the owners of the Guyot maps, prepared it; and Mr. Mindeleff, who made the beautiful reliefs that serve as the basis of the continental maps in Butler's geographies, prepared a smaller map, which was photographed and supplied to the class; so that at last they were well provided with the graphic representation of the sea and its border lands.

The instructiveness of such a map is

obvious. The barriers which have interrupted human intercourse; the islands and headlands that have served as stepping-stones for successive emigrations; the portals that are opened by rivers into the interior of continents; the strategic points which defend vast areas; the natural boundaries, not only of great states, but of minor provinces, are seen at a glance distinctly. This portion of the world thus appears to have been arranged for the life of mankind, as a house is built for the family that is to occupy it, as a body is grown for the mind that controls it. How persistent the influence of those four great breaks in the coast line: the Straits of Gibraltar, a portal to the ocean, and so to America; the Bosphorus, a portal to the Black Sea, and so to the heart of Asia; the Nile, a portal to the heart of Africa; and the Rhone, a portal to the heart of Europe. Alexandria, Constantinople, Marseilles, Gibraltar, are the doorkeepers, and the fate of the world is controlled by the states that direct these warders. The early commercial prosperity of Phœnicia was obviously governed by its physical limitations, its physical opportunities. A strip of seaboard, fertile but narrow, with harbors of moderate excellence, lying between the rich valley of Mesopotamia on the one side and the Nile on the other, developed a certain degree of prosperity, and suggested *plus ultra*. Cyprus invited ventures. The headland just west of that which we know as Cape Bon became the seat of Carthage. Beyond the Pillars of Hercules other allurements invited the Tyrian mariner, — the mines of tin in fact, the Isles of the Blest in fancy. So from Asia to Africa, and from Africa to Europe, the course of commercial empire proceeded. On the other hand, "to the eye of modern poetry, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean have changed places. . . . It is to the basin of the Mediterranean, fringed with storied cities and venerable ruins, with the crumbling sanctuaries of a creed which has passed away and the monuments of an art which is imperishable, that man turns to-day." So writes Mr. H. D. Traill in his introduction to The Picturesque Mediterranean. The wings of trade likewise turn from the ocean to the Levant, and from the Levant to the more distant Orient. "The eternal Eastern question" is still unsettled, and the opposing civilizations of Europe and Asia confront one another on the borders of this sea.

My advice to the teacher of geography would be given in a few general propositions.

Abandon the idea that teaching lists of names is teaching a knowledge of the surface of the globe. You might as well suppose that you are acquainting a countryman with city life because you teach him the name of every store from Central Park to the Battery. Such knowledge is of little use to any one but the postman, and he does not require a school-master to give him lessons. Mere nomenclature is as sterile in geography as it is in botany, zoölogy, anatomy, or any other natural science. This everlasting repetition of names of places makes geography unpopular. Of course a certain amount of place-naming must be taught, but let the teacher give the right emphasis to his lists. Let regions or places of importance be kept prominent, and the reasons why they are important; then let the pupil be wonted to the use of a gazetteer, if he would know the secondary facts. Avoid the heresy that appears at the beginning of a recent elaborate Physical, Historical, Political, and Descriptive Geography (published in England), which declares that "the first and most important question that the geographer has to answer is *Where*." *What* and *Why* are, to say the least, quite as important as *Where*. Where, What, and Why are three questions that should always go together.

My next advice to the teacher is to make free use of maps which correctly represent the great upheavals of land. Give the mountains their due. Emphasize orography. Reliefs are good, but when the altitudes are not "forced" or exaggerated they seldom convey the right impression; when they are out of scale they are also likely to mislead. For this reason, flat maps, colored so as to indicate height contours at moderate intervals, are on the whole more satisfactory.

Mr. Grote concludes the preface to his history of Greece by referring to the habit of the Spartan king to perform his morning sacrifices immediately before sunrise, in order that he might be beforehand in obtaining the favor of the gods; and by adding that this habit cannot be adequately appreciated if the reader be not familiar with the Homeric conception of Zeus going to rest at night, and awaking to rise, at early dawn, from the side of the white-armed Hêrê. So we may say that the course of empire, the march of civilization, the lessons of history, cannot be understood unless the reader is familiar with the enduring features of the earth moulded by primeval forces upon the plastic surface.

Geography, history, politics, — this is the natural sequence of study; and this is a prosy way of stating what has thus been expressed in a suggestive couplet:

> "Space, Time, Spirit, — these three are revealed to the mind of the Finite.
> Each in its order appears flooding the soul with its light."

Carl Ritter, in the essay introductory to the Erdkunde, made this remarkable utterance seventy years ago: —

"It is not impossible that the time may come when certain minds, who have compassed the world of nature as well as of morals, shall be able, sending their glance backwards and forwards, to determine from the whole course of a nation's surroundings what the course of its development is to be, and to indicate in advance of history what ways it must take to attain the welfare which Providence has indicated to it."

Daniel Coit Gilman.

GOETHE'S KEY TO FAUST.

THIRD PAPER: THE SECOND PART OF FAUST.

As we reach the end of the tragedy of the First Part of Faust and look back, we seem to have come, with Mephistopheles, upon that midway height where we can see only with astonishment "how Mammon in the mountain glows;" selfishness everywhere triumphant; the lovely sacrificed, the evil saved. The poet has told us it is the picture of life as mirrored in his own soul. To pause here is to feel ourselves in a witches' revel, a Walpurgis-Night indeed. This incomplete view of the poem has led to the mistaken idea that Goethe himself is but a sublimated Mephistopheles, a demon of selfishness. The First Part is only half the picture, — the storm and stress period of his darkened youth, — the shadow, not the light. To judge Goethe by this alone is as if we should judge of a Rembrandt by only the darkened side of the picture.

"Youth," says Goethe, "must always begin at the beginning, and thus repeat the story of Man." The First Part of Faust is but the picture of the period of selfishness in the individual, which in the history of the race we call the

dark ages. Goethe forestalls our condemnation. "I have continued the poetical confession which I had begun, that, by this self-tormenting penance, I might be worthy of an internal absolution." But is this individual life the reflex of the All? Can any soul mirror for us the universe? Can the tiny, darkened chamber of the eye hold all this immensity and wondrous beauty, Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau?

"We find ourselves," writes Goethe from the Rigi, that midway elevation of Alpine scenery, "at the foot of the Mother of God. I will not deny that those representations of the higher and better qualities of human nature proceed from that source." "Nay, without fresh impressions of the wonderful scenes I could never have conceived the subject of that *terza rima* passage which opens this Second Part of Faust." These are the impressions which Swiss scenery made on his mind, whither he had rushed for refuge from his tormented and tormenting self.

Here around the tortured man, in whose torn heart still rankles the burning shaft of remorse, gather all the gentle influences of nature, which

"Each, in elfin-wise, a noble fairy,
Soften the furious struggle in his heart;
Remove Reproach's glowing, bitter dart,
And cleanse his thought from horrors past, and still them."

"Perform your fairest elfin rite,"

sings Ariel, that lovely spirit of the mountain air,

"And bring him back to the holy light."

"Light and spirit are the highest imaginable primal energies." "I have ever seen God in Nature, and Nature in God, to such an extent that this conviction is the basis of my entire existence." "If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay devout homage to the person of Jesus, I say: Certainly. I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality." "If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the sun, I say again: Certainly; for he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are permitted to behold. I adore in him the light and productive power of God, by which we all live and move and have our being." "This is the point of view of a sort of primitive religion of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. The light of unclouded divine revelation, — it is far too pure and bright to be suitable to, and supportable by, poor weak man. But the Church steps in as a useful mediator to soften and to moderate, by which all are helped and many are benefited." "I was like one who had walked in the night, when this sense of the imminence of Deity shone upon and blinded me." Like the dawn of that light which is its visible symbol and agency in the universe, it is so glorious, so huge and vast, one is blinded, and turns for shelter to that historical image of the Divine in Man, the Man-God of the earliest theologies, with which mankind would veil the too dreadful sublimity of the Source of Life itself. "I was full," he says, "of this beautiful subject. I saw the lake in the quiet moonlight, illuminated mists in the depths of the mountains; then I saw it in the light of the loveliest morning sun, — a Rejoicing and a Life in wood and meadow." Let us listen now to Faust.

FAUST (*awakening*).

The pulse of life beats fresh and quick to greet
The mild, ethereal gleam of early morn.
Thou, Earth, wert firm and constant at my feet
To-night, and breath'st refreshed, as one new-born.
Thou now beginn'st to gird me with a zone
Of joy, and stirr'st a strong resolve to scorn
All else, and strive for Being's height alone.
The world now lies revealed in dawn's first beam;
The wood with Life resounds in many a tone;
Within, without the vale, the mist-wreaths stream;

Yet heavenly clearness sinks into the deep,
And bough and spray, refreshed, spring forth, and seem
To wake from sweet depths where they sank to sleep.
Color on color flashes from the ground,
Where flower and leaf their trembling pearl-drops weep.
It seems a paradise these hills surround.
Look up! The giant mountain peaks are bright;
Already they their festal hour have found;
They early may enjoy eternal light,
That later here, to us below, will turn.
Now the green meadows 'neath the Alpine height
Shine with new glories, meanings new discern
That step by step the lowest depth will gain.
Now It comes forth! Alas! eyes, blinded, burn,
And turn away, pierced through and through with pain.
'T is always so; when longing Hope, at last,
Can, confident, the Highest Wish attain,
Fulfillment's portals open. But from vast,
Unfathomed spaces, those eternal deeps,
A mass of flame breaks forth. We stand aghast.
We would Life's torch have lighted. Round us sweeps
A surging sea of fire. Ah, what a fire!
Is 't Love, is 't Hate, that, glowing, o'er us leaps,
With pain and joys still mounting high and higher,
So huge and vast we look to Earth again,
For shelter 'neath Youth's earliest veil retire?
Then may the sun behind my back remain!
I see, with new delight that ever grows,
The cataract roaring through the rocky vein.
From plunge to plunge she whirls herself, and throws
A thousand, thousand streams, that onward pour;
And, high in air, foam upon foam-wreath goes.
But gloriously, how bright, it arches o'er
The storm, this Bow of changeless change!
Now clearly cut, now lost in air once more,
And then abroad, in cooling showers, 't will range.
It mirrors man's unceasing toil and strife.
Think! Is the many-colored image strange?
In this reflected glory we have — LIFE.

In his Annals Goethe remarks that "the Swiss journey opened up to me manifold glimpses into the world. The visit to Weimar surrounded me with pleasant and beautiful relations, and, unrecognized, pressed me forward upon a new course of life. Meanwhile I acquired a bolder hold of the depths of humanity; a passionate opposition to all misleading and confining theories arose within me."

As we look along the torrent of the ages, whose image we are to trace in the coming scenes, we shall find that that other Divine Influence, which emancipated the personal Faust of the First Part from the thralldom of selfishness and the narrow confinement of pedantry, taking him out of his cell into life and the sense of that Beauty which is the Divine, is also at work in this wider arena, the history of the race. "Look," says the poet, "this same Influence is here, too, the Redeemer of the race. Follow its history with me, and you shall see this manifestation of the Divine not only in the labor, the energy, of Nature, but in that redeeming Love as well, whose bright reflection floats above all the tumult of the ages, and which, manifest in, incarnate in, Woman, has forever led, and will forever lead, us upward from darkness and despair to the glory of the brighter day."

It is still a personality moving before us, — our old friend of the First Part; but the arena has widened; the figures are now thrown upward, and sweep over the clouds of Time, like the gigantic shadows of man which travelers see looking off from the Brocken. Here it is the greater world, not a man, but Man, whose course we are to follow. In some sort, it is still, indeed, a reflex of Goethe's own experience, but used as a symbol only, significant of the experience of the race, and of "the operation of those eternal laws in which we move and have our being."

"The rational world," says Goethe in his Sayings, "is to be regarded as a great, immortal individual that, unrestrained, effects the necessary, and makes itself master of the accidental." "Here, in the romantic, involved destiny of man, is the groundwork of the

action;" for here, as he told Eckermann, we are to see the "whole of antiquity and half the history of the modern world."

"Great events, the whole world's story;
Nations first suggested, then
Won with words, the prophet's glory,
A new law imposed on men.
All the great deeds of the races,
Where Passion works with Wisdom still at strife,
To be seen in smallest spaces,
Bounded thus, an image still of life."

Not that we are to look for a consecutive history of the race, but only for such parts of that history so arranged as to be significant of this law of life, this harmony, this union with Deity, which he will bring home to men. "We are to look for the symbols of human life." "The great point," Eckermann reports Goethe as saying, — "the great point with the poet is to express a manifold world; and he uses the story of a celebrated hero merely as a sort of thread on which he may string what he pleases; the only matter of importance is that the single masses be clear and significant."

The difficulty has been that the commentary on Faust has paid more attention to the separate pearls of thought than to this thread, the law of life, that holds them together. The result is described by Goethe in the account given, by the Herald of the Masquerade, of the manner in which the multitude are treating the poet's (the Boy Charioteer's) gifts which he strews among them: —

"The gifts have wings and fly away;
The pearls are loosened from their band,
And crawl like beetles in his hand.
He shakes them off, the wretched dunce;
They buzz about his head at once.
The others, 'stead of solid things,
Catch wanton butterflies with wings.
Though much he promised, yet the knave
Only a golden glitter gave."

Let us, then, try to keep in mind the connection with the whole. "Remember the All." Look out on that eternal conflict of Light and Darkness which was promised us in the earlier Prologue, and see how this Divine Influence has brought us to the light.

We first find ourselves in the Emperor's court. The old fool is gone, drunk or dead, but Mephistopheles, the Demon of Selfishness, has crowded in, regardless of the halberds held crosswise before the door to bar his entrance. He at once places himself between the clergy and the nobles, on the steps of the throne. As the new fool and councilor, he proceeds to cozen the Emperor into the belief that he can get without giving an equivalent. All things are at the lowest ebb, because the Emperor has been amusing himself instead of governing.

"Who with life still plays
Ne'er knows the good it gave;
Who rules himself not stays
Fore'er a slave."

This quatrain from Goethe's Sayings in Rhyme might stand as the motto of the first act of the Second Part; indeed, it would not be inappropriate as the text of the drama. "The land is without law and justice; the judge himself is on the side of the criminal; the most atrocious crimes are committed without check and with impunity. The army is without pay, without discipline, and roams about plundering in order to provide its own pay and help itself as it can. The state treasury is without money, and without hope of replenishment. In the Emperor's own household things are no better. There is a scarcity both in kitchen and cellar. The steward, who cannot devise means how to get on from day to day, is already in the hands of usurious Jews, to whom everything is pawned, so that bread already eaten comes on the Emperor's table. The councilor of state wishes to remonstrate with his majesty upon all these evils, and advises as to their remedy. But the gracious sovereign is very unwilling to lend his sublime ear to anything so disagreeable; he prefers amusing himself. Here, now," says

Goethe to Eckermann, "is the true element for Mephisto."

Need we look very far down the history of modern Europe to see this state of things reflected there? As a youth, Goethe saw Marie Antoinette on her way through Strasburg to France, and was filled with forebodings for her subsequent fate, which he even then foresaw. In his Annals he says: "The affair of the Queen's necklace produced an indefinable impression upon me. From this abyss of immorality, which in the town, the court, and throughout the whole state opened before me, I saw rising the most terrible consequences, and could not free my imagination from the ghosts that haunted it."

Looking out on the changing spectacle of the carnival at Rome, the thought comes to him, "Why, this is human life!" In this falling court of the play we see the Emperor turn his councilors aside to witness a similar festival, which the Herald tells us his master brought from Rome. So we will all "pull down the fool's cap over our ears,"

"But be as wise beneath, though, as we can."

This is the masque of which Wilhelm Meister speaks, which is to represent the life of man, where all the characters in "single, double, or even triple allegories" present to us those elements which make up modern society, and so "bring the occupations and undertakings of men upon the stage as to survey the natural and reciprocal influences of each class on the other."

"For we all are allegories,"

says the Boy Charioteer, who, Goethe tells us, is Poetry. The commentators have done excellent service in hunting down these characters as they appear, assisting the Herald, whose office is in part to name them. Especially interesting is the allusion, pointed out by Chancellor von Müller, in the gratitude of the Boy Charioteer to Plutus, who had confided the reins of his triumphal car to his keeping, for liberty to leave the cares of state, to go

"To solitude, and there create thy world anew."

We cannot pause to recall it in full; but it contains not only a most eloquent statement of the interdependence of wealth and art, but a splendid remembrancer of the relation of the poet and the Grand Duke, Karl August, — an ideal instance of that connection.

Mr. Birds, in his note on the sunrise, terza rima, refers to the correspondence between that passage and the account in Plato's Phædrus of the Good shining like the sun; but no allusion has been made to the closer correspondence between the rest of Plato's figure, the chariot of the soul with its winged steeds, which will soar with the chariot aloft or drag it downward, and this chariot bearing Faust, the Soul of Man, with its dragon coursers, winged, yet bestial. Under the poet's guidance they come soaring aloft on shining pinions; but when he leaves these dragon energies of our nature to the sole care of Wealth and Greed, we notice their only occupation is to guard the treasure chest. Great ingenuity has been expended upon these dragons. Is it necessary to go far away for their significance?

The central figure of this masque, however, is "the great god Pan." We see him and his rough and uncouth horde from mountain and wood rudely breaking into this courtly circle, and even the Herald's staff, "that pledge of order still," is powerless to keep him out. Here we may find Goethe's view of this great god, this Demos; and it is the essence of the entire scene. He constantly expressed his abhorrence of violent upheavals of all sorts, and the high value he placed upon the restraints imposed upon our dragon nature by what we call the barriers of society. This has led to the mistaken idea that he was an aristocrat of aristocrats. It is, in-

deed, the courtly Herald's task to keep up these barriers, and preserve the graces and amenities of life, here so charmingly incarnated for us in the figures of the masque.

"Into life we bring its graces,
Gracious gifts, for here their place is."

But the courtly Herald's staff, though it

"Draw a bond invisible,"

cannot keep Wealth and Art out of the charmed circle, nor the Able Man. Goethe laughs at the notion that he upheld aristocratic pretensions to unlimited power. "Revolutionary outbreaks of the lower classes," he says, "are always the consequence of injustice of the higher classes." He goes on to tell Eckermann how far he has really been from being an aristocrat. "But sometimes people do not like to look at me as I really am, and turn their glances from anything that shows me in my true light. Schiller, on the contrary, who was much more of an aristocrat than I am, but who considered what he said more than I, had the wonderful fortune to be looked on as a friend of the people. I give up that name to him, and console myself with the thought that others have fared no better. It is true that at the time I could be no friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near me, and its beneficial results were not then to be discovered. Neither could I be indifferent to the fact that the Germans were endeavoring to bring about artificially such scenes here as were in France the consequence of a great necessity. But I was as little a friend of arbitrary rule. I am a friend to the people, and have devoted my life to their improvement. I am no friend of Louis XV., nor to established order, as I have been called, except where it is clearly best for the present. What is best for 1830 may not be for 1850."

In considering the Walpurgis-Night of the First Part, we have seen that Goethe thought society, — the society, that is, of the courts and towns, — with all its graceful veneer of courtly polish, hopelessly degenerate and corrupt, and that it stood in immediate danger and need of dissolution, if not recruited from the healthful simple life of the country districts. It has often been pointed out that individual characters of this masquerade recall Goethe's delight in the manly Swiss mountaineers, the miners and foresters; and at its opening is at once introduced the contrast between the fine folk, who are busy amusing themselves, and the sturdy wood-cutters. "How would our fine folk live if we did not sweat?" The laborer is the foundation of society, by no means to be despised. Later, when the poet has left the charge of the chariot of Wealth to Plutus and Greed (Mephistopheles), the great disruption of that courtly circle occurs. The bestial nature of Mephistopheles shows itself in his relations with the women.

"He 's violated decency."

Even the Herald feels at last obliged to interfere: —

"Give my staff
To me, till I can drive him off;"

recalling the incident of Cardinal Rohan's trial in the intrigue of the queen's necklace.

"No," Faust replies, "he will work his own destruction presently."

"No space for pranks remains when all is done.
Mighty is Law, but Need is mightier."

What is this "Tumult and Song" at the door? "Obliged," says the Herald, —

"Obliged I ope this circle's narrow bound;"

and in from woods and fields comes a rough horde, with

SAVAGE SONG.

Yon dressed-up people, tinsel-stuff,
They come in rude, they come in rough;
With rapid run and lofty spring,
Hardy and fit for anything.

TUMULT AND SONG.

The wild host comes with shout and hail,
From mountain height and woody vale.

Who would resist their march, or can;
They celebrate the mighty Pan.

All these wild, untamed natures, that Goethe so admired, — the reapers, the hardy mountaineers, the giant woodsmen, the miners who bring the gold to light, — break into this select but decaying circle; and with them comes the true Emperor, the great god Pan. Who is this great natural deity, who under a rough exterior conceals the real sovereign?

"He comes; ye can
The world's all see
Set forth for ye
In mighty Pan."

We notice, when he too would participate in the golden wealth, the ornaments which Mephistopheles produces from his chest, and adorn himself, that the rough exterior burns off, and beneath the false beard of tarry twigs is the smooth chin of the real Emperor.

"One's beard is long, one's short: you'll find
Beneath them both the smooth chin lies;
A Sultan and a peasant are alike in kind,
And each may win for you the glorious prize."

We may perhaps best describe this Pan by that well-known line of Tom Taylor's in Mr. Punch's Lament for Lincoln, who tells us to see in

"This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."

Here is the Vox Dei which will roar through the forest like tempestuous thunder; the god from the woods, who represents the All, the whole of humanity, not a favored class alone.

"Honor to him to whom honor is due."

Let us bring our treasure to him; he will use it for the general benefit.

"Take it, Lord, into thy care;
In thy hands our every treasure
Makes the whole world good and fair."

This is very different from paying taxes to support the creatures of a shameless debauchee like Louis XV. And now that whole court, which had accepted Mephistopheles, the Demon of Lust and Greed, as their chief adviser, nearest to the throne, goes up in a mass of inextinguishable flame. In this tremendous conflagration the courtiers see the entire destruction of their idea of the Emperor.

"An ash heap of a night shall hide,
Next morn, imperial pomp and pride."

Goethe lived to see the regeneration of that society, which he characterized as a witches' revel, by such a conflagration. Imperial pomp and pride went down before his eyes in fiery ruin; but the real Emperor, the true commander, authority, sovereign power, came in with the rough herd from the woods and mines. He too called the Herald's staff into play, and bade him

"Strike with thy hollow wand of power."

Notice the force and suggestiveness of the adjective "hollow" applied to the conventions of society; and how the amenities of life, "the Graces," return with the restoration of the social fabric, — a new edifice cleansed and purified.

In the next scene we have further experience of the operation of Mephistopheles, the desire to get without an equivalent, to get without giving, in the flood of paper money which seems to make all rich, and cure the ills of the state. Here, too, is that fine passage, passed over in silence by the commentators, concerning the permanency of majesty among the waves, put into the mouth of Mephistopheles, who likes to fool people by telling them truths which are not applicable to their case. Authority, sovereign power, which has withstood the fire, indeed, need not fear that the waves of time or popular tumult will prevail against it; but the new court fool, this insane desire to get happiness for its own sake, applies that truth to the tottering majesty, which his paper-money scheme has momentarily bolstered up into a semblance of power, as unreal as the promises to pay based

upon hidden gold which can never be found.

We now come to that "dark gallery" where Mephistopheles gives Faust a glittering key, and sends him off into the void to search for the Mothers, and obtain of them the shades of Paris and Helena, the ideals of beauty. We have seen, in reviewing his promises for the First Part, one suggestion of the poet in this dark passage, namely, that the key, which we are to find in the lines themselves and in the poet's life, will bring the real beauty of the drama before us. He calls Eckermann's attention to the fact that Faust constantly falls out of his part; and this is the sort of aside which the poet, in his double or triple allegories, often speaks directly to the auditor. Let us now regard it in its relation to the whole. Goethe, preparing to read the scene to Eckermann, observes: "Now they have got money at the imperial court they want to be amused. The Emperor wishes to see Paris and Helen, and through magical art they are to appear in person." (Another suggestion of the relation of Wealth and Art.) "Since, however, Mephistopheles has nothing to do with Greek antiquity, this task is assigned to Faust." "There are only two true religions," says Goethe in his Sayings: "one of the Holy, that in and round us dwells quite formless; the other, that which we recognize and adore in the most beautiful Form. All that lies between is idolatry." Notice now that Faust is in search of the most beautiful form; but in a spirit very different from the religious spirit, the spirit which produced the Greek drama. Mr. Lawton points out that "the great productions of Greek dramatic art were almost, if not quite, religious services." "It is," he says, "a significant fact that the prize given was always a tripod, — that is, a distinctly religious object, — which the recipient was permitted and expected to dedicate to the god around whose altar the choruses of the great dramas were sung." This was the spirit in which the great dramas were produced. This was the real thing. The Romans, when they were in somewhat the condition of the falling French monarchy, undertook to amuse themselves, as the French of the *ancien régime* undertook, for the same purpose, to reproduce those immortal works of the Spirit, by observing the outward laws of the three unities. Goethe tells us he was himself infected with this notion in his youth, till he lived through that delusion. What was actually accomplished was the production of a mere shadow, not the substance of the Greek dramas; as unreal as the tawdry imitation of the Greek temple and altar which the scene painter furnishes for modern performances. The spirit of beauty is no longer there; only a wraith which simulates it for a moment, but disappears at once under the searchlight of critical inquiry. This light Mephistopheles can lend us, for he is *par excellence* the critic the doubter, the denier, the Spirit of Contradiction. But we must search for ideal beauty in a different spirit, — a devout love full of awe and reverence, of which we find no trace in that successful Philistinism which seeks to accomplish everything by what we Americans call "smartness;" by the glitter of critical cleverness instead of consecration, —

"The light that never was on sea or land."

"The Spirit of Contradiction which is innate in all men," said Hegel, "shows itself great as a distinction between the false and true." "Let us only hope," interposed Goethe, "that these intellectual arts and dexterities are not frequently misused and employed to make the false true and the true false." Yet he said to Eckermann: "Doubt incites the mind to closer inquiry and experiment. The Mahometans practiced the minds of their youths by giving them the task of detecting and expressing the opposite of every proposition: from which great

adroitness is sure to arise. Our young talents are left to themselves. Something may be learned from the dead, but it is rather the copying of details than a penetration into the deep thoughts and methods of the Master. . . . Beauty is a primeval phenomenon, which never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is visible in a thousand different utterances of the creative mind."

To this creative mind, then, to the mother element, Mephistopheles sends Faust in search of beauty, to amuse the court, not as a religious act; though the very mention of the Mothers fills Faust's soul with awe. He gives him this golden Key, with which, Goethe says, the Mahometans equip their youth, this critical spirit, — notice, critical, not creative; in short, the spirit which ruled in the ancien régime. This will lead our young talent to adroitness, make him clever. With this he can get up a very good imitation of beauty. Arm yourself with this smart golden Key, but eliminate the personal bias. Mephistopheles says: —

Swing out the Key, and hold it from your body.

FAUST.

Good! grasping it, I feel I have new powers;
The breast expands, — on to this work of ours.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last a glowing tripod tells you this,
Here of all depths the deep foundation is.
By its faint glow you will the Mothers see.

The translations of this passage, by the way, illustrate the danger of omitting any portion of Goethe's words. Only Sir Theodore Martin preserves intact the suggestive part of Faust's speech: "Hold it from your body."

Mephistopheles is up to his old trick of telling the truth, or part of the truth, and so fooling his hearer. It is true enough that

"Into gods these incense clouds will change."

But that result is not to be arrived at by stealing the tripod and donning the priestly robe alone, the outward forms of the three unities. It is not, as Milton says, "to be raised from . . . the *trencher fury of a rhyming parasite*, nor to be obtained by invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance, and sends out the fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases."

"The thrill of awe is Man's best part,"

says Faust, as he goes out into immensity in search of the Mothers.

We find in the Memoirs this passage: "The *Système de la Nature* appeared to us so dark, so Cimmerian, so deathlike, that we found it a trouble to endure its presence, and shuddered at it as at a spectre." Faust returns with the outward trappings of the altar, the tripod and the robe, to a brilliantly lighted and adorned hall. Mr. Boyesen, recalling what Goethe has written of the influence of Herder upon him, says: "He led him out of a splendidly upholstered and artificially lighted hall into the great calm presence of Nature herself." In the Memoirs we see how Herder drew Goethe away from his love for Ovid, as the product of just such a period of Philistine cleverness as existed in the French monarchy. "Here" (in Ovid) "was neither Greece nor Italy, god nor demigod; everything was rather an imitation of what had already existed." "And here," Goethe adds, "the significant puppet-show fable of Faust resounded and vibrated, many-toned, within me."

In the next scene we find ourselves in "an upholstered hall, dimly lighted." "But how hollow and empty did we feel in this melancholy, atheistical half night" (of French literature of the ancien régime). "The French way of life we found too defined and genteel, their poetry cold and their criticism *annihilating*." Notice especially this phrase, — their "annihilating" criticism. We shall see its destructive effect shortly,

when Faust turns his critical key on the characters on the stage.

As Faust touches the tripod with this key, which the Spirit of Contradiction has furnished him, the phantoms of Paris and Helena, the ideals of beauty, appear from the clouds of smoke. "The tragedy termed classic makes phantoms," says Victor Hugo. Even this pallid imitation of Beauty enraptures Faust, as the Græco-French drama and the Græco-Roman gods and demigods of Ovid did Goethe, until Herder, with his Mephistophelian irony, pointed out to him their spurious imitativeness. Then we have that passage which has exhausted the ingenuity of the commentators. Faust, in his delight at the vision of beauty which the key of Mephistopheles has evoked, would rush to seize Helena and carry her off by force, but turns his key on Paris, and the whole scene is exploded. Its unreality becomes at once as apparent as the unreality of the imitated gods and demigods of the Metamorphosis became under Herder's critical examination of Ovid. Mephistopheles tells him: —

> "You made it, though, yourself, the silly spectre-play;"

and the Astrologer says: —

> "Yet still a word: from all that 's happened here,
> I call this piece the rape of Helena."

Beauty is not to be acquired by any such *tour de force*, nor to be made by one's unaided effort.

Yet further dreadful results follow the inciting of this critical spirit, the unguarded use of this dangerous key. Faust, the Soul of Man, paralyzed and falling to earth, is seized by Mephistopheles, the spirits go up in smoke, and the Demon of Selfishness is left alone amid Darkness and Tumult.

Is this so difficult of comprehension? We have seen the allusion to both the Roman Empire and the French monarchy, and the causes of their decadence, when the critical faculty was specially sharpened and freely used on all existing institutions. Then came that upheaval of society which, in the earlier period, swept all civilization and all love of the beautiful into a few pedantic cells. The Demon of Darkness and Self-Seeking reigned supreme, till all art and all literature went down in one common night of the dark ages, and Europe became a mere den of lawless robbers, every clan and every man for himself. Selfishness remained alone in the tumultuous dark.

The Soul of Man lay dormant, as in a trance; the whole world seemed to have turned into a gigantic witches' revel of lust and robbery. Only from some pedantic, monkish cells streamed one little ray of light into the darkness, the remembrance of that classic learning of which the world still heard as in a dream. Science was but the foolery of the astrologer, or the whimsical endeavor of the alchemist to fuse contraries that were not made to go together, or concoct a manikin by crystallization.

Again in "Faust's narrow Gothic cell, high-vaulted:" here is Faust (in whom we are now to see the Soul of Man) in the background, stretched out on an antique bed, insensible; asleep, as the Soul of Man indeed seemed to be through all those old dark ages. Mephistopheles, the incarnation of Selfishness, alone is awake and stirring. He tells us it is the same state of things we saw in the individual life of the First Part, only

> "The motley panes, methinks, are somewhat darker, sadder;
> The cobwebs have increased somewhat;
> The ink has dried, the paper yellow grown.
> Yet everything still stays in its old place;
> Even the quill lies here on the same spot,
> With which Faust signed himself the Devil's own."

In the barrel yet sticks that drop of red blood which was lured out of his victim. Mephistopheles will again assume the professor's old robe. As this "lord of frogs and lice" puts it on, all sorts of crickets, crotchets, beetle-browed crea-

tures, moths, and other destructives fly out to greet their "Old Patron."

"Haste you, my darlings, to hide away."

"In this old parchment, in the dusty, broken old vessels, n the hollow eyes of yonder death's-head, in such a waste of mouldy life,"

"Crickets and crotchets are forever hatched."

How fearfully the bell resounds, when this mischievous critic pulls at it! He is fond of giving out homœopathic doses of that valuable article, truth, when he can fool men into misuse of it through misunderstanding; "truth" that "like a bell-tone rings throughout the world." At the sound of the bell the whole of this edifice of pedantry and ecclesiasticism trembles and cracks, the door flies open, and

"There, how fearful! stands a giant,
Stands in Faust's old robe! How pliant
My knees become! If he should look or nod,
I should kneel down almost as to a God."

"I know you," says the amused Devil to the boy who answers the bell. "We 'll call you Nicodemus. You are like Nicodemus the Pharisee, you pupil of this spirit of pedantry, our old friend Wagner." And the mediæval mummy answers: —

"Most Worthy Sir! Such is my name, — Oremus."

"Let us pray," he says at once. He has evidently heard talk of the Inquisition, or some such conservator of the true faith. Do you ask of Doctor Wagner? "Who knows him not?" says the merry Devil. "He

"From the cathedral beams alone;
As if St. Peter's keys were all his own,
He can unlock the Over and the Under.
He glows and sparkles there before them all,
No fame nor calling 's higher placed than his."

But how do we know that all this refers to that ancient time Goethe, to make this clearer, tells us that "Mephistopheles rolls his armchair nearer the proscenium, to remark here to the audience: —

"'To you, good children, I will let it out.
Reflect: the Devil, who is old —
Then old become if you would understand him.'"

Then we are taken into the laboratory, where we find Doctor Wagner, like the old monkish alchemists, busily trying to make a man by crystallization; by shutting the spirit up into a glass bottle, carefully corked from the life-giving air. This is "Homunculus," that hermetically sealed spirit in the vial, on the elucidation of whose significance such stores of learning have been expended. But says this "mischievous rogue" (Mephistopheles), in whom Goethe has told us we are to recognize his own mocking spirit: —

"One who lives long has much experience;
There 's nothing new on earth for him; what 's more,
I have already, in my travels hence,
Seen men quite crystallized before."

What does this manikin do for Faust, that Spirit of Man, dreaming there in the lethargy of the dark ages? From the narrow cell where Homunculus sits confined a ray of light penetrates Faust's darkened mind, and he learns from this manikin that classic story of Leda and the Swan, the conception of Helena the Beautiful. On his way hence, Mephistopheles "has seen such men before." Goethe's own life has been so extended that he has been able to experience in his own person all that the race has undergone. We find him in his Memoirs telling of the way in which the pedantic course of his early instruction had cribbed, cabined, and confined his own spirit; but, he says, it also gave him some imperfect knowledge of Greek ideals. Then the awakening of desire led him to a sense of beauty in woman. This emancipated and set his spirit free, till he experienced life, and, wandering on in its glorious brightness, was carried from that lower form of sensuous enjoyment of existence up to Arcadia, that home land of the Beautiful, where Euphorion, Modern Poetry, child of an-

cient classicism and mediæval romance, was born.

Looking back through the history of the race, do we not find the same experience which Goethe found mirrored in his breast, and has pictured here? What crystallized specimens of humanity, of monkish pedantry, it produced! — that gigantic incarnation of Selfishness in the scholar's robe; paralyzing the Soul of Man, holding the keys of St. Peter, usurping the foremost place in the world, but always, under this shell of pedantry, preserving that spark of the celestial flame, the knowledge of the classics, the conception of the Beautiful. Through this Classical Walpurgis-Night of self-seeking and allied ugliness we shall follow Faust, now awakening, as they set him down on Grecian soil, to the quest of the Beautiful. In the history of art, also, we shall see the same endeavor clarifying from the cruder forms of the sphinxes and sirens, half bestial, half divine, till that bright luminary, Queen of the Night, *Das Mutterbild*, the Loveliness of Woman, beams upon us with her gentle reflected light. All this is indicated in the figures of this wonderful second act, where we may also trace in its varied forms the development not only of man and art, but of science and theology as well. All at last are

"Pierced by the Beautiful, the True,"

and we reach that festival of Ocean, from whose foam the Helena, the Beautiful herself, arose,

"When, 'mid Eurotas' murmuring rushes,
She, beaming, dawned from out her shell."

The manikin in his crystal case shatters its envelope against "the loveliest lady's seashell throne," and spreads himself in phosphorescent beauty over all the dancing waves.

We cannot follow all the details of the Night. Its keynote is given in that speech with which the scene opens, — the eternally repeated conflict of Light and Darkness. Erichtho, the Thessalian woman famous for her knowledge of poisonous herbs and their antidotes, whom Pompey consulted before the battle of Pharsalia, describes the conflict. A "mighty instance," type of "Power which finds itself opposed to greater power;" that is, of aristocracy opposed to democracy. That "mighty instance," where the gay young aristocrats charged the serried ranks of democracy, shouting, "*Hercules invictus!*" (Power is unconquerable), only to be met and overthrown by the exultant cry of triumphant democracy, "*Venus victrix!*" Love has been indeed the conqueror, and in her lovely light "the war-fires burn but bluely."

It is Goethe who speaks to us beneath the mask of Erichtho: wise in poison and its antidote; slandered, as was Erichtho, by contemporary poets, who living calumniated him as "the friend of established order, the upholder of aristocracy." Well may he "prudently retire from the living," conceal his thought under an antique mask, and so await the judgment of posterity.

Through "the Classical Walpurgis-Night," then, our travelers are to wander in their varied search: Faust, the Soul of Man, seeks Helena the Beautiful; Homunculus, the spirit striving to free itself from the bonds which pedantry has imposed upon it, seeks to be a man, as the individual Faust of the First Part (the reflex of Goethe's life) and as the old monks must have looked from their cells with longing for some human life. Mephistopheles, true to his character of negation, finds his ideal, the ideal of Ugliness, in the darksome cavern of the triune Sisters of Darkness, the Phorkyads. He joins himself, as an integral part, to that baleful trinity, and, putting out one eye, makes the likeness so complete that he will

"Fright the devils in the pool of hell."

In the next act, he alone appears as the representative of the antique sisterhood who guards the palace of art, and keeps

alive the spark of flame glimmering on the deserted hearth. Under these antique masks, however, we are to see the modern world.

> "The antique is far too living,
> One must use newest sense to master
> The thought, — with modern, manifold beplaster."

The first figures that come before our eyes are the Sphinxes, solemn, mysterious, boasting of their great antiquity and immutability through all the upheavals around them, — the Sphinxes, winged, but with lion hides and cruel claws, and yet forever holding aloft over the convulsions of time the image of that Eternal-Womanly whose exquisite beauty we saw glassed in the Witch's mirror of the First Part. What is this figure? It is the lion with the angel face, whom we are to question as to the great enigma of life. Mephistopheles, in the First Part, made the priest remark that the Church had eaten up whole countries. In the fourth act of this part of the drama the Archbishop insists on having the lion's share of the spoils, and in the first act says that

> "In this old land rose but two orders, —
> The holy clergy and nobility,"

who

> "Take the Church and State for pay."

This goes far to explain the other figure which travelers find with them in the night of the dark ages, the unexplained griffins. Mephistopheles sits at once between them, as we notice he pushed in between the clergy and the nobles, in the first act of this part; and we find that these griffins are gripers of all they can lay their hands on, and even now threaten the poor ants who have by hard toil amassed the hard-won gold, as the robber barons descended from their fastnesses on the merchants' caravans, or later oppressed the people with unjust taxes. In Wilhelm Meister, too, Goethe compares the industrial masses of mankind to tribes of ants.

In the next act we hear of this robber horde, who, with these strange, fabulous beasts on their shields, have pressed forward out of Cimmerian night, and built up fastnesses from which they harry land and people as they please.

If we followed the story of this eternally renewed conflict, we should see these ants often harried, and sometimes revenging themselves; and amid all upheavals the Sphinx ever unmoved, or but elevated by the conflict. It is this winged animal, this solemn, mysterious Sphinx, with her woman's head and breast, which attracts the desire of Mephistopheles, who directs Faust to the means of his healing; as it was the Witch in the First Part who led him to see in every woman a Helena, and so freed his spirit from its pedantic cell, and brought him out into life to grow into manhood, to live as a man with mankind. Could the history of the mediæval Church and nobility be more vividly portrayed? Is not the whole story stamped indelibly upon our consciousness in these two figures which suggest it all?

The Sphinx refers Faust's question to Chiron the Centaur, half man, half horse, who will give him tidings of the lost Helena. Faust, listening to the Grecian waters, lapping around his feet as he first enters them, hears nymphs singing, and sees directly before him that conception of the Beautiful, the vision of Leda and the Swan. Then the nymphs take up the song: —

> Lay, O Sisters, lay your ear
> To the green bank's sloping courses;
> If I 'm right, I seem to hear
> Sounds like hoofs of coming horses.
> Would I knew whose rapid flight
> Brought swift message through this night!

FAUST.

> It, meseems, as earth did thunder,
> 'Neath swift horses, hastening yonder.
> Thither my glance,
> Fair Fates advance!
> And may it reach to me as well?
> O Wonder, Peerless Miracle!
> A rider, galloping, comes here:
> Courageous, spirited, he seems,
> And blinding-white his bright horse beams.

Here, at last, in this wild night, is the knightly rider, who will, through the worship of "*Frauenschönheit*," beauty in woman, lead the Soul of Man to see

"Beauty, that in itself is blest."

He will bear him to Manto, wise priestess of Apollo's temple, — temple alike of Light and Spirit; not now radiant in the sunlight, but mildly beaming in that reflected glory whose human image we are shortly to see.

CHIRON (*to Faust*).

Look up! Here stands, with import high and fair,
Th' eternal temple in the moonlight there!

MANTO.

From horses' hoof-beats, upward springing,
Again the holy stairs are ringing.
Demigods are coming on.

CHIRON.

Quite right!
Open your eyes alone.

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! I see that you will come.

CHIRON (*to Faust*).

Here stands for you as well your temple-home.

Faust is on the right track. Again he will seek the beautiful in the vasty deep; but now he enters on the quest in that spirit of reverent devotion, the gateway through which alone the beautiful may be really won. Notice, as he disappears from our view through the temple portals, that it is the knightly rider who has taught him reverence for womanhood, the chivalric devotion which takes us on to the festival of chivalry, that festival of the sea, which sets even the cabined spirit of Homunculus afloat on the lovely waves of life, to make all things more lovely, and grow eventually himself, through the influence of woman, to that full stature of a man for which he longs.

The serpent-charmers have charge of her chariot now, and, in spite of winged lion or eagle, cross or crescent, will

"Bring the loveliest lady on.

"Lightly move in measured paces,
Ring on ring around the car,
Line on line, enwoven spaces,
Rows, like serpents, coiling far.
Come, ye lusty Nereids, nearer,
Splendid women, wild and warm.
Tender Dorides here bear her,
Galatea, the Mother-Form;
Earnest, more like god than woman,
Worthiest immortality,
Yet, like gentle women, human,
Sweet with grace alluring thee."

Homunculus rushes forward in ecstasy, and, shattering his case on the glittering seashell throne, is at last freed from his imprisonment, as the individual Faust of the First Part was, through the influence of woman acting on that slime of the Sea of Life, desire. So Luther escaped from his monkish cell, and in the light of love glorified the world. Homunculus does not at once become a man, but starts life for himself as that phosphorescent *proteus animalcula*, as the earlier scientists called it, — slime of the sea, where, modern science tells us, all life began.

"What fiery wonder glorifies the waves,
That sparkling break, as each the other laves!
Thus beams it, and wavers and brightens still forth;
All bodies here glow through the night on their path,
And all things around us with fire are o'errun;
So Eros controls them, who all things begun!"

In this lovely radiance of "the lesser light of heaven," we find ourselves carried on to that Protean beginning of life, "the simple," the "Originally Productive;" and, had we space at our disposal, we might trace yet further glimpses and gleams of the Divine in the myriad stars which the poet, following the Manager's advice in the Prologue of the First Part, has "squandered" here "at random." For this advance toward life, toward the Originally Productive, has been, as Homunculus observes,

"Threefold, a spirit-stride, worth noting well." But we, perforce, overlook a myriad of suggestions of the development of science, art, and theology from the lower, more sensual, to higher, purer, simpler forms. To attempt to follow them all might lead us, like Mephistopheles, astray amid the primal rocks and roots of things. Suffice it, then, to notice, for the present, that we have been with this greater Faust of the world-life through the same experience which emancipated his younger brother, the individual of the First Part; that is, through sensuality and selfishness, out of the confinement of pedantry, into the purer daylight of love. Mark well that, in the history both of the individual and of the race, it was the influence of Woman, this "Mutterbild" of the Eternal-Womanly, this Image of Love, that so led us to the Originally Productive, — to Life itself; till, in that "threefold spirit-stride," humanity, art, and science were alike set free.

We are now on the verge of Arcadia, that worship of ideal beauty to which this reverence for woman has led us; when Art, born again in the golden period of the Renaissance, seemed to be bringing back to the world the real Helena, the beauty which was Greece, and life became Arcadian indeed. As the act opens, we see Helena returning to her husband's palace, the long-deserted palace of Wealth and Art, not quite herself, it is true, giddy yet from the angry billows which have raged around her bark. There she finds that cousin of Homunculus, our disguised friend Phorkyas (Mephistopheles), who, like Homunculus, has guarded the spark of sacred fire still feebly glimmering on the hearth. But even here, where, in the house of Wealth, Art should be most at home, she is not secure. Phorkyas wraps the queen and her attendant nymphs and dryads of the chorus in concealing mists, till they find themselves at last safe in that "inner castle court, surrounded with rich, fantastic edifices of the Middle Ages," encircled by the chivalric pomp which characterized the period, and led to the desire for yet more beautiful developments.

With this brilliant retinue comes Faust, "in the knightly court costume of the Middle Ages." In his speech with Helena we see the elements of romantic poetry, the songs of those troubadours (who appeared as the sailor-lads saved by the help of women from the breakers of war, in the previous act), blending with the antique forms, the Grecian metres used by Helena and the chorus that have accompanied her. As this union becomes complete, the fortress stern changes into Arcadian bowers. Notice where Arcadia lies; there is a world of suggestion in the line

"Arcadia, in Sparta's neighborhood."

Phorkyas, acting merely as informant, tells us that from this union the lovely boy Euphorion, whom Goethe said was Modern Poetry, is born. "Keep your toes on the ground, little man," cry the anxious parents; "don't attempt too ambitious flights of fancy." He contents himself at first with chasing after the rather unsubstantial Greek nymphs and dryads of his mother's train; but then throws off all wise restraint in a vain attempt to soar through the blue empyrean. The "cannon fever," which has plunged the world in darkness, infects him, till he falls like a meteor, and sinks from sight beneath the earth. In the lament which the chorus sing, we recognize the familiar outline of Lord Byron's career; taken, Goethe tells Eckermann, because both in its unsuccessful aspiration and end it was a perfect symbol of this bright being whose career we are pursuing. Helena, too, follows her offspring to the shades, exclaiming: —

"Persephonia, take the boy and me!"

[*She embraces Faust. As her corporeal part vanishes, her garment and veil remain in his arms.*

Presently we shall see them enwrap

Faust as with a cloud, which will bear him "far, far from here;" even to that high mountain of Science, which was once regarded as the bottom of hell, as Mephistopheles takes pains to inform Faust, when he arrives from afar in his seven-league boots. As this cloudy car dissolves, we notice that it assumes all noble women-forms, as Juno, Leda, Helena, our earliest love, that beauty of the soul, and so

"Mirrors the grand significance of fleeting days."

Again Mephistopheles would stir up that selfish longing for dominion, conquest, acquisition; but now, "fresh from heroines," Faust's energies demand a loftier antagonist.

"'The aimless elements' unfettered strength!
Then could I dare to soar above my soul,
Here would I combat, these would I control."

The mighty spirit of Science is abroad, and can seek no less heroic combatant than the surging sea. Like Columbus, beyond its present confines he will establish a new continent, or bar the tide back, like the heroic Dutch, till Man has found or made a new land, a new opportunity, for mankind. Again the roar of approaching war threatens to overwhelm all with the desolation of its devouring waves; but here, says Mephistopheles, we shall find our advantage. Notice how the cannon fever is abating. True, the mountains are covered by Mephistopheles with his minions.

What a fearful rattle they make in the world, these empty shells of feudal warriors!

"As they were still the lords of earth,
Once they were emperors, kings, and knights;
Now they are naught but empty shells of snails."

Valuable still, though, to keep rebels in order, but not to be depended upon long. We must rely upon woman and her arts to send what looks like an irresistible torrent down the hill. To Mephistopheles it seems only an illusion of the senses, but, like the Herald's staff, it is useful to control rebellious natures.

Is this not enough? Then send along some Stars and Garters, — as unreal, of course, as heat-lightning, but serviceable also for our present purposes; for the bully, the robber, and the sneak thief, who compose the real strength of the armies of modern warfare, fail us.

Science, the influence of woman, and democracy have done their work. See, symbol and token of this, how our friend the griffin, fighting mid-air in the clutches of the bird of freedom, falls, fatally torn and wounded, behind the trees. The ruffians are driven from pillaging the rival Emperor's tent, and peace is once more restored. In the conflict Science has rendered such aid that she cannot now be banned, and must be granted scope and freedom, however much the Archbishop may growl, dissatisfied even with his lion's share of the spoils of war.

Now, in the fifth act, we find our friend Faust established in a glorious palace, which his own exertions have won for him, overlooking that fair domain wrested from the encroaching sea, and filled with blithe and happy homes where all mankind can have its opportunity. The three bullies are here still, but their rapacity is directed into channels of trade. Yonder, too, is the same old church, moss-grown and dwindled to an insignificant feature in the landscape. The old bell still ding-dongs in time with each event of life, and, as the act opens, we learn how many a struggling soul its helpful peal has guided safe to land. In the First Part of the drama we saw these same chimes restrain the child of earth from self-destruction. So it appears that these desolating waves which Faust has been forcing back from the shore are not altogether waves of the material ocean. That is not the only "aimless element" which the Soul of Man has to combat and control; nor is the physical new world the only land of freedom which Faust may win for

man. Jarno, in Wilhelm Meister, says: "Where I have an opportunity to be useful to my kind, there is my country; here, too, is America."

The old couple who tend the chapel welcome the returning wayfarer whom in bygone times they rescued, and will by no means give up their inheritance for any new-fangled home on the new plain. But Faust cannot endure this eternal ding-dong. He wants the place for a lookout whence the whole universe can be seen. Take care! If you try to transplant the old people, you will have Mephistopheles and his bullies let loose upon them. See, from the smoke of the burning chapel what ghostly forms are freed! This is what you did by enthroning your Goddess of Reason on the altar. You let loose those gaunt shapes forming themselves from the smoke of the burning church. One says she is Want, and another is Crime; the next is Care, and the next is direst Need. Though Want and Crime and Need, those sisters of their brother Death, must turn from the rich man's door, Care will creep through the keyhole, and, as she breathes upon him, the light of his eyes goes out forever. But on, on with the great work! There are yet new elements to conquer.

The active agent in all this work has been Selfishness, which, striving for self-interest, has won a grand new continent, America, with its new opportunity for all mankind. Mephistopheles has done this for us, with his crew of bullies, his traders, his delvers, his horde of grave-diggers.

But there is one labor more to make the new land a paradise of home. We have got rid of the superstition of the Church. Our bullies took care of that. Now let us drain this pestilential marsh, this only other superstition left. Let us get rid of the inequality of rank and property. Have a care, Mr. Faust; beware of these *Lémures*, these treacherous spirits of the dead, these socialistic Saint-Simons, with their great projects for digging canals and schemes for doing away with private property, leveling all ranks of society, throwing the mountain into the marsh. Take care; this is nothing new. These Utopian schemes are but Lémures, but spirits of the dead. Plato and Sir Thomas More dreamed them. You have seen in the French Revolution what this cry, "Equality and Fraternity," led you to. Remember, if you do away with private property and personal aggrandizement, you do away with the great incentive to activity. It is not a canal that these Lémures will dig for you, but a grave. Your Utopia is very pretty, and your aim grand, —

> "A people free upon a soil that 's free;"

but see how self-seeking has stirred you up to great things. Listen to Goethe talking of this theory of Saint-Simonism to Eckermann: "I think that each ought to begin with himself and make his own fortune first, from which the happiness of the whole will at last unquestionably follow. This Saint-Simonian theory appears to me perfectly impracticable. It is in opposition to all nature, all experience, and the course of events for a thousand years. . . . Leave some evils untouched, that something may remain upon which mankind may develop his further powers."

We recall what the Lord said in the Prologue as to Selfishness, the comrade who stirs mankind up to constant activity. With no incentive to action, Faust at last will sink into inactive enjoyment, — that state into which the great Enemy of Mankind has been trying to trap him. Faust, in anticipation of the new paradise, repeats those words of the contract in the First Part which were to stop the clock of Time and send him to destruction: —

> "Now may I to the moment say it:
> Here linger yet, thou art so fair!"

But to linger, to cease from labor, is to stagnate and die.

"The clock stands still.
Stands still! 'T is hushed as midnight.
The hour-hand falls."

Is Faust now the slave of Mephistopheles? No; for he has "hitched his wagon to a star," not joined himself to the principle of destruction, and happiness has come to him as the gift, not of Selfishness, but of Labor. He has found enjoyment in seeking to create a new world of happy homes for the race, and thus become a part of the Immortal Purpose, the *Schaffender Freude*, which we trace in all things. And so

"The traces of his earthly being
Cannot in æons disappear."

His deeds of love will plead for him though all the devils in hell issue from its flaming jaws. Even now, as they drag those dreadful jaws upon the stage, the glory shines from above. The blessed boys circle through the heavens, and drive the devils waiting to seize his soul back again with the irresistible roses of love. Where one touches, it burns like red-hot coals of fire.

Amid the solemn solitudes of nature, we may now read, in these Holy Anchorites, the course of human aspiration, ever clarifying through the ages to the perfect vision of the Love Divine.

"Mount to higher circles ever,
Upward grow, though none may see.
In eternal, pure endeavor
God's own Presence strengthens thee.
For this is the Spirit's nurture,
That the freest ether holds,
Revelation to his creature,
Bliss, Eternal Love, unfolds."

The angels, bearing Faust's immortal part, sing of his salvation through constant striving, through labor and love. At last, in the "highest and purest cell" of all, Doctor Marianus exclaims that

"Here is the prospect free!
The spirit 's exalted!
Women float past by me!"

In the midst of the splendor he sees the Glorious One in the wreath of stars, — the Queen of Heaven; a symbol which the old Church, with all her shortcomings, her cruel claws, her animal greed, has forever held up to us in her image of that

"Virgin, pure in sense most true,
Mother, worthy honor;
Chosen Queen of all of you,
One with God from birth, — gaze on her."

So Faust has at last that master key of knowledge, — reverence; and in the voices of those once-despised ones learns to recognize

"The love at His feet bowing,
Spite of Pharisaic scorn;"

learns what the teacher told Wilhelm Meister was the hardest task of all, — to reverence what is beneath him, and to recognize what lies in humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace, wretchedness, suffering, and death; to recognize these things as divine; nay, even not to look on sin and crime as hindrances, but to honor and love them as furtherances to what is holy. "This being once attained, the human species cannot retrograde." As the Mater Gloriosa soars into view, the three despised and sinning ones, who have loved much, — "the Magna Peccatrix, Chief of Sinners, the Woman of Samaria, and Mary of Egypt, — begin that exquisite hymn to Love, complement of the splendid pæan to Labor with which the drama of the First Part opened. God is Labor, but He is also the Eternal-Womanly; the Love that leads us upward and on. And now this lovely "penitent, formerly called Gretchen," joins in the supplication, to plead, not for herself, but for her lover: —

Oh, grant that I once more may teach him.
The new day blinds him still. He cannot see.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Come, rise! Your influence will reach him.
To higher spheres; he 'll follow thee.

From Woman, from Gretchen, then, who, in that gray streak of dawn, surrendered her life to the judgment of God, he "learns the high meaning of renunciation, of sacrifice of personal de-

sire as on the altar of a god." "Ah, yes," says Doctor Marianus,

> "Every better thought has been
> Ever to her service given.
> Maiden, Mother, Goddess, Queen,
> Graciously look down from heaven."

Here is the answer to that deep question which Faust strove to fathom when we first met him in his cell translating the Scriptures: "In the Beginning was the Deed," — a translation to which Mephistopheles decidedly objected. This is the answer to that question, What and whence is life? For life's "Brook," the Source of Life towards which the spirit yearns, for Life, "which is really so simple," says the poet, "go to life itself." Go to Nature. Life is everywhere manifest as Labor, as the Deed, the Creative Principle, as Light, the Sun, "the greater Light," the Maker, the Laborer. He is the Hero of the natural life, of the life of Nature. But we were to

> "Use both the great and lesser lights of heaven."

Then look within. In all the history of the past, through all man's experience, we have seen this Creative Principle made operative through that reflected glory, Queen of Heaven, the feminine attribute of Love; the gentle power of Beauty leading us always upward towards the perfect Light. This has ever been the element which has lifted us out of the night and death of selfishness into the glorious light of day, making us co-creators with the Creator, till, in giving ourselves to his purposes, we at last find our long-sought Happiness. Throughout all human story we have seen this principle incarnated for us and manifested in Woman. Here, then, is the true Heroine of our Drama of Existence, which closes with this as the final word of life: —

> "The Eternal, the Womanly,
> Lifts, leads us on."

William P. Andrews.

VINET AND SCHERER.

It may seem a striking coincidence to find side by side, among recent biographies, a new collection of Vinet's letters [1] and M. Gréard's life of Edmond Scherer,[2] which, treating largely of the early part of his career, shows the distinguished French critic in his half-forgotten character of a Swiss theologian. The two books did not, however, appear simultaneously. M. de Pressensé's volume was published long enough after M. Gréard's for the insertion of an appendix, which is a criticism on the latter work; and his familiarity with the documents of Swiss Protestantism had already enabled him to present in the somewhat polemical text in which these letters of Vinet's are imbedded a tolerably full discussion of Scherer's brief relation to, and subsequent divergence from, the theology of Vinet. The two books are hardly of equal importance, since this handful of letters, stamped as they are with Vinet's always vivid and attractive individuality, forms but a slight addition to the mass of intimate literature which renders him already an unusually accessible figure; whereas M. Gréard's volume on Scherer illuminates for the first time a personality more or less correctly divined by every attentive reader of Scherer's critical work, but

[1] *Alexandre Vinet.* D'après sa Correspondance Inédite avec Henri Lutteroth. Par Edmond de Pressensé, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Fischbacher. 1891.

[2] *Edmond Scherer.* Par Octave Gréard, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1890.

Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

long kept out of sight by the necessarily impersonal character of such writing, as well as by the very variety of his interests and researches. It is the man himself, not the critic, whom we meet in this biography, a book that is personal and intimate throughout; not the study of a period, nor a volume of literary or clerical gossip, but the record of an individual struggle in the search for truth, — a record marked with the clear, impartial frankness which distinguished the experience recorded. It was not an exhilarating experience, and the book has not the requisites for popularity, but it is nevertheless a notable contribution to that department of literature which we may call thought-biography. In some respects it bears a stronger analogy to certain English biographies than to anything of the kind that we recollect in French literature, although such an intellectual drama in England is apt to take place against a more prominent background; the universities and the establishment in that country having created a certain solidarity of thought, thus bringing individual phases into direct relation with large general movements of opinion.

Edmond Scherer was of English extraction on his mother's side. His father, who belonged to a Swiss family resident in France since the beginning of the eighteenth century, married Miss Hubbard, the daughter of a London banker established in Paris, and became a partner in the banking-house. He died young, leaving three children. Scherer's education also was partly English. Born in Paris in 1815, he spent some years at a French school, where he showed a disinclination to study, together with a lively appetite for reading, particularly poetry, and kept a notebook recording the transition of his opinions within two months from skepticism to deism, thence to Christianity, and later on to Pyrrhonism. In 1831 he was sent to England, where he entered the family of the Rev. Thomas Loader, a dissenting minister at Monmouth. Here he acquired a perfect knowledge of English, studied Greek, read Blackstone and Burke, and plunged with fervor into the religious life about him, filling his hours with "theological discussions, explanations of the Bible, pious meditations." His notebook of 1832 wound up with the words: "December 25. Christmas Day; conversion." Tracts for the Times were coming out towards the close of his stay in Monmouth, and Scherer, we are told, "fed upon them as upon a nutriment prepared expressly to meet the cravings of his imagination and his heart." M. Gréard does not mention how the ingredient assimilated with a dissenting piety "seeking its creed in Calvinism and its inspiration in revivals," or give any map connecting the Oxford ideas with those which seem to have surrounded and controlled Scherer at this period. The hold which the latter had upon him was so strong that he proposed entering the evangelical ministry; but his family had other views, and it was only after completing his studies in letters and law at Paris that he was able to follow his bent by becoming, in 1836, a theological student at Strasburg.

We get a glimpse of him at the moment of his arrival there from the reminiscences of Professor Reuss, in a letter written in 1889. He recalls Scherer's "rigid orthodoxy" and "Calvinistic inflexibility," redeemed by "substantial learning and an indefatigable ardor for theological study, joined to rare lucidity of mind and diction." The German thoroughness and precision of method were an inspiration to Scherer. He refers somewhere to the danger which exists from the first moment, to a theological student, in having things which have hitherto been matters of implicit belief to him made the subject of investigation. "The very ground seems to give way under his feet; in a

word, it is a situation from which one goes out a conqueror only through prayer and tears." But there is no record of his faith having been unsettled by his studies at Strasburg. The discourse pronounced at his ordination is termed by M. Gréard an "hosanna of faith," and contrasted by him with the state of mind betrayed by Lamennais on entering the priesthood. It might with almost equal force have been opposed to many of Vinet's hesitating, poignant utterances.

At the time of his ordination Scherer was already happily married. He continued to live at Strasburg, immersed in theological research, preaching occasionally, but with reluctance, and declining to accept any charge. His love of exactness made him shrink from the dangers of improvisation or of obligatory speech, as Vinet shrank from them. "He had at that time adopted as a maxim of conduct, 'No unnecessary speech.' Even with his friends and in the intimacy of his own household he imposed upon himself this ascetic rule, and allowed conversations to take their course without putting in a word." A letter from a lady in a German town where he went to preach, and was expected with enthusiasm, speaks of him as having a "glacial aspect," and as reducing the whole company to silence by an excess of reserve, which she attributes to shyness. The same letter has an account of his preaching; "of his young face, gentle and grave, with great eyes, to which the tears come at moments;" of "that profound feeling that he was there sent by God, and for his glory, — a feeling which communicated itself to the congregation." But, notwithstanding the belief that he inspired in those around him in his qualifications as a preacher, Scherer felt that his gifts and his usefulness lay rather in the direction of research and of teaching. When the free school of theology at Geneva, known as the Oratory, offered him a professorship, he accepted it, with a sense of entering upon his true vocation.

He went to Geneva in 1845, the year of the political revolution in the canton of Vaud, and of the ecclesiastical difficulties in the same canton which subsequently led to the founding of the Free Church. M. de Pressensé gives a clear account of both these events, in connection with the letters of Vinet addressed to M. Henri Lutteroth, editor of Le Semeur, which are full of details of the struggle. He gives also a sketch of Vinet's life, sufficient for the understanding of the letters, but not long enough to detain a reader already familiar with the fuller sources of information regarding their writer. It is an interesting book to read in connection with the life of Scherer, who for two years was in intimate relation with Vinet, — was, indeed, we are told by M. Gréard, the one nearest to Vinet's heart among all that little band called by him the *Enfants de Dieu*.

A native of Lausanne, — he was born at Ouchy in 1797, and received his literary and theological education at the Academy of Lausanne, — Vinet had returned to that town in 1837 to fill the chair of practical theology at the academy, after some years spent in teaching in the gymnasium at Bâle. He had long hesitated to accept the position. With rare gifts and a personal influence that survives to this day, he had received many offers, collegiate, pastoral, and literary. He replied to each at first by urging his deficiency of training and of knowledge, and finally by the confession, repeated again and again in his letters, of a personal dread. It is like the cry of a wounded creature. "It is not you that I fear; it is myself," he says in one of the letters written from Bâle, declining an offer to go to Paris, and combine preaching with literary work on Le Semeur. "It is this heat of brain which is provoked by the subject, the place, by excitement, and which

I have the misfortune to mistake momentarily for warmth of heart. There are yet other inward influences, still less pure and more dangerous, to which I should inevitably yield, and which in forcing me into a decisive attitude would chain me to the terrible and perhaps irreparable fate of spending my life in hypocrisy. . . . I will not explain this word *hypocrisy*. Your friends and you yourself know in what sense I use it. There is one thing sure, and that is that if, to avoid this danger, I were obliged to shut myself up in a village school, and pass my life in teaching the A B C, the alternative would not be a hard one."

To Vinet and to Scherer alike the escape from the danger of insincerity lay in a close accord between speech and thought, between conviction and life, in preferring silence and deprivation to any strain of this bond. Both were *individualists*, to borrow Vinet's word; but with Vinet the impulse was to seek for equilibrium, not in the strength of a rule imposed from without, but in that of a conviction growing from within. He had not felt the fascination of religious science, but he felt keenly the struggle of the soul with life. In neither of these men, both highly endowed, full of ardor and conscientiousness, do we find for a single moment any thought of measuring his life work by its magnitude, but simply by its verity and its adaptation to his powers. There is no burden upon them to make the widest use of their talent, or to inquire if it be a paying one in the spiritual any more than the pecuniary sense. The only question is to make a right use of it. In deciding to accept a chair of practical theology in his own canton, Vinet acted from the conviction that it was the position in which it would be, on the whole, most possible to be himself.

His fears for the church went hand in hand with his personal dread. He felt that the danger which menaced it lay in a law imposed from without, in a creed formally accepted and comprehended mechanically. The established church had grown weak through its very supports. The first necessity toward a remedy for this state of things seemed to Vinet to lie in a separation of church and state. This was long the aim of his efforts, particularly during the two troubled years of which we have spoken.

He found a vigorous supporter in Scherer, who had become the editor of La Réformation au XIXe Siècle, a journal to which, as to Le Semeur, Vinet was a contributor, — giving, indeed, to each its chief inspiration. Their object was to free the church, not to establish a Free Church. "Many dissenting churches may be formed," wrote Vinet, "without the principle having gained the victory. In separating ourselves individually, we are acting in support of a principle already beyond question, not of the principle which is now under consideration. . . . Even if we became dissenters for our personal satisfaction, we should be obliged, *this done*, to go further, and to work toward the great revolution; in other words, to work toward the emancipation of the church to which we had ceased to belong." Deprived of his professorship after the deposition of the Vaudois non-conformist ministers, Vinet still refused the offers made him from Paris and elsewhere; to the reasons of conscience was joined the plea of ill health. He lived to see the organization of the Free Church in 1847, accepting it, not triumphantly, but as the truest and best measure then possible. In May of that year he died at Clarens, where his tomb is built like a shrine into the wall of the little cemetery, not far from the grave of Amiel. "We loved him so," wrote Scherer to Lutteroth, when the end was inevitable; "we all felt ourselves bound to him. Our thoughts turned to him so naturally and so constantly."

The mantle had not fallen upon

Scherer, who at this epoch was leading a tranquil and happy life at Geneva, dividing his time between lecturing, study, and a small society of congenial friends and eager students, but who was soon called upon to go alone into another region of thought and to embrace a different career. We find the first traces of a change just a year after the death of Vinet. It was the study of tests which first unsettled Scherer's faith. Some fragments of prayer and meditation, written in the early days of the conflict, to which he had prefixed the title The Visits of Jesus Christ, were found among his papers after his death. He looks back to his former faith, to the sureness of the revelation within him. "Hast thou not already abode with me once? It was three years ago. It lasted three days. And my life was transformed, my doubts were dispersed, my struggles were forgotten, my darkness became light. Love overflowed in my heart, death inspired in me no more terrors, martyrdom would have appeared easy to me. My first thought on waking, my last on falling asleep, was of thee. . . . Come back to me, O my Saviour!" And later: "Ah, lies, lies! Truth is unity in one's life, and I am anything but a unit. Sincerity, unity, harmony, peace, — so many correlative terms. . . . O my God, grant that I may be true!"

In June, 1849, he wrote a letter which was handed about among his friends, telling them that he had ceased to hold the plenary inspiration of the Bible, that he no longer believed in the truth of the things he was teaching, and that his work had become a burden to him. He did not resign his professorship till the following November. But he had already gained strength to meet the new truth fearlessly. "My present sentiments," he wrote, "are not with me a matter of painful doubt, but of joyous conviction. . . . Protestantism cannot remain the bastard system that it is now; it must go forward or it must retreat. This generation feels that it has not the truth; it needs to clear up its beliefs; it aspires to a life at once more intellectual and more religious."

"When the reproaches of his friends pressed him too closely," says M. Gréard, "he gave as the explanation, if not the excuse, of his boldness, that man does not learn only what he wishes to learn; that he learns unceasingly, in spite of himself, from the course of events, from the spectacle of the world, from suffering; that each addition of knowledge necessarily modifies the whole mass of the knowledge already acquired; that it is in this manner that the greatest spiritual revolutions have been accomplished; and that Christianity itself had acted upon souls only in this way. The fact is, he did not wait till questions came to him. He went to meet them. He had no sooner solved one than another surged up in his mind. They followed upon each other, like wave upon wave. The gnawing activity of his intellect left him neither truce nor rest."

Early in 1850 Scherer began an independent course of lectures, in which he discussed authority in religious belief. After treating the question of historical evidence, and declaring that what remained to faith, after the dogma of inspiration was withdrawn from the Scriptures, was the person of Jesus Christ, he went on: "Faith is independent of science; it belongs to another sphere; it is itself the truth. As for me, I shall not cease to say to others, and to repeat to myself, a sentence which should serve as our watchword: 'We believe in Jesus Christ; let us also believe in the truth.'"

The publication in April, 1850, of the letter already mentioned was followed by his expulsion from the church, and by an excited discussion in the religious press, in which he took part, replying to attacks through those organs which remained faithful to him. But for him

the question was inevitably ceasing to be one of detail or of argument; the change was in the whole aspect of things.

"The most profound revolution which can mark our life," he writes in 1851, "is that which takes place when the absolute escapes us, and with the absolute the fixed outlines, the special sanctuary, and the oracles of truth. It is hard to express all the agitation in the heart when we begin to recognize that our church and our system have not the monopoly of the good and the true; when we meet with men equally eminent and sincere who profess the most opposite opinions; when sin and justice become in our eyes as the infinite degrees of a ladder that mounts to the sky and descends to the lowest depths; when we discover that there is no error which has not a grain of truth, no truth which is not partial, narrow, incomplete, stained with error; when the relative thus appears to us as the form of the absolute upon earth, the absolute as an object forever aimed at, but forever inaccessible, and truth as a mirror broken into a thousand fragments, of which each one bears a reflection of the heaven, while none reflects the whole heaven. Till this moment submission has sufficed; now investigation becomes a duty. Authority and the absolute have vanished together; and since truth is nowhere concentrated in a single depository, it is necessary henceforth to search, to feel, to choose."

For ten years he put his whole strength into the conflict. The craving for a creed, for an object to be worshiped with mystical, personal devotion, had given way to the one need for truth, in whatever form or measure. It was the acceptation of Emerson's words: "Leave thy theory as Joseph his cloak in the hand of the harlot, and flee." From 1855 to 1859 Scherer continued his *cours libre* at Geneva, confining himself to those portions of the New Testament which are the most spiritually helpful and the least dogmatic. He collected his most important articles on religious matters in a volume entitled Mélanges de Critique Religieuse, which appeared in 1860, on the day of his departure from Geneva for Paris, where he was at once pressed into the service of literary criticism.

The influence of Vinet had been exchanged for that of Sainte-Beuve, among whose successors no one has come nearer to equaling him in authority and general critical intelligence than Scherer. He lacked the gift of sympathy which distinguished Sainte-Beuve, the power of penetrating into, and as it were temporarily occupying, the mind of his author; his observations were made more from without. His knowledge was more extensive, including as it did an acquaintance with foreign literature rare among French critics, and a complete mastery of English and German. In 1871, when he was a member of the National Assembly, and had added political writing to his critical work, he corresponded with the Boston Review, an organ of the Trinitarian Congregationalists, and contributed two articles on the war to Lippincott's Magazine, written in faultless English, and from 1873 to 1878 he was a correspondent of the London Daily News.

In later life he stood a little aloof from the agitations of the day, with unabated intellectual interest, but with slight intercourse with younger men or sympathy for their illusions. He seems to have regarded them sadly, like Mark Pattison, whom he resembles in a certain gritty frankness and keenness of mind. But his observations, made from a distance, and not without bitterness, were well worth meditating. He had a horror of words being used in an inflated sense, promising more than the fact could perform. "The phrases of our humanitarians always remind me of J. J. Rousseau's saying, that he would not hesitate to give his daughter in marriage

to the hangman's son, provided he was a good fellow. That is an excellent touchstone, and one that I adopt. I will believe in 'humanity' when all human beings consent to an abolition of distinctions in the matter of marriage." The progress of democracy was not a source of pleasure to him; it contained the destruction of the things which he most valued. "We are getting Americanized. Modern society has time for two things only: the work by which it earns its bread, and the amusements which enable it to forget the work."

A shade of regret for the lost faith lingered with him to the last. In a conversation with some friends, one of them quoted Guizot's characterization of Lamennais as an intellectual criminal ("*ce malfaiteur intellectuel*"). Scherer sprang up, exclaiming, "A criminal! A criminal! M. Guizot does not know what it costs!" and left the room. His life was shadowed by family troubles, but its latter days were peaceful. A few weeks before his death he wrote to a young author: "The universe is a fact. It is not we who regulate it; we have only to submit. . . . However dry or bitter these truths may be, they are not without fruit. It is something to have learned that, among the questions which agitate the human race, there are some which have no solution or even sense. And the acceptance of things as they are, the habit of seeing in them the inevitable conditions of life, is a tolerable receipt for resignation. If one does not suffer less, one is less rasped by suffering; the pain is freed from bitterness, and the regrets from passion."

Looking at the mass of intelligent and faithful literary work performed by Scherer during a period of thirty years, the position which he occupied, the sincere, strong qualities shown in his biography, one is ready to ask with M. Gréard, "Whence comes it that his influence was not in proportion to his talent, and that even now the homage paid to his memory is chiefly that of respect?" M. Gréard answers his question by pointing to the independence of Scherer's thought, and to a certain intellectual isolation, which he attributes to long brooding and inward struggle, concentration upon research and meditation. We fancy that we can trace in Scherer from the first something of this intellectual isolation; that it belonged in part to a deficiency of sympathy and to a certain difficulty of *liaison*, a trait of his nature which, without precluding warm and sincere friendships, rendered him in a sense inaccessible to the free-trade intercourse of mind with mind. Scherer himself ascribed his critical faculty and historic sense to his theological training; and of course a mind that has been given up to a single subject during all its formative years cannot fail to exhibit the results of that training. Yet we cannot help thinking that in his case the critical and historic sense were already there, underlying and directing rather than produced by the theological development. M. de Pressensé finds in Scherer's skepticism the reverse side of the rigidity and external character of his faith, of that ardent orthodoxy which he describes as a combination of logic and mysticism. The connection is obvious, but to understand the phenomenon we must seek its explanation not in these technical terms, which classify rather than describe thought, but in biographical data. What is this logic and this mysticism, humanly speaking? Do we not find in the one something of a craving for discipline on the part of a mind which has "felt the weight of too much liberty," and in the other a shrinking from the solitude and shelterlessness of the open country to which the critical instinct early invited him? There was with Scherer the desire of the logical faculty for an attainable perfect science; the longing of restlessness for an imperative duty; and above all, that which underlies all struggle, the demand for unity,

which is not alone an intellectual craving, but the cry of the conscience as well.

To say that Scherer's doubts and affirmations belonged to the intellect, Vinet's to the moral nature, is to make a statement which roughly indicates a distinction between the two men, but would be misleading if unqualified. No thinker who has had a moment's perception of the oneness of truth deliberately divorces the moral from the intellectual aspect; no thought will hold which does not bear, however imperfectly, the stamp of the whole man. Vinet had not the theological training of Scherer, nor the same incentive to research in historical curiosity. He paid little attention to the question of documentary evidence; the truths of detail which forced themselves on Scherer's mind had no significance for him. He arrived at truth by intuition, seizing the spiritual kernel of the fact presented to him; too sensitive and true of touch to miss what was most essential to his nature, too narrowly intense to preserve always his perspective and perception of relations. This intuition and spiritual perception, this power of coming close to the truth he perceived and assimilating it wholly, was what Scherer lacked. Neither was a great or original thinker: but in Vinet's sensitive sincerity, recalling that of Frederick Robertson, there is a deep and inspiring note; in Scherer's accuracy of vision and statement and unflinching courage, an appeal to our interest that is sad, though genuine and bracing.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE SHORT STORY.

THERE are two periods in the life of a country when the short story is peculiarly adapted to display the characteristics of the people: the first is when the country is virgin soil for the novelist; the second is when the soil, in agricultural phrase, is worn out. At the present time, the South, and more particularly the Southwest, illustrates the former of the two periods, New England the latter. By means of the rapid sketches and brief stories of Miss Murfree, Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, Miss French, and others, we have been introduced to a society and a condition of life so novel, so full of contrasts to the familiar, that we welcome each new contribution as a distinct addition to the bundle of particulars from which by and by we shall begin to generalize; for we have caught the scientific spirit in literature, and ask a knowledge of details before making our inductions. Under these conditions, the short stories easily take the character of studies for larger pictures.

On the other hand, when a country has been appraised by the historian, the political economist, the sociologist, the philosopher, the novelist, there comes to be a certain common significance attached to it, so that as soon as it is named the mind responds with a tolerably definite concept of the character embodied in the country and people. This is the case with New England. It bears a stamp, and, however much a company of intelligent Americans may differ in their estimate of the worth of New England, they are not likely to be very far apart in their understanding of its characteristics. Now is the opportunity for the short-story writer. He — or more likely she — may with entire confidence assume this general knowledge, and proceed at once to expend art upon the nice details, to individualize, to discriminate, to disclose distinctions which the

casual observer may overlook. There is a strong inclination, under these conditions, to use a small canvas and take great pains with minute touches.

This disposition is confirmed by two influences. The whole strain of New England life, through the loneliness of social relations in the country and the extreme individualism inculcated by religion and politics, has tended to develop what are specifically known as "characters," highly intensified and noticeable persons, though the exaggeration may be of unimportant qualities. Again, the prevailing temper of the realistic school, which is in literature what specialization is in science, calls for microscopic study of human life, and it is easier to secure this, without loss of regard for the main theme, in the short story than in the novel.

How completely one may cultivate a single phase of local life is illustrated by Mrs. Slosson in her Seven Dreamers.[1] Her introductory note cleverly strikes the keynote to her group of stories. A New England woman recites in rich dialect a number of instances of eccentric neighbors, who are plain, intelligible persons in the main, but are each "off" on some one point, the point being expressive of some form of idealism. Cap'n Burdick remembers the millennium; Uncle Enoch Stark beguiles himself with the fancy that his sister Lucilla, who died a baby before he was born, still lives somewhere in the vague West; Wrestling Billy was so called because he could give account of an experience similar to that of the patriarch Jacob; Jerry Whaples found a world of comfort in the Biblical passage, apparently so inapplicable to every-day haps, "At Michmash he hath laid up his carriages."

"They have different names for sech folks," continues Aunt Charry. "They say they 're 'cracked,' they 've 'got a screw loose,' they 're 'a little off,' they 'ain't all there,' and so on. But nothin' accounts for their notions so well, to my mind, as to say they 're all jest dreamin'. . . . And what 's more, I believe, when they look back on those soothin', sleepy, comfortin' idees o' theirn, that somehow helped 'em along through all the pesterin' worry and frettin' trouble o' this world, — I believe, I say, that they 're glad too."

Thereupon, having given a hint of what the reader is to expect, Mrs. Slosson narrates at length the cases of a half dozen New England idealists, each with some whimsical yet always lovable fancy. Her first tale, How Faith Came and Went, scarcely comes under the category of her title, and is somewhat out of harmony with the rest of the book; for in it she avails herself of a physiological fact, perhaps as familiar in fiction as in real life, — the obscuration of memory for a time, and the consequent unhinged life led by the person thus affected. But the rest of the stories are the expansion of idiosyncrasies which, let the doctors discuss as they may, derive their main interest from the contribution they make to the history of the human soul.

Although Mrs. Slosson deals thus with idealists, her mode of treatment is quite closely naturalistic. Her oddest people and incidents are reported with a sympathetic but candid spirit. Her characters for the most part tell their own stories, but whenever she appears in person, it is always with the affectionate, considerate manner of one who respects the fancies of these humble people, not with the professional air of the alienist; and this fine spirit of reverence, so apparent throughout the book, guards her from the exaggeration into which her sense of humor might betray her, and makes good taste prevail. Once only do we think her liveliness carries her a step too far. In the amusing, bewildering story of Butterneggs, where

[1] *Seven Dreamers.* By Annie Trumbull Slosson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

the fun is stretched almost to the snapping-point, her lively spirits have provoked her into a sly insertion of local historical names, a little to the detriment of good literary manners.

A very charming element in the book is the homely and familiar acquaintance shown with wild flowers. Some of the stories turn on this loving regard for flowers, and it is plain to see that the author herself is drawing upon a store of full, simple experience. There is an artistic fitness in this close association of nature with the finer, even if fantastic side of human life, which steals upon the reader imperceptibly; so that for a while he is aware, as it were, only of a delicate fragrance somewhere, until, by inspection, he perceives that this fragrance is from the book he is reading.

There is a slight bond between Mrs. Slosson's work and that of Miss Wilkins in the disposition of Miss Wilkins to single out for her subjects highly accented phases of New England life, but the manner of the two writers is quite distinct. They are alike in this, that they leave the reader to his own conclusions, and rarely impose their reflections upon his attention. In her latest collection[1] Miss Wilkins has included twenty-four stories. The book is charged with tender sentiment, yet once only, so far as we remember, at the close of the moving story of Christmas Jenny, does the author introduce anything which may be likened to an artistic use of sentiment. In this story the figures of the girl and her lover make the kind of foil which we are used to in German sentimental literature. The touch here, however, is so slight as almost to escape notice. It serves chiefly to remind one how entirely Miss Wilkins depends for her effects upon the simple pathos or humor which resides in the persons and situations that are made known through a few strong, direct disclosures. The style is here the writer. The short, economical sentences, with no waste and no niggardliness, make up stories which are singularly pointed, because the writer spends her entire strength upon the production of a single impression. The compression of these stories is remarkable, and almost unique in our literature, and it is gained without any sacrifice of essentials and by no mere narrowness of aim, but by holding steadily before the mind the central, vital idea, to the exclusion of all by-thoughts, however interesting they may be. Hence it happens frequently that the reader, though left satisfied on the main issue, is piqued by the refusal of the story-teller to meet his natural curiosity on other points. Thus in A Discovered Pearl the affairs of Lucy and Marlow are settled, but one is left to his surmises as to what the actual history of Marlow has been; and in A Pot of Gold, though Joseph Tenney is rehabilitated, the reader is as consumed with curiosity as Jane to know just what the box contained; then he is ashamed of himself, and confesses that the story-teller is above the weakness of satisfying merely idle curiosity.

Mrs. Slosson depends upon the interlocutors for the most telling effects in her stories; Miss Wilkins, with her passion for brevity, her power of packing a whole story in a phrase, a word, although she gives her characters full rein sometimes, naturally relies chiefly upon her own condensed report of persons, incidents, and things. Sententious talk, though not unknown in New England, runs the risk of being unnaturally expressive, and Miss Wilkins shows her fine artistic sense by not trusting to it for the expression of her characters. As a rule, the speech of the New England men and women in her stories is very simple and natural; her art lies in the selection she makes of what they shall say, the choice of a passage which helps on the story. Thus the brevity

[1] *A New England Nun, and Other Stories.* By Mary E Wilkins. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

of speech which is in itself a characteristic of New England people is not made to carry subtleties or to have a very full intrinsic value, nor is it a mere colloquialism, designed to give color and naturalness, but it is the fit expression which conveys a great deal to the reader, because, like the entire story, it is a condensation, an epitome.

Of the genuine originality of these stories it is hard to speak too strongly. There is, indeed, a common character to the whole series, an undertone of hardship, of loss, of repressed life, of sacrifice, of the idolatry of duty, but we suspect this is due more to the prevailing spirit of New England life than to any determining force of Miss Wilkins's genius. For the most part, she brings to light some pathetic passage in a strongly marked individuality, and the variety of her characterizations is noticeable. Now and then she touches a very deep nature, and opens to view a secret of the human heart which makes us cry out that here is a poet, a seer. Such an effect is produced by the most powerful story in the book, Life Everlastin'. More frequently she makes us exclaim with admiration over the novelty, yet truthfulness, of her portraitures, as in The Revolt of "Mother" and the story which gives the title to her book. Always there is a freedom from commonplace, and a power to hold the interest to the close which is owing, not to a trivial ingenuity, but to the spell which her personages cast over the reader's mind as soon as they come within his ken. He wonders what they will do; and if he is surprised at any conclusion, the surprise is due, not to any trick in the author, but to the unexpected issue of an original conception, which reflection always shows to be logical and reasonable.

The humor which is a marked feature of Miss Wilkins's stories is of a pungent sort. Every story has it, and it is a savor which prevents some, that otherwise would be rather painful, from oppressing the reader unduly. Of another sort, more pervasive, more genial, more kindly and winning, is that which we are accustomed to associate with Miss Jewett's work, and is agreeably manifest in her latest collection of tales.[1] The readers of The Atlantic are well acquainted with this writer, and the volume before us contains several sketches and stories which had their first publication in these pages. We have but to name such as The Town Poor, The Quest of Mr. Teaby, By the Morning Boat, Going to Shrewsbury, to recall at once stories which are fresh in our minds to-day, no matter when we may have read them. Of one in particular, The Town Poor, it is easy to say that it stands very near the head of Miss Jewett's work for the exquisiteness of its touch in portraying the dignity of one side of New England life. The tenderness with which these ancient townswomen, admirably distinguished, are set before the reader is beyond the power of art to affect, but the delicacy with which every stroke is drawn is the result of very careful study and clear perception of artistic values.

We own, however, to have been especially interested in Miss Jewett's story of The Luck of the Bogans. In The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation she essays to draw from observation of South Carolina scenes; and though there is a subtle beauty in the picture, it has a faintness, as if the artist were not wholly at home in her subject. The figure is that of a New England gentlewoman, such as Miss Jewett knows well how to paint, transferred to another clime, and given a South Carolinian name. But in The Luck of the Bogans an attempt has been made to stay at home and paint, not natives, but intruders. It is noticeable, when one comes to think of it, how little really has been done in

[1] *Strangers and Wayfarers.* By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

the way of setting forth artistically the Irish New Englander. Perhaps this is due to the half-instinctive jealousy which the native New Englander feels toward this new-comer. He has been here, it is true, for more than a generation, and his face is not unfamiliar; but the assimilation has been slow, after all, and it is hard for the New Englander to admit to himself that the Irish stock is taking root in the soil, and is to be counted as native. The Irish are as native here as the descendants of the English Puritans; the only difference is in time: they came a couple of centuries later, but they were driven here by misrule at home, just as the early Puritans were. If they take a lively interest in Irish politics, it is no more than the first New Englanders did in the politics of England. This is by the bye, however. The point we make is that New England authors have held somewhat aloof from the material to be found in this large component of the present New England. It is true that their mind has been somewhat retrospective, and in stories has dwelt chiefly upon the rural New England of two generations back; but even where, as in the case of Miss Jewett's stories, the material is contemporaneous New England, it is only now and then that careful studies are made of this element.

We are glad, therefore, that Miss Jewett has tried her hand at a picture of New England Irish life, as she has done in this story of The Luck of the Bogans; and singularly enough, as soon as she steps out of her familiar field she acquires an access of dramatic power, as if the exercise had stimulated her and given a new freedom to her imagination. The same charity which lights all her stories illumines this, but beyond there is a recognition of sharp passages in the drama of life, as if the author needed to go away from familiar scenes to discover what others have found in her own domain. Be this as it may, she shows an insight, an appreciation, of the Irishman's nature which intimates a possible new vein in the quartz which she has worked so industriously hitherto.

These three writers all make use of the New England dialect, and with equal precision, though with varying fullness. One observes how fixed and well formulated this dialect is, and how even the highly elaborated form which Mrs. Slosson affects scarcely adds any new feature to what has become familiar. In her desire to give richness of color to the speech, Mrs. Slosson falls upon some very ingenious combinations, as "'tennerate," and puts in more individual expressions, but the total effect is merely a little more embarrassing. Both Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett recognize the very subordinate value of dialect. They give just enough to flavor the conversation, but rely more on the homely phraseology of the ordinary New England speech than on very sharp accentuation.

It may be said of all three of the books considered that they appeal to the artistic sense, and do not merely entertain one with bits of life. Mrs. Slosson shows her art mainly in the skill with which she seizes upon a very illusory yet perfectly recognizable element of the New England character, and models out of it consistent figures, firm in outline, palpable, tangible, but all the while compacted of so strange a substance that in the hands of a less subtle artist they would be either grotesque impossibilities or unreal phantasms. She appears to require but a suggestion in real life to quicken her fancy. Miss Wilkins impresses us as one who, by a swift power of appropriation, has under her control the life of New England men and women as a plastic material, and works in it, re-creating shapes which are the eidola of her imagination, yet instinct with the virtue of the material in which she has wrought. It is as if New Eng-

land, in its more solitary manifestations of human life, had been revealed to her in a moment of time, and she was now, thoroughly conversant with types, busily engaged in making New England men and women, not after individual models, but in perfect conformity with the fundamental nature of these models. Miss Jewett, for her part, though her characters have a more social turn, and are not so highly individualized as those of the other two writers, neither takes refuge in types nor follows too closely specific examples, but deals rather with human figures of the New England variety. She knows this variety from close and familiar acquaintance; but it is, after all, the common humanity which touches her, and thus her stories are interpretations of life, not mere recitals of incidents in life. It is the art in the writers whom we have been considering which separates their work from much similar literature that has an external fidelity to nature, but since it springs from no anterior vision, so appeals but little to the mind behind the eye. True artistic creation wakens the creative reception, and for the time being makes the reader also an artist. When that is done, the work of art stands complete.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. James Freeman Clarke: Autobiography, Diary, and Correspondence. Edited by Edward Everett Hale. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic have often had the opportunity of knowing Dr. Clarke's thought, and recently they have had a glimpse of his early life, related in a most delightful, simple, and straightforward bit of autobiography. They need no urging, therefore, to read a book which fills out the tale of his writings by conveying, chiefly through letters, a sense of his personality, and a notion of the untiring, unresting activity of a man who lived out his principles in a singularly honest, unpretentious, and faithful life. The character that discloses itself to the reader is a most attractive one, because of this element of honesty without parade of honesty. The fearlessness which was so marked a characteristic of the man was so absolutely simple that people were never surprised when Dr. Clarke took an independent stand. Everything he did was like him. As soon as he had done it the natural response was, "Just as we expected," and yet for all that he was constantly surprising people. — The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe, by Politikos. (Appleton.) A series of well-written sketches of the present occupants of thrones in Europe. The writer aims at something more than the condensation of such biographic details as are matters of history; he tries to characterize his figures, and give some notion of those personal qualities which are apparent to such as may know these kings and queens familiarly. He has a high respect for his subjects, — if kings can be subjects, — and may be commended for the absence of tittle-tattle. The uneasy crowns placed thus in a row have considerable individuality, and by means of the sketches the reader gets some notion of contemporaneous European history; but in order fully to enjoy the book he needs more of such notion than the book itself affords. — Life of John Boyle O'Reilly, by James Jeffrey Roche; together with his Complete Poems and Speeches, edited by Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly. Introduction by his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. (Cassell.) A big volume, of a memorial order. Perhaps it is impossible that it should be otherwise, for there has not yet been time enough to secure a studied, discriminating life, and O'Reilly's warm, impulsive, affectionate nature makes anything like careful judgment seem not merely cold and ungenerous, but hostile. So for the present one must be contented

with piecing out for himself from a headlong mass of matter such a sketch of a very interesting man as may be possible. One can hardly read O'Reilly's prose and verse without wishing that the author himself had exercised the sharp judgment which no one else wishes to display ; and certainly one cannot read the outlines of his life as set forth here without being attracted by the generous side of a very magnanimous personality. Perhaps, when the day of criticism comes, the critic will prefer to leave the subject untouched. — The Harpers have reissued their edition of The Journal of Sir Walter Scott in a single duodecimo volume. The text is not hard reading, but the abundant footnotes are in pretty small type. It is most fit that the book should go so soon into a popular edition. Scott, title or no title, is not a luxury for the few, but a necessity to the many. — Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by the Duc de Broglie ; translated by Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort ; with an Introduction by Whitelaw Reid. (Putnams.) Two volumes of the work have been issued at this writing, carrying it through the Congress of Vienna. If Talleyrand, in writing these memoirs, wished to secure by the gravity of his manner the reputation for sincerity, he may have gained one reader by his seriousness for two whom he loses by his dullness. The work, however, will offer opportunity for a revision of our reading of history, and we shall return to the subject.

Books of Reference. Adeline's Art Dictionary, containing a Complete Index of all terms used in Art, Architecture, Heraldry, and Archæology. Translated from the French, and enlarged. (Appleton.) The book is profusely illustrated, and to great advantage, for the space used by the cuts is more than compensated for by the clearness with which they illuminate the definitions. We cannot say that the definitions which require no cuts are all equally satisfactory. "Photo-engraving" does not occur, though "phototypography" appears to be the English or the French equivalent ; but here is a queer definition of "photogravure :" "A process by which photographic clichés are transformed to plates in relief from which prints may be obtained. The term is also applied to the prints thus obtained." Some of the definitions are a little superfluous, as, "Artist ; one who practices the fine arts," though when we come to think of it in these words, an artist must be a pretty all round fellow ; and some comments are extrajudicial, as when, under "Electrotype," we read, "It cannot be denied that the practice of electrotyping has detracted very much from the beauty of wood-engraving." We look for a little more precision of language in a dictionary ; but if one cannot have or cannot lift the Century Dictionary, he need not despise this compact handbook. — The Historic Note-Book, with an Appendix of Battles, by E. Cobham Brewer. (Lippincott.) Dr. Brewer is an old hand at compilations of this kind. Indeed, no one seems to start to make such books without being driven into making several, for the principle of classification suggests a number of points about which to group memoranda. In this case, the book is, in the author's words, "a dictionary of historic terms and phrases, jottings of odds and ends of history, which historians leave in the cold, or only incidentally mention in the course of their narratives." Here one may learn briefly of an Aberdeen man's privilege, the Barberini Vase, Ça Ira, who the Doctors of the Church were, the Edict of June 20, why foolscap paper was so called, the Gentle Shepherd, the Hill-men, the Iron Virgin, Jingoism, Knights Templars, the Ladder of St. John, all manner of massacres, Night-boys, the first omnibus, patron saints of various localities, Queen Eleanor crosses, Red Scarp, Sortes Biblicæ, the Thirlwall prize, the number of counties in the United States named after Presidents, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, Xabatatenses, Young Ireland, Ziobbagrassa, and lots of other useless matter. The book has the faults and the virtues of a scrapbook. — The Reader's Guide in Economic, Social, and Political Science : being a Classified Bibliography, with Descriptive Notes, Author, Title and Subject Index, Courses of Reading, College Courses, etc. Edited by R. R. Bowker and George Iles. (Putnams.) This full title gives a notion of the contents of this handbook, which deals not only with books and pamphlets, but with articles in magazines.

Poetry. Letter and Spirit, by A. M. Richards. (Cupples.) An interesting se-

quence of sonnets, in which the writer, without seeking too close a connection in form, manages to express the struggle of the human soul caught in the meshes of the net thrown over every thinking being, and the final content when the conviction is reached that the life within is not, after all, imprisoned. The sonnets are not always musical, but many deep notes are struck, and now and then a single sonnet has a satisfactory completeness, as the seventh and the eleventh. We fear, however, that a mystical vagueness will be the verdict of most readers. — The Devil's Visit : Why he came, What he said, Why he left, and the Present he sent. A Poem for the Times. (Excelsior Publishing House, New York.) A satire on society and politics, in smooth flowing verse, with here and there a neat couplet. It is hard to understand why any one clever enough to write these four hundred pages should not have been still cleverer and seen that they were not worth his pains. — Original Charades, by L. B. R. Briggs. (Scribners.) A bright little book, which ought to stimulate the better society in watering places and mountain resorts this summer, first to guess the charades, and then to make others, but there to stop. The publication of one as an example serves all needful purposes. The next must be ever so much better to justify publication, and one ever so much better is not likely soon to come. If it does, and is published, we suggest that the German method be adopted, and the answer to each charade be printed upside down at the bottom of the page. As it is now, one cannot well consult the table of answers at the end without the risk of seeing more than he wants to see. — Rose Brake, by Danske Dandridge. (Putnams.) There is a sylvan touch to these poems which will make itself known to the sensitive reader. When Mrs. Dandridge parts company with human life, and betakes herself to the woods and wood sprites, she strikes a note which is at once so simple and so fanciful that one listens as to a genuine note of nature. This is especially seen in her poems on fairy life. A noticeable poem, and one that has a wild beauty in its conception, is The Wood Demon. The less successful poems are those in which there is too definite sympathy between nature and human life.

Fiction. An American Girl in London, by Sara Jeannette Duncan ; with eighty Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. (Appleton.) This saucy book strikes us as not so spontaneous as the author's A Social Departure, perhaps because there is not quite so much variety of material. A journey round the world by a feminine Mark Twain had possibilities scarcely to be found in the contrasts, so often drawn, between the Chicago girl's freedom and the English matron's jail. The strain is incessant in the effort to set jaunty independence *vis à vis* with conventionality, and though many clever scenes are the result, there is a certain monotony in the situation. — Alfrieda, by Emma E. H. Specht. (The Author, St. Louis.) The title-page adds that this is a novel, but the reader has some difficulty in detaching the story from the clay of psychology in which it is imbedded. The characters all psychicize, and suffer nothing of consequence to happen without translating it into the jargon of psychology, while the author is on hand, if the characters fail to do their duty in this respect. If Miss Specht would clear her story of its layers of words, and let the reader see the people and their actions through the clearest, most transparent language, all the psychology which she might invest in beforehand would do her no harm. — The sixth number of Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series is Life and Times of Jesus as related by Thomas Didymus, by James Freeman Clarke, a book which, in its original form, antedated the recent epidemic of Biblical novels, and was intended as the vehicle of the author's views, not as a romance. The seventh number of the same series is Sardia, by Cora Linn Daniels. The eighth number is Mary A. Denison's If She will, She Will. — A Dead Man's Diary, written after his Decease, with a Preface by G. T. Bettany. (Ward, Lock & Co., London.) A narrative of the unseen. In a rambling fashion, the writer aims to portray the spiritual experience of a man who has seduced a girl, and then has died and been brought into direct contact with life in its eternal properties. The book strikes us as a literary feat rather than the sincere expression of a mind profoundly touched by the subject. — Love's Cruel Enigma, by Paul Bourguet. (The Waverly Company, New York and St. Louis.) The enigma appears to be,

Why should a singularly pure young man, who has committed adultery with a passionate woman, and then finds out, to his horror, that he is number three, not counting her husband, go back to her, and drop from the high and holy love he once had into a merely sensual experience? Answer, Because there was n't any first high and holy love. — Trials of a Staff Officer, by Captain Charles King. (L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia.) A batch of lively sketches detailing army life on a peace basis. Through the fun and the good nature of the writer one still is able to see the dreary monotony of military life, when the only activity is a make-believe activity. — The Genius of Galilee, an Historical Novel, by Anson Uriel Hancock. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A piece of fiction in which the author, with most offensive familiarity, sets out to make the Genius of Galilee corroborate the speculations of the latest and crudest thinkers about him. — The Sardonyx Seal, a Romance of Normandy, by Belle Gray Taylor. (Putnams.) An attempt to infuse into a domestic tale of the day a drop of occultism. The tragic comes with some effort to the writer, who is more at home in the sprightly and the badinage of the young lady of the period. The scenery of the coast of Normandy is drawn with an affectionate touch.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Prayers of our Old Puritans.

READERS of the published Diary of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall meet frequent entries, in connection with his attendance on "the solemn Assembly," for worship in the meeting-house, of his and of his fellow-worshipers, on occasions special to them, "putting up a Bill." Another mode of expressing the same thing, which came into later use, was "sending up a Note." The reference is to a custom of general observance in the early Puritan churches of New England, of which only so faint a vestige remains that some readers of to-day may be glad to be informed, not, perhaps, as to the significance of the usage in its simple form, but of parts of the details and conditions connected with it in the olden time. This subject, together with the method and matter of the prayers offered at a later period by ministers when officiating at funerals in private houses, offers us many striking illustrations of the gradual but marked changes which time and the modifications of personal and social relations between the members and neighbors of our communities have introduced.

We have just spoken of prayers at funerals in private houses as coming in at a later period than that of the usage referred to by Sewall. In his time there was no religious service at private houses, with the family and friends gathered, at a funeral. To explain this disuse by the Puritans of a custom which their descendants soon came to regard, as do their present posterity, as one of a most tender and appropriate observance, we have to look back to and allow for the circumstances under which the first Puritans espoused their distinctive principles and ways of worship. Under the mellowing influences of time, tolerance, and largeness of view, many of these distinctive principles and usages of Puritanism have come to look to us like crotchets, perversities, narrow and obstinate prejudices of self-will and antagonism. But the Puritans were wont to have and to give reasons satisfactory to themselves, and even to some large and fair-minded men among them, for their intense desire and resolve to renounce many formalities in the old religious observances which had become odious to them as errors and superstitions. In the old Roman communion, prayers or masses at funerals were prayers *for* the dead, intercessions for the repose of their souls. The Puritans would have none of these. So, in silent and solemn procession, they conveyed their dead from their homes and committed them to the earth. The Puritans would not repeat the Lord's Prayer by rote, in their public devotions. The reason — of force to them

— was that that beautiful and comprehensive form of petition had been turned into a sort of charm or talisman by the Roman Church, by requiring penitents, as an act of penance, to say over, in swift repetition, twenty, thirty, or even fifty Paternosters. It is not true, as has often been asserted, that the Puritans objected to the reading of the Scriptures in their public worship. They always read a portion of them, but never without comments or exposition in their reading, verse by verse ; thus emphasizing their objection to the "dumb reading," as a form, of an appointed and selected lesson.

To go back to the usage indicated above by Sewall. It suggests to us a time, and circumstances of relations between members of a community, neighbors, friends, intimate acquaintances, united by many strong and tender interests and sympathies which they brought with them to their common worship. In these days, the occupants of adjoining pews or dwellings may not know each other by name, or have any personal relations of sympathy or interest. It was quite otherwise in the times now recalled. Though many bodies of Christians, distinct from the New England Puritans of the period under notice, may have had a more or less similar usage, and though a faint trace of that usage, greatly modified, is still recognized in many religious communions, yet it was peculiarly in the New England Puritan churches that the custom originated, and was fully and minutely regarded, of the offering of special individual petitions, with mention of names and circumstances, in the public prayers of a congregation. The gathering of such a congregation implied close and hearty intimacies, much more than mere acquaintance, among its members. Their covenants avowed and bound them to interest, intercourse, and mutual oversight. In the small country villages, all the inhabitants were brought together in the closest intimacy, personal and neighborly, in their several homes and in the meeting-house. They knew each other's most private affairs and experiences, — the birth of a child, espousals, sickness, absence from home, and death. Whatever social or class distinctions existed in any place, — and there were such, for the "seating" of each congregation was a method of "dignifying superiors," — the humblest family and individual in the precinct could introduce their wants and woes in the public prayers. So the minister, as he mounted the pulpit, had in his hand one or many "bills" or "notes" offered by individuals or families by name, stating the occasion or circumstances, specifically, under which the sympathizing prayers of the whole congregation were desired. Instances were not unusual in which, if there were many such papers, the minister, after reading them aloud, would pin them to the pulpit cushion, and, opening his eyes for an instant, would refresh his thought of them, one by one, and then frame a fitting intercession or petition. A purposed journey or a return, the experience of a misfortune or disaster, the birth of a child, serious or protracted illness, bereavement, and the various dispensations of Providence, devoutly regarded, would be the burden of these petitions. There certainly was something helpful and touching in these usages in close communities, in which no one was a stranger in life or fortune to all the rest. Of course much, very much, if not all, of the fitness and grace of such intercessions depended upon the gifts of the minister, his choice of words and phrases, his delicacy, unction, refinement, and dignity of manner and speech, his saying just enough, and at times his reserve in utterance. There were possibilities of infelicity and blundering, and of a large range in failures of taste and sentiment. The risk was of formality, repetition of phrase, and sameness of language. The minister might fall short of the definiteness, the individuality, of specific references in such cases, disappointing the listening petitioners for whom he was a proxy. There were in the ministry, occasionally, and not infrequently, men of eccentric ways, of quaint speech, sometimes very literal and overfrank and plain, whose expressions might include or suggest judgments, opinions, on matters to be borne up in prayer. Such a case comes authenticated to us, in which a husband sought relief from the trial and exhaustion of tending an invalid wife in a protracted and hopeless malady by sending up a "bill" on several successive Sundays. Perhaps the minister also shared in the weariness of these repeated calls on his intercession, well knowing the certainty of the impending issue. So he

framed his petition, "that the Lord, if it seemed good to him, would raise her up, or that she might be speedily and gently removed."

A large part of the more serious, interesting, and important concerns in a rural community would find their way into the prayers of the sanctuary. Sometimes the minister, bent on some public or private rebuke or censure, would dare the venture of insinuating it in his prayer rather than in his sermon. One of the members of the distinguished Washburn family gave the writer the following anecdote of his boyhood memory. The town where he resided, in Maine, near the seacoast, was one of many communities inhabited by men of a cross between farmers and skippers, therefore not fully proficient in either calling. Their land, naturally of thin soil, was also neglected. The minister of a neighboring town, coming to exchange with the pastor, was joined by one of the deacons on his walk to the meeting-house, and, as there was something of a drought, was asked by the deacon to pray for rain. At the fitting place in his service the minister uttered himself as follows: "O Lord, thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain, and he does so. But Thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."

Among the multitude of memories and traditions of local currency concerning the frankness and literalness indulged in by country ministers in their public devotions is one accredited to a parson of the last century in Bridgewater. The most prominent member of his flock for thrift and personal consequence in the community was well known for his pretentious and overbearing assumptions, for putting on airs, and for conceited pomposity and swaggering ways. Under the distress and fright of dangerous illness, he had put up "notes" on the Sundays of his confinement. On his recovery, according to the usage, he offered a note, to be read by the minister, expressive of his thanks. The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer; recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments, with the prayer that the experience be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man, he closed with these words: "And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary."

After the passage of two or three generations there came in a race or class of country ministers who, removed from the associations and usages of old English ways, had acquired many distinctive and strongly marked professional characteristics. Rejecting all priestly pretensions, they substituted some clerical assumptions, which were tolerated, if not acquiesced in. Various dates and instances have been assigned by our local annalists as the first in which, on the passing away of the early Puritan objection to religious exercises at funerals, the custom of observing them came into use. But its adoption was at once universally accepted, and soon a method and tone for the conducting of funerals in private houses were established, the slighting of which would have called out remark and censure. The officiating minister, being, with rare exceptions, the village pastor, — in case a stranger was to do the service, he would be duly informed and instructed, — knew, of course, all the circumstances of each case, character, incidents, relations, and family connections. All and each of these he was expected to refer to specially and by distinct mention in the prayer. This he did at length, and with conscientious minuteness. A failure on his part to indicate any relation in a second, or even a third degree would have caused offense.

After the funeral came another ordeal for the minister and the people. On the Sunday following it the bereaved family would offer up a note, to be read by the minister, asking that their affliction might be sanctified to them. The minister, in his exercise, would repeat briefly his previous dealing with the case. The critical and the plain speaking of the parsons occasionally made the pulpit a bench of judgment. One of these, a man of local dignity and boldness of speech and frankness in censure, was Dr. Barnes, of Scituate, who began in 1754 a ministry, with papal prerogatives, of fifty-seven years. In his flock had been a prominent member, well to do, the richest in lands, cattle, and worldly goods, but hard, grasping, penurious, and never in harmony or accord with his neighbors. At his funeral the minister had dealt with him in no gentle phrase. His widow, a mild, patient,

enduring woman, thought at first to avert a renewal of her trial by omitting to put up the usual note on Sunday. Reflecting, however, that such omission would provoke offensive comment, she determined to write the paper, and to stop at the parsonage, to suggest, as her own petition to the parson, that, as he had already given her husband such a raking at the funeral, he might be quietly passed over in the prayer. She added that her husband had always been kind and good to her and to his family. The aged and venerated pastor took the note, replying, "Well, well, we 'll see." His curt relief of himself in his prayer was this: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that thy departed servant was a good provider for his family; but, beyond that, his friends think, and we think, the less said the better."

It would be wrong to omit the recognition that the public devotions of the old Puritans had in them elements of tender and fervent unction, earnest and strengthening and edifying sentiment, fond aspiration, and submissive trust. Beginning with conscientious scruples and strong antipathies against a form of printed devotion, as cold, mechanical, repressive, and merely functional, they allowed themselves the largest freedom in prayer, meeting its ventures and risks. They fostered an expectation of details and individual personalities. Judge Sewall, with a reference to whose journal we began, enters in it an expression of his grievance that when his young son Joseph, then a candidate, afterwards minister of the South Church, was to preach there in the afternoon, the pastor had not alluded to the expectation in his morning prayer.

From the familiarities, formalities, and specialties of the Puritan devotions many of their descendants have found welcome relief, particularly at funerals, in liturgical services. But not all of them are of that mind, as they prefer a middle way between the two contrasted usages, — the formal and the spontaneous.

The Anatomy of the Epigram.

— "Omne Epigramma sit instar apis aculeo illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui,"

chants the old Latin poet, and is felicitously followed by his English translator: —

"Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all, —
A sting, and honey, and a body small."

In a survey of the requisites thus indicated, it would appear that, of the three, the one most easily achievable is "the little mite of a body." But as to the "honey" and the "sting," the due proportion of each, the neophyte must exercise the greatest care; for the "honey" without the "sting" results in a diminutive lyric, while the "sting" without the "honey" produces a mere philippic in two lines. If the present adventurer, in the subjoined experiments, shall be found simply to have been tossed from one alternate danger to the other, at least he begs to cover his retreat under an old, serviceable, and ingenious borrowing in which none of the three requisites is lacking, — "Video meliora, proboque; Deteriora sequor."

AN AUTOGRAPH.

He wrote upon the sand his autograph;
A little wave erased it with a laugh.

DISTINCTION.

When past Oblivion's pale the throng upstarts,
Seek we the shade and a few quiet hearts.

A RHYME OF LIFE.

Dost think it was for nothing that "to-morrow"
The Muse from oldest time has linked with "sorrow"?

THE DERELICT.

He drifts along as his lost Genius becks,
A wreck of Fate, and fated source of wrecks.

OPINION.

In gulf — or pool — their fathom-line they sink,
And still they strive to think what they *do* think.

NODDING CRITICS.

You saw good Homer nod? But I saw you;
Asleep you were! (Some say that I slept, too.)

Pleasure and Pain changing Places.

— In the campaign against dreariness in life, and particularly in literature, which Miss Repplier is prosecuting with so much wit and wisdom, it seems to me that some confusion arises from the use of such words as "pleasant" and "disagreeable" as if they were absolute terms.

Obviously, whether Ghosts is a pleasant or a disagreeable play to me lies in me. Of course we have certain commonly understood associations with these words, and a habit of using them as if they were absolute. We all agree to call a grassy old apple orchard on a bright May day pleasant, and a squalid American city street on a rainy November afternoon disagreeable; but as a matter of fact there might arise a loathful being who would say he enjoyed

the latter scene better than the first. He would be apt to leave conventional verbal associations undisturbed, and, though the contradiction of terms might be too potent if he used the word "disagreeable," to express his preference by saying he liked dreariness; but it is clear that the real state of the case would be that he found pleasant what others find unpleasant.

To make the analogy complete between him and the mass of English-speaking readers who seek what we agree to call the disagreeable in literature, he should, to be sure, give himself high moral airs, and say that he walks that street through that November rain because he is studying humanity under these peculiar conditions for the good of generations yet unborn. That statement would have at least a negative plausibility to the many people who are unable to imagine any other reason for his course, but I have a greater faith in the eccentricity of taste than in the proneness of man to do what he does not want to. It is my profound conviction that he walks there because he likes it.

But to drop him, and turn directly to the devotees of ugly art (God save the mark!), I believe that the Ibsen cult and the Tolstoï cult and various other cults that are weariness to my flesh have their roots in genuine enjoyment. The old Adam in man is more to be depended upon than Miss Repplier thinks. If this aspect of him be declared an intolerable exhibition of bad taste, that is another matter, and one that I must say it seems to me very difficult to set right. Taste is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and very few men indeed know whence it cometh or whither it goeth; and when they know, I still can't see what they are going to do about it.

But I always find it a cheerful hour when lofty hypocritical pretensions are unmasked, and I should like to see the people who read Zola forced to admit that they do so for the same reason that I read Stockton. Then I should confess that, though I approve of Zola, I do not read him because I do not enjoy him. Such is my undisciplined nature. Probably comparatively few people are very sorely duty-ridden about the big Frenchman. For some reason, the women's clubs have not yet taken up courses of his novels; but I admit that I think there are numbers of good people perusing Ibsen and Browning who do not like them, — that is the way they are cozened by those who do, and who give false reasons, or reasons very limitedly true, for the faith that is in them. Still, if I distrust the attachment of Browning Societies to Browning, I am confident of their pleasure in their own sessions. It may not be very high-colored or exhilarating, but you may be sure that for the most part it is the best that is for the time being open to them.

I know a young woman, an unusually intellectual one, who has no other use for Browning than to find in him — in Sordello chiefly, of course — historical allusions that she does not understand, and can then hunt up. Perhaps she would deny that herein lay the core of her devotion to her poet; but I am not sure of it, for she has an uncommon capacity for telling the truth. As a fact, the game delights her much as my dog is delighted when I throw sticks in the water for him to fetch out. Life is governed to an awful extent by the little games silently carried on in the minds of mankind (games in the legitimate infantine sense), — little games in brokers' minds, and railroad presidents' minds, and prime ministers' minds; and this is one of her pet games, called by herself and her friends, properly enough, a taste for learning. You may say that great Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, and stopping a hole to keep the wind away, was not more degraded from his high empire than are Browning and Shakespeare when used for such ends; but so long as they have the advantage over Cæsar, inasmuch as they remain in power, unharmed by this sort of desecration, why should we complain? Chacun à son goût. Another uncommonly bright acquaintance, with a genius for gayety, illustrates my point still better, for she is a frank traitor to the solemnly pretentious court in which, in literary matters, she nevertheless trains. She devours all dreary stories whose dreariness is backed by any ability. Mr. Howe's Story of a Country Town is her idea of a rare feast. This is not a game, — she is not trying to see how many dreary stories she can find; it is a genuine literary predilection; and as for years she has not been able to read a chapter of Scott, she speculates on the probable viciousness of her taste. I don't suppose she would say

that her favorite literature directly either cheers or consoles her, — how could she? Neither does she talk the jargon about art for art's sake. That is another phase of the solemn pretense I profess to expose, and which, more than the moralist's preaching, fails to explain anything. Of course art is for art's sake; all the world has generally acted on that belief; it is only when you are on the other side that you need to announce yourself; and how does that formula explain the business to those who find your art inartistic? My lady does not try to explain; she leaves that to the theorists. She simply says, what others feel, that she likes it, she is entertained; and all she pleads is the right (within the acknowledged limits) to get her entertainment where she can.

I myself know a little of the matter from the inside. I went one night, not long ago, to see an excellent German company in a play by Björnson, — I do not recall its name. The great scene turned on a contest between two men as to a matter of financial business. It gave what actors call fine opportunities; murder and suicide were every moment imminent, and the illusion of reality was very strong. I was delighted, and then and there talked a deal of nonsense about its merits, — though in its way it was a good scene. It was not till I got home that I saw that my impression was largely reactionary. It was the result of several years' hack work at the theatres in the service of the daily press. That scene was fresh; it appropriated to the service of art a bit of life not commonly so used, and in some respects it did it well, and it was a thing to be praised — with moderation. It could not for a moment compare with one where, with anything like equal technical skill, the poetical or romantic phases of love and hate, hope and fear, are given play; and that is where the rawest country school-girl's first instincts would have been nearer right than mine. It bespoke much more expenditure of brain on the part of the author than does some well-carpentered claptrap bit of old-fashioned melodrama which I find sickening, but I seriously question if, according to those absolute standards which we can only vaguely imagine, it is as good art.

I once heard a great painter say of the Tanegra statuettes, "Oh, they are all delightful; even when they are not good they show the effect of such good traditions." I think the Lights of London shows (dimly, I admit) good theatrical traditions. I think Ibsen's plays show first, not great ethical aims, but the reactionary movement of the artist's mind against traditions that have grown odious to him through their frequent mechanical application. But these traditions are based in the abiding tastes of human nature and the inalienable conditions of histrionic art, while some of us fear so much cannot be said of The Doll's House.

When a number of artists and patrons of artists of any time or place react against fundamental artistic instincts, the result is a decadent art, and decadence, there as always, is the child of satiety. And now, alas! after all this, I must say (though I have never happened to have that experience) that I know I should joy in seeing Ibsen played. What is to be done about it? We are what we are, and the reason why lies mainly beyond our will. I have been a hack critic in a world of sorry plays, and this passion for novelty is the mark of the beast upon me.

I can only comfort myself by reflecting that the audience for the world's art is grown so large and scattered, and exists under such varied conditions, that we are not likely all to decay at once, and that as out of this same audience comes the world's artists, there may still be the glorious cakes and ale of art, though some of us have grown dyspeptic, and claim (not so shamefacedly as we should) the rights of invalids to camomile tea or water gruel.

The Byles Family. — There are some still living in Boston who have vivid remembrances of the personality of the Misses Byles, mentioned by a Contributor at the last meeting of the Club; for with their quaint, old-fashioned garb, and their somewhat severe and tart features and look, they would be likely to leave an impression on one who might see them at their doorway or gazing from their windows. Their house, after a portion of it had been cut away to widen the street, presented a mutilated appearance, as it stood upon what is now the site of the Children's Mission on Tremont Street. As age grew upon them, they seemed to belong to a past period, and they emphasized their antiquity

by a general contemptuousness of the innovations and habits of the new generation; retaining without change the old furnishing and adornments of their home, which doubtless would prove profitable articles to a dealer in such relics. Though their father and a brother had the repute of learning and scholarship, the daughters do not appear to have caught much of such attainments. Certainly they are not remembered as are the contemporaries of their later years, also maiden daughters of a famous New England minister, Dr. David Osgood, of Medford. The Misses Mary and Lucy Osgood, who lingered on the stage till quite recently, were Hebraists and German scholars, capable of discussing and arguing upon the merits of the new schools of Transcendentalism and Agnosticism of our times.

Dr. Byles was constant through his whole life to the Puritanical and Congregational principles held by his ancestors, the Cottons and the Mathers. At the invitation of the Old Colony Club he wrote a Hymn, sung at their commemoration of the Pilgrim landing at Plymouth, December 22, 1772. His Toryism previous to and during the Revolutionary War was a matter of deep conviction with him. Many of his contemporaries were sympathizers in his views, though not so bold as he in utterance. He did not believe that the grievances of which the patriots complained justified the passions which prevailed in the community, and regretted the mobs and riots of the time, which in their destructive and insulting spirit led to the sending of British troops to the town to prevent the wrecking of the property and violence to the persons of Crown officials, culminating in the so-called Boston Massacre. Nor could he be persuaded that the "rebels," as he viewed them, could cope with the power of Britain. But from principle and discretion he abstained strictly from all reference to politics in his pulpit. When asked why he did not introduce politics into his sermons, he replied that it was because his people seemed to know more about politics than he did. But in conversation, and in outside discussion with those who challenged him, he allowed full vent to his spirit of raillery and sarcasm against the rebels. He stuck by his post during the siege of Boston, and gave aid and countenance to the British officers. His Toryism, however, did not save his meeting-house from desecration, as the troops used it for a barracks and defiled it. He was an ardent lover of monarchy and of royalty. One of the treasures of his library, which he highly valued, was a French Bible with a Commentary in folio, which had been presented by Queen Anne to the French Protestant congregation for use in their meeting-house in School Street.

The Misses Byles must have found more and fuller sympathy than even with their father in a brother of theirs who bore his name, and whose loyalty took in not only the English monarch, but also the English Church. Mather Byles, Jr., graduating from Harvard College in 1751, twenty-six years after his father, was ordained as a Congregational minister in New London, Conn., in 1757, his father preaching the sermon on the occasion. The son was one of several of the ministers of Connecticut who entered the Episcopal Church, and in 1768 he was inducted as minister of Christ Church, Boston. The troubles of the Revolution of course marked with a stigma all who prayed publicly for the king. He found his way to Halifax in 1776, and served as rector to a church in St. John, N. B., till his death in 1814. His surviving sisters had his memory of double loyalty to comfort them, and descendants of his to whom they might leave their little property, thus rescuing it from the hands of rebels. One — if not more — of those descendants, however, has found his way back to rebeldom, and has brought with him the old family Bible. Mather Byles, Sr., received the degree of D. D. from Aberdeen. The son received the same from Oxford.

Fin de Siècle. — In February, 1890, M. Blum wrote for a Paris theatre a caustic picture of Parisian life, entitled Paris Fin de Siècle. The play was not unsuccessful, and part of its title, borrowed apparently from Mensonges by M. Bourget, who himself may have borrowed it, has gained world-wide currency. Everywhere we are treated to dissertations on fin-de-siècle literature, fin-de-siècle statesmanship, fin-de-siècle morality. A *café* in Paris styles itself Café Fin de Siècle. People seem to take for granted that a moribund century implies, not to say excuses, disenchantment, languor, literary, artistic, and political

weariness, and that in 1901 the world will make a fresh start. This appears to be a new sensation. Towards the end of the tenth century, indeed, there was a widespread belief in the end of the world : fields were left untilled, houses unrepaired ; it was useless to work for posterity when the Great Consummation was at hand. But I do not find that any subsequent fin de siècle betrayed morbid self-consciousness. Carlyle, it is true, set the fashion of anathematizing the poor eighteenth century as bankrupt, and taught us to regard the French Revolution as the grand collapse of an age of shams ; but I see no trace of our grandfathers considering their times exceptionally bad, or of their being anxious to reach 1801. We are apt to forget that a century is a purely arbitrary division, so that there can be no moral or material difference between 1900 and 1901. Were it otherwise, fin de mille ought to have tenfold significance ; and if the Romans, by placing a stone at every thousandth step, gave us the word "milestone," a "mile of years" should be a notable division of time. Our grandchildren, as the year 2000 approaches, ought to feel tenfold depression, not from apprehension of the end of the world, but from the lassitude of a millennium on its last legs. Nay, more, what the last decade is to a century the last century is to a millennium ; so far, therefore, from sighing for 1901, we ought to be positively dreading it, and 2001 ought to be as great a relief as was 1001.

No doubt a new century, like a new year, may inspire good resolutions, and good resolutions are to be welcomed even if prompted by a kind of superstition. Better, assuredly, for a girl to discard frivolity when she is twenty, a young man his wild oats when he is thirty, a matron her rouge-pot when she is sixty, than not discard them at all. Foibles might, indeed, be renounced to-morrow, without waiting for a round age ; but if everybody has not the requisite force of character for this, let us be thankful for the second best. If the world — or rather the Christian world, for non-Christian countries are out of our reckoning, inasmuch as they have their own — contemplates turning over a new leaf with a new century, it will be cause for rejoicing ; and from this standpoint it might be well to encourage a prevalent fallacy that that century will begin in 1900, for reformation will thus commence a year earlier. 1900, to the surprise, doubtless, of many persons, will not be leap year ; suppose we take a moral leap to make up for it. In like manner, if, a hundred years hence, there is a tenfold resolution to rise to higher things, let the rejoicing be tenfold. But meanwhile do not let us imagine that because we are in the 90's we have an excuse for lassitude and flabbiness, nor let us and our children imagine ten years hence that because we are in the 19's duty may be shirked. To expect nothing great is like one of those prophecies which tend to fulfill themselves. If, as Plutarch says, vice should wither and virtue strengthen with age, why should not the same be the case with a century ? In point of fact, the tenth decade has had its full share of events. The Exodus is commonly dated B. C. 1491 (of course the B. C. centuries are reckoned backward, and the people living in them did not foresee how we should date them; consequently, they were unconscious of what to us were their tenth decades), the siege of Troy 1193, and the birth of Homer 900, but let us pass to more certain chronologies. The death of great men leaves the world poorer, so that we must consider deplorable, though memorable, the death of Socrates in B. C. 399, of Roger Bacon in A. D. 1292, of Chaucer in 1400, of Montaigne in 1592, of Giordano Bruno, a martyr like Socrates, in 1600, and of Washington in 1799 ; but B. C. 100 boasts the birth of Cæsar, A. D. 1692 that of Analogy Butler, 1694 that of Voltaire, 1795 that of Carlyle. Solon legislated B. C. 594 ; Clovis was baptized A. D. 496 ; Charlemagne was crowned at Rome in 800 ; Paris became the capital of France in 996, — that was a grand Paris Fin de Siècle ; Godfrey became king of Jerusalem in 1099 ; Dante commenced his Divina Commedia in 1300 ; America, as we have good reason to remember, was discovered in 1492 ; English trade with India commenced in 1591 ; the Edict of Nantes gave France religious peace in 1598. Let us hope that within the next nine years there will be some great achievement, and let us also take to heart the conviction that for reformation or any other good work one year is as good as another, or rather that the present year is better than any other. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

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